THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

E. J. NANKIVELL,
Philatelic Editor.

A. WILLIAMS,
Cycling and Photographic Editor.

VOL.

XIX.

EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.
Natural History Editor.

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A WOUNDED LION.

From the painting by Landseer, in the possession of Mr. J. A. Greene.

AFTER THE REHEARSAL

CONDUCTOR: "I thought you could play the flute!"
FLAUTIST: "I thought so, too! We've both been had!"

HIS GUARD BEING UNCOVERED, I PASSED MY BLADE THROUGH HIS BREAST.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIX APRIL, 1908 No. 109

By HERBERT HAYENS

THE IRON HAND.

Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

CHAPTER I.

AT WHITEHALL.

"MASTER WILLIAMS, his Highness requires thy presence immediately."

I sprang to my feet, and without delay accompanied the Yeoman of the Guard along the wide corridor, for the Lord Protector liked not that time should be wasted on his errands

He was pacing restlessly to and fro, with head bent, and was muttering to himself as he walked. He seemed not to notice the announcement of my arrival, and I stood in silence awaiting his commands

'Tis the fashion nowadays to call him clown, buffoon, Huntingdon grazier, and the like, but no king's man living can honestly deny his simple, unaffected dignity.

I claim not that he was handsome, mark you, there being more of strength than grace in his person. He stood slightly above the middle height, sturdy of frame and square of shoulder His face was rough and gnarled; his greyish blue eyes shot piercing glances from under his strongly marked eyebrows; his nose was long and slightly arched, and his mouth large and firm. He wore his hair long, but the thick, light brown locks had long since turned grey, and there was a trace of pallor in the ruddy cheeks.

Mighty captain though he was, I gazed at him almost with pity, for rarely has man had so grievous a burthen to bear. The country was seething in discontent and honeycombed with plots. Day and night our spies were occupied in hunting down those engaged in the attempts to take his life

He was in danger from a host of enemies, who possessed but one thought in common, and that how to be rid of him. The Royalists conspired for their exiled king; the Parliament intrigued for supreme power; the officers demanded that the army should rule; and, most dangerous of all, the fanatics declared they were engaged in life and death to stand or fall with the Lord Jesus, their Captain-General, on His red horse

Men spoke bitterly of Cromwell's sternness, but who that knew the truth could blame him? No hunted cavalier, stealing through the country by night, and lying hidden by day, was more harassed than the famous general. What had been won by the sword, the sword must guard, and in that lay the whole truth of the matter

I doubt if in all England a dozen men, exclusive of the common soldiers, were thoroughly loyal to him. Lambert and his set were filled with envy, and eager to pull down the man they had set up Others opposed his government honestly, though unable to find anything to take its place. As for the fanatics, they regarded him as a renegade, called him the Serpent, and the Beast, and were frantic to drive a pike through his heart.

Ignorant persons assert that we exaggerated the dangers to suit our own ends. They talk

glibly, as is ever the way with those who know least but in truth the air was heavy with murder, ay, and very near Whitehall, too!

I myself owed my position in the palace to a dastardly attempt on the Protector's life. My home was in Shropshire, where I lived with a maiden aunt. My father, David Williams, a distant kinsman of the Lord Protector, had died fighting by the side of his general at Worcester, where our present sovereign, Charles II., now restored to the throne, met with such a crushing defeat.

My dearest friends in those days were Bevis and Elizabeth Mordaunt, the orphaned children of a Royalist officer. Bevis, nearly three years my senior, was a wild, harum-scarum lad, passionate but generous, always in mischief, and yet so frank, merry, and good-hearted withal that he was a favourite with every one.

Both he and his sister were keen Royalists, and Bevis, while still a mere lad, had joined in a plot against the Government. This folly had cost him his estates, and brother and sister had disappeared from the neighbourhood.

A chance word sent me to London after them, but my errand proved bootless. They would accept nothing at my hands, and I gathered they were as bitter as ever against Cromwell. Elizabeth especially vowed they would spend their lives in the endeavour to bring Charles Stuart to the throne.

I left them late at night to proceed to my lodgings. The worthy citizens were for the most part snug in bed, and only a few belated wanderers like myself were abroad.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a terrified cry, and a man, shouting wildly, rushed past me. Loosing my sword, I ran forward quickly, and in a narrow street to my right beheld a strange spectacle.

A coach lay overturned in the middle of the road, the horses too were down, while ten or a dozen men were engaged in furious conflict. A nearer view showed me two men battling desperately against long odds.

One, from his dress and bearing, was evidently a trooper, and it was apparent that his sword was in the habit of guarding his head. His companion was a sturdily built man, above the middle height, and soberly habited. I could not distinguish his features, but he was laying about him lustily.

Now, though quite ignorant of the quarrel, I naturally sided with the weaker party, and took my place with the two. Our opponents pressed us savagely, but my companions were skilful swordsmen, while I was not without some trick of fence.

No one uttered a sound; we fought in complete silence, save for the clash of sword on sword. Presently one of our assailants came at me furiously, but, his guard being uncovered, I passed my blade through his breast.

"A pretty thrust," said the trooper approvingly, and fell to again, pricking a second of the rascals smartly in the arm.

There was no doubt that we were the better swordsmen; but numbers began to tell, and the encounter was going awkwardly for us when a tramp of hoofs was heard in the distance, and our opponents, with an angry exclamation, took to their heels and disappeared. The next moment a body of troopers came clattering up, and, seeing that we were safe, gave expression to their joy in lusty shouts.

While they busied themselves in setting the overturned coach right, releasing the fallen animals, and harnessing them afresh, the man in the sober habit, who was none other than Cromwell himself, asked my name.

"Owen Williams, my lord," I answered.

"Williams!" he exclaimed. "Of what county?"

"Shropshire, my lord. My father was David Williams, who fell at Worcester."

At that, by the flare of the torches, he gazed at me searchingly. "David Williams was as true a soldier as ever fought for the Cause," he said, "and his death went to my heart like the thrust of a dagger. Thou com'st of a good stock, lad; see that thou dost not disgrace it. Hast any objection to a post in my household?"

"My lord!" I cried in a tone of mingled joy and surprise.

"Then thou shalt go to Whitehall with us. Nay, no thanks; thy life shall thank me."

Since that night I had learned to love the great captain at whose frown even strong men trembled, and it grieved me to see the look of pain and anxiety in his face.

[illegible] paused in his walk, glanced at me as if about to speak, and then, turning on his heel, addressed Secretary Thurloe, who was seated at a table.

"Master Thurloe," said he, knitting his brows, "when hadst thou news from Spain last?"

"Eight days ago, your Highness."

"Did the packet contain no matter of import?"

"None, your Highness; all was going well."

"Thou hast been deceived, Master Thurloe, grossly deceived. The spirit of Ananias stalks through the earth. Master Thurloe, I am

almost tempted to believe the Lord Himself hath forsaken us. Does thy communication say aught of Miles Brotherton?"

"Not a word, your Highness."

"Not a word!" said Cromwell fiercely. "And yet he hath been there. He hath procured money, and is now in France making a compact with Charles Stuart."

The Secretary was a man of wonderful self-control, whose features rarely revealed his thoughts, but at this he started slightly and changed colour.

"'Tis unthinkable, my lord," he observed; "to Brotherton all kings are accurst. Remember how he hunted down the young man's father! But for you——"

"Enough, enough!" interposed Cromwell. "'Tis true I stayed his hand that night, and perhaps hindered the Lord's work by doing so; but 'tis certain he will make a compact with Charles. Have all the ports closely watched, and Bristol in particular. Owen," as if only just realising my presence, "come here, lad."

He dropped his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and his sharp, unmusical voice took on a gentler tone as he continued: "Owen, I have a charge for thee. I would rather have this Brotherton securely under lock and key than the young man Charles Stuart himself. Dost understand that, lad?"

"Aye, my lord."

"Sergeant Belton hath my instructions, and thou wilt accompany him. If Miles Brotherton should reach London, I rely on ye both to deliver him into my hands. Can I trust thee?"

"To the death, my lord," I answered, flushing hotly at this mark of confidence. To me it seemed that no price would be too heavy to pay for such an honour.

"Let Master Thurloe know what thou art doing, and go to him for his private reports."

He waved his hand as a sign of dismissal, and I left the apartment with the Secretary.

CHAPTER II

SETTING A TRAP

SERGEANT BELTON was a stern-featured man, spare but sinewy of frame, and scant of speech, save in praise of his leader. On that topic I speedily discovered he could converse for hours and never be at a loss for words.

He was a native of Huntingdon, had been enrolled in the first troops, and had followed the fortunes of the Lord Protector ever since. His sword had been red at Marston Moor and Naseby, he had helped to overthrow the Scots at Dunbar, and, by a strange chance, had ridden behind my father at Worcester. He cared nothing for King or Parliament, but was a Cromwell man pure and simple, and worshipped the Protector as the heathen worship their idols. His eyes glared like those of a wild beast when I spoke to him that night concerning our mission.

"Brotherton is Cromwell's bitterest enemy," he said, "and hath sworn a solemn oath to take his life. An old trooper, he fought in the war but is now a fierce fanatic to whom his Highness is a renegade. Should Cromwell fall by an assassin's hand, 'twill be Brotherton who struck the blow."

"What is he like?"

"About middle height, with broad shoulders and a body all bone and muscle. He hath a rough face, tanned by sun and wind, iron grey hair and grey eyes."

"And his dress?"

"He disguises himself in a dozen different ways, and he hath a smattering of the French tongue. He hath slipped through Master Thurloe's fingers a score of times already."

The next week the sergeant and I spent in exploring the foulest quarters of London, but without finding any trace of Brotherton. Yet the Secretary assured us he had sailed for England, after having concluded a bargain with Charles Stuart. He carried a liberal supply of money, and a letter, sealed with the royal seal, enjoining all true Royalists to render assistance.

Then one evening we learned he had arrived in London, and had been seen conversing with an old soldier named Simeon Wagstaf.

There wanted but one day to the great ceremony which was to take place at Westminster. Cromwell had refused the title of king, but was to be installed as Lord Protector, with all the powers of a king.

"To Whitehall, lad!" exclaimed my companion. "Master Thurloe must be made acquainted with our discovery."

The Secretary received our information with the liveliest satisfaction.

"The Lord hath delivered him into our hands!" he exclaimed. "Brotherton hath digged a pit for his own feet. We will surround Wagstaf's dwelling this very night, and perchance secure our man before he can work further mischief. A dozen troopers, sergeant, sober, God-fearing men, and let them set out directly it is dark. We will go by water. The knave doubtless hopes to strike a blow to-morrow, but by God's grace we will overthrow his plans."

An hour later all our arrangements were made, and, going by way of the Privy Gardens and the Bowling Green, we came to Whitehall Stairs, where a boat lay in waiting.

Master Thurloe bade us step aboard, saying to the waterman, "Pull across quietly, and land us at the stairs above the house."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered he in the boat.

"Caution, now," said the Secretary as we stepped ashore; "a word may prove our undoing. Art ready? Follow me closely," and in single file we ascended the steps.

The night was moderately dark; there was no moon, and the stars were hidden by greyish clouds. We reached the bank, and paused to glance around, but could perceive no one.

"Yonder's the house," said our guide, pointing to a dingy building standing on the water's edge. "I have the password. As soon as the doorkeeper opens, seize and silence him, but do no more harm than is necessary."

Gliding stealthily along, with an interval of a few yards between each two men, we approached the outer gate, crossed a dismal garden, and mounted a short flight of steps, Master Thurloe being foremost, and the sergeant behind me.

The Secretary gave three sharp, distinct raps at the door, and then repeated them more deliberately. "Who's there?"

"A friend to the Cause."

"Give the word, friend to the Cause."

"The Lord is a buckler to all that trust in Him," answered Thurloe, disguising his voice thoroughly.

There was a shooting back of bolts, a creaking of hinges, and the door swung slowly open. Thurloe, stepping inside, made room for me, and in a trice my hands were gripped tightly round the doorkeeper's throat.

Taken completely by surprise, and half choked by the pressure, the fellow stood passive as a sheep, and in another moment Eli Belton had thrust a gag into his mouth. With astounding speed and dexterity he bound the man's arms, and, bidding us go forward, closed the door noisily.

The passage was in darkness, but a light appeared at the farther end, issuing apparently through the chinks of a door. As we walked swiftly along, there reached us the sound of an old man reading, in a tremulous high-pitched voice, a portion of the Scriptures.

Throwing open the door, we rushed in, the Secretary crying, "Surrender, on your lives! There is no escape; the house is surrounded."

The apartment was large and fairly lofty, but scantily furnished. A table stood in the middle of the floor; there were three chairs, and two rough wooden benches. The only light was that shed by a couple of candles on the mantelpiece.

There were three persons present, and before they had recovered their wits they were looking along the barrels of our pistols, an occupation that rarely has the effect of heightening a man's courage.

The one who had been reading was of venerable appearance. His locks were scanty and straggling, and a tangled white beard hung low on his breast. A broad scar—memento, perhaps, of Naseby or Marston Moor—crossed his left cheek from top to bottom; he had a large, prominent nose, and his eyes, in spite of his advanced years, were as keen as a hawk's. In front of him lay an open Bible, and, rather incongruously, by its side a short, broad dagger.

Of the other persons, one was smooth and beardless, a mere boy, whose white face and trembling limbs revealed his fright. His companion, a thick-set, sturdy fellow, was evidently an old soldier, and he scowled at us truculently from under his bushy eyebrows.

Master Thurloe removed their weapons and flung them into a far corner of the room.

"Thou know'st me, Simeon Wagstaf, and thou, Tom of Tutbury," he remarked. "I am seeking Miles Brotherton—where is he hiding?"

"'Tis news to us even that Brotherton is in London," answered he of the bushy eyebrows, "and joyful news. At last there be a chance of the Serpent's head being crushed."

Just at that moment we heard the sergeant, who was keeping the door, open and close it, and some one walked quickly and noisily along the passage, singing a psalm in a lusty voice. He entered the room exclaiming, "Am late, Simeon, but ——"

"Surrender!" I said quietly. "Thou art our prisoner."

Overcome with astonishment, and misliking the closeness of my pistols, he permitted his weapons to be removed, and without a word of protest sat down on the bench. The situation was so droll that, but for the expectation of coming tragedy, I could have laughed outright.

The time passed slowly. It was on the stroke of midnight, and we had added but one more to our motley collection, a worthy drysalter whom the Secretary addressed as Richard Holden. He was a small weazened man, with shifty, cunning eyes, and, as I learned afterwards, was the leading spirit of the band. But, though possessing the craft of the fox, he was destitute of physical courage, and as he sat on the bench fronting us the sweat poured down his cheeks

in streams. We had barely finished with Master Holden when a noise in the passage announced the arrival of a fresh visitor, and my heart beat violently as I wondered if this were the formidable Miles Brotherton.

[illegible] along as fast [illegible]

cause for anxiety; the others were already in an agony of apprehension.

The footsteps came quite close, and the man apparently felt in no good humour.

"Art so fond of darkness that thou canst not show a light [illegible] he cried [illegible] I [illegible], I must

[illegible]

with his surroundings, and I whispered to Thurloe to stand guard over the weapons.

"Keep an eye on these fellows [illegible] "and should one raise a finger or [illegible] shoot him dead." And I [illegible] if they valued their lives, to remain q[illegible]

Wagstaf and Tom of Tutbury alone gave

[illegible] the best part of the skin from my [illegible] as he banged himself heavily against the [illegible]

[illegible] my heart sank and [illegible] I [illegible] given five years of my life to have been abed at Whitehall for he who was fuming outside

was no Leveller or Fifth Monarchy fanatic, but my old comrade, Bevis Mordaunt!

Despite his faults, nay, perhaps it were more fitting to say, to add to his faults, Bevis was stupidly brave, and, in an affair touching his honour, would risk his life as carelessly as a girl discards a used ribbon, or a torn glove.

In all probability there would be a desperate struggle, and my hands might be stained with the blood of my friend. And, as I stood waiting, a vision of Elizabeth Mordaunt rose before me in which she seemed to gaze into my face with the deepest scorn and loathing.

Bevis stepped into the room flushed and ill-humoured, but his expression of anger changed into one of bewilderment at the perplexing scene before him.

Controlling my voice by a strong effort, I exclaimed, "You are my prisoner, sir. I arrest you in the name of the Lord Protector."

At first he had not recognised me, but now, looking me straight in the face, he burst into a boyish laugh.

"And if I refuse, my lord?" he said with a mocking bow.

"Then thy fate will be on thine own head!"

At that, whipping out his sword, he lunged at me swift as a flash of lightning.

Now, mark you, I was Cromwell's man, and could act in but one way. Taking aim at his sword arm, I fired, and he staggered back with an exclamation of pain. The next moment I stood over him with the point of his own blade pressing against his breast.

My fingers trembled so that I could barely hold the sword straight as I cried eagerly, "Wilt surrender, sir?"

"There be no need to 'sir' me," he replied, glancing up with a significance not to be misunderstood. "I am but a humble fellow, Jonathan Weaver by name."

"Well, Master Weaver, thou must see that the odds are all against thee" Then, bending down, I whispered, "Forgive me, Bevis, for my share in this sorry business."

"Since I can offer no further resistance," he said, "I yield, though had it been blade to blade, I doubt if the issue had been [the same."

There was barely time to staunch the blood from his wound, when the rattle of bolts at the outer door sent me back to my post

The new arrival advanced quickly, with a light, springy step, and a strange instinct warned me that here at last was the knave for whom we had waited so long I cast a warning glance at Tom of Tutbury, saying in a whisper, Raise thy voice, and I will shoot thee dead, whatever happens."

"I can wait," he answered, with a satisfied grin, but very softly; for, mind you, no one but a fool would sacrifice his life for nothing.

The man outside had traversed three-fourths of the passage when he came to a sudden halt, and in an instant a dozen ugly thoughts flashed through my mind. Ah! I breathed a sigh of relief. Whatever the reason for his pause, it had passed, and he was again advancing.

But, even as I braced myself for the encounter, we heard a short laugh. The rascal must have turned swiftly on his heels; there was a rush, a heavy blow, the falling of a body, and the sound of flying feet.

With a hurried exclamation to Thurloe to guard the prisoners, I ran out. The fugitive, Miles Brotherton or some other, had nearly reached the end of the passage, and I fired at random into the darkness. The shot must have gone wide, for he laughed derisively, and next moment was fumbling with the bolts.

Forgetting everything in the excitement of the pursuit, I sprang forward, but, catching my foot against some obstacle, fell heavily. I had tumbled over a prostrate body, that of the sergeant, most likely, but whether dead or alive was uncertain.

Gaining my feet, though my head ached villainously, I ran on; but the mishap had given the knave the opportunity he needed.

The door was slammed in my face, and when I got outside no one was in sight. The troopers issued from their hiding-places at my call, but Brotherton had slipped away unseen in the gloom.

Keeping three of them, I despatched the others in hot pursuit, and then returned to the house, half afraid that the prisoners had overcome Thurloe and escaped.

Eli Belton, holding his pot hat in his hand and looking somewhat dazed, had just entered the room. There was an ugly cut in his head, but nothing, he declared roundly, that could not be put right with a little sticking-plaster.

"Was it he?" Thurloe demanded.

"Aye," answered the sergeant sourly, "he and none other. He must have heard my footsteps behind him."

I suggested that the troopers might capture him, but Belton shook his head. "The fox hath tricked us," he growled, "and we may e'en go back like whipped hounds."

Two of the troopers brought in the luckless door-keeper, who all this time had lain gagged and bound, and then we waited impatiently for their comrades. They returned one at a

time but each with the same story. Brotherton had vanished completely.

"Set a guard over the prisoners," Thurloe said sharply to the leader of the soldiers; they can be released after the ceremony. Come, Master Williams, come, sergeant; we must to Whitehall."

"I'll follow you, Master Thurloe," I answered. "Since 'twas my pistol that did the mischief, I'd like to take yonder fellow where his wound can be properly dressed."

"Waste not over much time on him, then; I have need of thy services."

I despatched a trooper with orders to bring a coach quickly, and on his return we half led, half carried Bevis, and placed him inside.

"Where is thy lodging?" I asked in a whisper.

"I have none," he answered warily.

"But Elizabeth—Mistress Mordaunt—where is she?"

"A hundred miles away. Art anxious to see her?"

Finding him resolute not to reveal his secret, I bade the driver convey us to a decent tavern, and, having secured a comfortable chamber, sent one of the servants for a surgeon, though Bevis now made light of his hurt, declaring that in a week he would teach me a lesson in sword-play. And, in fact, the wound proved far less serious than I had anticipated.

When I took farewell, promising to return in the evening, and begging him to forgive me for what had happened. At that he laughed outright and put his left hand in mine.

"Why, faith, Owen," he cried, "what else couldst thou have done, unless thou hadst sent a bullet through my head? 'Tis a grievous thing, truly, for old comrades to be on opposite sides, but there it is, and all the talking in the world cannot alter it. Go thy way, dear lad, and enjoy thy good fortune, since thou canst do so honestly; 'tis no fault of thine if I finish on the gallows."

It was not nice to hear the bitterness in his speech, and I left him rather sadly, for in truth it appeared not unlikely that the rope or the block would be the end of his career.

But, besides Bevis, there was his sister to be considered, and I hold it no weakness to confess that it was of her I thought most.

Elizabeth Mordaunt was a beautiful, high-spirited girl, devotedly attached to her brother. She had set Bevis up as an idol to be worshipped, and her own life was bound up with his welfare. If aught of harm befell him, there would be no more happiness for her in this world.

And yet, with all her passionate love, her blind, unreasoning hatred of Cromwell was pushing her brother deeper and deeper into dark and dangerous waters. No sacrifice seemed too high, if by means of it she could accomplish the downfall of the Protector.

I mused sorrowfully over these matters on my journey back to Whitehall, for the danger was growing very near. Cromwell had been roused into action by Miles Brotherton's fresh conspiracy, and now it would be a fight to the death.

How could the dainty maiden understand the strength of that terrible will! How could she realise the crushing weight with which it bore down the opposition of even mighty kings! I laughed mirthlessly at the thought of her puny efforts to contend with our marvellous ruler.

On reaching Whitehall I found Master Thurloe giving a hundred directions to various persons; explaining, commanding, coaxing, expostulating, threatening, just as occasion required. His brow clouded when we were alone, and I saw that he was filled with apprehension.

"Hath his Highness learned of our failure?" I asked.

"Not yet; I dread the moment when he receives my report."

"We did our best."

"And failed! Failed, lad, when for aught we know the life of his Highness hung in the balance. I would have lost my right hand rather than let the rogue escape!"

"Sir, you regard the matter too seriously," I exclaimed, with an attempt to soothe him; "that right hand will do many a stroke of good work for Cromwell yet. Where is the sergeant?"

"Having his wound dressed. He is as obstinate as a mule, and I had to force him to see the surgeon. When he comes, thou wilt accompany him to Westminster and station thyself just within the doors. Keep a vigilant watch, and if Brotherton appears——"

"He shall not escape again, I vow!"

And an hour later the sergeant and I set out for Westminster, he still surly and scant of speech, but looking forward hopefully to a chance of paying off the score against the crafty conspirator.

CHAPTER III.

BEVIS REMAINS STUBBORN.

SOME time passed before the arrival of the procession, but at length the blare of trumpets and the tumultuous shouting of the people announced its coming. There is little need to dwell on the spectacle, though 'twas a goodly show. The Royalists were absent, but the cavalcade boasted numerous brave and gallant men. As for Cromwell, he bore himself with as royal a dignity as would have befitted the scion of a hundred kings.

A rich canopy graced the upper end of the historic building, and under its silken folds stood the stately Coronation Chair. On the table lay a massive Bible, together with the sword and sceptre of the Commonwealth.

But one troubled little about these gee-gaws when the man himself appeared. Every eye was fixed upon him as the Speaker, coming forward, placed on his shoulders a costly mantle lined with ermine, girt him with the sword, handed him the sceptre of massy gold, and administered the oath which made the famous soldier in all but name King of England.

My heart swelled with pride as, amidst the blare of trumpets and the loud huzzas of the onlookers, he took his seat, having on the one side the ambassador of Louis XIV., and on the other him of the United Provinces. For England was a country to be feared when Cromwell held sway, and when we reckoned our strength in sturdy fighting men, not in French poodles.

It was over at last, and he who should have been king and founder of a line of kings went forth, with sword and sceptre truly, but with no crown. I pretend not to have read his thoughts, but his heart must have ached at the remembrance that he had thrust the great prize from him.

"Lord Protector!" sniffed the sergeant contemptuously. "He should have been king, or dead! He played for high stakes and won, and had but to sweep them from the table."

"'Twould have meant more bloodshed!"

"Well," said he, with brutal frankness, "we are used to bloodshed. Think'st thou Brotherton will stop to consider whether the man he kills be Protector or King? These Parliament drivellers are a parcel of children. The fools have given him everything but the name."

"They offered him that."

"Aye, and he should have accepted the offer. We who fought by his side at Naseby and Worcester would have placed the crown on his head an' he had cared to wear it." And when I pointed out that the officers were against it he burst into a furious tirade, declaring that the soldiers who had made Lambert, Fleetwood, and the rest, could as easily unmake them.

As soon as the procession had re-formed, I bade the sergeant tell Master Thurloe not to expect me until late, and hastened to Bevis. He was in bed, but his wound had not affected his spirits, and he greeted me cheerily.

"Art come to see if I am fit to be removed to prison?" he asked. "Faith, I am too comfortable to wish for change! Must e'en grant me a respite for a few days, Owen."

"Tush, man! My business is to keep thee out of prison. What business hadst thou in that house last night?"

"Nay, I will not answer, since 'twould be to play false to some very honest friends of mine. And honest friends are scarce these days."

"'Tis strange," I said, "that a high-born gentleman should be hobnobbing with a fanatic like Brotherton. Time was when a Mordaunt would have found small pleasure in such company."

"Times have changed, Owen; and, besides, Brotherton is a useful tool."

"He'll compass thy death with his own."

"Likely enough, dear lad; I don't gainsay it. Art a true soothsayer, perhaps, but we must take risks."

"Would'st listen to reason!"

"Aye," he interrupted hotly, "'tis easy talking, but you have not lost a fine estate. We look through different glasses, Owen, and so gain different views. 'Tis kind enough to counsel me, yet 'tis useless. To you Cromwell is a hero; to me he is a hypocrite and a murderer, and I would shoot him to-morrow, did opportunity serve."

Laying my purse on the bed, I begged earnestly that he would make use of it for conveying himself and his sister to France, where they would be sure of a welcome.

His face lit up with a smile, and, stretching out his hand, he grasped mine.

"Art a friend worth having, Owen," he said, "and I thank thee, but I cannot use thy money."

"You will not go?"

"No, my place is here. This quarrel lies between Cromwell and me, and hath nothing to do with King Charles."

'Twas useless to argue, and turning to another subject, I asked where he had left his sister.

"With the Pynes of Headleigh," he answered briskly. "Their estate lies just outside Bristol,

and Salter Pyne is a trusty friend. He is lucky too, as times go, since he still keeps a roof over his head. A handsome gallant, Owen," and he finished with a laugh

"A gilded popinjay, I warrant, with a plume of feathers in his hat and no brains in his head."

Proceeding to Whitehall I passed the sentries posted at the gate, and was going toward my own apartment when the officer of the guard stopped me.

"His Highness hath issued strict orders, sir, that thou art to attend upon him immediately"

HE GAVE ME A GOOD PUSH

I answered savagely, for it irked me to know the girl was in his house And on that I made for the door

"Good-bye, dear lad," he cried merrily; "thou'lt come to see me in the Tower?" And he was still laughing as I passed down the stairs.

The words were commonplace enough, but the significant tone in which they were spoken boded no favorable reception for me in the coming interview

What could Cromwell want? Had I incurred his displeasure? Perhaps the knowledge of my visit to Bevis had got abroad, in which case

I was more than likely to lodge that n[illegible] the [illegible]ver

"Ah, Master Williams," exclaimed the officer on duty outside the Protector's room, "I am glad thou'rt come; his Highness grows impatient. He hath inquired for thee several [illegible] Methinks the black dog hath bitten him [illegible]

[illegible]

"Secretary Thurloe is with him. Listen!"

We could hear the Protector tramping heavily to and fro, and talking in a high pitched voice. 'Twas evident he was in a great passion.

"'Twill be wiser to wait a little, Forrester?" I suggested.

"Nay," said he, "the orders are imperative, besides, man, the longer thy absence, the worse 'twill be!" And, knocking sharply at the door, he threw it open and announced me

The Secretary stood by the table in an attitude of respectful attention, while Cromwell, his eyes blazing and his features convulsed with rage, was pouring forth a turbulent stream of words.

"What do the fools seek?" he demanded wrathfully. "What do they expect? Do they imagine that the Lord who hath brought this dazzling glory upon England will hold His hand now? He hath guarded me hitherto; He will never forsake me. I tell thee, Master Thurloe, 'tis the Lord's will that I shall rule over this people. 'Tis by my hands that He will cause His wonders to be worked."

As soon as the torrent of words had ceased I stepped forward, saying quickly, though my heart seemed to leap into my throat, "You sent for me, my 'ord."

He did not answer, but gazed at me wrathfully, while Master Thurloe made a deprecatory gesture, as if excusing himself for what might happen. And so, for the space of a full minute, we stood in painful silence

"'Tis a pretty tale I hear of thee, Master Williams," Cromwell began at length. "Why didst let the assassin escape? Is that thy gratitude? Is that even thy duty? Answer me that, Master Williams. I made thee one of my household, cherished thee in my bosom, and this is my reward!"

I tried to make some kind of answer, but my head swam with the suddenness of the attack, and he went on mercilessly, "This Brotherton, this child of Beelzebub, was in the same house with thee, within closed doors, and yet he slipped through thy fingers!"

There was a world of scorn expressed in his tone, and I hung my head like a stupid sheep. Not so Master Thurloe; for a quiet, unassuming man he could be wondrous firm

"Indeed, my lord," said he, "thou dost wrong in reproaching Master Williams. He aided me most gallantly."

"To let the man go! I warrant thou canst not tell if the rogue be in London."

"A score of trusty fellows are tracking him, my lord"

"Who are the others?"

"Simeon Wagstaf, who, an' he were twenty years younger, would require watching; a frightened boy; a humdrum citizen; a sturdy knave named Tom of Tutbury, whom your Highness may remember as a good trooper; Richard Holden, a crafty drysalter; and Jonathan Weaver, the last to arrive."

"Hast placed them under arrest?"

"I considered it best to set them at liberty, your Highness. By tracking their movements we may get the more easily at their leader."

"A good thought, and I commend thee for it. I am weary of these continual plottings, and would fain put an end to them. I have been too lenient, and the rascals take advantage of my good-nature. 'Tis time to make a change, and by the living God, Master Thurloe, it shall be made."

The Secretary bowed low, and Cromwell turned to me

"Hark ye, Master Williams," he said, "I am disappointed in thee. Thou hadst a fine chance to do me a service, and missed it. Get thee gone now, and when thou comest back, bring Brotherton with thee"

He gave me a rough push, and I slunk in shame from the apartment.

CHAPTER IV

TO THE WEST!

NEVER before had I seen my Lord Protector so wroth. And it was no matter for surprise, since he himself lived in a state of continual apprehension. Despite his glory and honour, he was utterly alone in the world. His rugged breast was scarred by the thoughts that burned within it, and he could unbosom himself wholly to none.

But pity for the Lord Protector did not blind me to the terrible peril in which Bevis stood. My senses were acutely alive, and I foresaw the whole drama with vivid distinctness.

For myself, I had a two-fold task—to capture Brotherton and to save Bevis.

I saw nothing of the Secretary that night, but next morning he informed me his spies reported that Brotherton had fled from London.

"Where has he gone?" I demanded eagerly.

"He left no trace, but most likely the rascal will seek refuge in Bristol or Plymouth."

On that I formed a swift resolution. I would go to Bristol, and while searching for Brotherton would make another attempt to save Bevis. Surely, if I pointed out to Mistress Mordaunt the desperate nature of her brother's enterprise, and showed how certainly it would lead to the block, she would call him back! If not, my hands would be free from his blood.

Accordingly, that same morning, well armed and well mounted, I took the road to the west My spirits were not cheerful, since I dreaded the meeting with the imperious girl, even though my errand was to save the brother she loved from a shameful death.

The nearer I drew to Bristol the more nervous and agitated I became. Elizabeth was living amidst Royalists, all friends to Charles Stuart, all enemies to Cromwell With what kind of reception was I likely to be greeted by them?

"At least," I reflected, "I can fling them back gibe for gibe and sneer for sneer, while at the worst my sword may be able to bite as deeply as their

Fortune, the jade, played me a scurvy trick almost immediately on my arrival at the sea port town, the second day after my departure from Whitehall. Evening was closing in and since the situation of Headleigh Court was unknown to me, I decided to stay for the night at Bristol

After a short quest I discovered a respectable tavern in an alley leading from the High Street. Its name, as far as I can remember, was the "Black Bull," and it appeared to be eminently suitable for my purpose.

The hostler stabled my horse, and I did full justice to an ample meal. Then, sitting down by the parlour window, I gave myself up to idle fancies, not of the pleasantest nature

Presently, to my annoyance, a number of roysterers trooped into the room. They were young fellows all, and evidently persons of quality Not caring to attract their attention by leaving the apartment, I sat gazing out of the window, hoping the while that they would not notice me

"'Tis likely they'll make but a short stay," I thought, and paid no further heed to them.

They were in merry mood, and, calling for wine, began talking and laughing loudly. Their conversation had no interest for me, till suddenly Bevis Mordaunt's name was mentioned, and then I listened eagerly.

"Odds truth, one can never tell what a hare-brained rattle-pate like Bevis will do!" exclaimed one in answer to a question. "'Tis supposed he is in London."

"He was a week ago; I hope he hath not fallen into old Noll's clutches!"

"He went up for the coronation, like a dutiful subject," laughed a third merrily. "Who'd a thought the brewer would hang back at the last minute?"

"A brewer may make his foes to flee," hummed the second speaker. At which they all broke out, "The song! the song! Let's have the brewer's song"

Upon this the young fellow at the head of the table exclaimed, "Silence, then, and I'll give a verse or two. My throat's too dry to sing the whole"

"Silence for the brewer's song!" they cried, like a parcel of schoolboys, and the singer began in a gay rollicking voice:

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant-General may be—
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be all in all
And raise his powers both great and small
That he may be a Lord General—
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector
When he had drunk his cup of nectar;
And a brewer may be a Lord Protector—
Which nobody can deny

"Go on! Go on!" they roared approvingly.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring;
To be an emperor or a king—
Which nobody can deny.

"Unless 'tis the gentleman by the window!" cried one

"Odds faith!" said the singer, "I vow 'tis strange he should disapprove of our praise. By his face I reckoned him a trusty friend to our most gracious Lord Protector"

He was a youngster about my own age richly dressed, and of a very engaging appearance He had fair hair, with a tinge of gold in it, flowing over a gaily embroidered collar; his skin was white and clear as a woman's; his eyes were large, blue, and lustrous; his nose and lips were finely cut, and when he smiled he showed two rows of even white teeth

In person he was tall and slight of build, which, however, suggested no idea of weakness, and had an easy, graceful bearing that provoked admiration. He seemed to be the natural leader of the party, and his comrades treated him with marked deference.

"Surely, sir," he continued, "you won't refuse to join in praise of the most high and puissant Lord Protector—'tis pity we cannot as yet call him King—of this realm? Won't you honour our toast?'

"A toast! A toast!" cried the others uproariously. "The brewer's health!"

"Were the brewer within a mile of Bristol town," said I dryly, "some of you might be less bold. The hedge-sparrow may be a valorous bird, but 'tis not when the hawk's in sight."

The instant the words were out I would have recalled them, not through fear, but because it did not march with my plans to be involved in a quarrel, which I plainly perceived was what these Royalist blades desired.

They greeted my remark with a howl of derision, but the singer exclaimed pleasantly, "Faith, 'tis a specimen of the new wit now in fashion at Court! But, since the hawk's not here, sir, I presume the sparrows may be allowed to twitter!"

"'Tis a matter of indifference to me," I replied, "though they are somewhat noisy in the performance."

At that they began again, crying, "A psalm! A psalm! Clear the table for his reverence!"

Now, though of a peaceful nature, at these witticisms my temper got beyond control, and, turning to the singer, I said, "Sir, since 'tis evident thou'rt resolved to pick a quarrel, my sword is at the service of the best man amongst you!"

"MY SWORD IS AT THE SERVICE OF THE BEST MAN AMONGST YOU!"

Whereupon half a dozen blades leaped from their scabbards, and every one of the cavaliers pressed forward as eagerly as if I had invited them to a banquet

"No, no!" said their leader, waving them back. "This is my quarrel, since 'twas my song. Weston, wilt second the gentleman whose name is unknown to us?"

"'Tis not one to be ashamed of," I retorted hotly. "My name is Owen Williams."

"Williams!" he exclaimed with a start. "'Tis not altogether unfamiliar."

"And your name, sir?" I asked, a dim suspicion of the truth creeping into my mind.

"Salter Pyne, at your service," said he. "And now that these formalities are over, we may proceed to our diversion. Push back the tables and chairs. Marchmont, I am in your hands."

He spoke in an airy fashion, as if the incident were a commonplace, while I stood muttering to myself, "Salter Pyne! Salter Pyne!"

Then I passed my finger down the edge of my blade and laughed lightly. Surely no stranger thing than this had ever happened!

The man whom my opponent called Weston stepped from the group of cavaliers and tapped my arm. He was a big fellow, rather clumsy, indeed, in build, and one of the oldest of the company, which, however, did not of necessity make him a Methusaleh. And he possessed either the thickest skull or the most sense amongst us.

"Art willing to settle this quarrel peacefully, Master Williams?" he asked. "Our adversaries recognise it is partly of their own making, and an apology in reason."

"Zounds, sir!" I cried in a passion, "this is too much."

The big man shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Master Pyne is the slighter, but there's no finer swordsman in the west. Still, he is a sweet-tempered lad, and may be content with giving thee a slight lesson."

"My thanks to him beforehand," I replied; "and now perhaps we can come to the beginning of this business."

He gave his shoulders another shrug, as if to say, "Very good, though I much fear 'twill be very bad by the time the end comes!"

He went to confer with Marchmont, while I fell once more to considering the oddness of the encounter. If Salter Pyne killed me—why, there was an end of the matter, and Bevis must take his chance without my assistance.

But how would the case stand if I killed him? Suppose I went to Elizabeth with the blood of her friend on my hands! Perhaps this Salter Pyne was to her more than Bevis—and my blood tingled at the thought. Looked at in this light, 'twas a troublesome affair, and I felt relieved when at length our seconds, having finished their conference, placed us opposite each other.

The apartment being a large one, we had ample space for exercise. The cavaliers stood well back, in order not to hamper our movements, and the door was fastened and guarded to prevent untimely interruption.

My opponent bowed gracefully as he placed himself on guard. Not to be outdone in courtesy, I returned his salutation, while a buzz of curiosity rose from the spectators, who were eager to judge how I handled a sword.

(To be continued.)

THE ADDITION

The following epitaph, writes A. G. Bond, is from Walford churchyard, Herefordshire:

"Remember, man, as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare yourself to follow me."

A village wag added in chalk, to this rather pessimistic verse, two more lines:

"To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went."

Ardingly College.

THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH.
Photo. F. D. Miller

THE traveller on the main line to Brighton, if an observant being, may notice, when crossing the great Ouse Valley Viaduct, a large pile of red-brick buildings a mile to the left. They are conspicuous by reason of their elevated position overlooking the tiny river as it winds in and out in the valley beneath. Here is St. Saviour's School, Ardingly, generally known to the public as Ardingly College. The school was founded by Canon Woodard in April 1858, and therefore celebrates its jubilee this month. At present some 320 boys are being educated there, under the tuition of a staff of eighteen. The intentions of the founder embodied "a public school for the sons of those of narrow means." When we say that the register contains 9000 names it will readily be inferred that a want has [illegible] Boys are admitted quite [illegible] are [illegible] tinction to other schools, the average leaving age is nearer sixteen than seventeen, and possibly lower than that. This fact, when we compare results (not always a trustworthy guide) with those of other schools, will explain many things.

THE REV. H. A. RHODES, M.A., HEADMASTER.
Photo. Mr. J. W. Bo[illegible]

For purposes of work the school is divided into fourteen forms, arranged in four groups or sets. The Oxford Local Examinations are the main object of attack. Let us, however, accompany Thompson minor through a typical day-of-all-work.

About 6.30 A.M. the relentless ringing of the bell informs his half-muddled senses that it is time he rose from his downy couch. In case of obstinacy the fiat of the prefect will emphasise this fact. At seven there is early school for three-quarters of an hour, following which all parade for prayers in chapel. Fifteen minutes later behold our young friend, who is naturally endowed with a ravenous appetite sitting at breakfast in the dining all. On the daïs is the "High Table," where the

staff is engaged in a like operation. After this meal there is nothing to do till 9.15, when morning school begins. This lasts, with an interval of a quarter of an hour, till 12.30, and is divided into four periods.

After three and a quarter hours of (we hope) close application, Thompson minor puts his books away, and rushes headlong wherever he lists—the magnet may be cricket, football, bathing, or what not. Refreshed by his forty-five minutes' freedom from restraint, he is ready for dinner at 1.15, and half the day is done. Afterwards, in winter, recreation is the order till four o'clock; in summer, school begins at two In either case the extent of confinement to classroom is two hours, the opening twenty minutes of which is devoted to "prep."

In connection with the period of play during any afternoon there is one salutary rule. No boy can be "gated" during the first hour thereof. Everybody is supposed to be out-of-doors, when fine, and impositions are to be done later. At six o'clock comes tea; at 6.45 evensong in chapel, a shortened form being used. Ardingly has a high reputation for the excellence of its choir, but the service is not quite so elaborate as in earlier days, when an anthem was sung nightly. Masters and boys combine to form the choir, which usually comprises about thirty-five voices. Returning from evensong, Thompson minor makes a move, a tardy one perhaps, to "prep," which lasts from 7.15 to 8.45. Then the final bell goes—there are many peals during the day—everybody troops to his dormitory, and at 9.30 the stern voice of the prefect commands "lights out." Our young friend's day is done.

This, roughly speaking, is an average day at St. Saviour's, the only variation being in the matter of half-holidays. These are usually taken up by whatever game is in season—no play upon words intended—and

THE FOOTBALL ELEVEN 1907 8

Photo: Mr H Blackman

at four o'clock there is call-over, when reports of those absent are made to the master of the week by the prefects. The remainder of the afternoon is free, except perhaps to the culprit under the ban of "detention." In the winter months this period is utilised by the Debating Society for their meetings as arranged beforehand.

It is only to be expected that in any account of the daily life of a large school, notice should be taken of the side bearing on athletics, which have such an important influence on the health and character of most boys. All boys are expected to take part in games, except where physically unfit. In the strictest sense of the word *compulsory* participation finds no place, but if a boy

name is posted on the board, or his captain orders him to play, he must turn out and join in whatever is going on. The general management of this side of the school's activities is in the hands of the Games' Committee, which consists of masters and boys, presided over by the headmaster. All officers are elected as required. The captain of the school, who is the top boy in the Sixth Form, is honorary secretary to this body.

There is no regular "games' master" as generally understood, but a member of the staff is appointed to supervise cricket or football, the same master rarely being

THE HEADMASTER AND STAFF
Photo A. E. [illegible]

responsible for both branches in one year. As regards the summer game, the captain of cricket is assisted by a committee composed of one master and two boys, in addition to the manager mentioned above. And here it must be stated that there never has been a professional groundsman at Ardingly. The whole of the work, such as preparing wickets &c., is performed voluntarily by the members of the school.

Though the college estate covers four hundred acres, for various reasons the amount of space at the disposal of the Games Committee is by no means excessive. There are three grounds used for cricket: the Green

where matches are played, and on whose borders practice nets are pitched; the Upper, or Football, Ground, used, as a rule, by junior players; and the Hard, a large stretch of uncertain quality—the title explains its nature—a general utility practice piece for Dormitory Clubs when and where they please. What coaching there is, is given by masters. The system of learning the game centres round two Challenge Cups, competed for by dormitories on the "knock-out" system. The Senior Cup is open to teams of any age; the Junior is restricted to boys under fourteen. Ardingly has produced a goodly number of first-class cricketers, amongst whom may be mentioned W. Newham and G. Brann, of Sussex.

In football—Association, by the way—the league system prevails, and works well. Two Challenge Cups provide the incentive for scores of matches during the season. Dormitory first and second elevens compete for these. There are three grounds available: the Upper Ground, the Hard, and a large field called the Nine-acre, which is some seven minutes' distance from the buildings. As this field is rented by a farmer, the games committee pays an annual charge for its use. It is level, and a wonderfully

well-drained stretch of grass. Junior Cup contests are fought out here, and occasionally school matches, when the Upper Ground is unfit. Since the leagues demand a total of ninety matches, and there are practice games galore, in addition to the usual "card," football is well looked after. The chief schools met are Hurstpierpoint College and Brighton Grammar School.

One considerable attraction of the outdoor life at Ardingly at any rate in the summer term, is the swimming-bath. This is situated within a hundred yards of the north wing, in a dell shaded by lofty trees. Its length is about 140 ft. Many hundreds of boys have learnt the art of swimming in this delightful spot. Classes are held, and the medals and certificates of the Life-Saving Society are annually striven after. Within the last few years, two members of the school have been fittingly rewarded by the Royal Humane Society for saving life. The competitive side is furnished by team races for a Dormitory Challenge Cup, and sports are held

R. C. SMITH,
Captain of School

The athletic sports are held in Easter week, when the best athlete receives the [illegible] Ludorum [illegible] There are also a High Jump Challenge Cup and a Dormitory Challenge Cup, the latter going to the dormitory gaining the most marks. The school record for the Throw, 115 yards, by G. Brann is worth mention here

More than passing notice is due to the Tuck Shop, which is in the hands of the games committee, who dispose of the profits in improvements or repairs to their own possessions. The football ground, the levelling of which cost several hundreds; the swimming-bath; the library, &c., have all benefited in large sums from the earnings of the Shop, so that when a boy spends his tumble coin thereat he knows that he will get back indirectly more than the face value. The management is entrusted to one of the masters, who is assisted in various ways by a few helpers.

The Cadet Corps manages its own affairs. It is six years since it came into being. One company is furnished, and this is attached to the 2nd V.B. Royal Sussex Regiment. The commanding officer is Captain J. W. Bell, who has two lieutenants under him. All these are members of the teaching staff. With the corps is connected a flourishing brass band. Drills are held on Tuesdays and Fridays, out of school hours. At the end of the summer term a camp is held in the grounds, and an enjoyable time is spent under canvas. Circumstances are against joining the Public Schools Brigade at Aldershot. The nearest range is eleven miles south. To reach it a trip of five miles by road and six by train is necessary, but the various shooting-parties enjoy nothing better than the outing in search of "bulls" In the school grounds a Morris Tube Rifle Range does much useful preliminary work. The ambitious cadet may also learn signalling. A few years back the corps signalled the report of a football match played half a mile away. The report was duly published in the school magazine.

P. S. J. RANDALL,
Senior Prefect and late Captain of Cricket

H. A. P. BRUHL,
Captain of Football

Other flourishing institutions are the Debating Society, which meets weekly during the dark days; the Library, containing nearly seventeen hundred volumes; and the "Ardingly Annals," the school magazine, now in its thirty-eighth year. There is also the nucleus of a museum, but owing to want of a room, its treasures are literally "in the dark." Dramatic performances are given on Shrove Tuesday and at the end of the autumn term

the Rev. F. K. Hilton (1894-1904), and the present Headmaster, the Rev. H. A. Rhodes, who captained the Oxford University Association Eleven some seventeen years ago. He is assisted by a staff of seventeen masters. Below these are the prefects, divided into two bodies—school prefects and dormitory prefects. The latter, in the "probationer" stage, are promoted to full privileges and authority in due course.

Ardingly does not claim a great deal of

THE BATHING-PLACE
Photo Mr J Phillips

The buildings comprise three wings, each forming a house—Head Master's, School House, and North School. The first-named boasts four dormitories, the remainder contain three each. The Chapel, a fine building 150 ft. long, contains a noble organ, on which £1500 has been spent by generous donors. A fourth wing, as originally projected, is wanting to complete a ground plan of a double cross, as it were.

There have been three Headmasters the Rev. F. M. D. Mertens (1858–1894),

brilliant achievement for her sons, but she does claim that those who have passed through her gates into the great world are distinguished by sound citizenship and loyalty to King and Country. Many have entered the Church, and have served her faithfully at home and abroad. The list of those holding benefices in the United Kingdom is a strong one.

During the Boer War, Old Boys of Ardingly fought for their flag in considerable numbers. Amongst these may be mentioned Lieut

O. T. Bentley, killed at Bethlehem; A. Mossop, Distinguished Service Medal, and M. Duquenoy, severely wounded, who is now superintendent of police at Johannesburg. Under fire in other climes have been [illegible] [illegible] Captain G. Farmer, Nigerian Field Force.

An instance of an all-round man is W. A. Bettesworth, B.A., now on the staff of the "Field," who has represented Sussex at cricket, has a name as a black-and-white artist, and has contributed paintings to various exhibitions. Another such is G. Burr Perrett, who left school in 1899. Within five years he had obtained his London B.A., with first-class honours in history, and also his M.A. of the same University, likewise with honours of the same degree.

In the world of sport the list is a lengthy one. That of cricket includes W. Newham, G. Brann, W. A. Bettesworth, W. Blackman, (Sussex), A. H. P. Snow (Middlesex), L. C. Crockett (Northants), C. E. C. Kendle (Hants), Rev. E. W. R. Walters (Northumberland), A. C. Seymour, H. J. Seymour, R. H. Seymour (Dorset), and W. M. Thompson (Herts). Distinguished football players include G. Brann (Sussex, Swifts, Corinthians, England), W. Newham (Sussex, Swifts, Corinthians), S. F. P. Moore (Sussex, Swifts), W. M. Thompson, A. H. T. Smith, W. Blackman, D. S. Coles, F. Cartwright (Sussex), J. Hake, H. Kettel, H. R. Hefford (Surrey), P. A. Read (Essex), R. H. Seymour, H. J. Seymour (Dorset), T. H. W. Lewis (Middlesex).

Other noted Old Ardinians are: John Scott, late General Manager of the Queen and Crescent Route in America, which embraces five railways; Julian Clifford, well known in the musical world; Charles Noel Douglas, author of the popular song "The Cosy Corner Girl," and famous as a writer, artist and composer in the United States. There are five old boys on the staff of the School.

The following speaks for itself, several masters played:

June 11, 1883.

ARDINGLY COLLEGE *v.* M.C.C. & GROUND.

W. Blackman, [illegible]	[illegible]
W. M. T[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Jeffery	3
W. N[illegible], c. Burn, b. Thornton	50
G. Brann, c. Hilton, b. Maude	176
A. C. Seymour, c. and b. Maude	21
R[illegible] F. L. Hilton, c. Hearne, b. Greatorex	25
C. B. Marsland, run out	10
A. E. Palmer, b. Maude	2
S. F. P. Moore, not out	0
A. H. E. Besant, b. Maude	0
Extras	54
M.C.C. did not bat	672

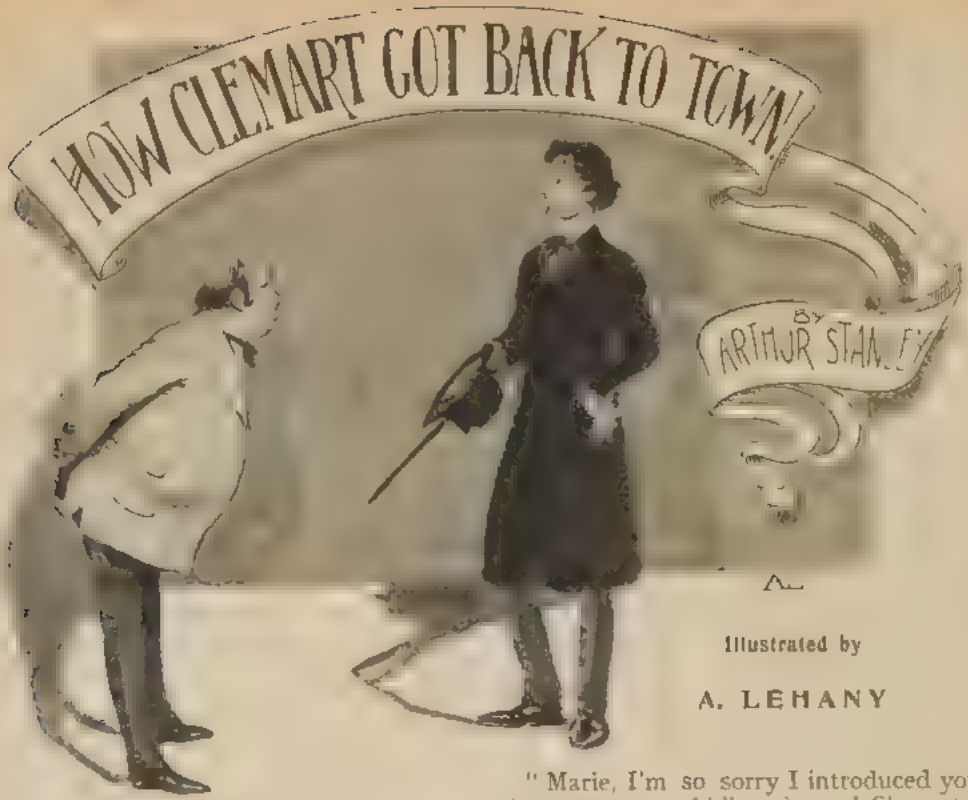
Here we must close this brief summary. Much might be said of the past members of Ardingly, but, as this article mainly concerns the present, we reluctantly lay down our pen, with the consciousness that we have done our best to give an idea of the life of those whose lot is cast within the walls of the School, whose motto is—"Beati mundo corde."

F. CARTWRIGHT.

THE CADET CORPS

Photo. A. H. Fry, Brighton

HOW CLEMART GOT BACK TO TOWN



Illustrated by

A. LEHANY

"JACK, have you heard?"

"What? We haven't 'dried up,' have we?"

Marie Gordon nodded her head ruefully

"Is that a fact?"

"Solemn."

"H'm! You don't look very down in the mouth, Marie."

"Of course not, dear boy. What's the use?"

"Quite so," said Clemart, lamely.

But the situation was serious—extremely so. Jack Clemart (or J. Vivian Clemart) was a promising member of Rendle's Shakespearean Company, in which Marie Gordon had also toured, she playing all the "singing parts" that occurred in Rendle's repertory. So, all things considered, they were two very fortunate young people, for they had only been in "the profession" a year or so. But now Rendle was "resting" and neither Marie nor Clemart could afford to do so. They had been very good chums in their student days, at the City Academy of Music, and the friendship had grown, during their first tour with Rendle, into something more romantic.

"Marie, I'm so sorry I introduced you to this rotten crowd!" exclaimed Clemart.

"It was my own fault I came. I *did* so want to play 'Celia'!"

"Where are all the others?"

"All the Honourable Claude's special set went back to London by the 7.15 this morning. He paid their fares. Only Phyllis Burnett and Mary Fell are left, as far as I can make out, and they've just got about enough to pay their fares back. I've been round to the theatre, and there's a notice up to the effect that the Honourable Claude is 'obliged to discontinue the tour, owing to bad business.' That's all."

"Bad business, and bad acting!" exclaimed Clemart. "Well, it serves me right for coming with such a crowd. . . We're 'in the cart,' Miss Marie Gordon, and we must find a way to alight from the beastly vehicle"

Both Clemart and Marie had been tempted into joining the Honourable Claude Lempriere's *As You Like It* company by the prospect of playing better parts than usually fell to them under Robert Rendle's management. The Hon. Claude was a dilettante, who had been by turns engineer, Church Army officer, proprietor of a "smart" periodical, playwright, and theatrical manager.

He had been lured into the folly of taking his own "Shakespearean Company" into the provinces by several cronies who had [illegible] and had been smitten with the usual desire to shine in "the legitimate." Claude had come to have a legacy left him, and his ambitious theatrical friends saw their chance. The result was the formation of a painfully incompetent company. The presence therein of a carefully trained Orlando, in the person of Clemart, and a daintily passable Celia had not saved the venture from inevitable failure. Things had gone from bad to worse, salaries had dwindled to half, and less than half, and now Jack and Marie found themselves stranded, on a dismal, dirty, depressing April morning, in the High Street of a dismal, dirty, depressing manufacturing town in Yorkshire.

They began to stroll along, slowly and aimlessly. Never had the urchins less cause to eye the "play-hactors" with envy, thought Clemart.

"Marie, how much money have you?" he asked at length.

"Three and ninepence—and I owe my landlady twelve shillings. I've got my 'Celia' costume—*we* had to find our own dresses—but I left my watch at Bradford."

"H'mph! I've got two and sevenpence—and a few wigs. I left *my* watch at Liver[illegible]nd I owe my landlady ten shillings! M[illegible], I was right when I gave you that [illegible] found out you had got an idea of going on the boards at the back of your little head. You remember?"

"Of course you were right. So was I right, when I said I could go through all the hardships and difficulties and all the rest of it, without losing my head or my determination. So there!"

"But you were earning your living as a music teacher, Marie."

"It was ghastly! And what about you? *You* were earning your living as an insurance clerk."

"Unendurable. But, Marie, your composing was full of promise. What about the orchestral suite that got the Corporation prize? And those string quartets——"

"Merely a good, industrious little girl's lessons; nothing more, Jack. Trust my superior knowledge of the subject. Then *you* [illegible] You had quite a lot accepted by the *Skit*. No, Jack, we're both qualified for the stage in the regular way, by failing at everything else. Besides, there was no money in composing; or in comic verse, for the matter of that."

"There's a vast fortune in acting, isn't there, Marie? Three and ninepence minus twelve shillings! Hallo! What have we here?"

Always interested in anything connected with the stage, they paused to look at a huge placard, and read its contents with much amusement.

OLDFIELD PALACE OF VARIETIES.

(Spott and Levi Vaudeville Circuit)

A GRAND

TRIAL PERFORMANCE

will be given on the evening of Monday April

DO YOU WANT TO BE A VARIETY STAR

New turns of every description wanted. Novices specially invited. Sketches, sisters, vents., acrobatic dancers, contortionists and specialty coms. Come and let us see your turn only

IF YOU ARE THE REAL GOODS.

Beer moppers and village idiots are politely requested to save stamps or shoeleather. We want talent, not duds.

Refinement Essential.

"How funny!" cried Marie. "What an honour to the profession. Come along, Jack. That won't help us out of our difficulty."

"Won't it?" exclaimed Jack suddenly. "I don't know so much!"

Marie looked at him in amazement.

"You don't suggest," she said gravely, "that *we* are going to take work under the Spott-Levi management?"

"It's not the time to stand on our dignity, Marie. We shall be hungry by Monday evening. Do you realise *that*?

"I'm getting on towards hungry now. But what are we? Sisters, vents., sketches, the real goods, or village idiots?"

Clemart answered, rapidly and excitably, as the project swiftly took definite form: "We two, Marie, shall be 'Lewis and Lilian, the –the Human Vocalists,' capital H and capital V. We'll sing a pathetic duet. I'll be a blind old man, and you shall be my prodigal daughter, and return in the last verse, with a piercing top A in your voice that will console me for past suffering. I'll go and fix up a tune with the manager at once."

"But—but we haven't got a duet. We don't know one!" said Marie in bewilderment.

"What about the hardworking little girl who wrote orchestral suites and string quartets? What about the insurance clerk who wrote parodies for the *Sketch*, when he wasn't wasting his time with amateur theatricals? Aren't they equal to the occasion?"

As Marie listened she broke into a smile, and her eyes glistened with joyful excitement.

"It sounds feasible. If I can get hold of some scoring-paper in this fearful town, we'll try it on."

"I believe it's the 'way out'—but we've only got till Monday. Will you go and search for your music paper, while I go and see if they can make room for us on the programme? I'll come back to Mrs. Kemp's and report. No, wait—don't squander money on music paper till I've found out whether there's room for us or no."

"Can't I come to the hall, too?"

"No, you'd better not. The manager might ask us to run through our turn, and he wouldn't like it if we didn't seem to know what to do. You go and buy yourself something to eat, and meet me at Mrs. Kemp's at twelve o'clock."

Clemart left Marie brimful of the enthusiasm and optimism that her vocation encouraged, and made his way to the music hall.

The "Oldfield Palace of Varieties" was a type of the flash, mean, rakish-looking, red brick buildings now springing up all over the country, under the beneficent auspices of the numerous variety syndicates.

Upon inquiry Clemart was told that the manager was on the stage. He sent his name in, and was told he would be seen if he would "wait." Going into the theatre (or "hall"), Clemart had time to look round, and satisfied himself that it was modern and commodious—much more so than many theatres he had visited with Rendle.

Presently the manager—a short, slangy, alcoholic little cockney—came and saluted him as "old sonny," and Clemart explained his business. The manager seemed to like the idea of a sentimental "acting number" very much, and kindly consented to allow Marie and himself a turn on the following Monday.

"What d'you call yourselves?" he inquired, taking out a dingy note-book.

"'Lewis and Lilian,'" said Clemart, "'Human Vocalists.' 'Pathos without Piffle.' 'Our Song Will Make You Cry.' It's called 'I'm Going Home to Father.' How's that?"

"Sounds O.K.," said the little manager with a grin. "Bring the band parts round Saturday morning, will yer?"

Buying some bread-and-cheese on the way, Clemart hurried to Mrs. Kemp's with the news.

"It's all right, Marie," he said; "we shall have a show."

As Marie clapped her hands a ray of sunlight burst into the room. The weather had cleared up in a surprising fashion, and it seemed that the afternoon would be a fine one. It suddenly dawned on Clemart that he would not have missed fighting through this trouble, hand in hand with Marie, for anything in the world.

"Marie," he said suddenly, "shall we go together a little way out of the town and see if we can find a green field and a stile?"

"Oh, yes. And we'll think out our pathetic song together."

They were not disappointed. They soon found their stile, with a beautiful, flat green field in front of it. They mounted the stile, and began to eat heartily of the provisions Clemart had brought.

"What lovely bread!" sighed Marie, after a long, dreary silence.

"Beautiful cheese," observed Clemart.

This moved them both to wild hilarity. They continued hilarious long after they had forgotten the cause. They knew they were happy, and that sufficed.

"Now for the 'human lyric,' partner," said Clemart at length, producing a pencil and paper. "How's this for a start?

> An old man had a daughter fair,
> The comfort of his age;
> One fatal day she ran away,
> To go upon the stage——"

"Oh, stop, stop!" cried Marie. "Don't be so ridiculous. I shall fall off!"

"Ridiculous? That's 'pathos without piffle.' To continue:

> She was allured by dreams of wealth,
> As many young girls are.

And heaps more like that, with a fetching chorus that they'll want to whistle!"

So they evolved their "human lyric" together, laughing over its absurdities like a pair of happy children. And when they were satisfied that the song was all that could be desired or its purpose, they talked

long about the future, building splendid castles in the air.

Marie sat up until the small hours of the morning working at the music, and contrived to evolve a taking melody accompanied by parts for an average-sized theatre orchestra She pointed out to Clemart numerous musical graces and pretty conceits in her score to the making of which it was necessary to bring an amount of brain-fag and drudgery undreamed of by the layman.

"It's the last word in daintiness!" she exclaimed joyfully, "positively musicianly, though I sez it! Look here there' the first line of 'Home Sweet Home' in the bass there—see, *pom pom, pom pom;* and that 'pizzicato' on the strings will sound great."

Nevertheless, the Palace musical director's face clouded over when Clemart handed the score to him, and he ominously took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket. But of this Clemart said not a word to Marie

'WHAT LOVELY BREAD!" CRIED MARIE

Saturday and Sunday seemed interminable, for both "Lewis" and "Lil[illegible]" were suffering agonies of nervousness. They spent hours rehearsing, and they visited the Palace on Saturday evening to study the taste of the Oldfield audience, Clemart taking the opportunity of making a few arrangements as to scenery, &c., with the manager.

At length Monday evening drew near They had arranged to get into such "war-paint" as was necessary at their respective lodgings and [illegible] until Palace would be somewhat meagre. At half-past six Marie came forth from Mrs. Kemp's dingy house, clad in a long mackintosh that had seen more than one strenuous campaign. Clemart had reverted to the astrakhan-collared coat and "Trilby" hat that he used to affect in his earliest professional days

Got your paints, Marie?"

"Yes. Have you your wig and beard?"

"Yes. Is there anything else before we start?"

'Nothing."

"Are you sure? Have you had plenty to eat Marie?"

"Eat? Good gracious, no! I never eat on first nights"

Very well. Put those in your jacket pocket—they're sandwiches -and eat them as soon as our turn's over.'

'Thanks awfully, Jack, you *are* a brick. I'm as hungry as a hunter but I *daren't* eat now. I can never sing soon after a meal."

They arrived at the hall, and went into a pandemonium of yelling, crying, fainting, [illegible] young men and women, many of whom had been hounded off the stage by a hungry audience.

Clemart's opinion of the little cockney manager went up by leaps and bounds. That gentleman was simultaneously giving vague promises of compensation to aggrieved novices, mending "properties" of all kinds, putting finishing touches to costumes and "make-ups," and studying the part of a comic waiter that he had consented to play in a sketch, the original actor having differed with his chief and solemnly vowed to "flummux the show."

Marie made herself up with the aid of a small handglass. Clemart contrived to make himself look like a prosperous variety agent, this being the traditional style for a sentimental vocalist.

"The house will be in a good humour for us," he whispered. "Hark at them."

Roars of deep, hollow laughter came from the audience, with a strange falling sound, as of coals rushing from a sack. These roars were being provoked by the repulsive contortions of a savage, brown little dwarf known as "Caliban, the Boneless Andaman Islander." This being's "business manager" explained to Clemart and Marie that "Caliban" was really French and "not all there," but very clever at "pinching" things if you didn't "watch out."

At length the Andaman Islander had finished. The curtain descended for a second or two, and rose again to the strains of Marie's prelude. Crude and blatant enough it sounded to Clemart, as he strode down to the centre of the stage, with the Trilby hat in his right hand and his left tucked into the breast of the "heavy" overcoat. Then he glared ferociously at the audience and flung the first verse at them:

An old man had a daughter fair,
The comfort of his age;
One fatal day she ran away
To go upon the stage. (*Attitude.*)
She met with glory and success,
Which turned the young girl's head—
Then mem'ry whispered of her home,
So, to herself, she said:

"*Rotten!*" cried a voice from the gallery but Clemart went on with the refrain (in waltz time, of course) undismayed.

I'm going back to father
Back from the footlights' glare;
I'll take his withered hand in mine,
I'll smooth his snowy hair.
I know that he'll forgive me,
What though I've made him sad.
So I'm going home to father,
Back to poor old dad.

Then Marie's voice—a voice "with tears in it"—sang the refrain from the wings. Clemart felt the audience coming under their grip. Well done, Marie! He went on with better heart:

She was allured by dreams of wealth,
As many young girls are;
And, being blest with wit and grace,
She soon became a star.

Here Marie came pirouetting into view in her dainty "Celia" costume. Clemart pointed at her with his hat, and continued:

But, often, as the curtain fell,
'Mid loud applause and cheers,
The gay young idol of the throng
Would murmur through her tears—

This "took Clemart off," and Marie came forward and sang the refrain by herself, with infinite pathos. At the end she sank, sobbing, to her knees, to be suddenly hidden from view by a drop scene of a cottage interior.

A round of applause rewarded Marie's effort, then Clemart came hobbling on, with impossibly white hair and an impossibly white beard, apparently in a state of paralytic senility. However, he still sang in his robust, youthful voice:

Now, ere a year had passed away
The poor old man went blind.
The mem'ry of his daughter still
Kept preying on his mind.
He'd sit, all helpless and alone,
In twilight, cold and grey,
And, as the tears rolled down his cheek,
He'd think he heard her say:

This time the refrain rolled out in a mighty wail from the audience. They liked it.

Bravo, Marie! Her pathetic little voice had touched them. Now for the last verse:

She cast her gay costume aside,
And put on humble dress;
Just like the simple girl she was
Before her great success.
She bought a cosy cottage, too,
Where now they live in bliss;
For all the past was blotted out,
When first she murmured *this*—

Enter Marie in "humble dress," typified in the weather-worn mackintosh, singing the refrain with difficulty.

Clemart gasped, and clutching at his wig, to the imminent danger of its coming off, exclaimed: "Yes—yes—'tis her voice,

though mine eyes see her not.' All is forgiven me child, yes—*all!* Come to me arms—darling."

And Marie went—with a wild, hysterical laugh that took Clemart right off his guard. The audience was thrilled. A critic might have called Marie's acting crude, vulgar, inartistic — but when she struggled in her father's embrace, sobbing passionately, still rebellious though penitent, even the critical would have admitted that, in its own broad way, the performance was "strong."

"Oh, let me go, Jack, let me go!" she sobbed. "I can't go on, I can't, I can't. I *can't!*"

"My dear little girl, it's all over. Cheer up," he answered. "And, dear, we've 'got there,' too!"

And so they had.

MARIE CAME PIROUETTING INTO VIEW

"Little girl, you were simply great. Don't cry, we shall get a 'shop' as safe as houses now; so it's all over, all the worry and bother."

Clemart got Marie out of the stifling hall as soon as possible, and thus endeavoured to console her. It was some time before she answered him.

"You must think me a baby, Jack" she said at length, valiantly striving to check her sobs.

"My dear child, you've had enough worry to upset any one."

"Oh, it's not that, Jack—but my—my poor orchestration! It was murdered, absolutely murdered. It sounded dire! That was enough to make me cry. And then, when I left my mac. in the wings,—he—the—Andaman Islander—he—he—ate up the sandwiches, Jack! I saw him—and I believe that was the finishing touch. I was breaking down all the time!"

So "Lewis and Lilian" owed not a little of their success to the Andaman Islander, after all

* * * * *

The next day a representative of the Spott-Levi syndicate called at Clemart's lodgings, to apprise him of the fact that his fortune was made. He then proceeded to offer Clemart a provincial four weeks' tour commencing at Oldfield and finishing at Cardiff, at £2 10*s.* a week for "himself and the lady"!

And glad enough was Clemart to accept.

So it befell that within five weeks of the day they found themselves stranded in Oldfield, J. Vivian Clemart and Miss Marie Gordon stood together outside St. Pancras station

"Well, Marie," said Clemart, "I can't say I've exactly enjoyed our brief career on the 'halls,' but we've kept the flag flying, haven't we?"

"Yes, dear. I hope Papa Rendle never hears of our escapade, that's all. But" added Marie, tenderly, "*I* don't want to forget it."

"You won't be allowed to in a hurry," exclaimed Clemart. "Listen!" Our song's reached London—the Spott-Levi have seen to that!"

And Marie listened to an invisible choir of London factory girls which was howling, as only factory girls can howl:

I know that feel fer-give me
Wot though I've myde 'im sa-a-d,
So I'm gow-in' beck to Fa-ther—
Beck to paw-rolled dad.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

SOME HINTS FOR THE COMING SEASON

Dark Room Dodges.

FOR the drying of negatives I recommend either of the two following devices which can be made in a few minutes by anybody.

The first consists of a board (Fig. 1) in which are set at intervals long pins or pieces of wire, bent in such a manner near the end as to prevent the plates slipping outwards. The plates are arranged so as to lean towards the board at the top. If there is any dust about, the film side of the plate should be next the board, but turned outwards if the air is free of floating

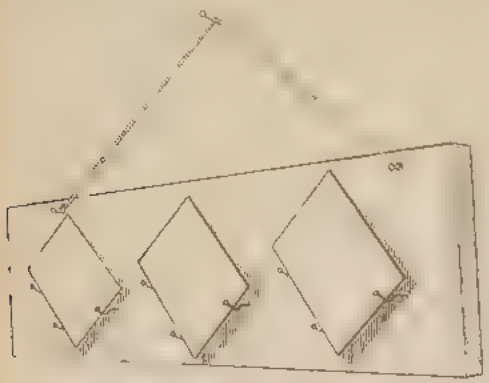


Fig. 1.—A simple drying rack for negatives.

matter. In the first case, the upper part of the plate will dry somewhat more slowly than the lower part, owing to the air having less access to it, and it is therefore advisable to turn the plate about at intervals, so soon as all water has drained off. (A drop of water flowing over a half-dried film may leave a permanent mark.)

The second dodge, illustrated in Fig. 2, is to make loops of fairly stout galvanised iron wire with hooks at the ends to hang over a string. One end of the loop is made longer than the other, so that the water may flow off at a corner; and it is therefore necessary to form a subsidiary loop (A) at that end to keep the plate

Fig. 2.—A home-made wire clip for suspending plates from a line to dry. The dotted lines indicate the position of the negative.

in place, bending it round towards the other wire.

Drying Racks for Prints.

In dark rooms with limited accommodation it is sometimes inconvenient to have cords for the suspension of prints stretched across the room. We have recently imported into the house an arrangement for drying cloths on. It consists of a bracket with a semicircular front to which are attached a number of wooden bars. These bars are pulled down when in use, and project radially like the ribs of a fan. When not in use they are folded up against the wall. The apparatus might well be used for prints. It costs only a shilling or so, and can be bought at any shop where kitchen and laundry accessories are sold.

For Washing Negatives.

While you are at the shop you might invest a few pence in an "Anti-splash," which is a nozzle for fitting to a tap to prevent the flow

of water expanding as it falls. A disc of fine wire netting [illegible] currents and causes the water to fall in a solid pencil. Splashing [illegible]

A Cheap Chemical Balance.

Ordinary scale-pan druggist's balances are rather tedious to work with, and for measurements which need not be absolutely correct I [illegible] use a modified letter-weighing machine of the pattern shown in Fig. 3. Having melted off the lead bob in the fire, I attached to the upper arm of the quadrant index a wire with a pointed end, which moved close to a piece of cardboard stuck on to the upright support of the balance.

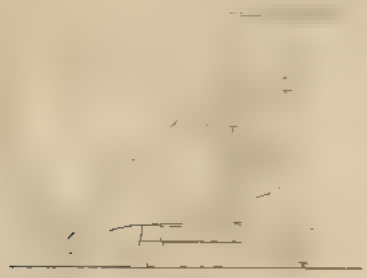


Fig. 3.—A letter balance converted for use as a chemical weigher. The lead bob is replaced by a pointer (P) travelling over the face of a cardboard scale.

The bob was now replaced by a few paper clips, sufficiently heavy to bring the pointer to a convenient zero position, and weight added to the pan by increases of ten grains, a mark being made on the card opposite the pointer after every addition. The longer the wire the smaller can be the subdivisions. The accuracy of the balance is increased if the little wire pivots be filed to knife edges, and all the joints be kept slightly oiled.

If I wished my balance to be *very* sensitive I should replace the brass pan by a disc of paper and the heavy brass quadrant by a much lighter one cut out of tin. The lighter the moving parts the greater is the movement caused by the body weighed.

Improving the Focussing Screen

For fine focussing it is necessary to be able to see the image very clearly on the screen. Ordinary ground glass serves for most purposes, but it will be found to be greatly improved if treated in the following manner

Wash it well with hot soapsuds, rinse off the soap, and dry it. Then make up the following mixture: Turpentine, 20 ounces; yellow resin, 120 grains; beeswax, 120 grains. Some of this is poured over the frosted side of the glass, which is drained and allowed to dry. Then heat the glass till the composition liquefies, and wipe off all that you can with a piece of soft flannel. Polish well.

Transferring Films.

It may possibly fall to your lot this season to crack a valued negative, the film of which you would like to be able to transfer to a sound glass.

This is how it may be done. Add one dram of hydrofluoric (note, *not* hydrochloric) acid to half a pint of water. Pour this into a vulcanite or xylonite dish (hydrofluoric acid attacks porcelain) Lay the broken negative, film side up, on a sound sheet of glass, and immerse the pair in the solution. The film will soon begin to frill away from the glass, and should be helped with the fingers or a camel's-hair brush. As soon as it has separated, it is transferred to a dish of clean water.

The plate which is to receive the film should first be coated with an emulsion of one ounce of gelatine to twelve ounces of water. This last takes some time to prepare, and should be made overnight. Slide the plate under the film and raise it slowly, so that the film shall lie squarely on it as it is lifted from the water. Remove any bubbles with a brush, and place the plate to dry. As the film is liable to swell, it is advisable to use a support a size larger than the original plate, if you do not wish to sacrifice the margin of the negative.

Keep out the Dust.

Dust on the lens or on the dry plate causes trouble. A dusty lens passes a minimum of light, and causes under-exposure, and sometimes slight fogging as well. On the plate it produces a multitude of pin-holes, each of which means a black spot in the print. When you take out your camera after it has had a long holiday, be sure to wipe the lens gently with a soft kerchief, and to dust out the inside of the bellows. Inaccessible corners can be freed of dust deposits by blowing with a pair of clean fire-bellows. But it is not enough to dislodge dust that is in; you must keep fresh dust out. When cycling with a camera in dusty weather you should wrap the camera up in the focussing cloth, and the slides also should be protected. Dust is extremely insidious. It works its way through cracks that are hardly visible to the eye.

An Enlarging Hint.

The following I borrow from that excellent photographic periodical, *Focus*: "Those who find a difficulty in focussing an enlargement accurately should try the following plan: Take an unexposed plate and expose it to the light, and develop until it is practically opaque. Then with the point of a knife or a pin carefully scratch a straight line one inch long in the centre of the film. The line should be as fine as possible. At each end scratch a short line at right angles to the first, and scratch one or two straight lines as parallel and as near to each other as possible. This 'negative' is used in focussing, for the fine lines are easy to focus, especially as the least inexactitude should cause some of them to blur into one another, while the desired scale of magnification is easily obtained by measuring the image of the inch line as bounded by the cross lines. When this 'negative' is accurately focussed, the real negative is put in its place, with the comforting assurance that the enlargement will be as sharp as the negative will give. The method is specially convenient when rather dense negatives are being used, these being most apt to give trouble in focussing. If the photographer does not wish to spoil a plate in this manner, any waste negative will do, provided it has a fairly large area of opacity in which to make the lines"

Test the Light.

I receive so many fogged films for criticism that I would advise all readers who have not already done so to test their dark room light thoroughly, by exposing one half of a rapid plate to it for a couple of minutes and developing for five minutes in a normal developer. If the exposed part is the least bit darker than the unexposed, it will behove you to be very careful to keep fast plates covered up as much as possible during development. A good many amateurs no doubt fog their plates by holding them near the light to see how they are coming out. At the beginning of development this is a dangerous practice. As development proceeds the plate becomes less sensitive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. L. B. The little holes in the film which you have submitted are due to dust being on the film at the time of exposure, and so screening tiny areas from the light. These are not affected by the developer, and consequently are completely cleared by the hypo. You will notice my remarks in this connection in the body of the preceding article. As for the "smears of a silvery grey," I should imagine them to be silver stains, caused by leaving P.O.P. a long time in contact with the negative in a damp atmosphere. You won't be able to get them off, I'm afraid.

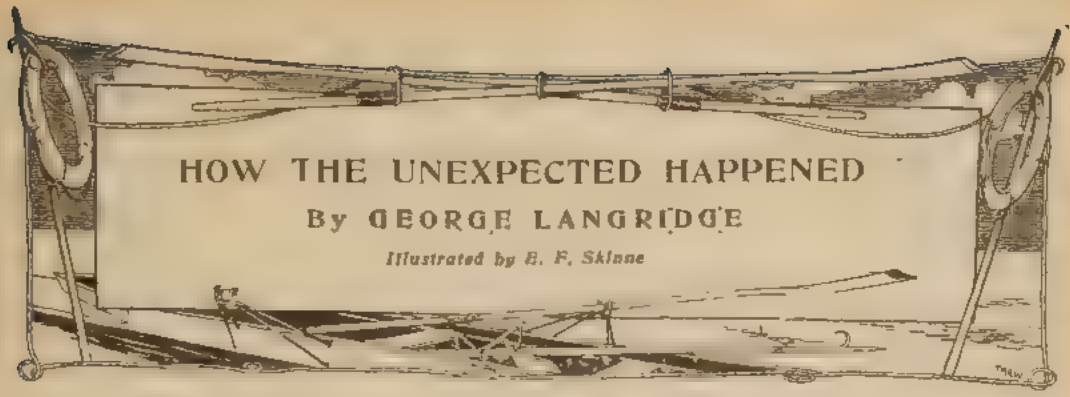
"Guinea."—I fear that you want too much for your money. I have said several times in these columns that if you want a first-class article you must expect to have to pay a good price for it. Though cameras are remarkably cheap nowadays, on the whole, the lens of a guinea camera is not perfect enough to give a sharp image all over the plate with a large stop. Because your friend is able to take photographs in a light which makes your snapshots come out like ghosts, it is no reason why you should be discontented. Very likely his apparatus cost ten times as much as yours. Ask him.

L. Hewins.—Your prints are victims to that common complaint, "double toning," which means that the lighter parts have been toned to a purple while the darker areas have remained a reddish brown. There are many possible causes for such a result, the most frequent being a weak toning bath, or insufficient washing before toning. Some brands of P.O.P. are very prone to behave in this manner, and I sometimes regret the departure of the old albumenised paper, which was a splendid toner. I have found a preliminary soaking in salt and water, which hardens the film, and makes it tone more slowly, to minimise the double toning. You might try it, and see whether there is an improvement.

A NOTE TO YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

If you are in a hurry to get off a print, do not dry a negative in front of the fire, or you may get a "distorted mirror" effect, as above.

Drawn by Douglas N. West.



HOW THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED

By GEORGE LANGRIDGE

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner

I

ONE evening, early in November 1907, Felthorpe and Carstairs were sitting on either side of the stove in the Fifth Form room at Harestone, scorching pieces of white bread into a grisly imitation of toast.

"Yes," Felthorpe was saying gloomily, "I'd rather get my boat colours than anything else in the school, from the Honoratus to the Boys' Prize."

"It wouldn't be so bad if Kilburn 'ud only try us," moaned Carstairs in reply. "Just because we didn't join at the beginning of the season, it looks as if he's going to drop us out altogether. And I swear we're as good as some of those chaps he tubs—look at that camel Palmer, for instance. My eldest kid was in his Coll. boat at Cambridge, and last hols. he took me and another chap out at Chester nearly every day. He said I was pretty fair. But it's no use asking Kilburn to tub you."

"No, but I think I shall ask Howard to ask him, all the same. I'm in his dormitory, you know."

"Bet you it's no use."

"See, anyway. I say, I can't eat any more of this beastly muck. Let's go to the reading-room."

"By the way, Kilburn," said Howard in the prefects' room next day, "Felthorpe wanted me to ask you if you could give him a little tubbing this term."

The boat captain sniffed contemptuously.

"What? Tub that rabbit? Not much," he answered. "Great Scott! the fags'll be asking to be tubbed next."

"Oh, I don't know that he's such a rabbit, you know," replied Howard with his good-natured laugh. "In fact, he's rather keen at rowing, I believe. Anyhow, he and Carstairs walk all the way to the lock every half to get old Jackson to give them a bare ten minutes' fixed-tubbing each. And he practises swinging on a dictionary in the dormitory every night, —what time the rest of the dormitory rag him about thinking he's going to get in the four."

"Well, he looks a rabbit, anyway. Great long strip of misery, and glasses, and all that. He gets on my nerves. Besides, I haven't got time to tub crocks so near to the Cranborne race, with the four going out every day. Why didn't he join the boat club last term and get tubbed then? He ought to know there's no tubbing except for likely colours this term."

"Too hard up, he says. I believe he's had to pawn his watch or do something desperate to join as it is. Better give him a run for his money, don't you think?"

"Oh, I can't waste my time on the man," replied Kilburn, getting out of his arm-chair by the fire. "He'll have to lump it. Four out at three-thirty," he added, going towards the door; "don't be late."

"Kilburn seems to have got his knife into Felthorpe," remarked Howard to Mayhew, who was struggling with a diabolo at the other end of the room.

"Looks like it. I say, which way do you move the beastly string when the wheel falls towards you?"

"Right angles to the axis, I believe; but I'm no good at Maths. Chuck idioting with the silly thing for goodness' sake. By George, I wish that awful Cranborne race was over! I swear I shall expire of funk before Saturday week."

"Oh, you're bound to win," said Mayhew, who was not a rowing man. "You must. We've never been so near winning the pot outright before. Well, I'm going down the vill. Coming?"

II

Cranborne and Harestone meet each other annually at soccer as well as at rowing, but the enthusiasm displayed in both schools over the footer match is sheer indifference compared with the interest taken in the boat race for the West-Milnes cup.

The cup was founded in 1892, at the dinner held at Harestone after the Cranborne match, at which many O.B.s of both schools were present; when Sir George West, an Old Harestonian, announced that he and Gerald Milnes, an Old Cranbornian, who had been boat captains of the same college at Oxford, were prepared to give ten pounds each towards a trophy to be rowed for annually by the boat clubs of the two schools, in clinker fours—the school that held the cup for five years in succession to win it outright.

For the first few years the cup passed from one school to the other pretty frequently.

"ER—IS THIS—ER ARE YOU—ARE YOU THE HARESTONE CREW?"

From 1897 to 1900 it stayed at Cranborne, but, in the latter year, bow in their boat caught a crab, and they lost by several lengths. Harestone kept the cup for two years, but in 1902 it returned to Cranborne. In the next year, however, Harestone made a tremendous effort and won by three lengths. In 1904, Cranborne's coxing was hopeless, and they lost badly. They did little better in 1905, but next year they had a new master who was a

Cambridge rowing Blue, and his coaching made a great deal of difference to their form. Harestone, with an unusually good crew, only won by a few yards, although they had the better station. This year Cranborne were not quite so good, but they were determined, from all accounts, to do their level best to keep the cup from passing to Harestone for ever.

For the sake of convenience, the race is always rowed at Stonebridge, about ten miles ffom Harestone and three from Cranborne, on the day of the Stonebridge Town Rowing Club's meeting. In 1907 this was fixed for November 23, about a fortnight later than usual, and a week after the day for Upper School Run, an annual cross-country event, always held on the third Saturday in November.

November 16, the day of the run, brought with it a wretched change in the weather. [illegible] drizzle was falling in the afternoon, but, in spite of house-masters' cautions against loitering, half the school spent the afternoon hanging about as spectators at different points of the course

The next few days, in consequence, produced a crop of chills, and the infirmary matron soon had on her hands, also, several of the competitors, who had swum the river to save going round by the bridge

In the case of these last, the doctor pronounced the complaint to be influenza, and in a few days a regular epidemic had set in. Every night there were more empty beds in the dormitories, and temperatures were almost the sole topic of conversation.

On Monday, Rathurst and Ferrers, of the Sixth, were not in form, and next morning Rollin, who rowed bow in the boat, got up with a "heavy feeling," and before night had joined the exiles up the hill.

Kilburn almost tore his hair when he heard of it. "What ghastly luck!" he gasped. "Well, thank goodness I trained a reserve! We shall have to row Forsyth on Saturday."

But next day not only Forsyth, but Graham, who rowed three in the crew, were invalided; Howard was feeling under the mark; and, in the evening, as if the school's ill-luck was completely in the ascendant, Kilburn himself slipped on the steps coming out of chapel and sprained his wrist.

"It's no use," he groaned to Mayhew over the prefects' room fire that night. "It's the most unheard-of run of ill-luck that the school's ever had. It couldn't have been worse. Just when we were going to win the cup outright. Cranborne'll paddle over on Saturday. Just think of it! By Jove, it's enough to turn one's brain."

"Can't you raise any sort of crew at all to send against them?" asked Mayhew, viciously drilling holes into the mantelpiece with the red-hot poker.

"What's the good of sending a rabbit crew for them to lick by a dozen lengths? Nearly every single member of the boat club's in the infirmary. There isn't a man left who's fit to pull the tow-rope of a barge. Much better let them paddle over. It'll be some record of the ghastly luck we've had, anyway. I shan't scratch till just before the race, though, in case the other chaps should manage to pull round quickly by a stroke of luck."

Next morning, Felthorpe and Carstairs were to be found conferring vigorously in a corner of the reading-room.

"It's an awfully sporting idea," said Carstairs, "but there'll be a hideous row when Kilburn finds out, won't there? It seems beastly like despising his authority as captain. Besides, he'll have written to scratch, long before Saturday."

"No, he won't. Hunt III.'s fagging for him, and he heard him say he wasn't going to scratch till just before the race."

"Well, that'll jigger it just the same."

"No fear, I've made that all right."

"How?"

"Why, Kilburn'll give the telegram to his fag to take to the post office."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, it won't go I shall square the fag to forget to take it.'

"By George! you're smart, but that'll only make the row wo

"There won't be a row if we win," said Felthorpe. "It's no use asking Kilburn's permission, anyway. He'd laugh at the bare idea. I swear we should have a lot better chance than he thinks, though. Young Smith's a ripping cox. He coxes an eight in the hols. Come and find Gray, and see what he thinks.'

They went out into the corridor. A group of boys had gathered round the notice-board, where the porter had just pinned up the Head's notices for the week

"Boys wishing to go to the Stonebridge boat races," ran the second paragraph, "may apply to their house-masters for *absits*, if certified by the house-matrons to be free from all symptoms of influenza"

"Huh! wonder who wants to go and see Cranborne paddle over," snorted a Fifth-Former. "Hullo! here's Everett with another notice."

The crowd opened to make way for the footer captain, who put up a short notice below the Heads.

"Practice games as usual on Saturday," it said. "Owing to the crocking of the crew, no boys will be excused for the purpose of watching the regatta."

"Bad luck—that bottles it," whispered Carstairs.

"Not a bit. We'll get Grocott to ask us all over to tea. He lives there, and I know he's going home for the week-end. We can get an *absit* for that. Come on and find Gray."

III

The race between Cranborne and Harestone was the first event on the card at Stonebridge on November 23. It was timed for 2.45, and at 2.30 everything was ready for the regatta to begin. The two long, narrow clinker fours were lying alongside the "hard" of the Stonebridge R.C.; the judges' launch had started for the winning post; a whole crowd of Cranbormans in running shorts and house footer blazers were standing about on the tow-path, waiting to run with their boat, and on the steps of the boathouse were the Cranborne crew, stamping about as the cold November wind whistled round the long, bare legs that eight inch rowing shorts did little to protect. At the foot of the steps were the starter and one of the stewards talking to the crew's coach, who was on horseback, in all the glory of his light blue cap and blazer.

Everywhere there was only one topic of conversation. For two days it had been known that there was an epidemic of influenza at Harestone, and rumour was positive that the whole of the crew were among its victims, but as yet no word had reached the Cranborne boat captain about their abandoning the race.

The strange thing was that there were now only ten minutes before the race was due to start, and not only was there no sign of the Harestone crew, but not a single one of the dozens of Harestonians who usually turned up to watch the race had put in an appearance.

"Six more minutes," said the starter at length. "I shall give them five minutes' grace and if they don't come by then, you can get in and paddle over. It must be that they've wired and the telegram's gone astray. Can't understand, though, why—Hullo! what's this?"

Every one looked down the road towards the station. Round the corner a four-wheeler had just come into sight, and on the box sat a small boy in the blazer of the Harestone Rowing Club.

The cab drove up amid the astonished silence of the crowd on the towing-path, and stopped at the boathouse steps. Then the door opened and four boys got out.

They certainly did not present the conventional appearance of a crew.

First there was Felthorpe, in running shorts, footer stockings, and tennis shoes, with a Norfolk jacket on top. Then Carstairs got out. He certainly wore the Harestone rowing blazer, but his shorts wore a worried expression, as if they owed their origin to the abbreviation of a pair of flannel bags. Gray, a sandy-haired boy of sixteen, was dressed as if for footer with the exception of his shoes, and Talford, who was the last to be disgorged, was wearing a great-coat over a running zephyr which still bore the muddy marks it had acquired in Upper School Run.

The Cranborne captain stared at them in unconcealed amazement.

"Good morning—er, afternoon, I mean," he gasped at last. "Er—is this—er, are you—are you the Harestone crew?"

"Yes," replied Felthorpe, with innocent surprise. "Didn't you expect us?"

"Er, yes—oh, yes, of course, but, er, you've changed your crew, haven't you? Isn't Kilburn rowing this year?"

"Oh, as a matter of fact, we've had rather bad luck; all our first strings are crocked—'flu,' you know. Hope we haven't kept you waiting. The train was late in starting, so we changed on the way. About time we were getting in, isn't it?"

The four Harestonians cheerfully began to strip, and Smith, the small boy who had been on the box of the cab, walked down to the water's edge with a distinct swagger, and untied the rudder-lines of the Harestone "ship."

"What on earth's Kilburn thinking of to send over a rum lot of birds like this?" whispered the Cranborne captain. "We shall leave 'em out of sight. Most of 'em look as if they scarcely knew which end of the oar to put in the water."

The various coats, blazers, and scarfs of the Harestonians were soon slung on the back of the boatman whose duty it was to carry them to the finishing-post, and Felthorpe led his crew across the crunching gravel to where the yellow and black Harestone oars were leaning against the wall.

Just then a young man wearing the pink Leander tie came up.

"I say, excuse me," he said to Felthorpe "but d'you mind telling me who you are I'm an O.U., you know, and I know most of the present rowing men there by sight, but I don't seem to remember any of you lot

Felthorpe grinned. It was a relief to confide in some one

"I don't expect you do know us," he "We don't belong to the rowing set. As a matter of fact, the rowing people don't even know we're here. We're unauthorised; but we're going to have a shot for the cup, all the same. If Cranborne wins this time it'll be years before we have a chance of winning it outright again

The other whistled

"Well, you *have* a nerve, he said "Are you in training?"

"Oh, we're fit enough, and we've done a good bit of tubbing with Jackson at the Lock, but we've only been out in the four yesterday and the day before, and we only got it then by squaring the boatman

Well, you're sportsmen, and no mistake Do your best not to let 'em draw away at the start. Stick to 'em like

Will you toss for stations, sir?" called the Cranborne captain

Heads!" cried Felthorpe

Heads it is

Right bank, please. Thank goodness, he added under his breath. "That's something in our favour, at any

Get your men in c s, please," said the starter.

Little Smith stooped down to hold the gunwale

"Three and two! Stroke and bow!" he squeaked

The crew got in, and there was a few minutes'

altering of stretchers and rasping of oar-handles. Felthorpe, at stroke, found his hands beginning to get clammy. He glanced round. Three grinned at him in a sickly way. Bow and two were looking uneasy internally.

"'Old on t'yer oars, gen'elmen, please," croaked the boatman, shoving off with the boathook.

"Touch her, bow!" cox went on. "Easy! Pick it up, all!" Then, as they came up to the starting-post, "Easy all! Hold her! Back her down, stroke. Easy backing! Touch her, bow. Easy!" and the two boats lay side by side in mid-stream.

"Buck up, you men!" said Felthorpe over his shoulder in a strained tone. "Row yourselves out from the start. Watch for my picking it up, three. Keep it long, all of you, for goodness sake"

"Are you straight, coxes?" called the starter.

"Buck up, Cranborne!" came a yell from the crowd of Cranbornians on the bank.

"Buck up, Harestone!" responded the man in the Leander tie and a few sympathetic townsmen.

"I shall count, five, four, three, two, and then comes the gun," went on the starter. "Come forward!"

There was the creepy silence which always goes before the start of a race. The Cranborne coach gathered up his reins and began to walk his cob

"Five, four, three, two"—Bang!

The boats leapt off with two half strokes and settled down to a long swing on the third.

"Come along, Cranborne!" shouted a hundred voices in one hoarse roar. "Drive, you fellows! Drive!"

At the end of ten strokes the boats were still level; then the Cranborne bow began to creep ahead in little jerks.

"You're going up, you chaps! You're leaving 'em. Oh, well rowed!" shrieked the shoving, elbowing, stumbling pack of Cranbornians.

"Horse! Horse!" bawled their rowing-blue master, leaning out of the saddle to heave those who got in his way to one side, in the gentle manner of the Cambridge tow-path "Legs!" he bellowed through his tin megaphone. "Keep it long, now! Legs! Legs!"

In thirty strokes Cranborne were half a length ahead.

"Give her ten!" shrilled little Smith above the uproar. "One, two, three, four. Row,—you chaps! Lam it through!"

At the end of three hundred yards the Harestone four had regained their lost distance, and the race was going ding-dong, with scarcely two feet of difference between the boats.

"Jove!" jerked the Cranborne coach to another master who was running at his stirrup. "Who'd have thought that lot'd have held us so long?"

The shouting was less vigorous now. Everyone wanted his breath for running.

Bow in the Cranborne four was showing signs of distress and rowing very short. The crew were evidently both astonished and alarmed at the fight their opponents were putting up.

In the Harestone boat, Felthorpe was of a raw porridge colour, and his lank hair was damp with perspiration; Gray, at three, was breathing heavily, and bow's face was distorted into a shape horrible to see.

"Well rowed, indeed—you men!" panted their O.H. supporter on the bank. "Well rowed, stroke! Keep it—up!"

At the corner into Willow Reach, Harestone's advantage of station put them half a length ahead. And now there was only a quarter of a mile to go.

The Cranborne coach rose in his stirrups as they turned the corner.

"Now then, you men," he roared. "Take her in! Count, cox! Ten thick 'uns!"

Stroke of the Cranborne boat quickened a little and his boat slowly crept ahead. Two hundred yards more.

"Don't give up!" screamed Smith. "You're nearly there! Row, you chaps! Drive it through!"

Felthorpe's dripping face twitched a little.

"Pick it—up!" he gasped over his shoulder.

Then the spurt began. Smith could see Gray's face and the look of utter exhaustion in his half-shut eyes. He could hear Felthorpe's gasp at every stroke and see two's recovery getting wilder, but his boat struggled level.

"Now then, Harestone," he shrieked. "Only ten more! Row, you beggars! You rotten rabbits, row! Lam it in! Oh, drive, you men!"

"Cranborne!" came the panting shouts from the bank. "Pick it up! On to it, you chaps!"

Twenty yards from the post, Harestone was leading by a quarter of a length. Then Cranborne picked it up with the strength of despair. They went up a yard. Felthorpe almost lifted himself off his thwart as he made a final burst. Harestone gained a foot, but Cranborne were creeping up again when—*Bang!* The post was passed, and Harestone had won by a yard!

Gray promptly fainted all over his oar-handle. The Cranborne stroke, too, had to be lifted out and rubbed for five minutes before he could stand.

"Well rowed, indeed, you men!" shouted the Old Harestonian. "What a race!"

"You deserve to keep that cup," said the Blue, as he helped Felthorpe into his Norfolk. "My word! What must your first crew be like! You're staying to the dinner at the Lion at six to-night, of course?"

"Thanks very much," replied Felthorpe, "we should like to. You all right, now, Gray? Come on then, you chaps."

"Well rowed, Harestone!" yelled the mob of Cranbornians as they started, and the Harestone crew moved off down the tow-path through a forest of waving house-caps.

IV

Prep. was going on in Big School at eight o'clock that night. The whole school attends prep. at Harestone—prefects in front, sitting under the dais; Upper and Middle Schools behind them and the Lower School at the back, behind the honoratus boards, with the master on duty keeping a vigilant eye on the languid labours.

To-night, however, his task was not so arduous as usual, for, owing to the influenza, Big School contained as many empty desks as boys.

At three minutes past eight, the swing doors at the end opened and Felthorpe came in, followed by Gray, Carstairs, Telford, and Smith. Mr. Kilmay, the master on duty, a tall Irishman of impetuous speech, hauled them at once.

"Come up here, you boys," he snapped. "Didn't I give ye an *absit* till five-thirty? Well, what on airth do ye mane by comin' back at this——Hello! what have ye got there? What's in that green bag? Here, give it to me. Why, how on airth did ye come by this?"

The school, who had been following the interview with the relish with which one sees other people get impots, gave one gasp of astonishment and then sat still and blinked at the heavy silver cup.

"It's—it's the West Mines cup, sir," stammered Felthorpe.

"Don't I see it is? But where did ye get it?"

"We—er, we won it at Stonebridge this afternoon."

"WON IT?" yelled Kilburn from the front desk.

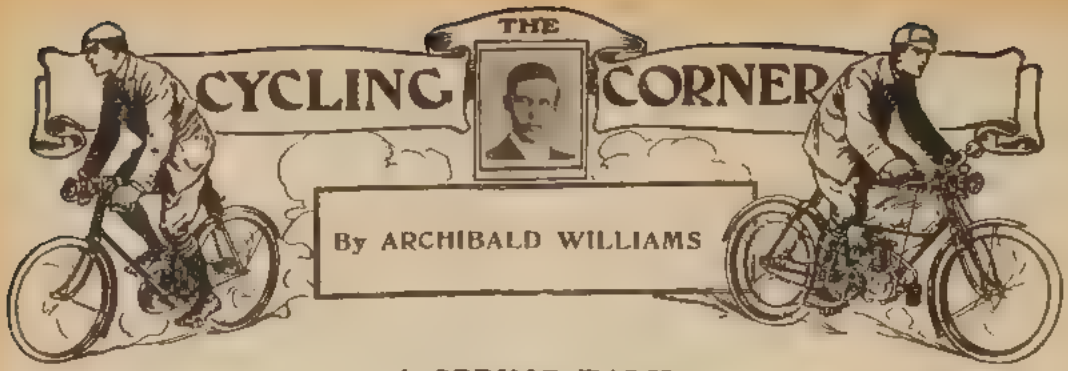
"Yes—with a scratch crew. We thought we'd like to try to save it, you know. I hope you don't mind, Kilburn——"

"HOW ON AIRTH DID YE COME BY THIS?"

But Felthorpe's voice was lost in a wild shout that filled Big School and was renewed again and again, until it brought the Head rushing down the passage from his house, and the fellows in the infirmary up the hill woke up and asked each other if the school was on fire, while a hundred and fifty boys kicked over desks and forms and rushed upon the five by the dais, yelling demands for explanations and particulars through the din.

Next morning, Felthorpe and Carstairs were to be seen rushing down to the village before morning school bearing a paper addressed to the school outfitters, and reading: "Please take notice that you are authorised to supply Messrs. Felthorpe, Gray, Carstairs, Telford and Smith, with the School Boat Colours.

"L. F. S. KILBURN,
"Boat Captain."



A SPRING TALK

THE Old Fag had so much sticking-plaster ornamenting his face that I asked the obvious question.

"Oh, Ah!" he replied in tremulous tones; "a little spill from my cycle, that's all. I was carrying home some things for the youngsters and forgot all about them—the things, of course—till I got to the front door, where they were brought to my recollection in a rather disagreeable manner, the effects of which you see.'

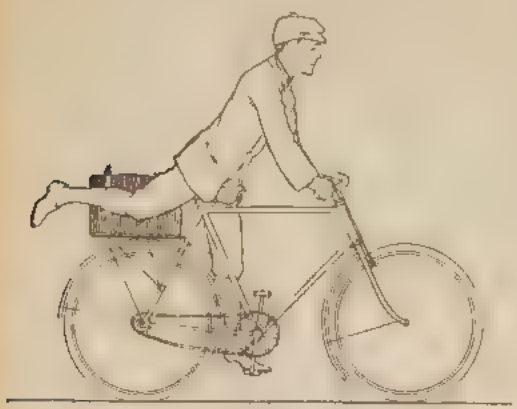


Fig. 1.—When you have a heavy parcel on the rear carrier it is inadvisable to dismount by the pedal, lest you should catch your leg

The Dangers of a loaded Carrier

Further inquiries brought it to light that the O.F. sports a rear carrier, and had loaded it with a parcel of generous proportions, which had caught his rather rheumaticky right leg as he was in the act of dismounting. I bring his case before my readers as I have had a similar misfortune in my time, and don't want them to become victims also. When one is much beluggaged, one naturally mounts by the step in order to clear the obstacle. Under such conditions one should remember to dismount in the same way. Now that the free wheel has come, the pedal does not give the lift that it did in the fixed-wheel days, and the crossing leg will get into trouble unless a conscious effort be made. An absent-minded attempt to sweep the luggage off leads to one being grassed, or, more likely, gravelled.

Having expressed my sympathy with the Ancient One, I ventured the remark that, as he had taken to cycling so late in life, and was much less at home with a cycle than with a pen, I might as well look his machine over. An hour later I was introduced to it.

Brakes

Having accidents in my mind, I attended to the brakes first. The front brake, as shown in Fig. 3*a*, acted upon one side only of the rim, owing to one of the guides being much further up the forks than the other, so that the horse-shoe was pushed out of the centre when raised. It took a very short time to arrange matters so that the two pads should press on the rim equally, as in Fig 3*b*. I remarked to the O.F. that, as many riders pay little heed to the adjustment of their brakes, he needn't feel especially ashamed of himself, but that such neglect was nevertheless foolish, and accounted

Fig. 2.—If you dismount by the step the right leg will clear the obstruction easily.

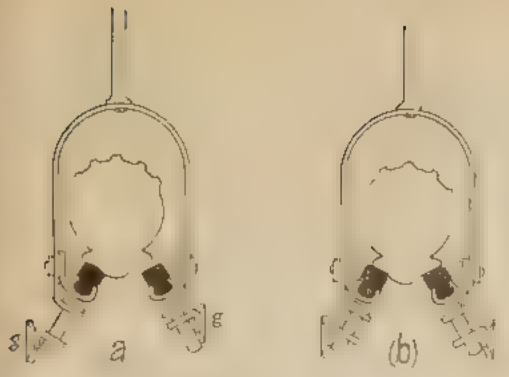


Fig. 3.—(a) Owing to the guides (gg) being at shoe is pushed out of the centre and the pads do not both touch the rim when the brake is applied. (b) The guides being level, the pads now press on the rim equally

for a large proportion of cycling mishaps. But I really had to take him to task when I discovered that the back brake also was rocky, with the screws that hold the two halves of the horseshoe so loose that they might work out at any time. "For a man of your responsibilities," said I, "to go about like this is wrong, sir; and I'm going to say so to your billions of readers."

"Say on," quoth he.

Chains

In justice to him I must acknowledge that the Old Fag keeps his cycle very nicely cleaned, and takes great care of the nickel. The handles I marked, each wore a little washleather bag, designed, he explained, to keep them from being scragged whenever he had to lean his machine against a wall

"Very good idea," I admitted; "but if I were you I would attend to essentials first Look at the chain, sir; it's hanging down like the cables of a suspension bridge. Ruin to the teeth of the chain-wheels, my dear sir. And as dry as a bone! For shame, O F.! Being a bit stiff in the joints yourself, you ought to have pity on your faithful chain."

Dogs and Cycles.

A growl from Bask, who had been nosing round in a way which I hardly liked, gave me another text

"I hope that you don't let Bask follow the cycle. It's a bad practice, dangerous to the owner and still more to other cychsts. Even when you take a dog out for a walk you should not let him range on the other side of the road, if it is a busy road. Sooner or later he will cross over to you in front of a cycle or motor, and there will be trouble,—for him if it's motors, for you if it's cycles. Should you see a cycle or car approaching while he investigates the further hedge, let him stay where he is. Don't call him across at the last moment. You will distract his attention, and he will not look out for what is coming

This sermonette was delivered as I tightened up the chain by giving a turn or two to the nuts of the drawbolts in the fork ends, after slacking off the spindle-nuts just sufficiently to let the spindle move back. I then pointed out to the Old Fag that his oil-can was empty, and replenished it from my own; also that the front cover had a bad cut in it.

Mend Cuts at Once.

"Oh! that's been there a month or two, but it hasn't given any trouble."

"All the more reason for mending it before it does." I told him how only a few days previously I had missed a train and an important engagement by neglecting my usual custom of reinforcing the cover under a cut promptly; —first solutioning on a piece of sheet rubber, and then covering that with a square of stout canvas. I showed him how it was done, emphasising the fact that to put canvas directly on to canvas is very little good, as the wet soon finds its way through to the inner layer.

"You might mention that, too," he said, when the job was finished. "A stitch in time, etcetera. And thanks for saving me a shilling."

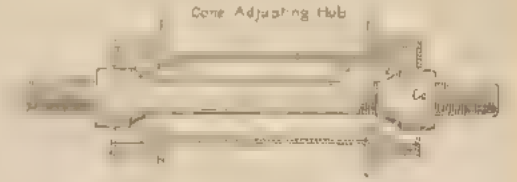


Fig. 4.—A cone-adjusting hub, in section. *Cu*, *Cu* are the cups, *Co*, *Co* the cones. The bearings are adjusted by screwing up the cones along the spindle, S

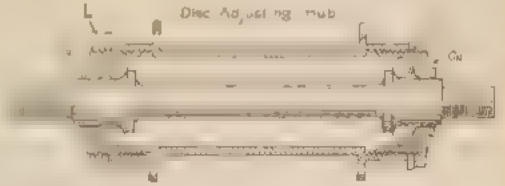


Fig. 5.—A disc-adjusting hub, in section. In this the cones are solid with the spindle, and the cups (*Cu*) are adjustable, being locked in their proper positions by the screw collars LL.

Dangers from Loose Straps, etc.

"Talking of accidents, a case came under my notice the other day of a cyclist being upset by a loose carrier strap getting entangled in his back wheel; another, of a spill resulting from a bag becoming wedged between the knee and the handle-bar. When you are mounting with something in your hand or slung across your back, you must get on quietly, so that the thing shall not swing round between you and the bar."

I understood my pupil to say that he found it quite enough to get his mere corpus safely on to a cycle, without loose impedimenta, but that my remarks might well apply to the younger generation. "Accidents make rather a gloomy subject," he added. "Talk of something else."

Two Kinds of Hubs.

"Very well. Are your hubs disc-adjusting or cone-adjusting?"

The Old Fag looked as blank as if I had asked an opinion on the Integral Calculus.

"Then you shall have a private view of these two diagrams, which will be Figs. 4 and 5 in the April Corner. Fig. 4 shows a cone-adjusting hub. The two cones *Co*, *Co*, screw on the spindle S, and the cups *Cu*, *Cu*, are incorporated into the hub-shell. The bearings are adjusted by screwing up one of the cones till the balls are just able to run freely. The nuts on the spindles are then tightened up against the forks, and the pressure holds the cones immovable.

The great disadvantage of this form of hub is, that the bearings have to be readjusted every time the wheel is taken out or loosened. In the case of the disc-adjusting hub (Fig. 5) the arrangement of the cups and cones is reversed: the cones being part of the spindle, and fixed, and the cups screwing up to them, in the hub-shell, against which they are locked by the screw collars LL. This method keeps the bearings in adjustment when the wheel is removed, and is decidedly preferable, at least for front wheels."

"Quite so; I see," said the Old Fag. "Many thanks. These cycles are more interesting things than I thought they were. Well, tell the boys what you've told me. . . . By the way, there's only one thing to add. This isn't my bicycle at all. I borrowed it from the Idea Merchant when he was sent to pr——. Look out for that motor car! What a shave! What a shave!"

And he toddled off

THE BIKE'S AWAKENING

BRING it out from the depths of the shed
Where the garden utensils are kept,
Where pots of green paint and white lead
Through the long, weary winter have slept!
Dig it out from the chaos of things
Lavished there when November began:
For the thrush in the apple-tree sings
Forth a challenge to comatose Man!

Rouse it out of its moribund nap
(Not the amorous bird, but the bike)!
Though the critic might label it "scrap,"
New machines (and their price) I dislike.
Flick the dust from its lustreless frame,
Wipe the grease from its stiffening joints;
For the tulip is bursting in flame,
And the glass towards temperate points!

Drag it out from its earwiggy lair
Where the spider plays practical jokes!
Pump it up with a quart of fresh air,
Turn the hose on its cobwebby spokes!
With a penn'orth of this and of that
Trick it out like a *modèle de luxe*:
For the slavey's spring-cleaning our flat,
And I'm yearning for quieter nooks!

Strut it forth in its vernal array,
Good as new—more or less—so to speak!
There's a joy in its clatter to-day,
And a charm in its wheezy old squeak.
We are off—very nearly, in truth!
On again! Let us fly to the spot
Where the hedgerow is calling to Youth,
And the hum of the city is not!

Edward A. Morgan.

1. BUSHMILL BLACK[illegible] 2. [illegible] TORQUAY; 4. MILL A[illegible] 5. [illegible] 6. [illegible]

A SEQUEL TO "JACKSON JUNIOR"

THE LOST LAMBS.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell

CHAPTER I

MR. JACKSON MAKES UP HIS MIND.

IF Mike had been in time for breakfast that [illegible] the expression on his father's face, as Mr Jackson opened the envelope containing his school report and read the contents, that the document in question was not exactly a pæan of praise from beginning to end. But he was late, as usual. Mike always was late for breakfast in the holidays.

When he came down on this particular morning, the meal was nearly over. Mr Jackson had disappeared, taking his correspondence with him; Mrs. Jackson had gone into the kitchen, and when Mike appeared the thing had resolved itself into a mere vulgar brawl between Phyllis and Ella for the jam, while Marjorie, who had put her hair up a fortnight before, looked on in a detached sort of way, as if these juvenile gambols distressed her.

"Hullo, Mike," she said, jumping up as he entered; "here you are—I've been keeping everything hot for you.'

"Have you? Thanks awfully. I say—" [illegible] ndered in mild surprise round the table, "I'm a bit late."

Marjorie was bustling about, fetching and carrying for Mike, as she always did. She had adopted him at an early age, and did the thing thoroughly. She was fond of her other brothers, especially when they made centuries in first-class cricket, but Mike was her favourite. She would field out in the deep as a natural thing when Mike was batting at the net in the paddock, though for the others, even for Joe, who had played in all five Test Matches in the previous summer, she would do it only as a favour.

Phyllis and Ella finished their dispute and went out. Marjorie sat on the table and watched Mike eat.

"Your report came this morning, Mike," she said.

The kidneys failed to retain Mike's undivided attention. He looked up interested. "What did it say?'

"I didn't see—I only caught sight of the Wrykyn crest on the envelope. Father didn't say anything."

Mike seemed concerned. "I say, that looks rather rotten! I wonder if it was awfully bad. It's the first I've had from Appleby."

'It can't be any worse than the horrid ones Mr. Blake used to write when you were in his form."

"No that's a comfort," said Mike philosophically. "Think there's any more tea in that pot?"

"I call it a shame," said Marjorie; "they ought to be jolly glad to have you at Wrykyn just for cricket, instead of writing beastly reports that make father angry and don't do any good to anybody."

"Last summer he said he'd take me away if I got another one.'

"He didn't mean it really, I *know* he didn't! He couldn't! You're the best bat Wrykyn's ever had."

"What ho!" interpolated Mike.

"You *are*. Everybody says you are. Why, you got your first the very first term you were

there—even Joe didn't do anything nearly so good as that. Saunders says you're simply bound to play for England in another year or tw

"Saunders is a jolly good chap. He bowled me a half-volley on the off the first ball I had in a school match. By the way, I wonder if he's out at the net now. Let's go and see."

Saunders, the professional who had coached the Jacksons in the Easter holidays for years, was setting up the net when they arrived. Mike put on his pads and went to the wickets, while Marjorie and the dogs retired as usual to the far hedge to retrieve.

She was kept busy. Saunders was a good sound bowler of the M.C.C. minor match type, and there had been a time when he had worried Mike considerably, but Mike had been in the Wrykyn team for three seasons now, and each season he had advanced tremendously in his batting. He had filled out in three years. He had always had the style, and now he had the strength as well. Saunders' bowling on a true wicket seemed simple to him. It was early in the Easter holidays but already he was beginning to find his form. Saunders, who looked on Mike as his own special invention, was delighted.

"If you don't be worried by being too anxious now that you're captain, Master Mike," he said, "you'll make a century every match next term."

[illegible]

Henfrey, the Wrykyn cricket captain of the previous season, was not returning next term, and Mike was to reign in his stead. He liked the prospect, but it certainly carried with it a rather awe-inspiring responsibility. At night sometimes he would lie awake, appalled by the fear of losing his form, or making a hash of things by choosing the wrong men to play for the school and leaving the right men out. It is no light thing to captain a public school at cricket.

As he was walking towards the house, Phyllis met him. "Oh, I've been hunting for you, Mike; father wants you."

"What for?"

"I don't know"

[illegible]

"He's in the study. He seems—" added Phyllis, throwing in the information by way of a make-weight, "in a beastly wax."

Mike's jaw fell slightly. "I hope the dickens it's nothing to do with that bally report," was his muttered exclamation.

Mike's dealings with his father were as a rule of a most pleasant nature. Mr. Jackson was an understanding sort of man, who treated his sons as companions. From time to time however, breezes were apt to ruffle the placid sea of good fellowship. Mike's end-of-term report was an unfailing wind-raiser; indeed, on the arrival of Mr. Blake's sarcastic *résumé* of Mike's shortcomings at the end of the previous term, there had been something not unlike a typhoon. It was on this occasion that Mr. Jackson had solemnly declared his intention of removing Mike from Wrykyn unless the critics became more flattering; and Mr. Jackson was a man of his word.

It was with a certain amount of apprehension, therefore, that Jackson entered the study.

"Come in, Mike," said his father, kicking the waste-paper basket; "I want to speak to you."

Mike, skilled in omens, scented a row in the offing. Only in moments of emotion was Mr. Jackson in the habit of booting the basket.

There followed an awkward silence, which Mike broke by remarking that he had carted a half-volley from Saunders over the on-side hedge that morning.

"It was just a bit short and off the leg stump, so I stepped out—may I bag the paper-knife for a jiffy? I'll just show —"

"Never mind about cricket now," said Mr Jackson; "I want you to listen to this report."

"Oh, is that my report, father?" said Mike, with a sort of sickly interest, much as a dog about to be washed might evince in his tub.

"It is," replied Mr. Jackson in measured tones, "your report; what is more, it is without exception the worst report you have ever had."

"Oh, I say!" groaned the record breaker.

"'His conduct,'" quoted Mr. Jackson, "'has been unsatisfactory in the extreme, both in and out of school.'"

"It wasn't anything really. I only happened

Remembering suddenly that what he had happened to do was to drop a cannon-ball (the school weight) on the form room floor, not once, but on several occasions, he paused.

"'French bad; conduct disgraceful —'"

"Everybody rags in French"

"'Mathematics bad. Inattentive and idle.'"

"Nobody does much work in Math."

"'Latin poor. Greek, very poor.'"

"We were doing Thucydides, Book Two, last term—all speeches and doubtful readings and cruxes and things—beastly hard! Everybody says so."

"Here are Mr. Appleby's remarks: 'The boy has genuine ability, which he declines to use in the smallest degree.'"

Mike moaned a moan of righteous indignation.

"'An abnormal proficiency at games has apparently destroyed all desire in him to realise the more serious issues of life.' There is more to the same effect."

Mr. Appleby was a master with very definite ideas as to what constituted a public schoolmaster's duties. As a man he was distinctly pro-Mike. He understood cricket, and some of Mike's shots on the off gave him thrills of pure æsthetic joy; but as a master he always made it his habit to regard the manners and customs of the boys in his form with an unbiassed eye, and to an unbiassed eye Mike in a form room was about as near the extreme edge as a boy could be, and Mr. Appleby said as much in a clear firm hand.

"You remember what I said to you about your report at Christmas, Mike?" said Mr Jackson, folding the lethal document and replacing it in its envelope.

Mike said nothing; there was a sinking feeling in his interior.

"I shall abide by what I said."

Mike's heart thumped.

"You will not go back to Wrykyn next term."

Somewhere in the world the sun was shining, birds were twittering; somewhere in the world lambkins frisked and peasants sang blithely at their toil (flat, perhaps, but still blithely), but to Mike at that moment the sky was black, and an icy wind blew over the face of the earth.

The tragedy had happened, and there was an end of it. He made no attempt to appeal against the sentence. He knew it would be useless, his father, when he made up his mind, having all the unbending tenacity of the normally easy-going man.

Mr. Jackson was sorry for Mike. He understood him, and for that reason he said very little now.

"I am sending you to Sedleigh," was his next remark.

Sedleigh! Mike sat up with a jerk. He knew Sedleigh by name—one of those schools with about a hundred fellows which you never hear of except when they send up their gymnasium pair to Aldershot, or their Eight to Bisley. Mike's outlook on life was that of a cricketer, pure and simple. What had Sedleigh ever done? What were they ever likely to do? Whom did they play? What Old Sedleighan had ever done anything at cricket? Perhaps they didn't even *play* cricket!

"But it's an awful hole," he said blankly.

Mr. Jackson could read Mike's mind like a book. Mike's point of view was plain to him. He did not approve of it, but he knew that in Mike's place and at Mike's age he would have felt the same. He spoke drily to hide his sympathy.

"It is not a large school," he said, "and I don't suppose it could play Wrykyn at cricket, but it has one merit—boys work there. Young Barlitt won a Balliol scholarship from Sedleigh last year." Barlitt was the Vicar's son, a silent, spectacled youth who did not enter very largely into Mike's world. They had met occasionally at tennis parties, but not much conversation had ensued. Barlitt's mind was massive, but his topics of conversation were not Mike's.

"Mr. Barlitt speaks very highly of Sedleigh," added Mr. Jackson.

Mike said nothing, which was a good deal better than saying what he would have liked to have said.

CHAPTER II.

SEDLEIGH.

THE train, which had been stopping everywhere for the last half-hour, pulled up again, and Mike, seeing the name of the station, got up, opened the door, and hurled a Gladstone bag out on to the platform in an emphatic and vindictive manner. Then he got out himself and looked about him.

"For the school, sir?" inquired the solitary porter, bustling up, as if he hoped by sheer energy to deceive the traveller into thinking that Sedleigh station was staffed by a great army of porters.

Mike nodded. A sombre nod. The nod Napoleon might have given if somebody had met him in 1812, and said, "So you're back from Moscow, eh?" Mike was feeling thoroughly jaundiced. The future seemed wholly gloomy. And, so far from attempting to make the best of things, he had set himself deliberately to look on the dark side. He thought, for instance, that he had never seen a more repulsive porter, or one more obviously incompetent than the man who had attached himself with a firm grasp to the handle of the bag as he strode off in the direction of the luggage van. He disliked his voice, his appearance, and the colour of his hair. Also the boots he wore. He hated the station, and the man who took his ticket.

"Young gents at the school, sir," said the porter, perceiving from Mike's *distrait* air that the boy was a stranger to the place, "goes up in the 'bus mostly. It's waiting here, sir. Hi, George!"

"I'll walk, thanks," said Mike frigidly.

"It's a goodish step, sir."

"Here you are."

"Thank you, sir. I'll send up your luggage by the 'bus, sir. Which 'ouse was it you was going to?"

"Outwood's."

"Right, sir. It's straight on up this road to the school. You can't miss it, sir."

"Worse luck," said Mike.

He walked off up the road, sorrier for himself than ever. It was such absolutely rotten luck. About now, instead of being on his way to a place where they probably ran a diabolo team instead of a cricket eleven, and played hunt-the-slipper in winter, he would be on the point of arriving at Wrykyn. And as captain of cricket, at that. Which was the bitter part of it. He had never been in command. For the last two seasons he had been the star man, going in first, and heading the average easily at the end of the s son; and the three captains under whom he had played during his career as a Wry kynian, Burgess, Enderby, and Henfrey, had always been sportsmen to him. But it was not the same thing. He had meant to do such a lot for Wrykyn cricket this term. He had had an entirely new system of coaching in his mind Now it might never be used. He had handed it on in a letter to Strachan who would be captain in his place; but probably Strachan would have some scheme of his own. There is nobody who could not edit a paper in the ideal way; and there is nobody who has not a theory of his own about cricket coaching at school.

Wrykyn, too, would be weak this year, now that he was no longer there. Strachan was a good, free bat on his day, and, if he survived a few overs, might make a century in an hour, but he was not to be depended upon. There was no doubt that Mike's sudden withdrawal meant that Wrykyn would have a bad time that season. And it had been such a wretched athletic year for the school. The football fifteen had been hopeless, and had lost both the Ripton matches, the return by over sixty points. Sheen's victory in the light weights at Aldershot had been their one success. And now, on top of all this, the captain of cricket was removed during the Easter holidays. Mike's heart bled for Wrykyn, and he found himself loathing Sedleigh and all its works with a great loathing

HE WALKED UP THE ROAD, SORRIER FOR HIMSELF THAN EVER.

The only thing he could find in its favour was the fact that it was set in a very pretty country. Of a different type from the Wrykyn

country, but almost as good. For three miles Mike made his way through woods and past fields. Once he crossed a river. It was soon after this that he caught sight, from the top of a hill, of a group of buildings that wore an unmistakably school like look.

This must be Sedleigh.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the school gates, and a baker's boy directed him to Mr. Outwood's.

There were three houses in a row, separated from the school buildings by a cricket-field. Outwood's was the middle one of these.

Mike went to the front door, and knocked. At Wrykyn he had always charged in at the beginning of term at the boys' entrance, but this formal reporting of himself at Sedleigh suited his mood.

He inquired for Mr. Outwood, and was shown into a room lined with books. Presently the door opened, and the house-master appeared.

There was something pleasant and homely about Mr. Outwood. In appearance he reminded Mike of Smee in "Peter Pan." He had the same eyebrows and pince-nez and the same motherly look.

"Jackson?" he said mildly.

"Yes, sir."

"I am very glad to see you, very glad indeed. Perhaps you would like a cup of tea after your journey. I think you might like a cup of tea. You come from Crofton, in Shropshire, I understand, Jackson, near Brindleford? It is a part of the country which I have always wished to visit. I daresay you have frequently seen the Cluniac Priory of St. Ambrose at Brindleford?"

Mike, who would not have recognised a Cluniac Priory if you had handed him one on a tray, said he had not.

"Dear me! You have missed an opportunity which I should have been glad to have. I am preparing a book on Ruined Abbeys and Priories of England, and it has always been my wish to see the Cluniac Priory of St. Ambrose. A deeply interesting relic of the sixteenth century. Bishop Geoffrey, 1133-40— .

"Shall I go across to the boys' part sir?"

"What? Yes. Oh, yes. Quite so. And perhaps you would like a cup of tea after your journey? No? Quite so. Quite so. You should make a point of visiting the remains of the Cluniac Priory in the summer holidays, Jackson. You will find the matron in her room. In many respects it is unique. The northern altar is in a state of really wonderful preservation. It consists of a solid block of masonry five feet long and two and a half wide, with chamfered plinth, standing quite free from the apse wall. It will well repay a visit. Good bye for the present, Jackson, good-bye."

Mike wandered across to the other side of the house, his gloom visibly deepened. All alone in a strange school, where they probably played hopscotch, with a house-master who offered one cups of tea after one's journey and talked about chamfered plinths and apses. It was a little hard.

He strayed about, finding his bearings, and finally came to a room which he took to be the equivalent of the senior day-room at a Wrykyn house. Everywhere else he had found nothing but emptiness. Evidently he had come by an earlier train than was usual. But this room was occupied.

A very long, thin youth, with a solemn face and immaculate clothes, was leaning against the mantelpiece. As Mike entered, he fumbled in his top left waistcoat pocket, produced an eyeglass attached to a cord, and fixed it in his right eye. With the help of this aid to vision he inspected Mike in silence for a while, then, having flicked an invisible speck of dust from the left sleeve of his coat, he spoke.

"Hullo," he said.

He spoke in a tired voice

"Hullo," said Mike

"Take a seat," said the immaculate one. "If you don't mind dirtying your bags, that's to say. Personally, I don't see any prospect of ever sitting down in this place. It looks to me as if they meant to use these chairs as mustard-and-cress beds. A Nursery Garden in the Home. That sort of idea. My name," he added pensively, "is Smith. What's yours?"

CHAPTER III

PSMITH

"JACKSON," said Mike

"Are you the Bully, the Pride of the School, or the Boy who is Led Astray and takes to Drink in Chapter Sixteen?"

"The last, for choice," said Mike, "but I've only just arrived, so I don't know."

"The boy -what will he become? Are you new here, too, then?"

"Yes! Why, are you new?"

"Do I look as if I belonged here? I'm the latest import. Sit down on yonder settee, and I will tell you the painful story of my life. By the way, before I start, there's just one thing.

If you ever have occasion to write to me, would you mind sticking a P at the beginning of my name? P-s-m-i-t-h. See? There are too many Smiths, and I don't care for Smythe My father's content to worry along in the old fashioned way, but I've decided to strike out a fresh line. I shall found a new dynasty. The resolve came to me unexpectedly this morning, as I was buying a simple penn'orth of butterscotch out of the automatic machine at Paddington. I jotted it down on the back of an envelope In conversation you may address me as Rupert (though I hope you won't), or simply Smith, the P not being sounded. Cp. the name Zbysco, in which the Z is given a similar miss-in-baulk. See?"

Mike said he saw. Psmith thanked him with a certain stately old-world courtesy.

"Let us start at the beginning," he resumed. "My infancy. When I was but a babe, my eldest sister was bribed with a shilling an hour by my nurse to keep an eye on me, and see that I did not raise Cain. At the end of the first day she struck for one and six, and got it We now pass to my boyhood. At an early age I was sent to Eton, everybody predicting a bright career for me. But," said Psmith solemnly, fixing an owl-like gaze on Mike through the eye-glass, "it was not to be"

"No?" said Mike

"No. I was superannuated last term."

"Bad luck."

"For Eton, yes. But what Eton loses, Sedleigh gains."

"But why Sedleigh, of all places?"

"This is the most painful part of my narrative. It seems that a certain scug in the next village to ours happened last year to collar a Balliol —

Not Barlitt!" exclaimed Mike

"That was the man. The son of the vicar The vicar told the curate, who told our curate, who told our vicar, who told my father, who sent me off here to get a Balliol too. Do *you* know Barlitt?"

"His pater's vicar of our village. It was because his son got a Balliol that I was sent here."

"Do you come from Crofton?"

"Yes."

"I've lived at Lower Benford all my life We are practically long-lost brothers. Cheer a little, will you?"

Mike felt as Robinson Crusoe felt when he met Friday. Here was a fellow human being in this desert place. He could almost have embraced Psmith The very sound of the name Lower Benford was comforting. His dislike for his new school was not diminished, but now he felt that life there might at least be tolerable.

"Where were you before you came here?" asked Psmith. "You have heard my painful story. Now tell me yours."

"Wrykyn. My pater took me away because I got such a lot of bad reports."

"My reports from Eton were simply scurrilous. There's a libel action in every sentence. How do you like this place from what you've seen of it?"

"Rotten."

"I am with you, Comrade Jackson. You won't mind my calling you Comrade, will you? I've just become a Socialist. It's a great scheme. You ought to be one. You work for the equal distribution of property, and start by collaring all you can and sitting on it. We must stick together. We are companions in misfortune. Lost lambs. Sheep that have gone astray. Divided, we fall, together we may worry through. Have you seen Professor Radium yet? I should say Mr. Outwood. What do you think of him?"

"He doesn't seem a bad sort of chap. Bit off his nut. Jawed about apses and things."

"And thereby," said Psmith, "hangs a tale. I've been making inquiries of a stout sportsman in a sort of Salvation Army uniform, whom I met in the grounds,—he's the school sergeant or something, quite a solid man, and I hear that Comrade Outwood's an archæological cove. Goes about the country beating up old ruins and fossils and things. There's an Archæological Society in the school, run by him. It goes out on half-holidays, prowling about, and is allowed to break bounds and generally steep itself to the eyebrows in reckless deviltry. And, mark you, laddie, if you belong to the Archæological Society you get off cricket. To get off cricket," said Psmith, dusting his right trouser-leg, "was the dream of my youth and the aspiration of my riper years. A noble game, but a bit too thick for me. At Eton I used to have to field out at the nets till the soles of my boots wore through. I suppose you are a blood at the game? Play for the school against Loamshire, and so on."

"I'm not going to play here, at any rate," said Mike

He had made up his mind on this point in the train. There is a certain fascination about making the very worst of a bad job. Achilles knew his business when he sat in his tent. The determination not to play cricket for Sedleigh as he could not play for Wrykyn gave Mike a sort of pleasure. To stand by with folded

arms and a sombre frown, as it were, was one way of treating the situation, and one not without its meed of comfort.

Psmith approved the resolve.

"Stout fellow," he said, "'Tis well. You and I, hand in hand, will search the countryside for ruined abbeys. We will snare the elusive fossil together. Above all, we will go out of bounds. We shall thus improve our minds, and have a jolly good time as well. I shouldn't wonder if one mightn't borrow a gun from some friendly native, and do a bit of rabbit-shooting here and there. From what I saw of Comrade Outwood during our brief interview, I shouldn't think he was one of the lynx-eyed contingent. With tact we ought to be able to slip away from the merry throng of fossil-chasers, and do a bit on our own account."

"Good idea," said Mike. "We will. A chap at Wrykyn, called Wyatt, used to break out at night and shoot at cats with an air-pistol."

"It would take a lot to make me do that I am all against anything that interferes with my sleep. But rabbits in the daytime is a scheme. We'll nose about for a gun at the earliest opp. Meanwhile we'd better go up to Comrade Outwood, and get our names shoved down for the Society."

"I vote we get some tea first somewhere."

"Then let's beat up a study. I suppose they have studies here. Let's go and look."

They went upstairs. On the first floor there was a passage with doors on either side. Psmith opened the first of these.

"This'll do us well," he said.

It was a biggish room, looking out over the school grounds. There were a couple of deal tables, two empty bookcases, and a looking-glass, hung on a nail.

"Might have been made for us," said Psmith approvingly

"I suppose it belongs to some rotter."

"Not now."

"You aren't going to collar it!"

"That," said Psmith, looking at himself earnestly in the mirror, and straightening his tie, "is the exact programme. We must stake out our claims. This is practical Socialism"

"But the real owner's bound to turn up some time or other."

"His misfortune, not ours. You can't expect two master-minds like us to pig it in that room downstairs. There are moments when one wants to be alone. It is imperative that we have a place to retire to after a fatiguing day. And now, if you want to be really useful, come and help me fetch up my box from downstairs. It's got an Etna and various things in it."

CHAPTER IV.

STAKING OUT A CLAIM.

PSMITH, in the matter of decorating a study and preparing tea in it, was rather a critic than an executant. He was full of ideas, but he preferred to allow Mike to carry them out. It was he who suggested that the wooden bar which ran across the window was unnecessary, but it was Mike who wrenched it from its place. Similarly, it was Mike who abstracted the key from the door of the next study, though the idea was Psmith's.

"Privacy," said Psmith, as he watched Mike light the Etna, "is what we chiefly need in this age of publicity. If you leave a study door unlocked in these strenuous times, the first thing you know is, somebody comes right in, sits down, and begins to talk about himself. I think with a little care we ought to be able to make this room quite decently comfortable. That putrid calendar must come down, though. Do you think you could make a long arm, and haul it off the parent tin-tack? Thanks. We make progress. We make progress."

"We shall jolly well make it out of the window," said Mike, spooning up tea from a paper bag with a post card, "if a sort of young Hackenschmidt turns up and claims the study. What are you going to do about it?"

"Don't let us worry about it. I have a presentiment that he will be an insignificant-looking little weed. How are you getting on with the evening meal?"

"Just ready. What would you give to be at Eton now? I'd give something to be at Wrykyn."

"These school reports," said Psmith sympathetically, "are the very dickens. Many a bright young lad has been soured by them. Hallo. What's this, I wonder."

A heavy body had plunged against the door, evidently without a suspicion that there would be any resistance. A rattling at the handle followed, and a voice outside said, "Dash the door!"

"Hackenschmidt!" said Mike.

"The weed," said Psmith. "You couldn't make a long arm, could you, and turn the key? We had better give this merchant audience. Remind me later to go on with my remarks on school reports. I had several bright things to say on the subject."

Mike unlocked the door, and flung it open Framed in the entrance was a smallish, freckled boy, wearing a bowler hat and carrying a bag. On his face was an expression of mingled wrath and astonishment

"WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU DOING HERE?" INQUIRED THE NEWCOMER

Psmith rose courteously from his chair and moved forward with slow stateliness to do the honours

"What the dickens," inquired the newcomer, "are you doing here?"

"We were having a little tea," said Psmith [illegible] after our journey. Come in and join us. We keep open house, we Psmiths. Let me [illegible] Comrade Jackson. A stout fellow. Homely in appearance, perhaps, but [illegible] Psmith. Your own name will doubtless come

up in the course of general chit-chat over the tea-cups.'

'My name's Spiller, and this is my study.'

Psmith leaned against the mantelpiece, put up his eyeglass, and harangued Spiller in a philosophical vein.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen," said he, "the saddest are these: 'It might have been.' Too late! That is the bitter cry. If you had torn yourself from the bosom of the Spiller family by an earlier train, all might have been well. But no. Your father held your hand and said huskily, 'Edwin, don't leave us!' Your mother clung to you weeping, and said, 'Edwin, stay!' Your sisters ——"

"I want to know what ——"

"Your sisters froze on to your knees like little octopuses (or octopi), and screamed, 'Don't go, Edwin!' And so," said Psmith, deeply affected by his recital, "you stayed on till the later train; and, on arrival, you find strange faces in the familiar room, a people that know not Spiller." Psmith went to the table, and cheered himself with a sip of tea. Spiller's sad case had moved him greatly.

The victim of Fate seemed in no way consoled.

"It's beastly cheek, that's what I call it. Are you new chaps?"

"The very latest thing," said Psmith.

"Well, it's beastly cheek."

Mike's outlook on life was of the solid, practical order. He went straight to the root of the matter.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

Spiller evaded the question.

"It's beastly cheek," he repeated. "You can't go about the place bagging studies."

"But we do," said Psmith. "In this life, Comrade Spiller, we must be prepared for every emergency. We must distinguish between the unusual and the impossible. It is unusual for people to go about the place bagging studies, so you have rashly ordered your life on the assumption that it is impossible. Error! Ah, Spiller, Spiller, let this be a lesson to you."

"Look here, I tell you what it——"

"I was in a motor with a man once. I said to him: 'What would happen if you trod on that pedal thing instead of that other pedal thing?' He said, 'I couldn't. One's the foot brake, and the other's the accelerator.' 'But suppose you did?' I said. 'I wouldn't,' he said. 'Now we'll let her rip.' So he stamped on the accelerator. Only it turned out to be the foot brake after all, and we stopped dead and skidded into a ditch. The advice I give to every young man starting life is: 'Never [illegible]. Take the present case. If you had only realised the possibility of somebody some day collaring your study you might have thought out dozens of sound schemes for dealing with the matter. As it is, you are unprepared. The thing comes on you as a surprise. The cry goes round: 'Spiller has been taken unawares. He cannot cope with the situation.'"

"Can't I! I'll ——"

"What *are* you going to do about it?" said Mike.

"All I know is, I'm going to have it. It was Simpson's last term, and Simpson's left, and I'm next on the house list, so, of course, it's my study."

"But what steps," said Psmith, "are you going to take? Spiller, the man of Logic, we know. But what of Spiller, the Man of Action? How do you intend to set about it? Force is useless. I was saying to Comrade Jackson before you came in, that I didn't mind betting you were an insignificant-looking little weed. And you *are* an insignificant-looking little weed."

"We'll see what Outwood says about it."

"Not an unsound scheme. By no means a scaly project. Comrade Jackson and myself were about to interview him upon another point. We may as well all go together."

The trio made their way to the Presence, Spiller pink and determined, Mike sullen, Psmith particularly debonair. He hummed lightly as he walked, and now and then pointed out to Spiller objects of interests by the wayside.

Mr. Outwood received them with the motherly warmth which was evidently the leading characteristic of his normal manner.

"Ah, Spiller," he said. "And Smith, and Jackson. I am glad to see that you have already made friends."

"Spiller's, sir," said Psmith, laying a hand patronisingly on the study-claimer's shoulder—a proceeding violently resented by Spiller—"is a character one cannot help but respect. His nature expands before one like some beautiful flower."

Mr. Outwood received this eulogy with rather a startled expression, and gazed at the object of the tribute in a surprised way.

"Er—quite so, Smith, quite so," he said at last. "I like to see boys in my house friendly towards one another."

"There is no vice in Spiller," pursued Psmith earnestly. "His heart is the heart of a little child."

"Please, sir," burst out this paragon of all the virtues, "I——"

"But it was not entirely with regard to Spiller that I wished to speak to you, sir, if you were not too busy."

"Not at all, Smith, not at all. Is there anything——"

"Please, sir ——" began Spiller.

"I understand, sir," said Psmith, "that there is an Archæological Society in the school."

Mr. Outwood's eyes sparkled behind their pince-nez. It was a disappointment to him that so few boys seemed to wish to belong to his chosen band. Cricket and football games that left him cold, appeared to be the main interest in their lives. It was but rarely that he could induce new boys to join. His colleague, Mr. Downing, who presided over the School Fire Brigade, never had any difficulty in finding support. Boys came readily at his call. Mr. Outwood pondered wistfully on this at times, not knowing that the Fire Brigade owed its support to the fact that it provided its light-hearted members with perfectly unparalleled opportunities for ragging, while his own band, though small, were in the main earnest.

"Yes, Smith," he said. "Yes. We have a small Archæological Society. I—er—in a measure look after it. Perhaps you would care to become a member?"

"Please, sir——" said Spiller

"One moment, Spiller. Do you want to join, Smith?"

"Intensely, sir. Archæology fascinates me. A grand pursuit, sir

"Undoubtedly, Smith. I am very pleased, very pleased indeed. I will put down your name at once

"And Jackson's, sir."

"Jackson, too!" Mr. Outwood beamed. "I am delighted. Most delighted. This is capital. This enthusiasm is most capital."

"Spiller, sir," said Psmith sadly, "I have been unable to induce to join"

"Oh, he is one of our oldest members."

"Ah," said Psmith, tolerantly, "that accounts for it."

"Please, sir ——" said Spiller.

"One moment, Spiller. We shall have the first outing of the term on Saturday. We intend to inspect the Roman Camp at Embury Hill, two miles from the school."

"We shall be there, sir."

"Capital!"

"Please, sir ——" said Spiller.

"One moment, Spiller ——" said Psmith.

"There is just one other matter, if you could spare the time, sir.

"Certainly, Smith. What is that?"

"Would there be any objection to Jackson and myself taking Simpson's old study?"

"By all means, Smith. A very good idea."

"Yes, sir. It would give us a place where we could work quietly in the evenings."

"Quite so. Quite so."

"Thank you very much, sir. We will move our things in."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Mike

"Please, sir," shouted Spiller, "aren't I to have it? I'm next on the list, sir. I come next after Simpson. Can't I have it?"

"I'm afraid I have already promised it to Smith, Spiller. You should have spoken before"

"But, sir——"

Psmith eyed the speaker pityingly.

"This tendency to delay, Spiller," he said, 'is your besetting fault. Correct it, Edwin. Fight against it

He turned to Mr Outwood.

"We should, of course, sir, always be glad to see Spiller in our study. He would always find a cheery welcome waiting there for him. There is no formality between ourselves and Spiller."

"Quite so. An excellent arrangement, Smith. I like this spirit of comradeship in my house. Then you will be with us on Saturday?"

"On Saturday, s

"All this sort of thing, Spiller," said Psmith, as they closed the door, "is very, very trying for a man of culture. Look us up in our study one of these afternoons."

CHAPTER V.

GUERRILLA WARFARE

"THERE are few pleasures," said Psmith, as he resumed his favourite position against the mantelpiece and surveyed the commandeered study with the pride of a householder, "keener to the reflective mind than sitting under one's own roof-tree. This place would have been wasted on Spiller; he would not have appreciated it properly."

Mike was finishing his tea. "You're a jolly useful chap to have by you in a crisis, Smith," he said with approval. "We ought to have known each other before."

"The loss was mine," said Psmith courteously. "We will now, with your permission, face the future for awhile I suppose you

realise that we are now to a certain extent up against it. Spiller's hot Spanish blood is not going to sit tight and do nothing under a blow like this."

"What can he do? Outwood's given us the study."

"What would you have done if somebody had bagged your study?"

"Made it jolly hot for them!"

"So will Comrade Spiller. I take it that he will collect a gang and make an offensive movement against us directly he can. To all appearances we are in a fairly tight place. It all depends on how big Comrade Spiller's gang will be. I don't like rows, but I'm prepared to take on a reasonable number of bravoes in defence of the home."

Mike intimated that he was with him on the point. "The difficulty is, though," he said, "about when we leave this room. I mean, we're all right while we stick here, but we can't stay all night."

"That's just what I was about to point out when you put it with such admirable clearness. Here we are in a stronghold, they can only get at us through the door, and we can lock that."

"And jam a chair against it."

"*And*, as you rightly remark, jam a chair against it. But what of the nightfall? What of the time when we retire to our dormitory?"

"Or dormitories. I say, if we're in separate rooms we shall be in the cart."

Psmith eyed Mike with approval. "He thinks of everything! You're the man, Comrade Jackson, to conduct an affair of this kind—such foresight! such resource! We must see to this at once; if they put us in different rooms we're done—we shall be destroyed singly in the watches of the night."

"We'd better nip down to the matron right off."

"Not the matron—Comrade Outwood is the man. We are as sons to him, there is nothing he can deny us. I'm afraid we are quite spoiling his afternoon by these interruptions, but we must rout him out once more."

As they got up, the door handle rattled again, and this time there followed a knocking.

"This must be an emissary of Comrade Spiller's," said Psmith. "Let us parley with the man."

Mike unlocked the door. A light-haired youth with a cheerful, rather vacant face and a receding chin strolled into the room, and stood giggling with his hands in his pockets.

"I just came up to have a look at you," he explained.

"If you move a little to the left," said Psmith, "you will catch the light and shade effects on Jackson's face better."

The newcomer giggled with renewed vigour. "Are you the chap with the eyeglass who jaws all the time?"

"I *do* wear an eyeglass," said Psmith; "as to the rest of the description —"

"My name's Jellicoe."

"Mine is Psmith—P-s-m-i-t-h—one of the Shropshire Psmiths. The object on the skyline is Comrade Jackson."

"Old Spiller," giggled Jellicoe, "is cursing you like anything downstairs. You *are* chaps! Do you mean to say you simply bagged his study? He's making no end of a row about it."

"Spiller's fiery nature is a byword," said Psmith.

"What's he going to do?" asked Mike, in his practical way.

"He's going to get the chaps to turn you out."

"As I suspected," sighed Psmith, as one mourning over the frailty of human nature. "About how many horny-handed assistants should you say that he would be likely to bring? Will you, for instance, join the glad throng?"

"Me? No fear! I think Spiller's an ass."

"There's nothing like a common thought for binding people together. I think Spiller's an ass."

"How many *will* there be, then?" asked Mike.

"He might get about half a dozen, not more, but most of the chaps don't see why they should sweat themselves just because Spiller's study has been bagged."

"Sturdy common sense," said Psmith approvingly, "seems to be the chief virtue of the Sedleigh character."

"We shall be able to tackle a crowd like that," said Mike. "The only thing is we must get into the same dormitory."

"This is where Comrade Jellicoe's knowledge of the local geography will come in useful. Do you happen to know of any snug little room with, say, about four beds in it? How many dormitories are there?"

"Five—there's one with three beds in it, only it belongs to three chaps."

"I believe in the equal distribution of property. We will go to Comrade Outwood and stake out another claim."

Mr. Outwood received them even more beamingly than before. "Yes, Smith?" he said.

"We must apologise for disturbing you, sir

THE CAPTIVE WAS ALREADY ON THE WINDOW SILL

"Not at all, Smith, not at all! I like the boys in my house to come to me when they wish for my advice or help."

"We were wondering, sir, if you would have any objection to Jackson, Jellicoe and myself sharing the dormitory with the three beds in it. A very warm friendship——" explained Psmith, patting the gurgling Jellicoe kindly on the shoulder, "has sprung up between Jackson, Jellicoe and myself."

"You make friends easily, Smith. I like to see it—I like to see it."

"And we can have the room, sir?"

"Certainly—certainly! Tell the matron as you go down."

"And now," said Psmith, as they returned to the study, "we may say that we are in a fairly winning position. A vote of thanks to Comrade Jellicoe for his valuable assistance."

"You *are* a chap!" said Jellicoe.

The handle began to revolve again.

"That door," said Psmith, "is getting a perfect incubus! It cuts into one's leisure cruelly."

This time it was a small boy. "They told me to come up and tell you to come down," he said.

Psmith looked at him searchingly through his eyeglass.

"Who?"

"The senior day-room chaps."

"Spiller?"

"Spiller and Robinson and Stone, and some other chaps."

"They want us to speak to them?"

"They told me to come up and tell you to come down."

"Go and give Comrade Spiller our compliments and say that we can't come down, but shall be delighted to see him up here. Things," he said, as the messenger departed, "are beginning to move. Better leave the door open. I think; it will save trouble. Ah, come in, Comrade Spiller, what can we do for you?"

Spiller advanced into the study; the others waited outside, crowding in the doorway.

"Look here," said Spiller, "are you going to clear out of here or not?"

"After Mr. Outwood's kindly thought in giving us the room? You suggest a black and ungrateful action, Comrade Spiller.

You'll get it hot, if you don't."

"We'll risk it," said Mike.

Jellicoe giggled in the background, the drama in the atmosphere appealed to him. His was a simple and appreciative mind.

"Come on, you chaps," cried Spiller suddenly.

There was an inward rush on the enemy's part, but Mike had been watching. He grabbed Spiller by the shoulders and ran him back against the advancing crowd. For a moment the doorway was blocked, then the weight and impetus of Mike and Spiller prevailed, the enemy gave back, and Mike, stepping

into the room again, slammed the door and locked it.

"A neat piece of work," said Psmith approvingly, adjusting his tie at the looking-glass. "The preliminaries may now be considered over, the first shot has been fired. The dogs of war are now loose."

A heavy body crashed against the door.

"They'll have it down," said Jellicoe.

"We must act, Comrade Jackson! Might I trouble you just to turn that key quietly, and the handle, and then to stand by for the next attack

There was a scrambling of feet in the passage outside, and then a repetition of the onslaught on the door. This time, however, the door, instead of resisting, swung open, and the human battering-ram staggered through into the study. Mike, turning after re-locking the door, was just in time to see Psmith, with a display of energy of which one would not have believed him capable, grip the invader scientifically by an arm and a leg.

Mike jumped to help, but it was needless; the captive was already on the window-sill. As Mike arrived, Psmith dropped him on to the flower bed below.

Psmith closed the window gently and turned to Jellicoe. "Who was our guest?" he asked, dusting the knees of his trousers where they had pressed against the wall.

"Robinson. I say, you *are* a chap!"

"Robinson, was it? Well, we are always glad to see Comrade Robinson, always. I wonder if anybody else is thinking of calling?"

Apparently frontal attack had been abandoned. Whisperings could be heard in the corridor.

Somebody hammered on the door.

"Yes?" called Psmith patiently.

"You'd better come out, you know; you'll only get it hotter if you don't."

"Leave us, Spiller; we would be alone."

A bell rang in the distance

"Tea," said Jellicoe; "we shall have to go now."

"They won't do anything till after tea, I shouldn't think," said Mike. "There's no harm in going out."

The passage was empty when they opened the door; the call to food was evidently a thing not to be treated lightly by the enemy.

In the dining-room the beleaguered garrison were the object of general attention. Everybody turned to look at them as they came in It was plain that the study episode had been a topic of conversation. Spiller's face was crimson, and Robinson's coat sleeve still bore traces of garden mould.

Mike felt rather conscious of the eyes, but Psmith was in his element. His demeanour throughout the meal was that of some whimsical monarch condescending for a freak to revel with his humble subjects.

Towards the end of the meal Psmith scribbled a note and passed it to Mike. It read: "Directly this is over, nip upstairs as quickly as you can."

Mike followed the advice; they were first out of the room. When they had been in the study a few moments, Jellicoe knocked at the door. "Lucky you two cut away so quick," he said. "They were going to try and get you into the senior day room and scrag you there."

"This," said Psmith, leaning against the mantelpiece, "is exciting, but it can't go on. We have got for our sins to be in this place for a whole term, and if we are going to do the Hunted Fawn business all the time, life in the true sense of the word will become an impossibility. My nerves are so delicately attuned that the strain would simply reduce them to hash. We are not prepared to carry on a long campaign—the thing must be settled at once."

"Shall we go down to the senior day-room, and have it out?" said Mike

"No, we will play the fixture on our own ground. I think we may take it as tolerably certain that Comrade Spiller and his hired ruffians will try to corner us in the dormitory to-night. Well, of course, we could fake up some sort of barricade for the door, but then we should have all the trouble over again to-morrow and the day after, and the day after that. Personally, I don't propose to be chivvied about indefinitely like this, so I propose that we let them come into the dormitory, and see what happens. Is this meeting with me?"

"I think that's sound," said Mike. "We needn't drag Jellicoe into it."

"As a matter of fact—if you don't mind—" began that man of peace.

"Quite right," said Psmith; "this is not Comrade Jellicoe's scene at all; he has got to spend the term in the senior day-room, whereas we have our little wooden *chalet* to retire to in times of stress. Comrade Jellicoe must stand out of the game altogether. We shall be glad of his moral support, but otherwise, *ne pas*. And now, as there won't be anything doing till bedtime, I think I'll collar this table and write home and tell my people that all is well with their Rupert."

(To be continued.)

JOHN BALL: The Golfer and the Man

A MODEL FOR YOUNG GOLFERS

By HENRY LEACH

Specially Illustrated for "The Captain" by E. Mitchell, the Famous Golf Cartoonist

THOUGH they may know nothing about golf, most folks who take an interest in games are aware that Mr. John Ball, who is the Amateur Champion of the present time, just as he has been on five previous occasions, is one of the greatest golfers of all time. But these people might have to be told that he is also one of the most popular, and that he is in many respects just what an ideal sportsman should be. He plays the game for the sake of the game and for nothing else. He plays it with all his heart and soul. He tries constantly to excel in it. And when he has played it, he has done with it for the time being.

He is the most generous opponent that ever trod the links, and in recent championships has been accused of being more generous than he ought to have been. And then, he is one of the most modest men alive. He has never written any articles about his achievements, has never been interviewed, and he is not available as an acquaintance to the general public who take a keen interest in him. When he has finished his game he just shuts himself up to all except his friends. He hates talking about himself.

"JOHNNIE" BALL

Six times amateur golf champion. A unique record.

For all these things and a hundred others, including the fact that John Ball is a fine Englishman in general as well as a fine golfer, and a man of the highest principle, his name is one that is quite revered in golf to-day, and when he won his sixth Amateur Championship at St. Andrews last June, the whole world of the game struggled to do him honour.

A Christmas Boy.

His nature is such a happy one, and so full of good, that there seems something appropriate in the fact that he was born on Christmas Eve, the year being 1863. So, I suppose, when he was a boy, he experienced the hard luck of having to make one set of presents represent the twin festival!

How did he learn to play the game at which he has achieved such great success as—it is generally held—no man can ever do again? is a first and most natural question to ask.

Well, he learned it in just the way that all the most famous golfers have ever done, and which, it is said by them, is by far the best;

that is to say, he watched others, and taught it to himself, and began this when he was quite a small boy.

Things were rather in his favour at the beginning. His home is on the links. Of course, everybody knows that John Ball is of Hoylake, this being not far from Liverpool on the Cheshire corner of the estuary of the Mersey. It is the Royal Liverpool club, one of the pioneers of the game in England, that controls this course, and it so happened that when it was being first made, some of the land was held by Mr. Ball's father, who gave the golfers every facility in making the links, and came to take a great interest in the game himself, winning many medals, and other prizes by-and-by.

"YOUNG JOHNNIE DROVE AS FAR AS DOUGLAS DID."

Old John and Young John.

The young son caught the "fever" from his father, and it soon became clear that he would be a great player. There was no amateur championship competition until two or three years after he had grown up; but he ran into the final in its second year.

There was a curious circumstance of the golfing association of father and son in this championship. It was in 1887. The father got as far as the semi-final and was there beaten, and his conqueror, who was Mr. Horace Hutchinson, beat the son in the final. This is the only case on record of father and son being in the semi-final together and both getting medals, as they did; indeed father and son, or even brothers, have never achieved so much even in separate years. What is more, it was very nearly a family final, young John against old John, for the latter all but won his tie in the penultimate stage. Very likely the son would have won the championship that time if three holes from the end of the match he had not had the cruel luck to break his favourite wooden club, with the result that all the shots done afterwards with the substitute were comparative failures. It is only two or three years since old Mr. John Ball died.

His Beautiful Style.

Now, when young Johnnie's style it is very familiar; but still, everybody does call him "Johnnie," because they like him—was fully developed, it was the most beautiful thing to see. It was rather unorthodox; he had a peculiar way of gripping his club, the right hand being held, as some would say, too much underneath the handle. Another famous amateur player in Mr. Robert Maxwell does the same thing. This is wrong only in the sense that it is not done by the great majority of players, and that these would find it a terribly difficult and unsatisfactory thing to learn. But neither Mr. Ball nor Mr. Maxwell would make much of their driving in any other way. It is their system and their instinct. That brings home to young golfers the safe conviction and excellent principle that there is no one right way of playing golf—that it is best to follow the majority if possible, because that is the easy and surest way; but that if a young player has strong instincts of his own leading to peculiarities in method which he finds make the game easier for him, it is wise for him to let them have full rein until he discovers them to be failures. There is an easy way and a usual way to do everything

in golf, but there is

NO ABSOLUTELY RIGHT WAY.

That is the justification of Mr. Ball, who plays the game in his own way, and plays it so that everybody says his style is one of the prettiest things that the game can show to anybody, and it can be appreciated even by any one who knows nothing of the game. There is a characteristic flight of all his long shots. The ball starts low, and it soars up to a good driving height in the most beautiful curve, and then when it has achieved a great length of carry it drops down straight with very little run afterwards.

One of his earliest experiences, when he was a barely fledged golfer with little more than a local reputation, was a great match that had been specially arranged between him and one of the most renowned players of the time, Douglas Rolland, of whom it is still said that he was one of the longest drivers we have ever seen. Rolland won, but it was noted with surprise and as a matter for careful consideration in the future, that young Johnnie drove as far as Douglas did—and sometimes farther.

At this time golf in England was quite a small thing, and when the Hoylake people wrote to their golfing friends in Scotland and said they had bred a champion, the Scots only smiled. They didn't believe. But they wondered more when, in 1889, on a Scottish course, Prestwick, he beat a famous Scottish golfer in the final for the championship. And two years later, having won the Amateur championship that year already, he won the Open on that same course and became

THE ONLY MAN WHO HAS EVER WON BOTH CHAMPIONSHIPS IN THE SAME SEASON.

There was no longer room for doubt. When he had just accomplished this feat, a Scottish voice, well known on every Scottish links, cried out from the crowd in a tone of mingled admiration and irony, "*And ye say that man canna play golff*" The voice was that of Andrew Kirkaldy, one of the best judges of the game who have ever lived. To celebrate this great achievement the Royal Liverpool Club put a new clock tower on the top of their club-house, and a brass plate on the wall of the entrance hall thereof to say why they had done so. And they hung up a life-size portrait in oils of their hero at the top of the staircase.

That is one of his championship records. The other is his winning the Amateur event six times when no other golfer has ever won it more than twice, and, what is more, when he won it the last time, from the biggest field on record, it was so long as nineteen years since he had achieved his first success in the event. But in many respects the last win was the greatest of all. It was that which the victor coveted most, and not because it was the sixth. The fact was that the championship was played for last June at St. Andrews—it is on a different course each season the Scottish headquarters of the game, and Mr Ball, an Englishman through and through, and proud of English golf and English links, wanted to win the blue ribbon there. Twelve years before he had had a chance of doing so, running to the final. Then he let his opponent slip in in the closing stages, an extra hole had to be played, and Mr. Ball made one of the few mistakes in judgment of which he has ever been guilty on an important occasion, and took a club with which he was comparatively unfamiliar to play a most difficult shot. He missed it, and the other man won.

"SENT IT SAILING OVER THE BUNKER."

A Twelve Years' Atonement

It took the Hoylake crack twelve years to atone for that error, but he did so last [illegible] his victorious opponent of a dozen years before was then the captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, and it fell to his lot to hand Mr. Ball his Cup and medal. This was Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. The Scots did not begrudge Mr. Ball his victory; to them he was only the great golfer, and the Royal and Ancient Club conferred upon him the very rare honour of [illegible] in recognition of it.

In his long and brilliant career he has played some memorable shots. One of them was in the final tie for the Amateur Championship in 1894. His opponent had "played short" of a bunker in approaching one of the last holes. If Mr. Ball was to make anything like certain of winning that championship he had to get over that bunker, but he was so far away that the chances seemed twenty to one against him or anybody else getting over, and to land his ball in it meant very likely defeat. He played the big-hearted game, as he always does, and hit the ball with a most lovely stroke that sent it sailing over the bunker and close to the hole. That was one of the finest shots ever played in golf, and it won him the championship. "Was I right in playing it?" he asked a friend immediately afterwards. "Of course you were if you felt like doing it," was the answer of the man who was an ex-champion himself!

A Battle of Giants

Another famous shot of his was made when both his ball and that of the late F. G. Tait were in the bunker [illegible] teenth green in the final of [illegible] Championship at Prestwick [illegible] ball was floating in [illegible] that he played from that position has achieved undying fame. The other ball was lying in soft sand within an inch or two of the water, and the shot Mr. Ball had to make was really the more difficult of the two. He did it, and the hole was halved. The end of that championship was that an extra hole had to be played, and then Mr. Ball won by virtue of a magnificent approach. This F. G. Tait was the gallant soldier who went out to the South African War with his regiment, the Black Watch, and was killed at Koodosberg, to the intense sorrow of the whole world of sport and games.

Now, there are some coincidences as between Mr. Ball and Mr. Tait. The last game of golf that the latter played before he went to the war was with Mr. Ball at St. Anne's, when he won by one hole. At the outset of the war Mr. Ball, like the good Englishman he is, volunteered and went out [illegible] yeomanry, so that there were

Two Champion Golfers on the Battlefield.

Mr. Ball's friends subscribed together and bought him a fine black charger to ride on. Poor Fred Tait had to be left in South Africa, but good John Ball came back and won another championship, and just as Fred was the darling of golfers before, John, though a very different sort of man, is now.

It is safe advice to every budding golfer to follow him and copy him in everything except perhaps his peculiar grip and his rather bent walk. Above all, copy him in manners and in sportsmanship.

His friends have a pretty way of parodying the advertisements of golf balls to show his points. They say he is "The best Ball. He lasts the longest. He drives the farthest and is surest on the putting greens. He never cracks. He is perfectly true. He cannot be beaten."

But he is different from the other balls in that he is not advertised."

ON THE LINKS AT WESTWARD HO!

A Story of a Gentleman Poacher. Illustrated by Harry Rountree

IN THREE PARTS

CHAPTER I.

THE rays of the sun were pleasantly warm, and the first few hours passed agreeably enough, despite the fact that the floats did not give the sudden "bobs" that were looked for so anxiously. After the "backwoodsmen" had had lunch which, to their chagrin, consisted of viands brought from home, and not the game and fish they had confidently anticipated killing -the monotony of the sport began to pall, however, and Cleo suggested an expedition into the remote recesses of the marshes, where surely there would be adventures and to spare to satisfy even their bold spirits

"You hoist the sail and take the helm, Crusoe," he said, "and I will man the pumps and look out for hidden reefs and snags."

Cleo—his name was not Cleopatra really, but having had the misfortune to be christened Antony, the fourth form had instantly dubbed him Cleopatra—had lately been undergoing a heavy course of Fenimore Cooper and Captain Marryat, and his language was enriched with many picturesque expressions unblushingly filched from both sources.

With many a "Heave-ho!" and "Stand-by!" the sail was hoisted and the course laid for the opposite shore, where the ship tacked and stood for the mouth of the principal channel that led to the centre of the marshes. A superannuated waggon-cloth made a capital sail, and, as the wind bellied the canvas, the *Indomitable* presented a most impressive appearance, only spoilt by the incessant baling on the part of the "look-out." Sad to relate, the *Indomitable* had seen her best days, and it was only by the active exertions of "the man at the pumps" that she was kept afloat at all.

All went well as they entered the channel, the "trade winds" over the high reeds bulging the canvas and driving the craft at a fair pace against the lazy current

"Is the ordnance ready for use in case we come across big game?" queried Crusoe -whose surname chanced to be Robinson.

Cleo desisted from his baling for a moment to place the hunting spear convenient to hand, whilst Crusoe strung the bow and saw to the priming of the prehistoric horse-pistol.

The ship forged ahead in grand style, and very soon they had left the open water behind and were steering through the devious creeks which intersected the marshes like a maze. Crossing the mouth of a channel which ran into the principal waterway, Cleo accidentally dropped the baler, and was reaching over to pick it up when a stronger gust than usual struck the canvas. The steersman had, unfortunately, made the sail-rope fast on entering the reach, and, the mast being securely stayed with a multiplicity of cords, there was nothing that would give, and before the crew quite realised what was happening the keelless old skiff was upset

Cleo, thrown free, was at the surface in a moment, looking round for his shipmate. The great flat sail lay like a sheet on the water as the boat floated on its side, but only an old white hat bobbing up and down by the stern showed the spot where Crusoe had disappeared

Taking a long breath, the boy bravely dived underneath the boat, and found his comrade vainly endeavouring to free his leg from one of the ropes that stayed the mast. In a moment his knife was out, and, hurriedly cutting the cord, he rose to the surface with Crusoe in his arms and swam to a shoal in the middle of the channel

"That was a close shave, old chap!" he said with a laugh as his feet touched the bottom. "Feeling better now?"

"Yes, only a bit shaky. How did it happen?"

"It was my fault. I dropped the baler, and was reaching over when I upset the boat. Now we had better swim to the bank and fetch the *Indomitable* out and empty her."

They attempted to strike out, and a great fear settled on Cleo's heart when he found that, struggle as he would, he was unable to free his legs from the mud in which he had unknowingly sunk up to his knees. Hardly daring to think, he struggled to an upright position and turned to meet Crusoe's eyes, fixed on him with a look of ghastly terror.

"Cleo," whispered Crusoe fearfully, "I can't move; my feet are stuck in the mud!"

Cleopatra's blood ran cold for a moment, and then, like the brave boy that he was, he set to work to reassure his companion.

"Nonsense, old chap," he replied cheerily. "We will have you free in a minute. Lean on me and pull your left leg out."

Crusoe leaned over, pulling his hardest, and although Cleo, at the cost of sinking deeper himself, helped him with all his might, the lad was unable to extricate himself. In vain the boys tugged, now at one leg, now at the other; the tenacious mud held with a grip that was not to be denied, and, as the truth dawned on Crusoe, he lost his head for a moment and struggled frantically.

"Steady, old chap!" said Cleo. "You will only wear yourself out to no purpose. Let us shout together; somebody is sure to hear."

But although he spoke bravely to reassure his friend, Cleo knew only too well that there was little likelihood of anybody being within call. The mill was nearly two miles away, and the marshes, being strictly preserved, were avoided by the villagers—in daylight, at any rate.

The boys shouted until they were hoarse, but hemmed in as they were by reeds, their voices were thrown back from the banks, and no answering hail greeted their listening ears. Their exertions had only the effect of causing them to sink deeper in the soft mud, and Cleo shuddered as he noticed that the water had risen to the first button of his coat

Despair seized them, and they struggled desperately until Cleo suddenly recollected that brave men never give way to fear, and that, having done their best, they face death calmly and with unabated courage. He put his arm around Crusoe's waist

"Keep cool, old chap!" he said. "Don't lose hope, and if it does come, let us face it bravely."

So, hand in hand, the boys calmly waited for the end. . . .

They still shouted at intervals, and it was when hope was almost dead that a distant hail answered their cry. Again and again they shouted, and the calls in reply rang louder and clearer across the reeds.

"Where are you?" cried the voice.

"In the reeds," called Cleo. "Hurry! We are nearly drowned."

"Keep shouting, to guide me!" came the reply.

They shouted continuously, the voice answering now from one side, now from the other, as the rescuer searched for them in the numerous channels. Presently a boat, paddled by an athletic-looking young man, shot round the corner.

"What is it?" he asked

"We are stuck in the mud!"

The stranger instantly realised the danger. With a swift movement he turned the boat into the bank and sprang ashore.

"Look out to catch this," he said, as he gave the boat a push. It shot across the water and was caught by Cleo.

"Now place it between you, and both hang on; it will prevent you from sinking deeper."

He looked about and caught sight of the old *Indomitable* ignominiously held by the reeds a few yards away. In a moment he had half hauled her on the bank and hurriedly cut the ropes that held the mast in position. These he knotted together, and threw the line to Cleo, who carefully fastened it under Crusoe's arms.

"Keep the boat in front of him so that he won't go under," the stranger called, as, finding a firm grip for his feet, he began to pull steadily.

The rope hurt cruelly, but Crusoe bit his lips and never uttered a sound as the long steady pull hauled him out of the mud. In a moment he was at the bank, where the rescuer laid him in the reeds and hastily unfastened the rope.

"Catch the boat!" again shouted the stranger, as he shot it out once more, and only just in time, for the water had reached Cleo's chin, and the boy was biting his tongue in his endeavour to keep from crying out.

"Now tie this carefully and don't get frightened."

Cleo knotted the rope, and the stranger began to haul slowly and steadily. The line passed over the boat which Cleo held in front of him,

BEFORE THE CREW QUITE REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, THE KEELLESS OLD SKIFF WAS UPSET

and the rescuer pulled with all his might, but without gaining an inch, until at last in sheer desperation the lad groaned, "Please don't! You are cutting me in two."

The stranger paused, and, looking round, an inspiration struck him. He rushed to the *Indomitable* and dragged her on to the bank Hastily emptying her, with a few powerful strokes he was at Cleo's side. Kneeling in the bow, he grasped the boy under the arms and pulled him from side to side

"Press your toes straight down!" he said.

Cleo did so, and immediately felt his legs slipping up through the mud. A minute afterwards he was at the bank

The boys were quite chilled and exhausted Noting the pallor of their faces, the strange ud: "Now, boys, where do you come from?"

Heron Court, Sir Alfred Robinson's," returned Crusoe

'Three miles! Too far!" he muttered as he eyed them keenly. Then suddenly: "Come, boys, look alive! Into this boat with you."

He helped them into his own boat, and taking up the sculls, pulled quickly up the channel, from there he glided into another, and yet another—turning his head from time to time to mark his course through the intricate waterways. At length he pulled under a great tree, the branches of which overhung the water, and jumped ashore. Quickly assisting the benumbed boys out of the boat, he half led, half carried them to a tent which was pitched in the middle of a little island that, surrounded

as it was on all sides by bushes and reeds, was quite invisible from any part of the marshes.

Laying them on the wooden floor in front of a small stove, he tore off the boys' clothes and briskly rubbed their bodies with a coarse towel.

"Drink this," he said.

The boys' eyes watered as they swallowed the raw spirits, but in a few seconds a tingling in their extremities showed the beneficial effects of the brandy. He piled some more wood on the fire, and, throwing a couple of rugs on the floor in front of the stove, wrapped the boys in them.

"Now," he said, "go to sleep," and in two minutes they were slumbering soundly.

CHAPTER II

Cleo opened his eyes and stared blankly at the white roof. He raised his head and looked around. Bows and arrows, fishing-rods, lines and nets, hanging on the walls and fastened to the pole, met his gaze. For a moment he thought he was dreaming. Then he suddenly remembered. "Was it a robber's camp?" he thought, and a delicious thrill of pleasure shot through his veins.

"Feeling better now?" said a cheerful voice at his side.

"Yes, thank you," he replied, looking round to where his questioner was preparing something with a most appetising odour. "But where—what——" and he paused confusedly.

The other's eyes g eamed humorously.

"Where—what?" he repeated with a smile

Crusoe at that moment sat up and rubbed his eyes, looking around him in amazement.

"Why where are we?" he ejaculated.

The stranger laughed outright.

"Well," said he, "you both exhibit a lively curiosity, so I will tell you that you are in a hunter's camp in the middle of Heron Marshes."

The boys gasped in astonishment

"Why," said Crusoe, "I thought the marshes were all boggy, and that there was no solid ground at all."

"There is just this little island, large enough to hold a tent, but, besides myself, you are the only persons who know of it. Now may I ask in my turn—who are you?"

"My name is Crusoe -I mean Ralph Robinson—and this is my school chum, Cleo Harding He is staying with me."

"What were you doing in the marshes?" he asked.

"We came up to fish and to explore the interior," answered Cleo.

"It is surprising that your father allows you to use that crazy old skiff."

"He didn't know," returned Crusoe. "He thought that we would take one of the other boats from the mill, but we wanted a sail. My father," he continued, "likes us to spend all our time in the open air, to make us strong and hardy, and we sleep in a tent in the park; but," regretfully, "he won't let us have any guns, and we have to get our food at home. I call it beastly, don't you? If we had a gun we could shoot enough game to feed us."

"Perhaps," laughed the stranger, "he is thinking of his game?"

"Well," replied Crusoe disgustedly, "I suppose it is partly that, and partly because he is afraid we should have an accident. He says that if we want to kill things we must learn to do it as our ancestors did before gunpowder was invented. But Parker -that's the head keeper -won't show us how to snare or trap, the old beast! By the way!" he continued politely, "may I ask who you are, and what you are doing here? My father does not know that you live in the marshes."

"No!" replied the other, "nor anybody else, and I must put you boys on your honour to keep my secret. You see, I should not be considered a welcome guest by the landowners in this neighbourhood, as I help myself to their game."

"Help yourself to their game!" repeated Cleo wonderingly. "Do you mean you *poach?*"

"Well, I don't express it quite so crudely. I am a believer in the theory that man should hunt for his living and kill his own meat. By the way, your clothes are nearly dry, but you had better remain in *deshabille* until we have had dinner. Try this soup. You need have no scruples about tasting it, as the hare it was made from came out of your father's coverts!"

The boys' eyes opened wide with astonishment, and the stranger laughed as he fixed a gridiron on the stove, on which a fine brown trout was soon frizzling.

"This trout," he continued, "came out of Lord Southbrook's water, and this duck," opening the oven door and showing them the bird beautifully cooked and browned, "was flying over Colonel Colthurst's lake last week"

The boys gazed at him in admiration.

"Did you poa——kill all these yourself?" ejaculated Cleo, his eyes glistening.

"Oh yes! It is very simple when you know how. Now for dinner, and I will tell you my story afterwards. I don't always live

like this, but it is not every day that I am honoured with visitors."

The justice which the boys did to the dinner showed that, whatever might be the ill effects consequent on their wetting, loss of appetite was not one of them.

As he cleared away the plates the stranger said, "How do you manage about your food in the tent?"

"We have to go to the cook every morning," replied Crusoe with a sigh, "and get enough from her to last the day. We do our own cooking in a second tent, but father insists that we must turn up for dinner in the evening. I think it is because he likes to chaff us about not being able to kill anything."

"Don't you catch fish?"

"I caught an eel yesterday," said Cleo, "and we cooked and ate it—but it was not very big. We have caught nothing else. Will you please tell us how you do it, Mr. "

"Leslie," supplied the stranger. "But you must call me Hugh. I can't promise to do as you ask. Sir Alfred may not like it."

"Oh, he would be only too glad!" broke in Crusoe. "He's always telling us that if we study the book of Nature we shall learn how to kill things without a gun."

"Well," said Leslie, "I will tell you my story first, and we will see afterwards if I cannot translate a few pages of the book you mention. First of all I must introduce you to my hunting friend. Hegarty!" he called.

The boys turned to see a rough-coated lurcher standing in the doorway and looking from one to the other with inquiring eyes.

"Hegarty," said Hugh, speaking as if to a person, "these are my friends, Cleo and Crusoe. Come and say 'How d'ye do!'"

The dog looked at its master for a moment with a questioning gaze, and then walked, first to one and then to the other taking a long, comprehensive sniff at each before crossing to Leslie's side

"Take your dinner to your kennel," said his master, motioning towards the bones and remains, which he had placed in a little wooden pail. The animal picked up the receptacle and calmly walked out with it.

"Hegarty wouldn't enjoy his dinner a bit with us looking on," remarked Hugh, "so I always allow him to take it outside."

"He seemed to understand you when you spoke to him," said Crusoe wonderingly.

"Understand me!" repeated the other. "I firmly believe that dog understands every word I say, and although nobody would believe it from his appearance, he has more brains in his ugly head than many a man I know."

"What breed is he?" asked Cleo.

"It would be hard to tell," replied Hugh; "there is a good bit of the greyhound, the terrier, the collie, and the beagle all united in Hegarty. I say 'good' advisedly, because he seems to have inherited the virtues of every strain with the vices of none."

"And what do you use him for?" asked Crusoe

Leslie laughed.

"My dear Crusoe," he responded, "what the gun is to the fowler, what the rod is to the angler, what the horse is to the hunting man—all this and more is his dog to the poacher There are times when fish simply won't be caught, and birds elude all my efforts; then it is that Hegarty shines, and I should have

"A GOOD BIT OF THE GREYHOUND, THE TERRIER, THE COLLIE AND THE BEAGLE"

had many supperless nights but for his exertions. On more than one occasion also, when I thought the coast perfectly clear, he has warned me of the concealed presence of my enemies the keepers."

"Where did you get him?"

"From an old hunting friend of mine who is known by the strikingly descriptive name of Poacher Dick. Hegarty's father was the fleetest greyhound in the north, and his mother the terror of all the gamekeepers in Berwick—but perhaps I had better tell you my story.

"I am an orphan," he commenced, "and the only son of a widow living in a small village just over the Border. From my boyhood upwards—I am twenty-six now, by the way—I have been passionately fond of all kinds of field sports; not so much, mind you, with the desire of killing 'things,' as Crusoe calls them, as of studying the habits of the wild creatures and obtaining an intimate knowledge of their ways.

"To learn this thoroughly one must spend all one's time in the open air, practising every possible device to prevent the creatures from knowing that they are under observation, and lulling the suspicions that are ever present in their timorous minds. Before I was fifteen years old I was able to walk through a wood at the dead of night without rustling a dry leaf, and had acquired the by no means easy art of remaining motionless until the startled hare had resumed its feeding or the frolicsome rabbit continued its play.

"Boys! I have felt a thrill of pride when out of twenty-five cartridges I have seen twenty-four birds lying at my feet. I have experienced the wild excitement of the first few rushes of a thirty-pound salmon at the end of my line, but never have I known anything approaching the exquisite pleasure of still hunting. Never shall I forget the pure joy of the moment when for the first time, in an open field, I suddenly snatched up the cowering hare that remained debating too long in its own mind as to whether the approaching form was an enemy or not—it was a delight that I shall never forget. To pit one's skill and knowledge against the instinct of the wild creatures and come out the victor! That is what I call the acme of sport.

"From boyhood upwards I had entertained ambitions that on attaining my majority I would go for a twelve months' hunting and trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains. In my twentieth year, however, my father was killed in the hunting-field, and over his dead body my mother, who has an exaggerated idea of the dangers of wild life, made me promise to abandon all thoughts of the trip during her life-time, and of course I willingly consented.

"For two years after leaving college I endeavoured to settle down to the humdrum life of a country gentleman. I did not hunt—in deference to my mother's wishes—but I shot and fished, with, however, an ever-increasing dislike for the butchery of modern sport. It is no enjoyment for me to stand beside a covert and slaughter a score of pheasants so tame that they hardly take the trouble to fly, or to crouch at the butts and knock over the birds driven up by an army of beaters.

'As I say, I tried this life for a couple of years. I invited my friends to kill my pheasants, and I killed theirs in return, and generally acted the part of the country squire. But owing, I suppose, to a strain of wildness inherited from some cattle-raiding ancestor, in the end the sameness of the thing disgusted me, and I made a compact with my mother that for a few months every year I must lead the life of a hunter, living on the meat I killed, and measuring my skill against the wariness of the wild.

"Knowing how keenly I felt the loss of the proposed expedition, the dear lady at once consented, on condition that I did not go outside the British Isles; and the next thing was to cast about for a spot in a good game country where I should be secure from prying eyes, and which would afford a safe retreat if I should be pressed too closely by keepers.

"Chance led me to Heron Marshes, where I found all that I desired. Three strictly preserved estates abut on the marshes—your father's, Crusoe, Lord Southbrook's, and Colonel Colthurst's; the island affords a secluded site for my camp, and there are two villages within easy reach where I can obtain the few necessaries I require.

"I do not poach in the ordinary sense of the word—for instance, I never use firearms, as it is my endeavour to live as much as possible the life of the Red Indian who goes to hunt in the morning with the knowledge that whether he will dine or not depends altogether on his own exertions. This is the third season that I have come to Heron Marshes, and in a way I experience almost as much excitement as if I were hunting in the Wild West. The skin hunter there lives by snaring, trapping, and shooting; I also subsist by snaring and trapping, and at times I have to exercise as much ingenuity to keep clear of the keepers as the trapper has to outwit the roving Apache!"

The boys had listened to Hugh's narrative with ears fairly tingling with interest. They

thought of their own futile efforts to provide even one square meal, and yet here, almost within a stone's-throw of Heron Court, was a man living the life which of all others appealed most to their imagination!

"What a splendid time you must have!" said Crusoe, with a sigh of envy, as he looked round the tent, eagerly noting the implements of the chase.

"Yes, it is a fine life," replied Leslie, "and helps to build up one's constitution and character in an astonishing degree. The open air life and the wholesome food build up the body, whilst the constant necessity for keen observation, the fact that one must seize an opportunity at just the proper moment, and the knowledge that success or failure is altogether dependent on one's own efforts, tend in a great measure towards establishing a manly and independent character."

"How we should like to live with you for a couple of weeks to learn how to snare and trap!" said Cleo.

"I wish you could, but there is no chance of that," replied Hugh. "I hope to visit these marshes again; but if people were to know that I come here, I am afraid that I should be under the necessity of finding another hunting-[illegible] live in a tent and have only to turn up to dinner?"

"Yes," responded the boys simultaneously.

"And I suppose there would be no objection to your getting up early in the morning?"

"Oh no!" replied Crusoe. "In fact, father tells us that if we wish to become good hunters we must be up with the light. We have tried it several times, but the birds and things are quite as wild then as at midday."

Leslie laughed.

"Well," said he, "if you will be at the scene of your disaster at four o'clock to-morrow morning, I will show you how I keep my larder [illegible] however: you must use a safer boat, and there is to be no more sailing."

The boys promised readily, and as the evening was drawing in, Hugh said: "It is time for you to think of getting back to dinner. I will row you as far as your old death trap."

"Please, Mr. Les—Hugh, I mean," said Crusoe, "is there any chance that you could do some trapping on the way back? We should so like to see how things are caught."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was going to examine some duck traps when I heard your [illegible] for help."

[illegible]

"Do you mean to say that you catch ducks in traps?"

"Yes; we will look at them on the way down."

Taking a short stick in his hand, Hugh led the way to the boat. Hegarty followed and lay down in the bow, and very soon they were proceeding towards the scene of the accident.

Turning into one of the side channels, Leslie paused for a moment to say: "Now, boys, the first lesson the successful poacher has to learn is the art of remaining perfectly still. Wild life detests movement, and this applies no less to fish than to game, so when you see me sign to you, don't move a muscle."

He allowed the boat to drift slowly in the lazy current, and taking up the stick that he had brought from the camp, he attached to it a short line, to which in its turn was fastened a large hook, the boys following every movement with eager eyes. Motioning them to remain perfectly still, he dropped the hook into the water and peered over the gunwale. In a few moments he jerked it up sharply and hauled in a fine roach which the barb had pierced through the side.

"Well!" gasped Crusoe. "I never saw a fish caught with an unbaited hook before. How did you do it?"

"Like most things" returned Hugh, "it is very simple when you know the way. You know that roach swim in shoals?" The boys nodded. "Well, all you have to do is to drop the hook and allow it to float, as if carried by the current, under the biggest one you can see. Then suddenly snatch it up, and you have hooked your fish, though hardly in the orthodox manner. You can catch trout, pike, and perch in the same way; and although an angler would probably condemn it as unsportsmanlike, I can tell you it is a very useful accomplishment when the larder is empty. Now," he continued, "I will give you a lesson in the art of observation. Can you notice anything out of the common between here and the bend?" And he pointed to where the channel twisted, fifty yards ahead.

The boys looked eagerly, scanning every inch of the water and the reeds that clothed the sides, but were at length forced to admit that they could see nothing strange. Hugh smiled.

"Look carefully at that withy," he said, motioning towards a long willow bough that overhung the water. The two looked, but could see nothing peculiar in the fact of a willow tree growing on the bank.

"Notice anything?" asked Leslie. They shook their heads.

"Well," he continued, "don't you see how

the bough is moving, and yet there is not sufficient wind to shake even that feathery reed," as he indicated a single reed that overtopped

"Pull up the line," said Hugh

Crusoe obeyed, and nearly fell over the bows in his surprise when a remarkably fine trout

A REMARKABLY FINE TROUT APPEARED ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

its fellows by six inches. Something must cause it to move."

He rowed to the withy, and when they got close the boys saw a fine line extending from the top of the branch to the water. As they looked, the line was suddenly jerked, and the bough was swayed as it blown by the breeze

appeared on the surface of the water. Cleo put his hands under the catch, and in a moment it was gasping at the bottom of the boat.

"That is a particularly effective trick," remarked Hugh as he bent to the oars. "I put a minnow on the hook this morning, and

this trout is the result. With an ordinary night line one has to use such thick tackle that it scares everything except a hungry jack, whereas by attaching the line to a phant bough, fine gut can be used, because withy plays the fish like a fly rod. I have seen fish caught in the same way in still water with lines attached to empty champagne bottles, but these are useless in a current, because they float away, and you lose both your lines and your fish. Another variation of the same trick is to get a wide board, and after attaching half a dozen lines round the edges, allow it to float with the current. It is not particularly sportsmanlike, but it will fill your basket."

He rowed for a few hundred yards, and then pointed to the edge of the reed bed. The boys looked round and saw a wild duck feeding, as ducks have the habit of doing, with its tail sticking straight up in the air. It did not move, however, as the boat approached, and Hugh took it in his hand. Then the boys noticed that it was caught by the neck in a trap The trap, which was simply an enlarged form of the ordinary mouse-trap in which a wire spring is held down until the plate is touched, was weighted so that it floated a couple of inches below the surface.

"This, I believe," said Hugh, "was primarily intended for rats, but I find it exceedingly useful for duck and waterfowl, and have even caught fish in it."

"But why do you set it under water?" asked Cleo

"That is in case it does not kill immediately. Being held underneath, it quickly drowns the bird and so saves it perhaps hours of torture."

They found the old *Indomitable* half full of water, but she was quickly emptied, and after thanking Leslie for the instructive lessons he had given them, the boys rowed home well pleased with the day, which, although it began with a disaster, had led to the acquaintance of one who could satisfy their keen desire to study the book of Nature, and to outwit the instincts of the fishes and the birds.

"Do you think we shall wake in time?" asked Cleo, as he rolled himself in his blankets.

"Wake in time!" repeated Crusoe disdainfully. "I am so excited that I don't think I shall be able to sleep. Anyway, to make sure I borrowed the cook's alarum clock!"

(To be continued.)

SNOWDONIA IN A MIST

I HAVE been up Snowdon several times, but one night in particular is always memorable. It was September, the best time for making ascents, and it was a grand moonlight night. At about eleven o'clock I set out with my father to make the climb. We started from the Llanberis side. When about half a mile up the mountain-side we paused to rest, and gazed at the view behind. It was a grand moonlight panorama. Far below, the two lakes of Llanberis glistened like two sheets of glass; on our left the vast slate quarries frowned in silent majesty. We could not have chosen a more exquisite night. But stay! Far up above, in front, a white canopy was gradually spreading down the mountain-side to meet us. The moon now deserted us, and in a few minutes we were engulfed in a thick shroud of mist

As we trudged along I must own that never before did I feel so "funky" as then. The mist wrapped all in weird gloom. Shadows and huge forms darted up before us like ghostly giants, and this made us shudder. Worst of all, the mist was now so thick that every ledge or step of ground seemed to be a precipice! As the path was not well known to us, we eventually followed the railway.

This really made things worse, for we now reached a stretch of ground where the rails skirt the very edge of a vast precipice. To add to our difficulties, a strong wind now set up, and we had to battle hard lest we should be swept over the brink. How silent everything was! Not a sound but the creep, creep of the ghostly mist around. Far away on our right we heard a dull roar it was that of a distant train. The mist had now thoroughly soaked our clothes, and was freezing on our coats

At last we reached the summit hotel. It was nearly 3 A.M. now, and we started knocking up the hotel people. We were disappointed, however. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere. Having scribbled our names on the walls, we started disconsolately on our downward journey. The mist had robbed us of all the view, but when half way down we were rewarded, for it suddenly lifted, like the curtain in a theatre. There before us stretched "Gwalia wyllt" in all its glory! But we had been denied *the* great sight seeing the rising of the sun—from the summit of Snowdon

We reached Llanberis, weary and wet, between six and seven. A good breakfast, together with the fact that we had been to "ben y wyddfa" (and that in a mist!), helped to cheer us up.

TREVOR GWYNANT PARRY.

THE STAMPS OF PORTUGAL

The History of Portugal

DOM CARLOS

THE assassination of the King and the [illegible] emissaries, on Saturday, February 1, 1908, and the consequent impending change of portraits from the murdered king to the new king, Manuel, will serve to remind stamp collectors of the close association that exists between their hobby and great crises in the history of nations. In the case of Portugal the history of the succession of its rulers during the last fifty years is definitely and clearly written on its postal issues

It is true that Portugal now ranks as of minor importance in the grouping of the Great Powers of Europe, but time was when it led the way in great enterprises as a first-class maritime power.

As a kingdom its history dates from the thirteenth century, when Alfonso I., the first Portuguese king, founded a new dynasty, and, after a long reign, bequeathed to those who succeeded him a young nation, full of promise, internally and externally secure in its independence.

From 1383 to 1581 is known as the period of glory and discovery. It was then that Prince Henry, known as "the navigator," the younger son of John I. by an English mother, sent his sailors on voyages of discovery. Of him it is said that "to his enlightened foresight and perseverance the human race is indebted for the maritime discovery, within one century, of more than half the globe." In 1486 Bartholomew Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope; in 1497, Vasco da Gama discovered the passage to India; in 1500, Cabral discovered Brazil; and in 1520, Magalhaens passed the Straits bearing his name and entered the ocean beyond, which he named the Pacific

In 1580, as the result of complications as to the succession, Portugal was seized by Philip II. of Spain, who ruled as Philip I. of Portugal, but in 1640 the Portuguese regained their independence and placed John, Duke of Braganza, on the throne. The Spaniards and French invaded the country in 1762, but they were driven out with the help of the English. In 1807 France and Spain entered into a treaty for the partition of Portugal; the result was the Peninsular War, and Wellington being victorious, the country was once more saved from foreign domination. Brazil, which had been colonised by Portugal, was in 1815 united to that country, and for some time the court of Portugal, which had fled before the Spanish invasion, was resident in Brazil. Civil discord and military insurrections from 1815 for over thirty years reduced the country to such a state that eventually England, France, and Spain combined in 1847 to restore order Peace was established, but the once widespread

colonial empire of Portugal has dwindled to a few scattered settlements, its maritime glory is no more, and its finances are on the verge of bankruptcy. Senhor Franco, a wealthy patriot, clothed with the powers of a Dictator, has been endeavouring to bring order out of chaos, but a jealous and impatient people resented the loss of their constitutional privileges, and the wild emissaries of disorder have murdered King Carlos and the Crown Prince, and have compelled the Dictator to fly for his life into exile.

Whether the restoration of constitutional privileges, under a boy king, at the mandate of a murderous gang, will bring peace and prosperity to a troubled country, remains an anxious problem for the future.

Its Philatelic History.

Commencing with the portrait of Queen Maria on the first postage stamps issued in 1853, the stamps of Portugal have ever since borne, as the central portion of their design, the portrait of the reigning sovereign. Queen Maria, who ascended the throne in 1834, after a civil war waged to secure her succession, appeared on the first issue in profile to the left. On her death at Lisbon, in 1853, she was succeeded by her eldest son, Pedro V., under the regency of his father. His portrait appears in profile to right on a series issued in 1855. He died suddenly in 1861, and was succeeded by his brother Luiz, who reigned till 1889. His portrait appeared with profile to left in a series of stamps issued in 1862 a later portrait in 1885, still in profile to left, and a three-quarter face in 1882. In 1889 King Luiz was succeeded by his son Carlos, the recently murdered king. The portrait of King Carlos did not appear on the postage stamps till 1892.

The early profile portraits are probably not very striking presentments, but the later portraits of King Luiz and King Carlos are more true to life. In the early days of postage-stamp portraiture the features were idealised by the artist, or, as the result of inartistic work, were frequently caricatured. Still, when all deduction has been made, there is enough left in the outline to give us at least a rough idea of the personality of the sovereign depicted. The elderly face of Queen Maria, the boyish face of Pedro V., the portraits from youth to middle age and later life of King Luiz, and the jovial face of the late King Carlos, are all made familiar to the stamp collector in the Portuguese pages of his album.

The stamps of Portugal are full of minor varieties for the specialist, but they also offer an excellent field for the general collector for whom we cater in the pages of THE CAPTAIN.

The currency of the country is in reis, 1000 of which are equal to about 4*s.* 3*d.* Fifty reis has been adopted as the nearest equivalent to the Postal Union rate of 2½*d*.

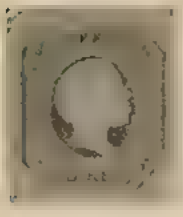
1853.—Four values. Design: head of Queen Maria in profile to left, enclosed in a circle. The head on each value differs in detail, and the framework of the design differs for each value. Maria da Gloria was the daughter of Dom Pedro IV. Events placed the thrones of Portugal and Brazil at the disposal of Dom Pedro. Preferring to remain in Brazil, he abdicated the Portuguese throne in favour of his daughter Maria da Gloria, then only seven years of age. She was for a time displaced by the intrigues of her uncle Miguel, who proclaimed himself king, but she was eventually restored to the throne in 1833 and reigned through troublous times until 1853, when she died at the early age of thirty-five.

The stamps were designed and the dies engraved at Lisbon by Francesco de Borges Frere, whose initials, F.B.F., figure in relief on the base of the bust. They were printed by the embossing process at the Mint at Lisbon in sheets of twenty-four stamps in six rows of four, and were issued imperforate.

Imperf

	Unused	Used
5 reis, brown	½	½
25 reis, blue	4	4
50 reis, green	12	5
100 reis, lilac	4	4

1855. Four values. Design: head of King Pedro V. in profile to right, enclosed in the same designs as in the previous issue.



Pedro V. came to the throne, after a regency of two years, at the age of sixteen, in 1855, on the death of his mother, Queen Maria. Of him a Portuguese writer says: "Dom Pedro V., although only sixteen, showed as soon as he ascended the throne a subtlety of spirit, a greatness of soul, and so precocious an intelligence that his people augured the most happy destiny for the country, and in its joy gave him the surname of 'El Esperanzo,' their hopes of him being so great. To him the old scheme of uniting Spain and Portugal was submitted, but he replied: "They think to flatter my ambition, and believe that I shall favour them; they are mistaken. Besides the reasons of propriety, policy, and honour which should restrain me, there are considerations which I must not forget yes, I -if others do forget them. They do not reflect that if the house of Braganza mounts the throne of the Peninsula, Portugal would be nothing but a Spanish province, and that our nationality would be absorbed. But I, who am the first of the Portuguese, the first citizen of a country which occupies an honourable place in the history of humanity I should be a faithless vicar if I favoured such a project. These people are even our great enemies, for they prevent many useful enactments which might be for the common good of the two peoples for example, the development of international communication, progress in the material interests of the countries, and the unity of weight measures, money, and customs regulations."

Pedro V. occupied the throne from 1855 till 1861, when he fell a heroic victim to a terrible visitation of cholera, refusing to leave his stricken capital.

The head of the new stamps was engraved as before by F. de Borges, and his initials again appear on the bust. The stamps were printed by embossing as before at the mint at Lisbon and were issued imperforate.

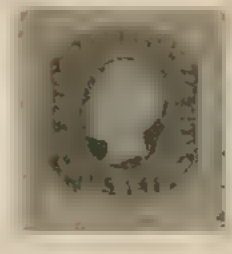
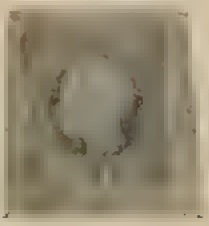
Imperf.

5 reis
25
50 reis green
100 reis, lilac

1862 4. Five values. Design: head of King Luiz in profile to left, enclosed in similar designs to the two previous issues, but with a new design for the added value of 10 reis.

Dom Luiz succeeded to the throne on the death of his brother Pedro V., and in the following year married Princess Maria Pia, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. His reign lasted from 1861 to 1889, and was marked by many social reforms and an absence of civil discords. The old right of primogeniture was abolished and also the hereditary character of the second chamber. Capital punishment was done away with, and slavery was abolished in every Portuguese colony. The country was opened up with new roads and the construction of aqueducts, towns were provided with schools, hospitals, and model dwellings, and peace reigned without. In 1889 King Luiz died of typhoid fever at the age of fifty one

The stamps were embossed as before, and were issued imperforate. The colour of the reis was changed from blue to rose

Imperf

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 reis, brown	4 0	0 3
20 reis, yellow	4 0	3 0
50 reis, green	25 0	0 4
100 reis, lilac	15 0	5 6

1863. Eight values. Design: the head of King Luiz in profile to left, enclosed in an oval with a new framework design common to all values. This design was engraved by C. Weiner, of Brussels, who placed his initials under the bust. The value is in a curved label top and bottom. The stamps were printed by the embossing process at the Mint at Lisbon in sheets of twenty-eight stamps in seven rows of four. They were issued imperforate.

Imperf

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 reis, black	4 6	1 6
10 reis, yellow	7 0	7 6
25 reis, rose	7 0	0 3
50 reis, green	30 0	7 6
80 reis, orange	20 0	5 0
100 reis, lilac	20 0	4 6
120 reis, blue	18 0	4 0

1867-70. Nine values. Design as in last issue. A new high value of 240 reis was added, and the stamps were perforated 12½.

Perf. 12½

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 reis, black	5	
10 reis, yellow	20	
20 reis, bistre	20	
25 reis, rose	4	
100 reis, lilac	24 0	
120 reis, blue	30 0	1 0
240 reis, mauve	40 0	12

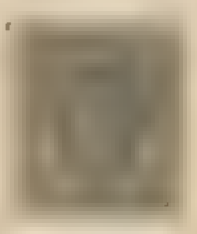
1870-80. Thirteen values. Design: a modification of that of the previous issue. The design engraved by C. Weiner was not deemed satisfactory, and was redrawn by Sr. Campos, of Lisbon, but when finished was practically a copy of its predecessor. The tablet containing the value finished with straight ends instead of curved, and the side inscriptions were in slightly larger letters. The stamps were printed at the Mint in the same size sheets as before. The new values in this series are the 15r., 150r., 300r., and 1000r.

Several changes of colour were made. The 10 reis, first issued in yellow, was changed in 1879 to green; the 50 reis was changed from green to blue in 1879, and the 150 reis from blue to yellow in 1880. The stamps were perforated.

Various Perforations.

	Unused s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 reis, black	0 3	0 4
10 reis, yellow	1 6	1 0
10 reis, green	0 6	0 4
15 reis, brown	0 9	0 3
20 reis, bistre	1 0	0 3
25 reis, rose	0 4	0 1
50 reis, green	2 0	0 5
50 reis, blue	10 0	1 9
80 reis, orange	2 0	0 2
100 reis, lilac	1 6	0 1
120 reis, blue	8 0	1 6
150 reis, blue	10 0	5 0
150 reis, yellow	3 6	0 1
240 reis, mauve	35 0	16 0
300 reis, black	7 6	3 0

1880. Three values. Design: an older portrait of King Luiz in profile to left, age about



forty-two. In response to a demand for a cheaper method of producing stamps, a new design was adopted. The first experiment was made with what is termed the classic bust. This was used for a 25 reis value, but did not give satisfaction. Then the portrait was presented in ordinary dress, and this was adopted for the series. The stamps were inscribed "Portugal Continente," and were perforated

Perf.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
5 reis, black	0 4	0 1
10 reis, yellow	0 3	0 1
50 reis, blue	2 0	0 9

1882 5.—Three values. Design: head of King Luiz with three-quarter face to right. The framework varied for each value, and the stamps were inscribed with the name "Portugal" and the words "Correios" and "Telegraphos," indicating that they were available for postal and telegraph use. Perf.

Perf.	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 reis, black	3 0	0 6
25 reis, brown	0 9	0 2
50 reis, blue	0 9	0 3

1884-7.—Four values. Design: the same three-quarter face portrait to right as in the last issue, but in different framework, all still inscribed "Correios" and "Telegraphos" except the 20 reis, which bears only the name "Portugal" and the value expressed in words "Vinte Reis." Perforated. The 500 reis, first issued in black in 1884, was in 1887 changed to violet

Perf

10 reis, green	
20 reis, rosine	
25 reis, brown	
500 reis, black	
500 reis, violet	

1892.—Twelve values. Design: head of Dom Carlos, with three-quarter face to left, enclosed in an upright oval within a rectangular frame inscribed with the value at the top, "Continente" at the bottom, "Correios" on the left, and "Portugal" on the right. The same design for all values. Perforated

Perf

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 reis, buff	0	0 1
10 reis, mauve	0 9	0 1
15 reis, brown	0	0 2
20 reis, blue	0 9	0 1
25 reis, green	1 0	0 1
50 reis, blue	1 6	0 1
75 reis, carmine	2 6	0 1
80 reis, green	2 0	0 6
100 reis, brown on buff	2 6	0 6
150 reis, carmine on rose	7 6	0 6
200 reis, blue on blue	7 6	1 0
300 reis, blue on brown	4 6	2 6

1893.—*Provisionals.* Designs: several values surcharged in various ways. A ministerial order of May 7, 1892, announced that the old stamps remaining in stock would be used up as stamps of 2½ reis by surcharging them with that value, but before the order was executed "it seems to have struck the authorities," says Westoby, "that it would be more profitable not to lower the values to a uniform one of 2½ reis, but to make some addition to the design which would render them acceptable to collectors." Thence followed a considerable flood of provisionals, all, without doubt, designed to fleece stamp collectors for revenue purposes.

Overprinted "Provisorio" horizontally.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 reis, grey of 1882	0 2	0 1
10 reis, green	0 2	0 1

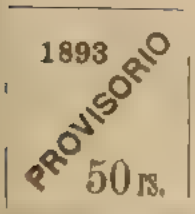
Various types.

Overprinted "Provisorio" diagonally.

	Unused	Used
	s. d	s. d
5 reis, grey	0 1	
10 reis, green	0 2	1
15 reis, brown	0 4	
20 reis, carmine	0 2	0
25 reis, lilac	0 2	0 1
50 reis, blue	0 9	
80 reis, yellow	0 9	1 0

Overprinted "Provisorio 1893."

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
5 reis, grey	0 2	0 2
10 reis, green	0 4	0 4
20 reis, carmine	0 3	0 4½
25 reis, mauve	0 4	0 6½
50 reis, blue	0 6	0 8
80 reis, yellow	2 6	2 6



Surcharged "Provisorio 1893" and value.

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
50 r. on 25 r. mauve	. .	. 6
50 r. on 80 r. yellow		0
75 r. on 80 r. "		0

1894.—Thirteen values. Designs: various commemorative of Prince Henry the navigator.

Prince Henry in his ship

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
5 reis, orange	0 1	0 1
10 reis, [illegible]	0 0	0 1
[illegible]		
[illegible]	0 6	0 6

Departure from Sagres, his home, on first voyage.

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
25 reis, green	0 4	0 4
50 reis, blue	0 8	0 8
75 reis, carmine	2 6	1 6
80 reis, green	2 0	2 0
100 reis, brown on buff	2 0	1 6

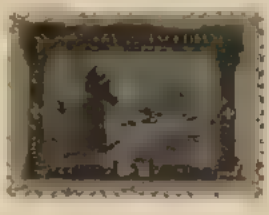
Symbolical of Prince Henry's Studies

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s.
150 reis, rose red	3 6	3 0
300 reis, blue on buff	4 0	3 6
500 reis, mauve on bluish	7 6	7 6
1000 reis, black on buff	8 6	8 0

1895.—Fifteen values. Designs various, commemorative of St. Anthony of Padua, a mere excuse for another commemorative series for fleecing stamp collectors for revenue purposes. Perf.

St. Anthony's vision.

St. Anthony preaching to the fishes



	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
2½ reis, black	0 3	0 1
5 reis, orange	0 4	0 1
10 reis, magenta	1 6	0 1
15 reis, brown	2 6	1 0
20 reis, lavender	3 6	0 1
25 reis, purple and green	1 0	0 1

St. Anthony ascending to heaven.

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
50 reis, brown and blue	2 6	2 6
75 reis, " rose	4 0	4 0
80 reis, " green	6 0	6 0
100 reis, black and chocolate	4 0	4 0
150 reis, rose and brown	8 0	8 0
200 reis, blue "	12 0	12 0
300 reis, slate "	25 0	12 0

Painting of St. Anthony

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
500 reis, brown and green	15 0	15 0
1000 reis, purple "	20 0	20 0

1895 9.—Eighteen values. Design: a three-quarter-face portrait of King Carlos to left enclosed in a large circle, with tablet containing numeral of value underneath. One design common to all values, the higher values being printed on coloured papers. Perforated.

[illegible]

	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]	1		
[illegible]	0	1		1
[illegible]	0			
[illegible]	0		[illegible]	1
[illegible]	0			1
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	0	[illegible]
[illegible]	0	[illegible]	[illegible]	1
[illegible]	0			
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	1
75 reis, brown on carmine	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
80 reis, mauve	0		[illegible]	
100 reis, blue on blue				1
115 reis, red-brown on [illegible]	1		[illegible]	
130 reis, brown on cre[illegible]	1	[illegible]	[illegible]	
150 reis, brown on buff	1	[illegible]		
180 reis, grey on rose	1			
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]	
[illegible]				[illegible]
[illegible]				[illegible]

1898.—Eight values. Designs: various, in celebration of the discoveries of Vasco da Gama. [illegible] raising money. Perforated.

Departure of F[illegible]

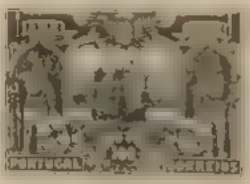
Arrival at Calicut

Embarcation at Rastells.

[illegible]

Da Gama and Camoens

Adamastor



Flagship "San Gabriel"

Vasco da Gama.

Perf

	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
25 reis		[illegible]
5[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
75 reis [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
100 reis, bistre-brown	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] reis, yellow brown	[illegible]	[illegible]

[We are greatly indebted to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for generously placing their fine stock of the [illegible] of Portugal [illegible] tration of this article.]

A BALLAD OF THE CHASE

BY REGINALD RIGBY

JOHN JENKINSON MIME,
A clever engineer,
Was given to inventing things
Quaint, cumbersome and queer

Said he, "I've made all sorts of things
That run and fly with speed;
Boats, airships, motor cars, balloons –
Why not a motor steed?

"I'm fond of hunting, why not try
A hunter made of steel,
To go the pace and lead the chase
And quite outdo John Peel"?

A man of action, he at once
Began to draw his plans
Ingenious, and quite unlike
To any other man's

And when complete he set to work
With implements to mould
This horse of super-equine speed
But easily controlled

The body and the legs were steel,
The head was carved in wood,
The knees and hocks were capped with springs
On rubber hoofs it stood

It took him months to finish it
But finish it he did;
When quite complete it kept its feet
And didn't often skid.

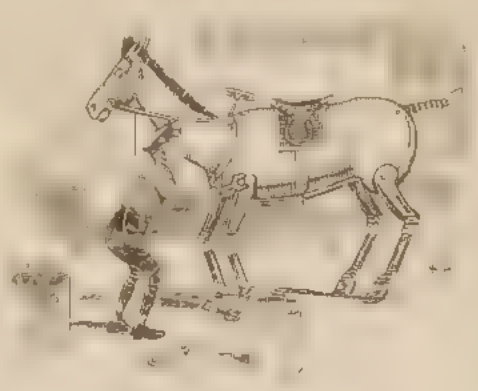
Encased in skins, stitched firmly on
It looked a sorry hack;
Ewe-necked and spavined, much more fit
To feed, not lead, a pack

But deep within its "innards" lay
A motor engine strong;
When ready for its trial, J.
Said, "Now we shan't — — !"

He took it to a lonely spot,
And did a record mile
He came back with a broken arm,
Torn trousers and a smile

When convalescent, full of hope,
More trials he essayed.
Broke each and every limb in turn
But splendid progress made

And perseverance always brings
Its own reward at length;
John Jenkinson was not the man
To underrate his strength



IT TOOK HIM MONTHS TO FINISH IT

Said he "I'll learn to ride that horse,
Though difficult to steer;
I know now when I tumble off
It's when I change the gear.'

He made improvements here and there
Attained a perfect "seat
And when his *joints* were strong again
Was ready for the "*meet*

One day a southern breeze had thawed
The "bone" from out the ground
Said John, "This is the day for me,'
And had his steed brought round.

AND WITH THREE BOUNDS WAS PAST THE HOUNDS

In spite of rubber hoofs and springs
And lubricated parts,
When Jenkinson "threw in the clutch,"
It moved by fits and starts.

But once the engines set to work,
The action smoother got,
And John tried all the different speeds, –
Walk, gallop, canter, trot.

He hacked to cover (second speed),
The ground was not too hard,
Just right; and John's good spirits rose
With each succeeding yard.

Though MOTOROS (its name was not
A pleasant horse to ride
Its ewe-neck bobbed, the engines throbbed
Quite audibly inside

Arrived at last at covertside
With hounds about to draw,
John heard such *sotto voce* words
As "Ewe necked," "Cow-hocked," "Raw!"

"You wait a bit," thought Jenkinson
'Your mirth were best concealed'
And pulled up sharp, with lever reins
To windward of the "field.'

The "horse" was fresh, yet the "exhaust'
Was puffing from its mouth;
And thus a petrol-laden breeze
Was wafted from the south.

"The wind is strong to-day," said one,
"But thawing, I suppose."
"Yes, scent will lie," said some one else
With fingers to his nose

Just then was borne across the wood
The music of the pack;
A fox broke cover, and the hounds
Were soon upon his track.

Yoicks! tally ho! and "Gone away!"
And all the sounds of chase
Rejoiced the ear, as all set off
As hard as they could race.

The pace grew hot, but not too hot
For John on MOTOROS,
It made the "road division" sigh,
The "thrusters" very cross.

To see the way he set the pace
Upon his noisy steed:
At fence or ditch, no matter which,
He gave them all a lead.

He caught the huntsman and the "whips,"
Went through them with a rush;
And with three bounds was past the hounds
And close on Reynard's brush.

Another moment and he passed
The object of the chase,
But turning, saw the M F H.
With very purple face.

He turned good Motoros's head
He'd turned the fox's too
By [illegible]
A shocking thing to do.

And when the M[illegible]
The foremost two or three,
Had caught him up, his language was
Distinctly frank and free.

"Go home, you several kinds of ass,
Or I'll withdraw the pack;
I [illegible] not
The Brooklands motor track."

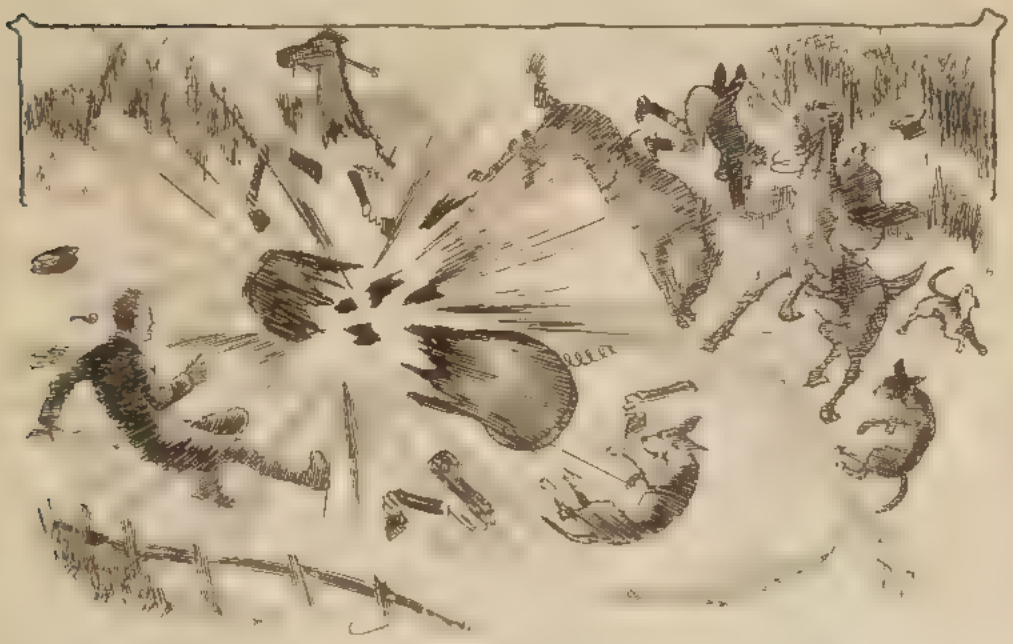
[illegible]
But clambered from his steed
To stretch his legs and then he struck
A match to light his "weed."

Oh [illegible] why [illegible]
On Motoros's skin;
And set a bad example to
The petrol tank within?

* * * * *

Poor Motoros! he's "dead," alas!
A scrap-heap grave has he—
But [illegible] shap[illegible]
May I be there to see.

Reginald Rigby



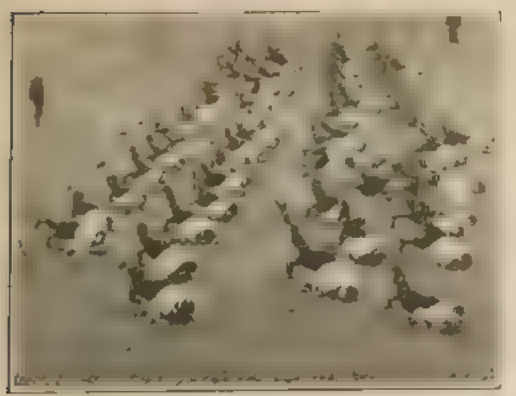
OH FATAL SPARK WHY DID ST THOU FALL
ON MOTOROS'S SKIN

Swedish Drill in the Navy.

A SECTION STANDING AT ATTENTION WHILE INSTRUCTORS EXPLAIN THE MOVEMENTS

Some exercises, performed at White Island by bluejackets attached to H.M.S. "Excellent," in the new Swedish drill recently introduced into the British Navy

BALANCE EXERCISE; WING HALF-STANDING.



Natural History as a Profession.—K. Dunbar (Downpatrick) writes to the O. F for advice on the choice of a career. He has a strong desire to have something to do with natural history, and wants information as to obtaining "some post of that nature." The O. F. refers the matter to me, as I have had to answer several questions of the same kind. I am afraid that unless K D goes through a course of science and qualifies as a science teacher there are very few openings that he could try. Some of those who pass Civil Service exams. get appointments in our national museums, but I believe personal influence with the trustees is necessary, as well as passing the exams., as these posts are greatly sought after. Most persons take up natural history studies as hobbies, and a few whose work gets known may have appointments offered to them or may make a career for themselves by lecturing, writing, &c., but, apart from teaching and curatorship, I think few take up the study in their youth as a means of livelihood.

Canary.—Stanley Mackellar (Glasgow) writes concerning his canary, which is "as round as a ball and far bigger than an ordinary canary." This is, in all probability, due to improper food. The bought mixture of seeds no doubt includes hemp, which is too fattening and too heating for it. Universal mixtures should not be used, as they cannot be suitable for all kinds of birds. It is just as easy to buy appropriate seeds separately, at the corn-chandler's, and mix them oneself in proper proportion. My correspondent should do away with the packet-mixture and substitute the following: Canary seed, two quarts; German rape, one pint; flax, half-pint. Whatever quantities he may buy, let the seeds be mixed in this proportion, and his birds will do well. S. M.'s question, At what age should a canary begin to sing? is not easily answered definitely, because there may be differences of opinion as to when its efforts are entitled to be called a song. But the cocks begin to chirrup when only a few weeks old, and are real singers within six months.

Mole-Skins.—R. T. Heward (East Grinstead) asks how mole-skins may be preserved until he has obtained sufficient to have cured properly. He should clean off all remains of flesh, fat, blood, &c., and rub the skins well with preservative soap, first stretching and pinning the skin, fur downwards, to a piece of board. The preservative soap may be obtained in shilling tins from Watkins and Doncaster, or my correspondent could prepare some from the following recipe: take of finely powdered whiting two parts, of burnt alum and soap each one part. Add sufficient water to mix thoroughly into a stiff paste in a discarded saucepan. Stir continuously over a slow fire until the ingredients are completely united, then allow to cool. Before quite cold add one part of naphthaline crystals or powder, and stir well. Keep in bottle tightly corked or stoppered. On the whole, it is simpler to buy the soap ready made.

Newts.—K. Spooner (Hednesford) wishes to know at what time of the year newts may be caught, and whether they should be kept in a vivarium or an aquarium, and other points in relation to them, which will appear in my answers. Newts may be found throughout the spring and summer, but they can be most easily procured in the spring, as they then seek the ponds in order to lay their eggs among the water-weeds. Their eggs are laid singly, and each one is partially wrapped up in a leaf to protect it. Newts live upon all kinds of small living creatures, and they may be fed upon small worms. The Smooth Newt is the most common species, but the Great Warty Newt is by no means uncommon. They should be kept in a vivarium, but a basin of water should be provided with easy means of getting in and out of it when they are "so disposed." Captive minnows may be fed on blood-worms, gentles, and so-called ants' eggs—which are really ant-pupæ.

An Elephant's Gait?—C. C. Miles (Hampstead) wants to know how an elephant gallops

whether he brings all his feet together like a buck-jumping horse, or takes strides with the right and left limbs alternately. I have not had the advantage of seeing the wild elephant on his native heath, and I have no elephants among my pets at present that I could goad into violent exercise. My studies of elephants have been made chiefly on the placid individuals in the Zoo; but I believe that when the elephant is in a hurry he merely accelerates his normal pace and moves the right forefoot and the left hind foot, then the left forefoot and the right hind foot, and so on, alternately. It would be rather alarming, I fear, if he moved in the manner depicted in my correspondent's first sketch, which seems more suitable for a nimble creature like the chamois than for so ponderous a beast as the elephant.

Names of Pupæ. A. G. West (Highgate) sends me rough sketches of a couple of chrysalides, found in Kent in October last, of which he would like to know the names. I am afraid that is impossible with the imperfect material my correspondent sends me, for in outline the pupæ of many species are so alike. One was black and found at the roots of a currant bush,

CHRYSALIS OF EYED HAWK MOTH, NATURAL SIZE

but there are no further details as to size, whether with or without a cocoon. I cannot venture on an opinion respecting this, because many caterpillars that feed on low herbage might select such a spot for pupation. The second example, which A. G. W. thinks may be that of the Privet Hawk, is brown, about an inch and three-quarters long, and was found at the roots of an apple tree. This is clearly one of the Hawk-moths, and is more likely to be of the Eyed Hawk than the Privet Hawk, as apple is one of the Eyed-Hawk's food plants. However, if he keeps it alive till June the moth will emerge, and there will be no question as to its identity. In the meantime he might compare it with our illustration of the Eyed Hawk pupa.

Tree Fungus.—The fungus observed by B. Robinson growing from a decaying ash-tree was, no doubt, the Razor-strop fungus or Dryad's Saddle (*Polyporus squamosus*). He describes it as nearly circular, with a yellowish upper

DRYAD'S SADDLE

surface almost covered with scales of a brown colour, and tough and leathery. It was about six inches across its longest diameter, which he thinks must be a large size; but this is not so. This fungus sometimes attains large proportions, one being on record that was seven feet in circumference and weighed over forty pounds. It is not a poisonous species, but it is far too tough to be eaten, unless it is partaken of when in a very young state. Cut into long strips after drying, it is said to make a splendid razor-strop. B. R. will probably find it growing from the same tree year after year.

Natural History Books. Stella Dickson (Hampstead) writes in a delightful manner to the O. F., and I am sure he must have regretted having to hand her letter over to one of his juniors to deal with. S. D., like a recent correspondent, wants a special natural history book, dealing with the several subjects in which she is particularly interested, *i.e.*, butterflies, beetles, eggs and shells, with instructions for finding and preserving them, and plates for identifying the specimens. She is not altogether unreasonable, for she adds, "I daresay such a book does not exist, as it must not be too expensive." She is right: the book she needs does not exist. My advice is to get a book dealing adequately with one only of these subjects, and procure the others one at a time, as her pocket-money will permit. Here are the best suggestions I can make for reliable books at reasonable prices: South's "Butterflies of the British Isles" (F. Warne and Co., 6s.); Hoffman's "Beetle Collector's Hand-

book" (Sonnenschein, 4*s.* 6*d.*); Kearton's "Birds' Nests, Eggs, and Egg Collecting" (Cassell, 5*s.*); Step's "Shell Life" (Warne and Co., 6*s.*).—S. D. also writes about her terrier, which has been moulting for an unreasonable time. The account she gives of the dog and its treatment appears to me to be satisfactory, apart from the shedding of hair, but this—unless it leaves bare places—is probably only an extension of the ordinary seasonal moult. If there is baldness, it points to something wrong in the dog's health, in which case a vet. should be consulted

Dormice.—W. Walker (Bromley, Kent) is going to keep Dormice. He has looked up back numbers of THE CAPTAIN, but failed to find the answers he needs. They are there, all the same. All the questions he asks have been answered in reply to other readers. Dormice are not very interesting as pets, owing to their habit of sleeping all day and becoming active only after their keepers have gone to bed. In nature their food consists of fruits and seeds, and as varied an assortment as possible should be provided. Suitable food may consist of apples, acorns, carrot, peas, oats, and nuts of various kinds. These should be put into the cage before they wake in the evening, and they will spend the greater part of the night in feeding. The cage may be either glass-fronted or wire-fronted, as one prefers, but there is no necessity for a wheel. The sleeping-compartment should be provided with soft hay and long dry moss. The cage should be kept indoors, and food supplied all through the winter, as the dormice do not sleep continuously.

Insects Mounted for Examination.—I have received from Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, W.C., a well set specimen of the Swallow-tailed Butterfly (*Papilio machaon*) neatly mounted in an air-tight case with glass top and bottom, so that both upper and undersides can be equally examined. This is an admirable plan for many purposes, and I have pleasure in calling my readers' attention to it. Messrs. W. and D. have a long series of butterflies and moths similarly mounted, which they are prepared to sell at low prices, depending in each case, of course, on the relative rarity and condition of the species required. This perfect specimen, well set, is priced at 1*s.* 6*d.* Smaller and commoner species are lower in price. They have also more expensive cases showing the full life history.

BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY
NO. 1 A WHITE ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY.
Drawn by Thomas Downey

The Moth Book. From Messrs. F. Warne and Co. I have received "The Moths of the British Isles," by Richard South, F.E.S., the well-known editor of "The Entomologist," whose book on Butterflies has become so popular. The new work is to be completed by the issue of a second volume. In the present issue the author deals with the life histories of the Hawk-moths, Tigers, Footmen, Noctuids, &c., and gives the most up-to-date information concerning them. The volume contains 159 plates, of which ninety five are in colour, and include no fewer than 670 figures correctly rendered by colour photography, in addition to hundreds of figures showing eggs, caterpillars, chrysalides and food-plants. The possession of this work would enable my entomological correspondents to name their insects with ease. Nothing so good has ever been done before. The price of the volume is 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A Cheap Bird Book. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin sends me "British Bird Life," by W. Percival Westell, M.B.O.U., which is published at 3*s.* 6*d.*, and intended for the use of young naturalists. It describes all the birds that breed in the British Islands—177 in all—and omits all that visit us only in the winter or that have been shot only occasionally. Mr. Westell has done his work well, and his book will be found useful by such of my readers as know our birds by sight but have little acquaintance with their natural history. Most of my correspondents, however, ask for books that will enable them to identify the birds they see, and for that purpose good and abundant figures are necessary. Here, unfortunately only thirty four out of the 177 species are figured, and of these nineteen are rough pen-and-ink sketches taken, apparently, from badly

stuffed specimens. From this point of view the book fails utterly.

Note to Correspondents.—I do not reply by post, as I am too busy, but the O. F. wishes it to be known that my replies will be posted to correspondents as soon as I have written them if a stamped envelope is enclosed with each query.

COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL

Last day for sending in [illegible] 18. (Foreign and Colonial Readers June 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class , Name ——
Address ——, Age —

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separate stamped envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address envelopes as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by April 18.

The results will be published in the June number.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"England Team v. A. O. Jones's XI."***—In the event of a match being arranged between A. O. Jones's XI. (selected from those who went to Australia) and a team representing England, what cricketers would you choose for the latter? Arrange your cricketers in order of merit, putting the captain at the top of the list. K. S. Ranjitsinjhi may be included. To the competitor whose list most nearly tallies with that selected by the votes of all the competitors, we shall award a Guinea Cricket Bat by Gradidge.

One age limit. Twenty-one.

No. 2.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—Ten Shillings will be paid for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and five shillings for every other sketch that we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our June, July, and August numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. We should also be pleased to consider sketches of a serious nature. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 3.—***"Handwriting Competition."***—Copy in your best everyday handwriting the first six lines of "The Iron Hand." Write only on one side of the paper. Prizes: Goods to the value of *7s. 6d.* from the catalogue of F. H. Ayres, Ltd.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. . . Age limit, Twelve.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a character study—old man, old woman, sweep, schoolboy, soldier, &c. &c. Photographs must be original work, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Two "Ticka" Watch-pocket Cameras, manufactured by Houghton's, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit, Eighteen.

No. 5.—***"Illumination Competition."***—Illuminate the following text: "They also serve who only stand and wait." Prizes: Two Boxes of Water Colours, manufactured by Messrs. George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes page.) Unsuccessful competitors may have their texts back if they enclose a stamp for that purpose.

Class I. . . Age limit, Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit, Sixteen.

No. 6.—***"Public School Notes."***—See "Editorial."

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to June 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial April Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB
CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club, to which anybody who is a regular purchaser of THE CAPTAIN may belong. Contributions should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine. Prizes consisting of books, to be selected from those mentioned on the "Competition Results" page, are awarded for all contributions used.

April Fools.

MANY theories have been advanced to explain this old custom. Some people say that it refers to the mock trial of our Lord, or to the unsettled state of April weather. But both these explanations must be rejected, because the same custom is found in Hindustan, where religious and climatic conditions are very different from those in this country. Dr. Brewer gives as the most probable explanation, that the New Year festival, commencing on March 25 (old New Year's Day), ended on April 1, and that when the calendar was changed the trickery practised on the last day survived.

The French call an April fool *un poisson d'Avril*, and the Scotch christen him a gowk (cuckoo). GEORGE F. BOURNE

"A MES[illegible]

PROFESSOR MARTIN (*of Stargazer Observatory, Mars*). "I care not what sceptics may say.—I'm convinced that the earth is inf[illegible]

Was Alexander Selkirk the Original of Robinson Crusoe?

IN your February issue you allow it to be stated that Alexander Selkirk was the mariner whose adventures inspired Defoe's immortal work, "Robinson Crusoe." I have studied the book and its author, and I do not think there is the slightest ground for such a statement.

There was nothing "immortal" about Selkirk. The only place in which he is mentioned is in William Dampier's "Travels," and the account which appears there shows that there was nothing in Selkirk's character to inspire any ideal of even a moderate standard. Dampier knew him well, and he does not speak highly of him.

I am quite content that Selkirk was a Scotsman, but as a reader of your magazine and an admirer of Defoe, I hope you will allow me to say that it would not be doing justice to Defoe or to the high character which he gives Robinson Crusoe if we allowed it to go forth that the book was inspired by such a man as Selkirk.

I hope you will not think me too critical if I suggest to the writer of the paragraph in your February number that he should read Defoe's "Life," by Chalmers, Wilson and Chadwick, and also the preface written by the late Mr. Henry Kingsley to the Globe edition of "Robinson Crusoe," as well as Dampier's "Travels." I should also like to call his attention to the fact that there was a Crusoe who fought under Sir Horace Vere, and who would have been an

old soldier at home in London and probably acquainted with Defoe when the latter was a little boy.

It is true that Selkirk was cast ashore on the island by his shipmates and was condemned to live there alone by them, but in Defoe's time there were other instances current of such castaways which were well known to Defoe, so that it is probable that he did not even take the slightest hint from the Selkirk incident

A. W MIDDLEDITCH

[Mr. Middleditch does not give any substantial reason why Selkirk should not have been the original of Robinson Crusoe What did Defoe care about Selkirk's character? The circumstances of Selkirk's sojourn on the desert island were enough to build a romance on, and the character of the hero was probably in true novelist fashion, idealised out of all resemblance to the original's. —O.F.]

Warts.

THE text-book definition of a wart is "a true papillomatous tumour," but I fancy that most CAPTAIN readers will be more interested in knowing how to cure such troublesome growths than in studying their structure and origin.

No cause is known for warts, but they probably arise from some local irritation. In my own case, I fancy grime was the source Being a dispenser at an infirmary, I have frequent occasion to handle out-patients' bottles, which are not too clean. My left hand has, or rather had, three warts on the first finger, and I think they must have been acquired by grasping these bottles with my left hand, in handing them through a sliding window. My right hand, with which I move the window up and down, has been free from the growths.

Now as to the cure. The "Old Fag" is right in advising caustic, but that treatment has the disadvantage of making the hands more unsightly (for a time) than before. Silver nitrate stick, moistened with glacial acetic acid, burns the growths away in time, but the part under treatment speedily turns black A more disagreeable, but quite efficacious, remedy, is Epsom Salts (Magnesium sulphate). The taste is nauseous but may be somewhat disguised by using the effervescing salts, a teaspoonful two or three times a day

CHRISTINE THOMAS

AN UNSOFT ANSWER

"Young man, what are you grinning at?"

"I don't know! I never was much good at natural history."

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

TOMKINS: "Ah! These boys may be smart, but I reckon I know too much to be caught by them!"

For Would-Be Journalists.

For clearness, read Macaulay
For logic, read Burke and Bacon
For action, read Homer and Scott
For conciseness, read Bacon and Pope
For sublimity of conception, read Milton.
For imagination, read Shakespeare and Dante.
For good, sound boys' literature, read THE CAPTAIN.

ROBERT J. WRIGHT.

Still More Exactness.

IN the February "CAPTAIN Club" pages [illegible] Exactne-s," dealing with the correctness of poetical and other quotations.

Is it a coincidence that, on page 454 of the same issue, Mr. Warren Bell has fallen into a similar trap, where he—evidently quoting from *Hamlet*—says:

"There is a destiny that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

Mr. Bell is by no means the first to have made the mistake, and this is but an example of the many misquoted passages from our finest poets

Shakespeare's words were, "There's a *divinity* that shapes our ends."

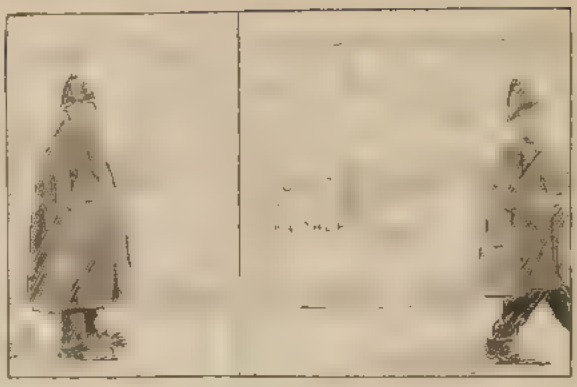
As regards the refrain of Thomson's poem, I must admit that I disagree with "Tabberjee." Most of the volumes containing the lines referred to which I have read gave "Britannia *rules* the waves."

It would be of interest to most Captainites to know which of the words is right, *rule* or *rules*. One explanation of the matter may be that publishers, imbued with a national and patriotic feeling, may have changed the word "off their own bat." "GEAGEA."

THE VERB "TO TUCK"

HEAD MASTER: "Well, Jones, what are you doing out of bed

[illegible]



THE HAND OF JUSTICE

"I wonder what every one's staring at!" pondered P.C. 25 CX. "I'd better move on." He did, and the secret was revealed

The "Sunnyside" Schoolboy.

[Another criticism of Mr. Max Mar[illegible]e's article in THE CAPTAIN, August 1907.]

SAY, between you, me, and Basketville, [illegible] the Dutch type of schoolboy, but don't you know, Old Fag, there are good and bad in everything? You could want nothing better than some of these colonial lads. They're clean and true. But a good half of the schoolboys grow up too quickly, and haven't much youth about them. And if the boys are bad, the girls are too indescribably "wuss."

All these valuable opinions are those of an Irish girl who doesn't know much about it, but only observes the life of those around her. Is there any harm in a girl saying what she thinks, or ought one to keep silent?

"CLAREMONT"

"A Lesson in Etiquette"

AS a graduate of recent date, and as one who has read every number of THE CAPTAIN since the first issue, may I protest against the tone adopted by the writer of the above narrative?

The offences for which Wardle was deprived of furniture and clothing are of an absurdly trivial nature and are breaches of no known code of laws. Is it a terrible thing for a man to wear whatever ties he likes? And if the lecturer makes no objection, why should undergraduates object to a costume worn at a lecture, undergraduates not being as a class much given to fighting battles or making any efforts on behalf of lecturers?

Surely the fact that it is the custom for undergraduates to mete out injustice one to another, with the passive approval of the authorities, is to be much deplored, and tends to bring the older universities into disrepute to a certain extent deserved.

If a "fresher" is very drunk, he is considered by a misguided majority to be a sportsman, for eccentricity of dress the reward is "ragging," with a strange disregard for the rights of property or privacy. Moreover, men are often ragged merely because they come from little-known schools, men who distinguish themselves frequently in work and college games. Such snobbery, upheld as it is by the powers that be—whose usual state is that they conspicuously are not doubtless causes the non-'Varsity man to be thankful that he is not as other men are, even these Cambridge undergraduates

V. D. H.

Assistant Clerks in the Navy.

WITH reference to your reply to "I. S. Blackie," on page 479 of February number, there appears to be some little misunderstanding. In the first place, assistant clerks *are* officers; they mess in the gun-room with the sub-lieutenants, engineer sub-lieutenants, assistant paymasters, midshipmen and clerks, and have to bear the same expenses. As assistant clerks their pay is quite inadequate, being only 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, and the Admiralty therefore require the parent or guardian to lodge an additional sum of £20 per annum to be used by the officer. The average mess bill is £3 15*s.* per month, increasing a little as the officer advances in seniority, so it will be seen that taking into consideration the other little expenses which periodically occur, such as servant's pay, washing, &c., it is quite impossible for him to make his pay do more than defray his actual out of pocket expenses. All his pocket money must be provided from home, and for this purpose another £18 a year is desirable, as it is only in the nature of things that a boy on, say, an interesting station like the Mediterranean, should want a little money to spend on shore.

After one year as assistant clerk, the boy is rated clerk. His pay is then increased to a day, and the £20 a year paid through the Admiralty ceases. His parents should, however, continue the £18 a year pocket-money till he is twenty-one, when he receives his commission as assistant paymaster, with 5*s.* a day. During all this period, and, indeed, until the officer is twenty-five, it is absolutely necessary for his uniform and plain clothes to be found by his parents. The former, in particular, is a heavy item.

The prospects of the accountant officer are not at present very good—quite the contrary, in fact—and there is no doubt that in a few years' time it will be even worse, and promotion, which is every year getting slower, become so bad that it may be possible for an assistant-paymaster to be thirty-six years of age before he receives his promotion. Under these circumstances every fellow desiring to enter should go into the matter very thoroughly with his parents, and if possible with some one who is in the service, before taking any steps. Should, he, however, still be desirous of entering his Majesty's Navy as a junior accountant officer, nominations are made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and examination takes place annually in July for about twenty vacancies.

"ONE WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH IT."

OFFICE BOY: "The editor regrets he cannot make use of your contribution, for the offer of which he is obliged"

FAIR SCRIBBLER: "Oh, how sweet! Did he really say that?"

OFFICE BOY: "Well not exactly miss. He said, 'Take the stuff away Bill. It makes me ill.'"

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

"I say," said the Idea Merchant, taking the opportunity to come in while Bask was absent on his afternoon walk round Covent Garden Market, "as I'm so often in pr—— I mean, away from home, I think of letting my house. Will you insert this ad.?" And he handed me the following:

Holloway (near), to be let, a beautifully furnished modern residence. Three bedrooms, two reception, noble bathroom. Park like, well timbered garden. Golf. Hunting. Shooting. Woodland walks. Near tube and 'bus. Four thousand feet above sea level. Apply, I. M., "Captain" Office.

I laid down this strange document and looked sternly at the I. M. "Do you really wish me to put this in?" I said.

"Yes, master."

"But the facts are inaccurate," I objected. "You talk in the same breath of a house being 4000 ft. above sea-level, having golf, hunting and shooting in the neighbourhood, and yet being close to tube and 'bus. Where—where," I demanded vehemently, "are the Holloway golf links?"

The Idea Merchant waved aside the objection. "You don't seem to understand," he said. "I don't mean that the golf links and hunting and shooting are to be had at the end of the garden, so to speak—"

"'Park-like garden,'" I put in.

"I don't mean that they are at the end of the garden," he went on, disregarding my interruption. "I mean that they are to be obtained if one likes to travel a little distance. There is golf within four or six miles, and hunting within ten or twenty. What more do you want?"

"Then," said I, "everybody in London who wishes to let a house might advertise the same attractions?"

"Yes," he nodded. "You see, master, my idea is to attract people to look over the house. People will come with the idea of paying six or ten guineas a week for a place possessing all those advantages, and when they hear that they have only got to give twenty-five bob, they will be so surprised that they will slam me down a month's rent in advance on the spot. And that month's rent," he added wistfully, "will be very useful to yours ever."

"The advertisement is deceitful on the face of it," I said sharply, "and I shall not insert it. Here's a shilling, my man. Go and get some dinner, a shave, and a wash and brush up."

"Thank you," he replied, as he took the coin. "Shall I also buy myself a new suit of clothes, and book a couple of seats for the *Gay Gordons*?"

"Yes," I said, "and if there is anything left you can devote it to purchasing some deer for your park-like garden. Good-bye. Mind the dog."

And as Basketville stalked in at that moment, the Idea Merchant slid round the room and decamped hastily.

I did not see him again for a week, and when he next presented himself in my office I was astonished by the change in his appearance. He looked plump, well-groomed, well-dressed, and had that indefinable air which stamps the man of money. He carried a silver-headed cane and was smoking a shilling cigar.

"How goes it?" he said, without taking his hat off. "And how goes the old rag?"

"Thank you," I replied, "we still sell our one copy a month to a young gentleman who is a little wrong in the head. I presume," I added, running my eye over him, "that this distinct improvement in your

—or—get up is due to a successful midnight [illegible] on some slumbering household?"

He [illegible] jauntily. "You're mistaken [illegible]once," he replied. "I have won a Limerick prize for £86 6s. 6d."

"You have! Well, that is satisfactory! What was the paper?"

"The paper," said the Idea Merchant, "was *Sharp Words*, and the verse ran as follows:

> All the birds of the air did implore
> The cock not to crow any more,
> But a naughty old rook
> Gave them all a sly look——

"Yes," said I, "and what line did you supply?"

"'*And wilfully cawed an encore!*'"

"And you got £86 6s. 6d. for that?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said. "So, being in funds, I am going to pay a few debts. Now, old fellow," he added, laying his hand on my shoulder, "you have been very good to me at various times—although I must say you have been a trifle sharp with it, but that is your way—and I want to make a little return. I've booked a table at the Troc. and two seats at the *Gay Gordons*, so come out and let's maffick."

While we were dining, the Idea Merchant assured me that he intended to turn over a new leaf and try and live a respectable life in the future. I am quite sure that he will try, but I am equally sure that he will not succeed, for he was born with a want of ballast, and he will get into scrapes until he is a white headed nonagenarian. Equally, he will always find soft-hearted people to help him out of those scrapes.

[illegible] money in his pockets, I told the I. M. he could come and give me a little help at the office. I fancied I could keep him well employed. Adjudicating the "Twelve Best Books for Boys" competition, I reckoned, would occupy one person the best part of three days. Going through eight hundred lists, each containing the names of twelve books, and recording a vote against every book mentioned, is no slight job. When, therefore, the Idea Merchant turned up on the following morning, looking fresh and jolly and wearing an orchid in his buttonhole (more extravagance), I suggested to him that he should start work on this interesting competition by way of lightening the labours of our Competition Editor. So he took off his coat, sat down at a spare table, and started in. For half an hour he was quite silent and appeared to be very busily employed. I heard list after list flutter to the ground, and Bask was already stretching himself in anticipation of a good meal.

"How many have you done?" I asked at length

"A hundred, so far," he replied.

"What! You have gone through the names of twelve hundred books and recorded a vote against each?"

"Not I," he replied frankly. "I'm not going to take all that fag. If I see a list without 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' in it, I disqualify it. Any boy who makes out a list without that in it doesn't deserve to have a prize."

"But you mustn't do that!" I shrieked, motioning Bask away from the litter. "Every book mentioned must receive a vote, and it is possible for a boy to win the prize without mentioning 'Tom Brown' at all."

"Oh, hang it!" he replied, "I'm not equal to that drudgery. That's not my way of settling competitions." And he got up and stretched himself. "No, master; I think I will go down and offer myself as an adjudicator on *Tit-Bits* Limericks. That's rather a happy idea, considering that I sent in a line myself for the present competition."

"Take care," I warned him. "The Editor of *Tit-Bits* is a hard man, and a J.P. to boot."

"'To boot?'" repeated the Idea Merchant. "The phrase likes me not," and nodding to Basketville, who was growing restive, he strode to the door, and would no doubt have made a most dignified exit had he not fallen over a basketful of "What's Wrong?" competitions. The Idea Merchant went flying, and Bask, with a happy yelp, commenced to play soccer with his hat, which in itself formed a "What's Wrong?" competition when the I. M. finally recovered it

"Twelve Best Books for Boys."—Alone and unaided, the Competition Editor has gone stolidly through the eight hundred lists submitted in this competition, and we are now able to fulfil our promise to the Editor of the *Book Monthly* and tell him

what our readers consider *the twelve best books for boys ever written.* Here they are.

Tom Brown's Schooldays.
By Thomas Hughes.
Treasure Island.
By R. L. Stevenson.
Robinson Crusoe.
By Daniel Defoe.
Westward Ho!
By Charles Kingsley.
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
By Sir A. Conan Doyle
Ivanhoe.
By Sir Walter Scott.
King Solomon's Mines.
By H. Rider Haggard.
Coral Island.
By R. M. Ballantyne.
The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's.
By Talbot Baines Reed.
The Last of the Mohicans.
By Fenimore Cooper.
Mr. Midshipman Easy.
By Captain Marryat.
J. O. Jones.
By R. S. Warren Bell.

The following are the next twenty in order of the number of votes each received: *The Three Musketeers, The Swiss Family Robinson, The White Company, Fric, or Little by Little, Masterman Ready, Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea, Stalky & Co., Oliver Twist Uncle Tom's Cabin Kidnapped, St. Winifred's, Alan Quatermain, Pickwick Papers, Martin Rattler, The Deerslayer, The Hill, The Iron Pirate, David Copperfield, Tales of Greyhouse, The Three Midshipmen*

The Competition Editor tells me that he found the contest between *J. O. Jones* and *The Three Musketeers* for the twelfth place very absorbing, and this is quite as it should have been, considering the character of that athletic schoolmaster. Early in the competition *J. O. Jones* was a few places behind *The Three Musketeers*, but gradually crept up until by the time the last fifty papers were reached it was a few votes in front, which lead it maintained up to the end. The list sent by the winner of the Elswick bicycle contained eleven, and those of the three winners of consolation prizes ten, of the twelve titles selected by the votes of the whole of the competitors.

What can Alec be? I have received the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—A friend the other day told me that you were a man of the world, qualified to give competent advice, so I am writing to you. I will start by telling you about myself. I want to know why it is I never feel fit, though there is nothing organically wrong—I have been assured by several doctors on this point. I am eighteen years of age, tall, and fairly well-built. I am allowed £2500 a year, and find it rather hard to manage on that. I motor a good lot, and at present have a 45 horse-power four-cylinder Daimler, which I have raced (against time) at Brooklands, and have got 79.8 miles per hour out of. I speak French, German, Bulgarian (moderately), and a little Russian and Polish. I am partly English and partly Polish. I smoke about twenty-five or thirty cigarettes a day, and must plead guilty to having taken morphine once or twice, but this habit I have now given up. My chief amusements are motoring, fencing and pigeon shooting. I have no particular hobbies, though at one time I used to collect photographs. Another thing I wished to ask you is, what profession do you think I am best fitted for? There is no particular need for me to do anything but I suppose I ought to do something, as it is now out of fashion not to have a profession

Yours,
ALEXANDER DAVIDOFF

Unfortunately Mr. Davidoff, though putting no address on his letter, forgot that the envelope would be post-marked. The post-mark is "Windsor," and that tells a tale. The reason why you don't feel fit, my dear Alec, is because you don't send any of that £2500 a year to the Old Fag's Fund. As to a profession, well, they may be wanting a funny man at the Gaiety soon, as it is said that Teddy Payne won't be in the next piece. Write nicely, and let me know what Mr. George Edwardes says. You were right to give up morphine. If you had gone on with it, and any one had come near you with a match, you might have blown up. And oh! what would Alec's mother have said then! And the next time you write a funny letter to the Old Fag, go and post it at Slough, so as to put him off the scent.

More Fun.—The next screaming item of wit comes from Rugby, and runs as follows:

MY DEAR OLD FAG,—As you have so many stories in which girls play a prominent part, and also appear to have so many girl-correspondents, I hope you will find room for some advice to yet another girl. Although I am still at school I have been engaged for some time. While I vaguely understand that this is wrong, I do not quite see why, and I should be glad if you will tell me what you

think of the morality of such a state. Of course it is entirely unknown to my parents, who, I *know* would not allow it for a moment.

Your perplexed

PUSS IN BOOT.

This young lady wrote to me on another subject some months ago, and signed the letter "Prefect." What a memory I have for handwriting! Well, Puss, I should advise you *to marry the young man*, and so end the matter. Get one of your fellow prefects to give you away, another to act as best man, and three more to officiate as bridesmaids in flannels and blazers. Send me a piece of the wedding-cake and if you want a flat to live in, you can have mine, as I find the water in the bathroom very damp. Such a nuisance!

"Public School Notes."—Our "'Varsity Notes" have been so much appreciated that we are considering a feature to be called "Public School Notes," and to be contributed by our readers. In order to see what sort of material we should obtain, we beg to offer a prize of half a guinea for the best note, not exceeding 200 words on some event of the present term. For all paragraphs we use we shall pay at a maximum rate of half a crown each. Paragraphs can be about anything interesting to the public school world: they may take the shape of some athletic record, a personal note, &c. &c.; and as it is probable that competitors would prefer not to have their names published, each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. No age limit. See "Competitions for April."

"The Neuropath in Knickers"—"Old Alleynian" sends me a cutting from the *Morning Leader* consisting of an article on the modern schoolboy by Mr. James Douglas, a well-known writer on that journal. Mr. Douglas describes the public schoolboy going back to school, and he doesn't seem to have been favourably impressed with his appearance after the Christmas holidays. The Etonian appeared to him, as far as I can make out from this article, to be bleared-looking, dissipated and world-weary. I cannot quote all the article, or all the wonderful adjectives which Mr. Douglas uses in his pen-picture of the neurotic public schoolboy, but we will take the following as a sample of the whole: "The children's party," he writes, "is no longer a nursery tea: it is a variety entertainment when it is not a fancy-dress ball a bridge-drive when it is not a dinner-party. Small boys during the Christmas holidays lead the life of a man about town. You meet them everywhere. They lunch at the Carlton, come on from a matinée for tea at Rumpelmayer's, rush home to dress for dinner at the Savoy, winding up the evening at the Empire, followed by supper at Romano's.

DOM MANUEL, THE NEW KING OF PORTUGAL.
Photo Topical.

Is it strange that their nerves are flayed into shreds? Is it surprising that they go back to school in a state of mental, moral, and physical decrepitude?" Rubbish, Mr. Douglas! You don't think a few late nights flay the nerves of an Eton boy into shreds? You must have seen some particularly bad specimens of the Etonian there are some, of course. I can assure my readers that Mr. Douglas really means well, but he had to write an article on something, so for once

"So you fought in Egypt? You'll know all about Tel-el-Kebir?"

"Man, it was me that shot the ould buffer!"

he decided to turn the hose of his invective on poor Jones minor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R B.—The particulars you give me are not very promising. Judging by your dimensions, you would make a good "chucker out." You might be able to get a junior mastership in a school while you are trying to arrive at a decision as to what to do. The fact that you have passed the Oxford Junior Locals is not a very high recommendation, I fear, so if you apply for a job you had simply better mention what you have read, and what form you were in, as these details would afford a better idea of your abilities However, you had better not make the scholastic your profession, as without a degree you would not do much in it.

Claude K.—After reading your account of your difference with your friend, I must say that only one course was clear to you. Another fellow was preferred to yourself, and that to a man with pride should end the matter. You could not force yourself where you did not seem to be wanted and you were well rid of a fickle friend. You seem to have been much hurt over the matter, and you have my sympathy. Cheer up, and find another [illegible] boyhood, and perhaps even through manhood

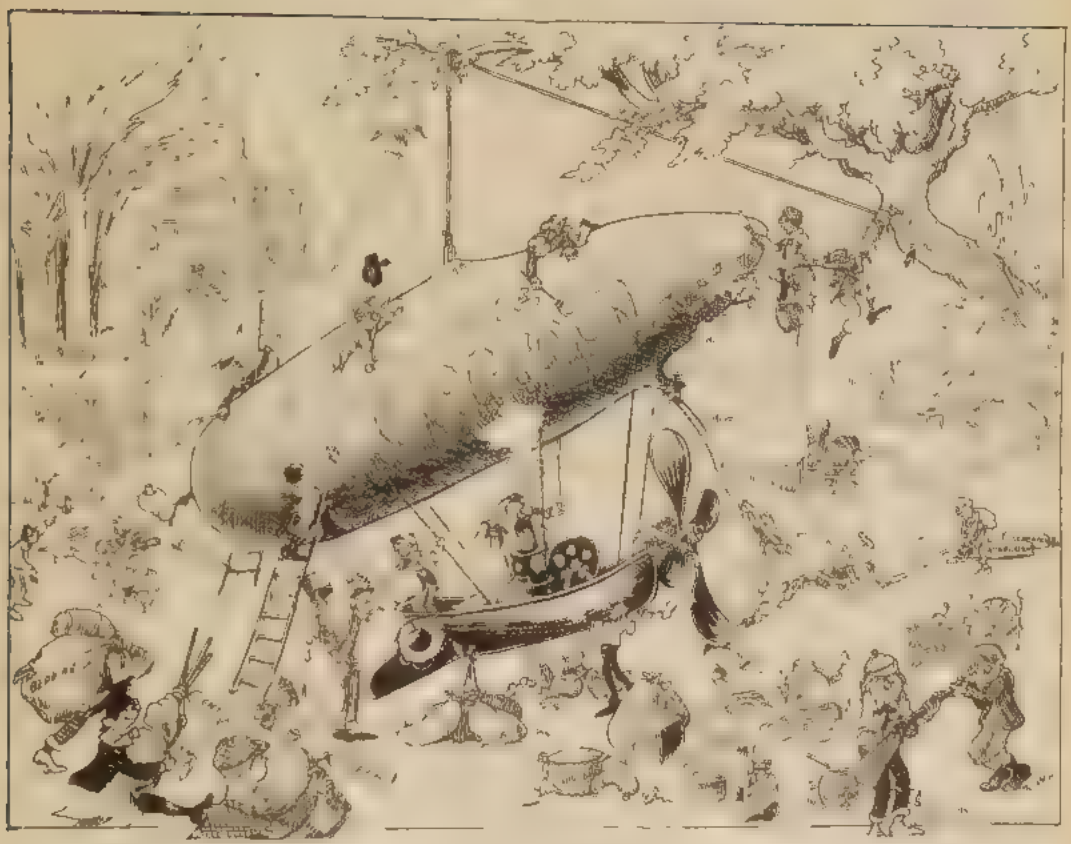
Southport Holiday Hockey Club.—The hon. sec. writes that this club, which was founded during the Christmas holidays of 1904–190[illegible], continues to flourish. To the end of its fifth season it has played forty one matches, of which it has won twenty three lost twelve and drawn six scoring in the aggregate 192 goals against 12[illegible] These results are very creditable when it is taken into account that the majority of the S. H. H. C. members only play hockey during the holidays

Cecil G. Damant, Phelan's Brook, Matatiela, East Griqualand, South Africa, would like to hear from a CAPTAIN reader or two, about fifteen years of age, as it's lonesome out there. Cecil writes: "Could you not manage to put the competition coupons on other than advertisement pages? I get THE CAPTAIN from a newsagent in England, and he, to save postage, tears the advertisement pages out." Cecil's remedy is to order THE CAPTAIN direct from this office.

Frank Farnworth sends me an amateur magazine produced on a hektograph, for which he charges twopence. I notice with some amusement that Mr. Farnworth advertises some very well-known commodities, free of charge. This is certainly unusual generosity on the part of an editor. He counsels his readers to eat Force and Quaker Oats, to use Zox, Peps, and Zambuk, and to read THE CAPTAIN. Farnworth is a smart youth

Alexander Selkirk's Cottage.—A reader has already expressed doubts as to the cottage we represented as A. Selkirk's birthplace being *the* one, and now John S. White says it isn't the actual one, but only one built on the *site* of the original. We record the fact with regret. We do not know why the original one was pulled down, and we don't care, but we are of the opinion that such an interesting relic ought to have been left *up*.

"Stricken supporter" is an amorous fellow. He has quite fallen in love with Lucy, the heroine of Miss Strickland's story, "Up a Tree." "I should like to have been in the place of Mr. Ross at the Silent Pool," he sighs, and urges us to publish



THE OLD FAG'S DREAM

Drawn by Walter Hawes (Prizewinner, "Pictorial Competition," December

Miss Strickland's photo. Well, we will try and get it. Miss Strickland is one of the most charming young ladies that come up to this office. (Don't tell the Mrs.

C. N. says Sir John French recently opened a rifle range at his school. Great was the speculation as to how Sir John would arrive. Some said in a carriage, some on a horse, while C. N., who had been reading "Marmion," pictured him in the midst of a gorgeous retinue. Suddenly, *toot!* went a horn, and up shot Sir John in a smart motor-cab. Alas for the dreams of C. N.

Record Cricket-ball Throw.—In the February number of THE CAPTAIN, you say in answer to "Kangaroo" that ". . . the record cricket-ball thrower is Mr. A. E. Manby, with a throw of 138 yards 2 feet, at Hern Hill in 1901." Permit me to say that the holder of the Record Cricket-ball Throw is Mr. R. Percival, on the Durham Sands Racecourse, in 1884, with a throw of 140 yards 2 feet.—R. J. Drury.

George Falconer writes: "A few lines to let you know that I have obtained an excellent situation as an artist on a Scottish weekly paper, and to thank you for the encouragement you gave me about two years ago. What you said gave me enthusiasm to work hard, with a result as already indicated."—Hooray, George!

C. L. Bond. No one imagines Limericks to be a new idea. This form of verse-making has been in vogue for nearly a century, I should say. It was certainly known a good many years before Helen Mathers wrote the one you quote from "Comin' thro' the Rye." I do not like the other contribution, as I never believe in making fun out of Holy Writ even innocent fun.

"Paulinus Heraldicus" writes to say that in the new flag for naval submarines, illustrated in our December "Latest" pages, the white mice are emblazoned *sejant rampant*, as distinct from *rampant*; also that the terms "clan" and "slogan," mentioned in the story in the same issue entitled "The Escape" are unknown in Ireland.

"Granite" It is hardly fair to send the editor of a magazine a drawing to criticise until you have advanced further in your art. You certainly have an idea of the way to draw, but of course you want a lot more practice, and I have no doubt that in time you will produce something that I shall like to print.

"Canada".—If your parents can afford it, by far the best way to enter the merchant service is *via* the school ships *Conway* or *Worcester*; otherwise you must become an apprentice in the ordinary way. Send a stamped envelope for further information.

"DRY SWIMMING" IN THE BRITISH NAVY HOW JACK LEARNS THE STROKES

[Photo C. ...

W. H. Shipway.—Don't copy drawings. Do original work. Certainly join an art school if you have the time and money to spare. You'll find you've got pretty well everything to learn People who write stories don't need to be told how to write them. It is a gift. People who have to be told can't write them

J Wilson, a South African reader, wishes to warn Captainites who are thinking of going to the Cape to refrain from doing so just at present Trade is stagnant and he knows of many able bodied fellows who think themselves lucky if they get three m...

H. Conolly.—Drawings promising, but far too crude for reproduction. I should like other young artists to make a note of the fact that mere sketches such as boys do in their exercise books are not likely to be published by us. We want finished artistic work

"Suffragist" asks me to give my opinion on the present tumultuous state of affairs caused by the demand of certain women for a vote. Well briefly, I think women householders ought to have a vote—no other

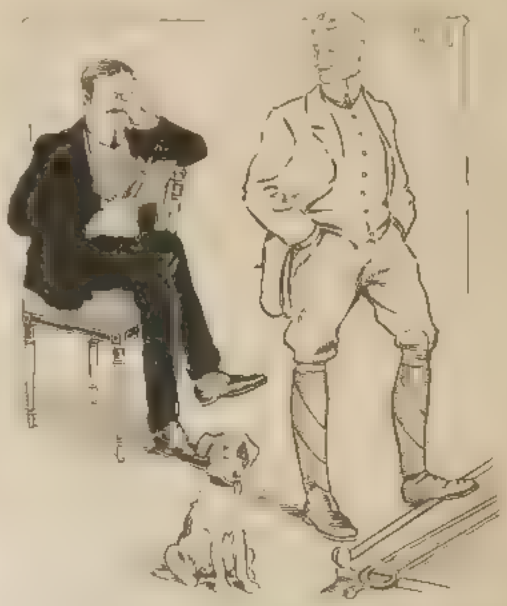
E. J. Mackay (Natal).—The article you mention would only appeal to a limited number of people Contributors should always endeavour to write on subjects that would interest the general body of readers

F. W. Bateman (Simla).—To remove blotches from the face you should lead as healthy a life as possible and avoid sweet foods. A dose of ... salts occasionally would be beneficial

A. L. D. and "Jax".—The "Self Taught" series of books are useful aids to the acquiring of foreign languages. They are published at 2s. each by E. Marlborough and Co., 51 Old Bailey London E.C.

M. D. H. L.—The translation from the Greek is a bit too serious for us. Seems to be well done

T. J. Southern.—Poems on love are hardly suitable for our C. C. pages. Jin



BOOKER: "I think Esperanto is a fine ... language so condensed and so concise

ORTER: "P'raps so, but I don't care for ... otted tongue

B E B —Any regular subscriber to THE CAP[illegible] may [illegible] Whether they appear or not depends on [illegible] they are written

V. S. Hart (Durban).—We cannot reproduce photographs cut out of other papers. Dinizulu seems to be a wily nut. Your Government has acted with commendable promptitude.

F Bogguet [illegible] by every English sovereign since Charles II, and [illegible] Thursday on certain poor persons.

"One of the Crew."—Thanks for the *Berkhamstedian*, which is a smart and neat little periodical The insertion of plates is a good idea and the photographs are well taken

K C Smith points out that the bird depicted in the illustration on page 279 of our December number entitled "Catching the Christmas Goose," is a *turk*

M. G. F.—Poem, I fear, not much Yes, dear, if a girl wins the prize, we certainly give her a lady's bicycle. **M. E. Heward.** Photos of no interest. You will admit that our constant reader, Jones minor, would not be greatly excited by a photo of a [illegible] over a bee [illegible] **"Wilfrida."** [illegible] If a girl wins a football she can have a hockey stick instead. Or a workbox —if she knows what it's for. **J. A French.**—Too late now to answer a poem that appeared in March 1906. **A. J. Parry.** You will see I am adopting your suggestion about letting older readers compete in the handwriting competition Can't say your Club Contributions are very interesting. Send us something about Welsh ghosts. **E. Greig.** Not [illegible] **Fred Lucas,** Bellswains Farm, Hemel Hempsted, Herts, aged 19, would like a correspondent He is a stationer's designer. **Gypsy.** Frankly there's nothing in the poem—but I am glad to hear you stayed at home to look after your mother **R. H Tipper.**—I am glad to hear our tales make your blood run cold, but I cannot say I think much of your poetry. **"Dick"** suggests that foreign and colonial readers might like to exchange picture post-cards with home birds. I am willing to publish the addresses of those who would like to **Eileen A.** (Claremont, C Colony) A jolly letter Don't envy boys. Make the best of being a woman, and be a good true one. **F. E. Mills.** Quite good **E. S. Gwyer**—Too much "hic" and too little drawing about your picture. **E. J. E. B.** Joke not bad, though rather laboured. Bask's got the drawing. The composition in general is fair but the execution is crude—the lady's face, for instance! You should draw on Bristol board—cardboard specially prepared for artists. **John Leathes.**—Ask your people to give you "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Treasure Island," and "Coral Island." The authors you mention are but middling fellows compared to the writers of these books. **W. J. Turnbull.**—Prizes can't be exchanged. If you don't want a football, don't go in for the competition, except, of course, you wish to get an honourable mention, which means, in time a certificate of merit. **L S Krishman.**—Unless you buy THE CAPTAIN yourself, or it is bought for you, you cannot belong to the Club. The fact that your school takes the magazine does not entitle you to membership. **Punch.** No. We want drawings on white board. **Cure for Wart**—A. Ford says: "Please tell A. K I cured a wart by rubbing it with the inside of a broad bean pod.

Have you got your copy of

Clink-a-Wink,

the school song with a jolly chorus, and ending with a step-dance?

Words from "Green of Greyhouse" Music by Cyril Millard.

Price 1s. 4d post free from THE CAPTAIN Office, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, W C

C. D. Allderidge.—Funny, but I don't like jokes out of the Bible or anything comic bearing on the Church Service. **"Hammill."**—Ask for an ordinary penny exercise book, and write on one side of the paper. Or if you ask for "sermon paper" you will get what you want. Read Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Kingsley, and Stevenson, and then write again. **Jonathan Caldborrow.**—Very promising. **"Inquirer."**—"Kissing Cup's Race" is contained in a volume of recitations sold at a shilling by Samuel French, Ltd., Southampton Street Strand, London, W.C. **W. H Toll.**—Your letter has given me great pleasure **Douglas Beard** (Moonta, South Australia).—I hope to use a bit of your letter as a "CAPTAIN Club" essay when I can find room for it **R. Livsey.** I am afraid your sketches are too crude although you seem to have a fair idea of composition. **D Harrap**—Sorry no space for an article on water polo. **George Stanley** (Cape Town) I fear your friend was mistaken when he said that the South African Colonials had won "the Bisley" more times than the English in the last ten years.

Letters, &c., [illegible] from [illegible] J Rew A. D "Disgusted [illegible] C Nicholls, Walter J. Bex, R [illegible] Watson E A Cernadas (Argentina), G H [illegible] th (Transvaal), Alfred B. Dowling, [illegible] Dick," P. L. Barrow, Walter Ashley, M. [illegible]

Chess Corner.—During the present volume this feature will be discontinued to make room for more seasonable matter. It will recommence with the October number. **THE OLD FAG.**

"Captain" Badges may be obtained from "The Captain" Office price Sixpence The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap or as a brooch, (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch chain pendant When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W C. The badge may also be had in silver for Two Shillings, styles 1 and 3 only

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"The Twelve Best Books for Boys."

One age limit: Twenty-one

WINNER OF "ELSWICK" BICYCLE: E. G. Hogan (age sixteen), 19 Gedling Grove, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. B. Gibson, Northroyds, Huddersfield Road, Barnsley; Claude Stephenson, 5 Market Place, Prescot; Leonard C. Whetham, 67 Rosebery Square, London, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. B. Allen, Denis Poole, Charles Wakeford, Percy Kyle, James Buchanan, W. Bruce S. Ure, D. Darling, John Dickson, F. J. Neal, J. A. Hartley, A. J. Parry, J. T. Melville, J. D. Doring, E. T. Fairlie, Henry Bunting, T. L. Christie, C. C. Taylor, C. McG. Ure, H. T. Green, C. Giffard-Nash, P. E. Petter, N. Walker, T. Kitching, Jnr., Alan Dilnot, R. D. Smith, J. S. Houlton, H. T. Boddington, Trevor Roberts, David B. Hyde, F. G. How, W. B. Peddie, J. L. Cadoux, John Fergusson, Alfred E. Docker, Stuart Robertson, Edwin H. Charman, Alec Mackey, John Line, T. G. Parry, Thomas Bones, Jnr., H. P. Nicholas, G. M. Hewart, James Gannon, G. B. Hindmarsh, Harold R. Tabor, F. G. Nicholas, Miriam E. Owens, E. C. A. Taglis, Robert Lindsay, G. Grafton-Hopkins, W. Barnes, Alexander Allan, John Vautier.

No. II.—"What's Wrong."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Fourteen)

WINNER OF HOUGHTONS "TICKA" CAMERA: E. T. Fairlie, R.N., H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, [illegible].

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Douglas E. Hearn, 148 [illegible]; W. Kensington, W.; George C. Chisnell, Horsley House, Butt Road, Colchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frank H. Hopson, George P. Bourne, D. T. Cockburn, J. A. Dickson, Jack H. Gamble, Clara E. Gveson, P. Brodby, D. Fisher Brown, G. B. Hindmarsh, W. D. Glanville, H. William Ashworth, William R. Whitmore, G. Philip Jewitt, D. S. Wilson, M. R. George, B. W. Leak, C. J. W. Hopkins, Charles K. Watson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Dudley V. Tandy, 32 Avonmore Gardens, W. Kensington, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: P. C. Hunter, 70 Great King Street, Edinburgh; D. Macpherson, Marchington, Magdala Road, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Luther Reeves, Robert Brockie, Walter S[illegible], Moore, John H. Mumford, Stanley J. Dobson, L. R. Eyden, Leonard Brodby, Arthur R. Price, Harold Jacques, Arthur Turner, Walter Ward, F. J. Patrick, Norman T. Janos, J. A. G. Leask, G. Emsley, G. [illegible], T. H. Turner, R. J. Martin, R. M. Dannatt, D. Potts, H. W. Dickins.

No. III. "Tudor Period Answers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Eighteen)

WINNER OF E. J. RILEY AND CO.'S "ALBION" FOOTBALL: Gordon M. Hewart, 28 Belfield Road, Didsbury, nr. Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: James L. Balden, 5 Doune Quadrant, Kelvinside, N., Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Joly de Lotcrniere, Cedric Buttress, R. A. Bartram, Walter Ward, R. F. Clements, J. H. Mumford, G. Grafton Hopkins, R. W. Bennedtte, G. Philip Jewitt, Nigel Fromewood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Fourteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: John de M. Leathes, 28 Rue Belle Rade, Malo-les-Bains, Nord, France.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ronald Richards, Fa[illegible]

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. W. Baldwin, H. Vokes Mood, M. L. Pedler, T. M. Gibson, B. W. Lindsay, Gerald F. Huggins, G. F. Ball, Norman Britton, Herbert Bunn, C. Mawson, William F. Griffith, J. H. Hutcheson, W. McNaughton.

No. IV. "Pictorial Competition."

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: James Gannon, 154 Haydock Street, Earlestown, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. David Warren, Fred Torr, Jack Adams, R. M. Ro[illegible]n, I. M. M[illegible], J. W. K[illegible], I. P. I[illegible] Jones, Thomas E. Simon, F. Barron, C. H. Platt.

No. V. "Jumble Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one)

WINNERS OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF JOHN PIGGOTT, [illegible], 23 James Street, Commercial Road, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. J. Caruthers-Little, C. H. Bullett, Arthur W. Morrison, Samuel Woolger, Thomas Bate, S. Tigull, [illegible], Parry, Mary Leys, H. William Ashworth, Harry Hindle, Ethel Pringle, Stanley Crawford, Robert Kerr.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: Robert Brockie, Royal Bank House, Kilmarnock, N.B., E. Allison Peets, Ringwood, Dartford, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Roland M. Young, 3 Aylmer Road, Wendell Park, W., F. C. McComb, 39 London Street, Belfast, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Roy Sisson, Esmé Roden, R. H. Funnell, C. McG. Ure, Stanley J. Alderton, F. S. Phillips, Arnold [illegible], P. W[illegible], Vo[illegible], Tom Jones, S. K. Boyd, Ralston Andrew, H. H. Stones, S. Thear, Joseph H. Hudson, Archie Waddell, Charles W. Lane, S. E. Girling, R. H. Turner, F. J. Patrick, G. R. Pryer, Fred Bailes, Percy G. Dosmny, T. L. Rich, William Riddle, Laurence Constantine.

No. VI.—"Painting Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen)

WINNER OF WATER-COLOURS OR DRAWING INSTRUMENTS BY GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.: Ernest Coates, 33 Stanley Street, Bedford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: S. E. Burrow, Dora Carrington, Nicol Gray, Frank Whitaker, Hugh Campbell, E. T. Braddell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Robert Stafford Stanley, 229 Piccadilly, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. C. Keble, Kathleen Hobbs, Elsa H. M. Georgeson, Boydell Lloyd, Marjorie Muirhead, Erica Shepley, S. G. Pollock, I. A. Taylor, Ethel G. Simons, Harrison.

Foreign and Colonial Readers. (December)

WINNERS OF 5s.: (I.) K. C. Burness, 11 Hillcrest Park, Totonto, Canada; (II.) D. Grahame, 12 Lorne Crescent, Montreal, Canada; (III.) J. Hawken, Market Street, Grahamstown, Cape Colony; (V.) S. R. Robertson, 321 Calle Garibaldi, Quimes, Buenos Ayres, Argentina.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) Leslie H. Burket (Canada), J. Hawken, Gordon Shaw (Canada), George Stanley (Cape Colony), Harry H. Daniels (New South Wales), Sydney A. Metcalfe (Canada), Frank B. Bisset (Transvaal), H. E. Warren (Canada); (II.) K. C. Burness, H. W. Tupman (Cape Colony), G. N. Cross (Transvaal), S. R. Robertson, D. B. Ross (South Australia), F. C. Armstrong (Barbados), S. A. Metcalfe; (III.) Charles Oebley (Natal), G. Callender (Cape Colony), Stanley R. Alston (Victoria, Australia), (V.) A. C. Cross (Transvaal), Isabel Leplastrier (New South Wales), R. D. Molyneux (New South Wales), H. Goodbrand (Natal), E. L. Armstrong (Barbados), Ronald W. Tuckwell (Canada), Harry E. Elliott (Canada).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Cox's Cough-Drops," "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The Head of Kay's," "The White Feather," "The Duffer."

Comments on the February Competitions.

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—The artist made eight mistakes—viz., The drummer's body and legs were reversed, the drum occupied an impossible position, the musket of the man next to it reached the ground in wrong place—he also had two bayonets; the arm of the man saluting passed behind the post in front of which he was standing; the front strap supporting the officer's sword was slack instead of taut; the bayonet of the man on extreme left would not fit its frog; and the bottom sash of the window was too deep.

No. III.—The names required to complete the "Tudor Period Answers" were respectively the Earl of Bothwell, Malleus Monarchorum (the nickname applied to Cromwell), Exeter, Charles IX. of France, Lord Darnley, Chevalier Bayard, Francis II., the Earl of Bothwell.

No. IV.—The proportion of drawings combining good d[illegible] to[illegible]p with good jokes was lower than usual. Competitors should execute their work in either line or wash, not a combination of both.

No. V.—This competition was more popular than ever. The prize-winning sentences were: CLASS I., "*How is It Done?*" asked *Gunner Moir* of *The Old Fag*. "By hard *Work* and *More Exactness*," was the answer. What *An Old Warrior!*—*An Old Warrior*, none other than *The Old Fag*, having related *An Irish Tale* in *Esperanto* *At The Art Students' Dramatic Club*, was heard to exclaim, "Well, this is *Work!*" CLASS II., Said *Gunner Moir* to *The Old Fag*, "Where is *An Irish Tale* that I sent in?" "*Where, indeed?*" he replied. "I gave your *Work An Introduction* to the office hound!"—*Where, Indeed*, with *Skating* and *The Joys of Goal-Keeping* over, can such *An Old Warrior* as *The Old Fag* be happier than with *Green at Greyhouse* reading *G. A. Henty?*

No. VI.—Competitors were no slow to appreciate the possibilities of a picture that lent itself to vivid colouring.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement [illegible] where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

LADY: "Oh, you cruel boy, to take away that nest! The poor mother will be pining to death for the loss of it!"

YOUNGSTER: "Garn! She's in yer 'at!"

A. O. JONES (to PELHAM WARNER). "Sorry I've had to leave those ashes behind . . . ." "Never mind, old man, everybody agrees you've had beastly hard luck."

Written and Illustrated by "Rip"

IT cannot be denied that the M[illegible] team which returns from "down under" at the end of April [illegible] grievously disappointed [illegible] country. "Hope told a [illegible] when they won the first three matches, and when in the fourth, against Victoria, set 490 to win they totalled 422 for 9 wickets, many saw in their opening performances much promise for the Test matches others said, "wait a wee," and we waited.

The doleful prophets proved to be correct. Those critics in England who dubbed it our "second string" and those who in Australia called them "third [illegible]ters" seemed to be justified in the end. And yet in every Test match at some period of the [illegible]me they had the Australians [illegible] their grip, only to let them slip through time after time.

The secret of this seemed to be lack of staying power.

Writing home to his brother Albert, quite early in the tour, G. H. S. Trott, the old Australian captain, said that as a fielding side the English team were excellent, their bowling was varied and good, but the batsmen were young and inexperienced and might suffer from 'stage fright' in the Test matches."

The old Australian skipper seems to have summed them up correctly. The inclusion of a MacLaren or a Fry, a Hayward or a Tyldesley, a Jackson or a Hirst, would have saved the situation on several occasions no doubt. With all due respect for Fane and Young, in the first Test match at Sydney when they opened the innings we all sighed for MacLaren and Hayward.

M. A. NOBLE
The Australian captain

Nobody dreamt when the team went out that Young or even Fane would be included in a Test match except by accident. The possibility of their opening the first Test match would have seemed something of a nightmare to most people.

It is easy to find fault as it is easy to find excuses.

It was a big stroke of bad luck to have to play three Test matches without A. O. Jones, but then the Australians lost Cotter, their best bowler, and a very fine slogger, in the same number of matches, so that really the two losses balanced each other.

Then again but for the unfortunate illness of the skipper it is unlikely that George Gunn would have appeared in a Test match. Yet the emergency man comes out with an average of 51 for the five matches. It is a question if Jones fit and well could have equalled that.

Gunn and Hardstaff are the surprise packets of the team - though there are many who have watched the career of Hardstaff who are not in the least surprised at his success. He is the favourite of the team with the Australians, who have nicknamed him "Hot Stuff."

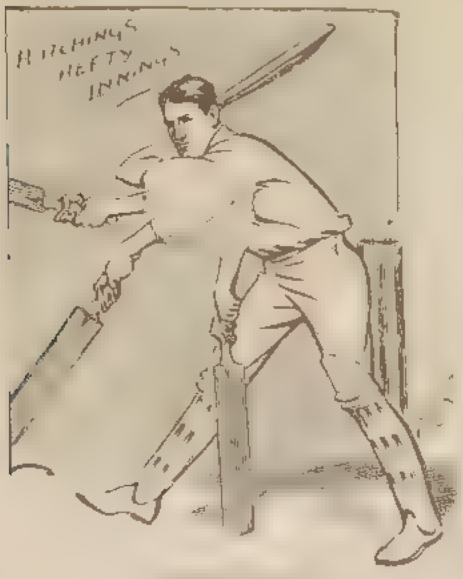
Gunn and Hardstaff with Hobbs are the only batsmen who have done anything to enhance their reputations out there, and they are looked upon as Test match players with a great future. Hutchings has done well, and has delighted the Australians with his free batting, but with the exception of one great innings of 126, he has hardly realised expectations in Test matches.

Australia has often been the grave of great reputations.

THE "EMERGENCY" MAN

Brockwell and Lockwood at the height of their fame were comparative failures out there, and even George Hirst felt that he never got much satisfaction out of his various appearances against the Australians on their native heath. And now must be added Ernest Hayes, who did so many brilliant things for Surrey last year, and had an average of 35 for 53 innings. Everybody was delighted when he was invited to go to Australia, and Noble and Clem Hill, on hearing he was included, said, "he was the man to make runs out there." But alas and alack! Not has he appeared in Test matches—surely a great mist whatever his form Trumper got three "ducks" running, earning the unenviable "pair of specs," but the Australians didn't leave him out, and in the next match he atoned with a century. With Hayes as with Trumper, it is a matter of temperament, not form.

Besides the failures of Hayes and Young with the bat, there have been those with the ball. Rhodes and Blythe, who had done so well in Australia before, certainly had claims to selection on form. But our two left-handers have failed to sustain their reputations. Barnes and Fielder have bowled well, and curiously enough our solitary success in the Test matches was due to the plucky batting of the two fast bowlers.



HARDSTAFF

The success of John Crawford as an all-round man is very pleasing. He is the

[illegible] did this before [illegible] 21st year! This young player, who attained his majority on December 1 has greatly added to his celebrity as a bowler and stands at the top of the bowling averages for Test matches. He has too, convinced the Australians that if he wears "a pair of specs" it doesn't affect his batting or his fielding at slip.

Australian critics made great fun of our two "spectacled" amateurs, and that one of them should be a wicket-keeper seemed to them incredible.

One feels sorry for the Cambridge captain, [illegible] wicket-keeper [illegible] one

The mistakes of this team have been many; [illegible] mistakes were made "down under

We had bad luck [illegible] supplemented with [illegible] and we have lost the "Ashes."

[illegible] teaches, [illegible] but [illegible] have been tried which are [illegible] to be repeated in a hurry. As Mr [illegible] says [illegible] ought to send out [illegible] best men in the future. But will they go?

[illegible] Tyldesley, Hirst and Lilley *didn't want* to go, and hardly any terms would have tempted them. Then again, Jackson, Fry, and MacLaren *couldn't* go, so that until the M.C.C. has the power over cricketers that the F.A. has over footballers, it is difficult to see what can be done. Even then no doubt we should be in danger of a split, and an Amateur Cricket Association.

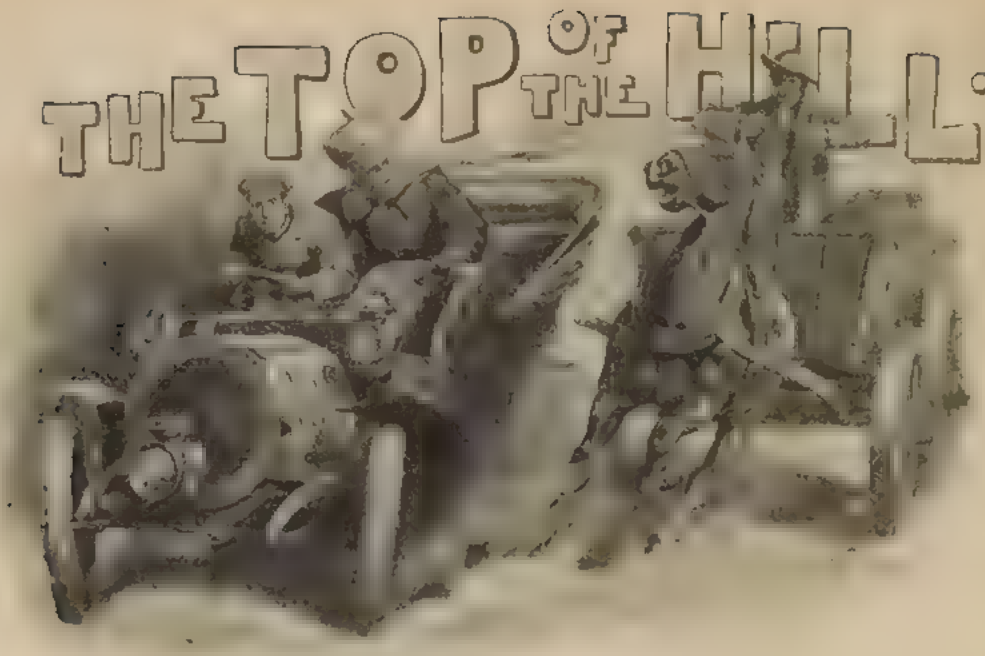
Until we can send out our best team, which will be never, Australia at home will have the advantage, just as we enjoy it here.

And perhaps after all it is as well for the good old game of cricket that we have lost "those ashes," and have taken our gruel sadly, for international cricket will [illegible] the keener [illegible] They will have something to lose, and the [illegible] something to go for."

R. A. YOUNG.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE TOP OF THE HILL.



By WILLIAM GRAYSTOKE

MR JOHN MAITLAND senior partner in the firm of Maitland, Grindlay and Franks, South African merchants, was the impersonation of business acumen and industry. Starting City life as an office-boy, he had risen, by virtue of ability and a great capacity for hard work, to be the controlling factor in a firm which enjoyed high repute throughout mercantile circles in three continents. All his employees were expected, and, by certain simple expedients, obliged, to live up to the high standard set by him. In his office unpunctuality, illicit reading of light literature, and unauthorised five-minutes-off were practically unknown; while diligence and merit were duly rewarded.

At the age of fifty-six years Mr. Maitland had amassed a very considerable fortune, and had acquired Summerscourt, a fine estate in Southshire, where he found relief from the worries of commercial life. He rode to hounds occasionally, was a well-known figure on the local links, and kept a smart and powerful motor-car, which he could handle very creditably. He took his pleasures as well as his work seriously, but regarded the first as essentially a means for making the second more efficient. A life of mere self-enjoyment Mr. Maitland held in abhorrence.

A widower, he had two children—Lucy, a pretty and amiable girl of seventeen, and Leonard, two years older. In his early teens Leonard had been struck on the head by a cricket-ball, and from that time onwards had been subject at intervals to fits of great mental excitement and eccentric behaviour, which, though they had as yet had no serious results, caused his father great anxiety.

An estate adjoining Summerscourt was owned by a Mr. Armstrong, a wealthy iron-master. His family consisted of one son, Hugh, a good-looking, athletic young fellow who had lived twenty-five years without doing anything that, in Mr. Maitland's opinion, could be classed as useful work. After an athletically distinguished school and college career, Hugh took to steering monster motor-cars, and had made a name for himself in several big events, notably the Targa Florio circuit. Leonard Maitland, being, like most boys, much interested in motoring, thought a great deal of Hugh, and sometimes occupied a seat in his racing car during practice on the Brooklands track.

At the time when our story opens an

[illegible] of high-speed travel had provoked [illegible] the outbreaks to which, as just [illegible] Leonard was liable, and had [illegible] him to the house under the constant [illegible] ice of a trained nurse [illegible] [illegible] ly long spell of immunity had led [illegible] hope that Leonard had at last shaken [illegible] training in the London office [illegible] uently Hugh was not popular with the master of Summerscourt.

To make things worse, Maitland discovered that Lucy and Hugh regarded one another with more than friendly feelings, and that local gossip already coupled their names together. So he took advantage of an opening given by Hugh to tell him that a poor son-in-law, provided that he were industrious and doing some good in the world, would not necessarily be objectionable, but that, as long as he could control the situation, Miss Lucy should not bring him an idle, feather-brained one. No man—or woman, for the matter of that—however well-to-do, could [illegible]

[illegible] earned a handsome living by "finishing" young ladies to the tune of £200 a year, [illegible] stating that he wished to commit Lucy to her care for a twelvemonth, during which she was not to return home. Cousin Marie Anne might be trusted to keep young men off the grass." Preliminaries settled, the housekeeper was ordered to pack Miss Lucy's trunks with all possible speed and send them by the station cart to Northport, to catch the afternoon boat to Ostend next day. Mr Maitland then unfolded to Lucy his plan of driving her himself to Northport in the car—the chauffeur being laid up with a chill—leaving the car in the town, and seeing her as far as Brussels. Lucy heard the sentence with tears, but knew her parent too well to offer any opposition.

The hour arrived all too soon when she found herself, fur-coated and veiled, in the tonneau of the 40-horse-power Viator, about to leave Summerscourt for the Continent. In advance she hated Belgium, Brussels, Cousin Marie Anne, and her future companions. Her foot tapped the floor of the tonneau in a way that betrayed a temper which even the sorrows of departure from home could not subdue.

Her father, looking exasperatingly cheerful, came out of the house, buttoned his thick driving-coat, and started up the engine. The purring of the motor did not give Lucy the thrill of excitement which she usually felt when about to go a-motoring, for would not every stroke of the pistons take her further from Summerscourt and Hugh, and so much nearer to her prison-house? The thing for which she now hoped most devoutly was that something would go wrong with the motor and give her even an hour's respite.

Mr. Maitland let in the clutch, and the car [illegible] the eastern avenue. When he had travelled a hundred yards or so he remembered that there was a gun to be taken to Northport for repairs, and he pulled up and returned on foot to fetch it.

As he walked back to the house Hugh Armstrong was gliding up the western avenue on his new six-cylinder car, unaware of the banishment scheme. Having thought over Mr. Maitland's expressions of aversion to idleness, and found in them nothing unreasonable, Hugh had decided to enter the diplomatic service, where he could count upon useful backing, and he was now in a hurry to lay the fact at Mr. Maitland's feet, so to speak, to pave the way for further negotiations about Lucy. So it came about that the would-be son-in-law and the would-not-be father-in-law met at the front door of Summerscourt at a critical moment.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Maitland in tones of cold politeness. "If you have come to inquire after Leonard, I am glad to be able to say that he is progressing favourably."

"I'm right glad to hear that, sir. And, er—there was something else I wished to speak to you about. Could you give me a few minutes?"

"I am extremely pressed for time," said the master of the house, glancing back furtively to see whether his car were visible from where they stood. It was out of sight round the bend. So far, good. But the position was awkward. He could not well leave the house before his visitor, and the visitor's homeward way was down the eastern avenue; and the very last thing that Mr. Maitland desired was that Hugh should catch sight of Lucy and ask questions,

After [illegible], Maitland took the bull by the horns. He would be open with the young fellow, and snuff him out finally then and there.

"I can only give you two minutes," he said. "Will you come inside?"

They went into the library.

"Well?" asked Maitland, when his visitor was seated.

"It's about Lucy."

"What about Lucy? I think I spoke pretty plainly the other day."

Under the stern glance of this business man Armstrong felt uncommonly young and nervous. It was one thing to make up a pretty speech, and quite another to deliver it. He turned very red, stammered a few words, and stuck.

"Let me be plain with you, Mr. Armstrong," said the other. "You want me to allow you to pay court to my daughter. Therefore, understand quite clearly that I shall sanction no such thing. You've got Leonard into terrible trouble, of which I can't see the end yet, and now you are unsettling my daughter. Do you think that a man who has made his way by sheer hard work would appreciate giving his daughter to an idle man when there are scores of industrious young fellows in the country, any one of whom would, as far as I can see, make a far better husband? What have you got to show for your time?"—Mr. Maitland grew warmer as he went on—"tearing round the country on a big car; playing foolhardy tricks at races? Pleasure, always pleasure. Anything to kill time, eh? No! while I have legal control of Lucy she does not marry a man with nothing better to show than a life of self-enjoyment. I'm sending her to the Continent for a year, and I will ask you to be so good as to refrain from holding communication of any sort with her while she is away. I hope that you understand me."

Astonishment at this extremely unwelcome piece of news gave Armstrong some courage.

"But, Mr. Maitland, I *am* going to do some work; and of a kind you will appreciate. I have applied for a post in the diplomatic service. I promise you I will put my back into it if you'll only let me——"

"For the present [illegible] I shall let you do no more as regards Lucy than I have indicated."

"I would do anything for Lucy, sir. That's honest truth."

"Of course, of course. Every young man says that about the girl he fancies. But it's deeds, not words, I want, sir. And I won't waste your time any longer."

The hint was unmistakable. Here was a man who could not be persuaded. Armstrong rose, feeling very miserable and baffled.

At that moment the door was thrown open and the nurse came in.

"Please, sir," she said, in tones that betrayed great agitation, "have you seen Mr. Leonard? I can't find him."

"Can't find him?" cried the father, jumping up. "Why isn't he in his room? You had strict orders to keep him there."

"He was there a few minutes ago, when I went downstairs to fetch his soup, but when I got back he was gone."

"I saw some one go down the drive just now in a motor-coat," broke in Armstrong excitedly. "But that wouldn't be he, would it?"

Mr. Maitland walked quickly out into the cloak-room. A glance told him that Leonard's motoring-coat was missing.

"This way!" he shouted, running down the drive towards the car, followed by Hugh and the nurse.

The car had disappeared!

"What's to be done?" exclaimed the now agitated father. "That boy has gone off with Lucy, goodness knows where to, and he's in no fit state to be driving."

Hugh thought a moment, and then made the obvious suggestion, "Chase them! That's the only thing. Come, jump in, please; we mustn't waste time."

He seized the starting handle of his car, heaved it round, and sprang into his place beside Mr. Maitland, who was already seated. The big machine went off with a jump as the clutch engaged, and quickly gathered speed as it travelled down the avenue towards the eastern lodge, at which they checked. A man was working in the garden.

"Did you see the car go out, and which way, Thompson?" shouted Maitland.

"Went out a bit ago, towards Skipwick, sir."

"Right!"

Once on the main road, the car showed no respect for speed limits. Armstrong opened her out and gave full scope to the sixty horse-power under her bonnet.

"We'll soon catch them like this," he said to his companion.

The passenger gripped the sides of his

[illegible] …LTED MR. MAITLAND

seat and calculated. Northport was eighteen miles away, and assuming that Leonard had headed for there, it would take them all their time to work off the three minutes' start of the Viator, which could do its fifty miles an hour on the flat—stern chases being proverbially lengthy. Was Leonard able to keep the car straight? He turned cold at the thought of the very possible disaster that might overtake the runaways, and make him in a moment a childless man.

The car had now reached a long, straight stretch. At the further end of this stretch, a mile or so away, a thinning cloud of dust hung over the road.

"That's the car," said Hugh. He turned his head slightly to one side, as though listening intently. That wretched front cylinder was misfiring again, and slowing them several miles an hour! A plague on that plug!

When her father returned to the house Lucy's feelings got the better of her, and found relief in tears, which she was endeavouring to check when, as she thought, she heard him return. Lest he should see that she had been crying, she kept her head down, and so did not observe who it was that got into the driver's seat and took the wheel. The car started off again but this time in a manner that made her look up instinctively.

"Len!" she cried. "What *are* you doing? You ought not to be here!"

Her brother took no notice whatever of her exclamation, but piloted the car through the gate and out into the road.

"Len! Len!" she repeated, "stop her! Stop her at once, I say!"

"Dry up, you idiot!" he replied, throwing in the fourth speed. "We'll catch 'em up on this lap. It's all right here on the banking; we sha'n't upset. Only four laps to go now. Where's the Darracq? Shove in some oil, man!"

Most of this was gibberish to his sister, but she understood sufficiently to realise that Leonard's wits were astray and that he fancied himself engaged in some Brooklands race. The car dashed through a mob of poultry,

annihilating two of them before they could reach the grass.

Though the speed was now such as she had not yet experienced, Lucy did not lose her head. Leaning over the back of the front seats, she tried to cajole her brother.

"Slow down, old boy," she said quietly. "I want to get out here, if you don't mind. *Oh!*" as they missed a waggon by a few inches.

"If you talk I'll have her off the track. Drop it!" came the reply.

Then things began to look very gloomy. To attempt to dismount would be madness. It was useless for her to try to get possession of the steering wheel. Even if she were competent to drive the car the struggle for possession would inevitably cause a wreck. And they were heading straight for North-port[illegible] pretty clear, but they could not expect such luck much longer.

"We're catching them," said Hugh. And, indeed, the distance had diminished to half a mile. Through openings in the dust cloud the pursuers caught occasional glimpses of the folded Cape-cart hood at the back of the car. A minute later the interval was halved.

"We'll have them on Skipwick Hill, sir. I doubt if she'll take it on fourth, and if she drops to third, mine will romp up to her in no time."

"We *must* catch her," said Mr. Maitland. "There's the Tam Bridge on the other side."

The Tam Bridge! At the foot of the further slope the road turned sharply on to a narrow stone bridge crossing a little stream, and on the further bank bent as sharply back into the original line. A series of accidents at this spot had awakened a sluggish Highway Board to the need for the building of a wider and straighter bridge, but as yet nothing had been done, and the old bridge remained, a standing danger to all but cautious motorists.

The big Viator breasted the slope in a way that showed her to be in tip-top form, and the more powerful, but one-cylinder-sick, car behind gained on her very slowly. Only half a mile of the long ascent remained, and in that distance the game must be lost or won. Hugh adjusted the air levers carefully to give the best possible mixture, advanced the spark a trifle, and squirted a full charge of oil into the crank case. The engine quickened sensibly, the sixth cylinder taking up its share of the work, and the gap diminished.

All the while, Hugh was thinking hard. When he caught the other car, what was he to do? Circumstances must decide. If Leonard stuck to the middle of the road, as he was now doing, it would be practically impossible to pass and get ahead, as the road ran through a shallow cutting towards the top of the hill, and six yards behind was as bad as six miles, so far as stopping the runaway was concerned. Even if he passed Hugh, it would be a very risky thing to deliberately foul a powerful car and endeavour to overcome its engine with the brakes. Still, it would have to be done. Lucy must be saved at all risks—and before the summit was reached. Hugh became suddenly desperate. If need be, he made up his mind he would jump for the other car; he would stop that Viator somehow. Lucy must be saved! Lucy *must* be saved! Leonard didn't count for anything with him just then.

He pressed the push on the steering wheel, and evoked a raucous blast from the electric horn. With the instinctive habit of the driver, Leonard pulled over to his own side, leaving half the road clear.

The girl's white, terror-stricken face appeared over the folded hood. Lucy was as fully aware of her danger as were her would-be rescuers, and felt as helpless as a swimmer being swept over the verge of Niagara.

"Quick, sir!" snapped Armstrong. "Into the tonneau and get her aboard, somehow—anyhow!"

Mr. Maitland scrambled over the back of the seat. The steering wheels of the car were now abreast of the driving wheels of the Viator, and a few moments later the tonneaus were level.

"Lucy, you must jump!" shouted Mr. Maitland. "Trust yourself to me," and he put out his arms.

Lucy looked at him in a dazed way, as if she hardly understood what he meant.

"Quick! Quick, girl! Do what I tell you. Lean over as far as you can, so that I may catch you under the arms. You'll be quite safe."

From poor Lucy's point of view, however, it looked a perilous undertaking. The broad splashers of the cars, projecting nine inches or so from the bodies, made it unadvisable to bring the tonneaus nearer to one another than the space of a yard, allowing a suffi-

THE CAR CRASHES THROUGH THEM IT THEY WERE SO MUCH STRAW

cient margin for the deviations of ca travelling at such a speed But Lucy, taking her courage in both hands, stood up on the seat, gripped the framework of the hood tightly with her right hand, and leaned outwards till her father, kneeling on the seat of the other car could reach her arms. Then just at the critical moment, owing to erratic steering on Leonard's part, the cars closed up, and there was a splintering of wood which frightened Lucy back

"I daren't, father, I daren't," she cried owering back on to the seat and putting up both hands before her face, as if to shut out an unpleasant sight. "I can't.'

Mr. Maitland began to despair, as the cars had now passed the crest of the hill, and were gathering pace rapidly, with the result that they swayed about more and more, and increased the difficulty of his ugly task. Leonard, maddened by the pace of wh he evidently took to be a rival car, palpably meant to make full use of the slope

The bridge lay less than half a mile say thirty seconds of time—ahead. If Lucy

wouldn't jump, there was nothing for it but to cut across the bows of the Viator, and take the consequences of a smash that possibly might not be so disastrous as one at the bridge. Yet—one more attempt to get her out before resorting to such extreme measures!

Hugh drew in till the cars almost rubbed sides.

"Lucy, *do* come!" he shouted over his shoulder. "Be a brick, Loo! Don't funk it!"

His words had more effect than the pleadings of her father. Lucy again leaned out, and, as luck would have it, a sudden lurch made her lose her balance, and fall, whether she wished it or not, into the arms of her parent. His position gave him a bad purchase, and Lucy's weight very nearly pulled him overboard. He managed, however, to recover his balance, and there was Lucy, half supported by the splasher, and in imminent danger of being nipped if the cars closed up again

"Steer wide! Brakes!" shouted Mr. Maitland, and Hugh edged off towards the grass, putting the foot-brake hard down. A moment later the girl was in the bottom of the car, sobbing hysterically now that the crisis was past—for her

For Leonard's fate was not yet decided. The Viator raced down the hill at tremendous speed -so fast that a disaster was inevitable, unless he awoke to his danger. On flies the car. A flock of sheep, grazing near the road, take fright, and gallop wildly across, the last escaping destruction by barely a tail's length. On! On! The two spectators, horrified, hold in their breath, unconsciously tightening their grip on what their hands touch. A hundred yards; fifty yards. Now! Ah --

Leonard has realised that the turn is impossible, and goes straight at the rails lining the approach to the bridge. The car crashes through them as if they were so much straw, flicks over the grass slope, and plunges into the river with a thunderous splash!

Hugh was already speeding to give such help as might be possible or necessary. There was just a chance; water affords a safer alighting place than does a stone parapet.

At the bridge the car was stopped, and the two men hurried down to the river's edge. The Viator lay on its side, just covered by the water. Of the driver there was no sign.

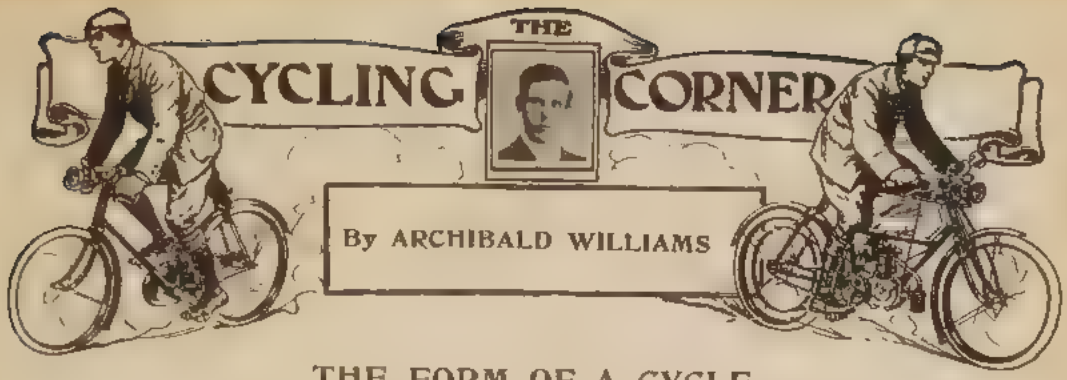
"I say, help us out, old man," said a voice; and they spied the wretched Leonard hanging on to a willow branch, very pale and woe begone.

They landed him without difficulty, and found, to their inexpressible relief and surprise, that the catastrophe—the sudden douche and the shock—had had a most salutary issue, having restored his wits to their normal condition; a happening which, by-the-bye, can be paralleled by several recorded instances. A few minutes of cold bath had done what weeks of careful nursing might not have effected!

While Hugh returned to Summerscourt with the two young people, Mr. Maitland organised a party to retrieve his car, which was eventually brought to land very little the worse for its immersion.

After this episode, Mr. Maitland's feelings towards Hugh, of course, underwent a radical change, and he handed over Lucy with his blessing.

So you may think. But the devotee of "sheer hard work" was made of sterner stuff. Certainly, he regarded Hugh in a more kindly light after that eventful race; nevertheless, Lucy went abroad for a year, and Hugh had to act up to his promise, which he kept in a manner so satisfactory to the master of Summerscourt that—well, you can guess.



THE FORM OF A CYCLE

Something About Frames

I CALL your attention for a minute or two [illegible] "diamond," made up of six tubes (*wx* and *xy*, being forked are double, but for present purposes will each be considered to be a single tube). The rider's weight is transmitted from the saddle lug *w* through the frame to the spindle of the rear wheel at *x* and the top of the fork crown at *z'*. The tubes *wx*, *wy*, [illegible] and *zz'* are in compression, while *xy* and [illegible]re in tension. The weak spot of such a frame is the necessary substitution of a "four-sided figure," *wyz'z*, for a triangle in order to get in the head tube, *zz'*, for the stem of the front forks to turn in. Consequently, the forward joints at *zz'* have to be made very strong to prevent distortion of the frame; but it may be said that reputable manufacturers are careful to run no risks by undue cutting of weight at these points.

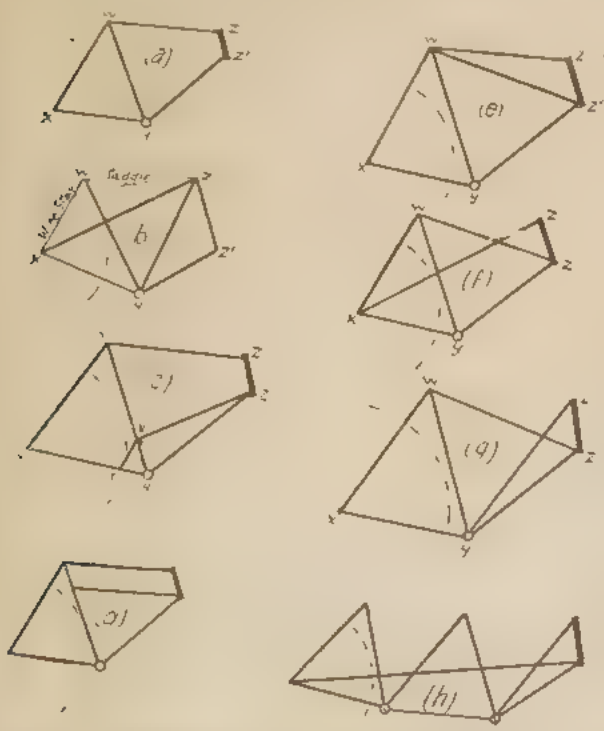


Fig. 1.—From [illegible] adopted by different makers as giving extra strength for weight [illegible] round circle indicates the pedal bracket and the thick short line on the right the head of the machine. (*a*) Ordinary diamond frame, with which compare (*b*) Dursley Pedersen; (*c*) Royal Enfield "Duplex Girder"; (*d*) Rudge Whitworth Double Top Tube. (*e*) Premier Truss Frame; (*f*) Centaur Lightweight Frame; (*g*) Raleigh Cross Frame; (*h*) Raleigh Tandem Frame.

The fewer the tubes in a frame, the easier is its manufacture, so one must be prepared to pay something extra for a frame of a more complicated pattern than the "diamond"—one in which the weight is distributed among a larger number of tubes arranged to give greater strength. In the Premier Truss Frame (Fig. 1 *e*) *w* and *z'* are connected, and the quadrilateral *wyz'z* is divided into two triangles. Part of the rider's weight is now transmitted direct to the point of support *z'*, and the head is still held firm by *wz*. In the Raleigh Cross Frame (*g*) the same tube *wz* is found, but the top-bar *wz* is replaced by one running from *y* to *z*. This also gives a very strong combination. In the Centaur Lightweight Frame (*f*) the top of the head is connected to *x* again, great strength. The Royal Enfield Co. (*c*) prefer to relieve *wz* and *wx* by two internal tubes *tv* and *z'v*; while the Rudge Whitworth (*d*) have an inner parallel tube parallel to the top tube. The Dursley Pedersen (*b*) is a double triangle [illegible] cross member *wy*, stayed by a wire. The chief things to remember about these frames (generally found in first grade mounts only) are that they are extremely strong for their weight, and that their higher cost

results from the greater number of joints which they have as compared with the ' diamond

Handle-bars.

Fig. 2 is a representation of some typical shapes of handle-bars. Handle-bar (*a*) is a good average shape, but it has one disadvantage, viz., that the grips are somewhat lower than the top of the stem; so that if the machine

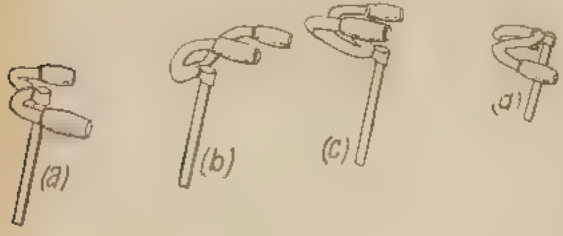


Fig. 2.—Four different types of handle-bars.

be turned upside down it is apt to wobble about forward. Handle bar (*b*) has consequently grown in favour, as the grips and the saddle give three distinct points for the cycle to rest on. Also, the upturn of the bars reduces the amount of stem projecting from the head. Hand e-bar (*c*) is for those riders who prefer to lean well forward; and would, I imagine, be suitable for stout lady riders who have d fficulty in mounting with back-reaching handle-bars shaped like (*a*) or (*b*). The fourth on the list (*d*), is for road-racing; a still more dropped pattern being supplied for track racing, where the surface is so good that the wrists are not jarred. Throwing the weight forward on to the wrists enables the rider to get a better driving leverage, and to reduce the air pressure by keeping his body down, but it makes the wrists dreadfully sore and stiff if long stretches of bumpy roads have to be negotiated. Pattern (*b*) is the one for the average rider.

On Covers

In Fig. 3 you see a reproduction from the Rudge Whitworth catalogue showing the relative thickness of rubber on their (1) Tandem, (2) Roadster, and (3) Featherweight covers. From this it is evident that the first has a tread more than twice as thick as that of the last, and half as thick again as No. 2. Quantity of rubber is less important than quality, mere thickness being no guarantee of freedom from punctures. A good roadster will prove more impenetrable than an inferior grade tandem, and will certainly be much more "lively." The thicker the tread the less is the resilience of the cover, and the greater is the power required to drive a cycle at a given speed. A high-grade "roadster," is the best weight for all-round work, but I recommend a Tandem cover on the rear wheel for riders of unusual avoirdupois, for very splintery localities, and for work in which the delay caused by a puncture may have serious consequences. One rider of my acquaintance reduced punctures from about one per diem on the average to one per two months, by substituting a Tandem for a Roadster; but then, that cover had to carry the best part of fourteen stone. Being myself some stones lighter I find Roadsters quite sufficient, and suffer very little from punctures at any season of the year. Cuts are the most insidious enemies, for they give little warning of the coming burst and are generally neglected till an explosive disaster occurs. My concluding advice in this paragraph is: avoid inferior covers like poison.

Some Good Tips

While browsing on catalogues lately I struck a couple of pages of useful advice on the treatment of a cycle at the end of the Premier Co.'s price-list. Here are a few quotations:

"Oil, after considerable use, loses much of its lubricating qualities, and becomes too sticky to be suitable for light work such as is involved in a bicycle bearing. Therefore it is advisable to periodically clean out one's bearings so as to remove that sticky residue

"Powdered plumbago and vaseline make a very good mixture for lubricating chains, which mixture has the merit of being equally effective in dry and in wet weather.

"The question of appearance is one which differs in importance with the tastes of the individual. A cyclist of ordinary, well-regulated and careful habits will be as careful of the appearance of the machine he rides as of his own. For the well-kept bicycle will

Fig. 3.—Diagram to show the relative thickness of the rubber treads (marked black) on (1) Tandem cover; (2) Roadster cover; (3) Featherweight cover.

last longer, look better, and, if needs be, sell better than one ill-kept and seldom cleaned.

"A little care as you go along will save one a great deal of work crammed into an afternoon or night. Do not therefore allow your bicycle to get untidy

"*To preserve enamel*' nothing can approach ordinary furniture polish. It is easily applied, is efficacious in wet and dry weather, rejects dust with impartiality, and smartens up dull enamel. You have merely to rub some on with a sponge as you would vaseline, and then polish with a dry and clean duster."

Another tip, which I gleaned elsewhere, is, to save old incandescent gas mantles, and break them up for polishing the plated parts of a cycle with. If applied with a soft rag the dust produces a very brilliant surface.

A TIP FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

"W H T." writes: "I think that some of your readers who have been following the instructions you have been giving in THE CAPTAIN lately re overhauling a cycle will have found a difficulty in putting in the wheels again, owing to the forks closing; especially in the case of a back wheel where the chain adjusters go inside the fork. I found the following plan useful: Saw off a piece of wood exactly the length of the distance between the fork ends, bevelling the ends of the wood to suit the slope of the sides of the fork. Then put the rim of the wheel in the fork, pass the wood between two spokes, and wedge it across the fork. By working the wood a little up the fork the ends will open enough to allow you to get the hub in place."

Thanks, "W H T."; a very practical piece of advice. I have made use of your idea myself in the past. I now have my forks distended sufficiently to clear the hubs by their natural outward spring when the spindle nuts are removed. It is time that the fork chain adjuster was abolished, and barrel bracket eccentric adjustment universally adopted by the makers, as being a much more convenient method. Already several firms have taken it up, and the rest will no doubt follow their example presently

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Togo. For a Single "Gipsy" tent, which ought to be large enough to accommodate two little 'uns, you will require about 11 yards of lawn 40 in. wide. For a Double "Gipsy" the quantity must be increased to 18 yards. It is advisable to make the *length* of the tent of two widths of lawn sewn together along the edges which gives a total width or rather more than 6 ft 6 in. The lawn costs 8½*d.* per yard run (3 oz. to the yard) at Messrs. Piggott Bros., 57 Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C., who also supply tent-poles, I believe

"Daisy" (Oxford).—You evidently have the inquiring mind. All frames are girders of one type or another, the diamond being most commonly used for men's machines. As it would be impossible for ladies in skirts to mount a "diamond," the top bar has to be removed and transferred to the lower part of the frame to reinforce the tube running from the bracket to the bottom of the "head" tube—which is the one in which the stem of the front fork moves. Some makers either reinforce the diamond, or build their frames on a different principle altogether, notably in the case of the Dursley Pedersen. The words "girder type" convey no definite information. You will find some remarks on frames in the body of the article

R B Johns.—A motor-cycle even of the most reliable kind, costs much more per mile to run than does an ordinary "pusher." Heavier and more expensive tyres are needed to stand the wear and tear of a greater weight propelled at higher speeds. Then there is the bill for petrol and engine lubricating oil. Also the consumption of petrol, which has risen in

of lubricating oil is unavoidable. The belt is ever wearing out, so is the engine, however slowly, and the motor-cyclist is lucky who has not to pay for minor repairs every now and then. Putting one thing with another, I reckon the running cost at a penny per mile, and this does not include the general depreciation of the machine. A push bike, on the other hand costs a farthing or less per mile. During the last 3500 miles of riding my replacement bill has been 15s., which works out at about a penny per twenty miles. I must debit the account, however, with half the cost of another cover, which has been in use all the time, and part of the cost of a new chain. Anyway, if I keep on the safe side and give 30s as representing the cost of replacing wear, I have ten miles for my penny. If you take my advice, you will stick to your pusher yet awhile, as it really won't be worth your while setting up an expensive machine which you can use in the holidays only. Besides, time isn't money with you as it is with the Old Fag, Mr Nankivell, the Art Ed, and myself and you won't be much better off for being able to save ten minutes in getting from A to B

"Pedaller." There is no virtue at all in the divided rubber (or felt) pedal pads. They are fitted merely because they look a bit more stylish and perhaps because they allow a small—very small—saving in weight. When the pads get worn, loosen the pins and give the pads a quarter turn, so that the hitherto intact surfaces may come into use.

"A W S R."—You can get good machines at £10 and under from any one of the following firms: Humber, Raleigh, Rudge Whitworth, Swift, Premier, Centaur, Sunbeam, New Hudson, Singer, Triumph, and Royal Enfield, a change-speed gear included. Roller brakes have decided advantages over inverted levers and cables, but the lugs in which the levers rotate should form part of the handle-bars and not be mere fittings clipped on.

As you omitted to enclose sketch of shapes of handle-bars I cannot "quote a certain number," and must content myself with stating that you will probably find slightly upturned bars most convenient as they afford a firm support for the cycle when you have to stand it on its head for

cleaning, puncture repairing, &c. See remarks above.

"Triple."—You can now take your pick from several "threes"—the Armstrong Triplex, the Sturmey Archer the Crabbe the Dursley Pedersen the Seabrook, the Fagan, and the B.S.A. The Sturmey Archer Co. makes a three-speed with coaster brake, as well as the non-brake pattern; and the Crabbe three-speed is also a "coaster," which has found favour with riders who like the back pedalling hub brake. The All-Speed hub, giving an infinite number of ratios within certain limits, was exhibited at the last Stanley Show, and will soon be for sale, if not on the market already. I have not tried it, but have heard it well spoken of. As soon as I can get hold of a machine fitted with the hub, I will give my personal opinion as to its efficiency. The three-speed hub has almost ousted the two-speed, and a reliable and efficient all-speed will probably oust the three-speed in turn. I see that the Sunbeam Cycle Co. now offer a six-speed combination, with change gears in both hub and large chain wheel.

R. Y. A.—The cycle you mention cannot possibly be a "high grade" machine of the quality of much more expensive cycles, but I believe it to be reliable and good value. It is of about the same quality as the lowest grade of the other firm.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY

(In the year 1910)

YOUNG TOMKINS (*as the mutual power connection snaps*): "Hi dad! Look out for the live wire!"

Drawn by Felix Leigh

By HERBERT HAYENS

THE IRON HAND.

Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

CROMWELL, as his life draws to its close, is greatly harassed by his enemies, the most dangerous of whom is Miles Brotherton, who is known to be in constant communication with Prince Charles. Vigorous measures are taken to lay this man by the heels, and in the course of one attempt, which very nearly proves successful, Owen Williams, a young fellow attached to Cromwell's staff, discovers that one of Brotherton's confederates is Bevis Mordaunt, an old friend, for whose sister, moreover, he has a great regard. Cromwell sternly upbraids Williams for letting Brotherton slip, and orders him off to Bristol to make another attempt. At a Bristol tavern, Williams becomes embroiled in a quarrel with a party of cavaliers, and challenges the best man among them to fight him. The room is cleared and the two face each other.

CHAPTER V

SALTER PYNE

IT was mighty humiliating, mind you, to note how completely they took it for granted that I should be vanquished, and the more especially as one could not cavil at their judgment.

For in a few moments Salter Pyne showed himself a finished swordsman. He was acquainted with every trick of fence, and his movements were so rapid as almost to bewilder me. It would have dumbfounded Sergeant Belton, who had frequently praised my quickness in attack, to see how utterly I was reduced to the defensive.

The cavaliers fairly buzzed with delight as time and again I barely saved myself from a dexterous thrust or a lightning-like glissade, while my opponent's eyes were lit by a smile of good-humoured banter. 'Twas plain he regarded the encounter as a piece of amusement especially designed for himself and his friends.

Happily, I succeeded in controlling my temper, or the point of his sword would have been between my ribs during the first few minutes.

But presently my heart beat with fierce joy, as I realised that every succeeding minute added a point in my favour. If Salter Pyne were the quicker, I was the stronger, and there I lay my one advantage.

The youthful cavalier, recognising this, pressed me more and more fiercely. He still smiled good-humouredly, but the banter had gone from his eyes, and 'twas evident that my prolonged resistance surprised him. He had reckoned on an easy victory.

Ah! A deep sigh of relief broke from his comrades, a sigh that revealed how heavily the suspense had oppressed them. A sudden slip, and I was almost on my knees; the bright steel came leaping towards me, was nearly at my throat, when I stopped it by a despairing upward sweep. The next moment I was on my feet and attacking in my turn.

The peril and the recovery succeeded each other so swiftly that for a few seconds the spectators remained dumb with amazement; then—and I record it to their honour—they broke into a loud hum of generous approval, Weston exclaiming, "Bravo, Master Williams, bravo! 'Twas prettily done!"

From that moment I had the game in my hands. The cavalier, having served up all his tricks, could but repeat them, with less chance of success. He was, besides, tiring visibly, and more inclined to act on the defensive.

Here was my opportunity, and I seized it at once. A breathless silence, broken only by the clash of the swords, hung over the room; the spectators appeared too anxious even to breathe. Without hurry, but without pause, I maintained my attack, and every moment the defence weakened.

Once again, making a despairing effort, my opponent, changing his tactics, rushed at me furiously—so furiously indeed that I had much ado to save myself. But in his excitement he uncovered his guard, and the next instant I had run him through the side.

The room immediately filled with clamour;

men jumped from the table, talking and gesticulating wildly, and forming an angry group around their wounded comrade. Not one of them spoke to me, but their looks were dour and vengeful.

"Stand back!" cried Weston loudly. "Fetch a surgeon, one of you, and don't let any one else enter the room. Master Williams, in case

"Oh," said he, stooping down, "a pretty cut, vastly pretty, on my word! But nothing to make you gentlemen pull such long faces. Ah, 'tis Sir Salter Pyne, is it? Hast been warned of this, young sir, many a time. The pitcher, you know—eh? Well, well, young blood is hot blood, and so the world goes."

Will he die, sir?" I asked

"STOOPING DOWN, 'A PRETTY CUT, VASTLY PRETTY, ON MY WORD!'"

the Watch arrives it may be as well for [illegible] to d[illegible]

I [illegible]ough him fairly," I answered [illegible] take my chance. The quarrel [illegible] making.

Marchmont meanwhile had been stan[illegible] wound and [illegible]. He was an odd looking man, very shor[illegible] thin, with a dry, weazened skin like p[illegible] but with sharp eyes and a keen, alert m[illegible]

"Die? [illegible]id he; "of course he will die, but not just now, and not of this scratch! You should have pushed harder, sir, had you wished to kill him. Tell the landlord to get a bed ready; I'll put a plaster on this upstairs."

The young fellow's eyes were closed, and he lay quite still, as they carried him off, but the surgeon's words, and more still his manner, had raised our spirits.

He'll recover, Master Williams," said

Weston, coming down again after a time. "Art staying here for the night?"

"Yes, I have arranged for a room."

"Well, you're a plucky lad, and none of us bears you any malice, though we feel a trifle sore, for Salter Pyne is our finest swordsman. But you have had good masters. Well, well, we must be careful how we call for the 'Brewer's Sc[illegible] again.'"

Learning that their comrade was not seriously injured, the cavaliers gradually dispersed, while I waited for the coming of the surgeon from the sick-room.

"Danger?" said he, answering my inquiry in his jerky fashion. "Tush! there's no danger in a pin-prick. The rascal will be brawling again within a week. And I'm glad, for he's a gallant lad, if a trifle graceless."

"I m glad, too, sir, since I bear him no ill-will. 'Twas but a boyish quarrel, and perhaps I was over hasty."

"Odds truth!" he laughed, rubbing his skinny hands together. "Excellent! Art a wag, sir, a perfect wag. Over hasty, with a parcel of roystering blades like the rascals I found here! The joke does ye credit, sir, and the more so as I understand wit is not much cultivated at Cromwell's court. Well I must e'en go; the young rattle-pate upstairs isn't my only patient."

Bidding him good-night, I called a servant and asked to be shown to my room. I was tired with the day's journey, but a crowd of unpleasant thoughts prevented me from sleeping.

"It might have ended more seriously," I muttered, "and yet 'tis bad enough. Elizabeth is hardly likely to listen now."

But since 'tis my wish to tell the story honestly, I won't deny that I was somewhat puffed up by a feeling of vainglory. Mistress Mordaunt's friends might be handsome gallants but I had little to learn from them in the way of sword-play.

"That's one taunt the less to throw at me," I thought, "though doubtless she hath a full armoury."

On being awakened in the morning for I had at length fallen into a restless and uneasy slumber—I inquired for the wounded cavalier, and learned, greatly to my satisfaction, that he had passed a comfortable night and was doing well.

After breakfast I sent to ask if he would receive me, and the servant returned with a request that I would go up. The young fellow looked very pale, but he held out his hand and greeted me with a frank smile.

"Come to inspect thy handiwork, Master Williams?" said he. "Tush, man!" he laughed, as I expressed my regrets and ventured to hope he would bear me no ill-will, "think'st thou I'm cur enough to complain because thou hast the greater skill of fence? No, no; I trust I can take a beating like a man. Art making a long stay in Bristol?"

On this I frankly related the object of my visit, and he listened patiently until I had made an end.

"Art a good fellow," said he, "and I wish I could think thy errand a successful one. But Mistress Mordaunt is difficult to move, once her mind is set."

"She is sacrificing her brother."

"I know naught of her brother's plans," he remarked, "though, mind you, I am at one with him in wishing Cromwell's downfall. However, on that point we should never agree, so there's no more to be said."

"Is Mistress Mordaunt at Headleigh Court?"

"She was there last evening. Faith! I would have been glad to have done the honours myself, but thy sword-play hath put that out of the question!" And he laughed pleasantly.

Having directed me to his house, he wished me success in my undertaking, and I departed with a more favourable opinion of him than I had at first entertained. Indeed, thinking of Elizabeth, I would far rather he had been less agreeable.

However, I paid my score and rode from the inn endeavouring to decide upon some plan of action. I must see Elizabeth, and yet could hardly present myself as a visitor at the house whose master I had so grievously mishandled.

"I must send in a note, asking her to meet me outside," I thought. "She'll be curious to learn what has brought me down from London. As likely as not, she will imagine something has happened to Bevis."

Crossing the harbour by the bridge, I rode westward, coming at last to the noble expanse of the Durdham Downs. Here I branched off to the north, and soon reached the massive walls surrounding Headleigh Court.

Reining in my horse, I wrote a short note, purposely vague and indefinite in every respect, except that Mistress Mordaunt must without fail grant me an interview outside the grounds. This I handed to the gate-keeper—a saucy fellow who eyed me curiously—bidding him see that it was delivered to the lady immediately.

Then, dismounting and fastening my horse, to a neighbouring tree, I prepared to wait with what patience I could muster.

CHAPTER VI.

A BLOW IN THE DARK.

MISTRESS MORDAUNT had, during the [illegible] patience with her, and yet I vow that when presently she appeared in the gateway, my heart went thumping violently against my ribs, and the blood rushed to my face.

She came forward a step or two, dropped a mock curtsey, and then, holding her head high, looked me steadily in the face.

"There must be new manners in vogue at Whitehall, Master Williams," she said. "In other days 'twas not the custom to order a lady as if she were a kitchen wench, and I must say the change is not pleasant. 'Tis a pity Cromwell doesn't engage a few masters to teach manners at his court. But there, 'twould be but wasted labour. Well, sir, art dumb? Hast some reason for seeking me here!"

"'Tis the old reason, Mistress Mordaunt. I am here on your brother's account."

Then she blazed at me, her great eyes flashing, the red deepening in her cheeks.

"Aye!" she cried scornfully, "I have heard something of your doings, sir! 'Tis a brave thing, truly, to shoot down a man at two paces!"

Now, I knew not what version of the story she had been told, but it surprised me to find that she had learned anything. It showed at least that there must be very intimate communication between London and Bristol.

The violence of her words did not pain me; instead, they roused me to something approaching anger.

"Truth, Mistress Mordaunt," I answered, "your speech shows I must be a very foolish person, but after this one appeal I'll make an end of my folly. Your brother is my friend, and I wish to save his life."

"With a pistol shot!" she interrupted tauntingly.

"There is reason to believe," I answered, without heeding her sarcasm, "that he hath associated himself with an assassin named Miles Brotherton. Now, I give thee solemn warning that all this man's plots are known, and that he himself before long will be lodged in the Tower."

"Bevis is his own master!"

"If thy conscience be clear on that point I have naught more to say; but it is not so, Mistress Mordaunt. Bevis is under thy influence and is doing thy work. Enough of this, however; 'tis plain I have wasted my labour; only, 'tis a queer kind of affection that hazards a brother's life."

At that she turned strangely white, and would have made some answer, but instead she gripped my arm tightly, and, looking along the road, cried, "Who are those men? Are they in league with thee? Hast played me false? No, no; I wrong thee by the thought; but they are Roundhead troopers!"

"They are Government soldiers, certainly," I replied, "though I know not why they are here. They are strangers."

She did not wait for me to finish the sentence. With a cry of fear she bounded away, closing the gate behind her, and disappeared in the grounds, leaving me in a state of utter bewilderment.

What was the meaning of this strange flight? What had she to fear from a body of troopers? 'Twas probable enough they had not a thought of Headleigh Court. I stood watching them as they approached, when I too gave a sudden start of surprise, for at their head rode Eli Belton.

"There is something serious toward," I muttered, "or the sergeant would not have left Whitehall," and for a moment I wondered if his coming had anything to do with me.

The troopers advanced at a swinging pace, and Eli, riding on alone, called on me to surrender. The next moment he cried in amazement, "Master Williams! How comes it that thou art here?"

"Why, 'tis easily explained, sergeant," I replied, laughing, "since my horse brought me. 'Tis I, rather, who should be surprised. I believed thee to be at Whitehall, or at Hampton Court."

"'Tis that serpent of a Brotherton,' he said, sinking his voice to a whisper. "He is in Bristol, and maybe in this very house. Who was that ran off just before we came up?"

"Mistress Mordaunt, a lady who is staying at Headleigh Court."

"Then," said he, slapping his thigh, "I warrant the minx hath gone to raise the alarm. A murrain on these women folk! They are at the bottom of every piece of mischief. Come on, my lads, or the serpent will give us the slip. Parkins, see to surrounding the house. Master Williams, I would like thy company. We must interview the son of Belial who owns the place."

"Then thou must return to the city, where he lies abed, since I ran my sword into his side only last night."

"Didst thou, lad? I am proud of thee, for he bears the reputation of being a skilful sworder. But tell thy tale at a more convenient season; at present there is work on hand."

His men were already scouring the grounds, and we, cantering along the drive, drew rein and dismounted at the foot of the steps leading to the hall. A group of women stood at the entrance: Elizabeth, who had recovered her composure, calm, haughty, defiant; a younger girl, white and nervous; and an old lady, with a look so sweet and gracious that I was completely captivated.

We went up the steps, the sergeant evidently ill at ease. He would have led fifty men against five hundred willingly enough, but to confront this group of helpless women was a different matter. Yet he did his duty, and not without some show of innate chivalry.

"Am sorry, ladies," said he, doffing his pot hat, "that there is no man here whom I may question, but my errand is serious and brooks no delay. My information is that ye are harbouring a certain well known assassin, by name Miles Brotherton, whom, in the name of the Lord Protector, I command ye to yield."

The young girl trembled more than ever but the old lady remained calm, and was about to speak when Elizabeth, taking up the challenge, replied boldly: "Hast been sent on a wild-goose chase, Master Sergeant; we harbour no assassins. Whitehall is the place to search for them, and they will need but little seeking."

Ignored the taunt.

"By this time," said he, fingering his pot hat awkwardly, "my men have surrounded the house, so that none can escape. If Miles Brotherton be here we shall unearth him and the Lord Protector will show scant mercy to those who harbour such as he. I offer ye one more chance, to accept or refuse as ye please. Will show us this man's hiding-place?"

Again it was Mistress Mordaunt who answered, though apparently she spoke for her hostess as well as for herself.

"As thou wilt, sergeant since three women cannot resist a band of armed ruffians; but I give thee fair warning that thou'lt have thy labour for thy pains." And she laughed defiantly.

At this Eli, who could not conceal his satisfaction that the parley had ended, called the troopers who attended us, and ordered them to search the building from basement to attic.

"But do no wanton mischief," he added sternly, "or ye'll answer for it to me. Ladies, I must ask ye to keep to your rooms. Master Williams, we will search the private apartments."

I could have cut off my right hand rather than take part in this venture, but, as there was no pretext for withdrawing, I had perforce to accompany him.

The house was large and rambling, constructed in no particular style, having innumerable staircases and corridors, rooms opening one into another, and all kinds of puzzling recesses. We traversed the whole, we sounded every foot of wall and flooring, we discovered more than one secret hiding-place, but of Miles Brotherton not a trace. Yet the sergeant never once wavered in his conviction that he was concealed somewhere in the house. "Master Thurloe's information was positive," he said doggedly.

"But we have searched every spot, likely and unlikely," I argued. "Most probably he received news of thy coming, and escaped in time."

"I think not so. As surely as David lay in the Cave of Adullam, so surely is Miles Brotherton in Headleigh Court; but the rascal must eat, and we will set a strict watch on the provisions."

"How long do we stay here?" I asked.

"The moment we secure our man we return to London," said he, "and not a minute sooner."

All day we tramped about, examining room after room, often retracing our steps, sounding the walls, tapping the floors, opening great chests, but all without avail.

The sergeant made another attempt to obtain the necessary information from the ladies of the house, but failed. The young girl had not been taken into the secret, if secret there was, and of this, but for Elizabeth's behaviour, I should soon have become more than doubtful. Mistress Mordaunt, however, in spite of haughty words and scornful looks could not altogether conceal her anxiety.

In the evening Eli posted his men with exceeding care, surrounding the building and setting a watch in each of the principal corridors. Those not on duty slept in the kitchen.

"The fox will try to break cover during the night," he remarked.

The evening wore on: one by one the lights were extinguished; the servants went to their rooms; a deep silence fell upon the house. From time to time we stole softly to the men in the corridors, but they had nothing to report.

It was exactly the same outside. Not one of the watchful troopers had heard a suspicious sound, or seen a single figure. If Headleigh Court still sheltered Miles Brotherton, he was lying close in his hiding place.

Midnight had passed when we started out for the third time, letting ourselves into the grounds by a small gateway at the eastern side

of the house. The night had now become dark and cloudy, but no rain had fallen, and the ground was hard.

We went cautiously from man to man, challenging each in a whisper. We visited three, all of whom related the same story. The fourth trooper was stationed in an angle of the wall at the end of the kitchen garden. He was a grizzled veteran, Rastock by name, and the sergeant, thinking the spot one of the most likely for Brotherton to try, had specially selected him for the post.

We stole along stealthily, making no sound, and pausing occasionally to listen. There was no wind; the air was extraordinarily still, and we knew the slightest noise would be heard at a great distance. We walked abreast, our sense of hearing strained to the utmost.

We were still some fifty yards from the angle of the wall when there came a sound as of a falling body. Then we heard a cry of surprise, followed almost immediately by an agonising groan. The startling suddenness of the thing sent my wits wandering, but the sergeant, baring his sword, rushed forward without hesitation.

"This way!" he cried, "quick; we have him!"

The night, as I have said, was dark, and I could not altogether trust my eyesight, but it seemed as if, at sound of the sergeant's voice, a figure running towards us turned quickly, and, after a momentary disappearance, scaled the wall like a cat and dropped to the other side.

With a brief command to me to raise the alarm and attend to Rastock, the serjeant followed him.

"This way!" I shouted at the top of my voice. "Quick! bring a lantern!" and in a few minutes several men hurried to my assistance.

We found the unfortunate trooper dying huddled up, with a look of surprise still upon his face. There was blood on the ground, and a short, broad knife that had been driven well home was sticking in his chest. Bidding a trooper remain with me, I ordered the others to mount the wall and join the sergeant.

CHAPTER VII.

BROTHERTON STRIKES AGAIN.

THE man who stayed with me was young, bright, and alert. Placing the lantern where its light would be most effective, he stooped over his wounded comrade. A brief glance showed all he wished to learn, and rising, he said quietly, "We can do no good, sir. He is bleeding to death."

"We must withdraw the knife and try to stanch the blood."

"'Twill only despatch him on his journey a few minutes sooner. Stoop down, sir; he is trying to speak."

The wounded man was pointing toward the wall. "Back!" he said feebly, "back!"

"Was't Brotherton?" I asked.

"Yes, yes. Quick! he hath gone back over there!" and he pointed again to the wall.

'Twas the last service the gallant fellow rendered the Cause for which he had fought and bled so often. With a sigh that sounded like an exclamation of relief, he fell forward, and the horrid gurgle in his throat told us that Cromwell had lost a loyal and devoted servant.

"Poor Rastock!" said the young trooper. "'Tis sad to come by one's death in this scurvy manner! We can do nothing more, sir; we had better join our comrades."

"True," I replied, and yet I had a strange feeling of repulsion at leaving the dead man to lie there alone.

The troopers were searching in the garden like sleuth hounds. Lights flashed into every nook and corner; not a single foot of ground was overlooked. The hard soil unfortunately retained no trace of footsteps, so that we had no clue by which to work.

The men gave vent to their anger in loud cries and threats of vengeance. The sergeant alone remained silent, but his face was hard and stern, and there was no mercy in his eyes. It would have gone hard with Miles Brotherton had we captured him that night.

But we did not capture him! He had vanished as completely as if some Eastern genius had carried him into the clouds above our heads. Hour after hour found us still searching. Then the sergeant made a rearrangement of his men, and we returned to the house.

"I'd rather have lost any other man in the troop," he remarked. "But the villain shall pay dear for last night's work!"

The incident had upset him terribly: his face was hard as granite; his lips were set together like a vice.

"Hark 'ee lad," he said presently, "my mind's made up; I'll have Brotherton if the taking of him costs me every man in the troop. That black-eyed wench—Mistress Mordaunt, thou saidst—knows the truth. Bring her to me."

I departed on my errand sadly enough, since it had been easy for me to read between the lines. Brotherton had doubtless brought a

message from Bevis, and was at Headleigh Court when the sergeant so unexpectedly made his appearance. Elizabeth, at her wits' ends and seeing no other way out, had concealed him in order to save his life.

The ladies alarmed by the commotion were keeping each other company in Mistress Pyne's

room. In answer to their knock she opened the door.

"Well, Master Williams, what's thy bidding now?" she asked tauntingly. "Art come to bid us prepare for death?"

"The sergeant desires to speak with the Mistress Mordaunt."

"'Desires'!" she flung out, with a toss of her head; "shouldst have said 'commands,' Master Williams. Well, lead me to thy master, since he seems to be as much thine as mine."

Belton received her with a short bow.

"Madam," said he, "a few hours agone my best trooper was murdered."

"Will you show me where the villain lies?" he demanded.

"I'll show thee nothing, Master Sergeant!" she replied defiantly.

"The Lord Protector hath an iron hand, Mistress Mordaunt. It can crush——"

"Two helpless women and a girl! Oh, this Cromwell of thine is a rare brave man!"

I feared her taunts would rouse his anger. But he went on quite impassively, "This is my last offer, Mistress Mordaunt; thou canst consider it with thy friends. If Brotherton be not surrendered at the end of three days, I'll give Headleigh Court to the flames and roast him in his hiding-place!"

"Thou'lt never dare!" she burst out; but he made her a deep bow and turned away

He did not speak rudely, or even angrily, but each word fell slowly and deliberately, like the blow of a sledge-hammer, so that even Mistress Mordaunt realised the uselessness of argument with this terrible man.

She affected not to notice me, and would have swept by with a disdainful toss of the head, but I caught her by the arm.

"Elizabeth, if 'tis only for the sake of Mistress Pyne, I counsel thee to accept his offer. Brotherton is a murderer, and not worth thy sympathy."

Her face was white, and her lips twitched nervously, but she looked me steadily in the eyes. "I thank thee, Master Williams," she said, "but when I need advice I will seek it from my friends."

She shook off my hand and went away, leaving me in a fever of anxiety. There was not the least likelihood of my being able to influence the sergeant. If at the end of three days Brotherton were not surrendered, a light would be set to Headleigh Court and all it contained. Even should the troopers falter at the work of destruction, Belton would fire the magnificent pile with his own hands.

And on the top of it all was the certainty that I had destroyed the dearest hope of my life. In spite of our being on opposite sides, Elizabeth was very dear to me. I had spoken no word of love to her, but in my heart there had always lain the thought that some day—when these troubles were at an end, and I had won a name for myself—I would ask her to be my wife. 'Twas a foolish dream, perhaps, at the best, but it was at an end now—she would never look upon me again with anything but scorn.

I spent the rest of the day in a fresh search, exploring every nook and cranny of the old house. Brotherton's capture would extricate Elizabeth from her difficult position, and, besides, I had no mind to face Cromwell with the story of a second failure.

"When thou comest back, bring Brotherton with thee!" The imperious order still rang in my ears, and my face still flushed hotly whenever I thought of that last interview.

But the search was to no purpose, and just before dusk I joined the sergeant, who was taking a short rest. Suddenly we heard the tramp of horses' hoofs, and one of our men came running in with the information that a body of troopers, apparently from the Castle, was advancing along the drive.

"Bid their officer come to me," said the sergeant coldly. "Why look so scared, man? They are flesh and blood, the same as ourselves." Turning to me, he added, "There may be trouble, lad; I shall count on thee."

The officer was young and handsome, and apparently of good family, but more accustomed, I fancied, to the swish of a lady's skirts than to the music of the battle-field. He glanced from one to the other of us, and was about to address me when I pointed to my comrade, saying, "This is Sergeant Belton, who is in command here"

"The Governor hath sent me—" he began airily, and stopped. There was a grim look in the old soldier's face that warned him to be careful.

"Well, what is thy errand?" asked Eli, with an ominous tightening of the lips. "Say thy say, and have done with it."

"The Governor hath given me instructions to assist in searching for the rebel, Brotherton."

"'Tis kind of him, but I am used to doing my own work."

"Meaning that my assistance is refused?"

"I spoke plainly," the veteran rasped out.

"There is another matter," the officer continued, when he had recovered from his surprise. "'Tis rumoured that thou hast threatened to burn down Headleigh Court. Now, this cannot be permitted——"

"Cannot be permitted!" roared the sergeant. "Thou sayst that to me, Cromwell's servant! Get thee gone, young man, before thy tongue breed'st mischief."

"Art out of thy senses, Master Sergeant! Dost think thou canst defy the Governor's orders? There are dungeons in the Castle——"

Belton took a step forward.

"Begone!" he said.

"The Governor will make thy shoulders smart for this!"

"Tell thy master that Oliver Cromwell still rules England," the sergeant retorted; "he seems in danger of forgetting it. And now,

unless thou'rt eager to have thy skull cracked go while thou hast the chance!

I vow 'twas laughable to see the look of amazement in the fellow's face but not being altogether destitute of brains, he left the room mutter[illegible] threats of vengeance [illegible]

Brotherton made no sign and the vigilance of the sentries went unrewarded But unless the rebel was furnished with provisions—which seemed very unlikely—he would be compelled to break cover before long, and every man remained alert and watchful

HE WENT ON QUITE IMPASSIVELY, "T[illegible]

sergeant, and in a few minutes we heard the order to march

"Now," exclaimed my comrade, "let us have something to eat, though the sight of yonder puppy dressed up as a soldier hath almost taken away my appetite [illegible] is well Cromwell had not to depend upon such popinjays at Naseby!

I did not accompany him on his rounds that night, being thoroughly worn out, and, as it chanced nothing of importance occurred.

No word came from the ladies, but toward noon a second messenger appeared, bearing [illegible] command from the Governor [illegible] be done to Headleigh Court [illegible] with ill-concealed impatience [illegible] message had been delivered he replied, "Tell thy master that, if need be, I will burn down Headleigh Court in spite of fifty Governors [illegible] And let that be an end of the business

What could be done with such a man? So surely as night follows day, so surely would he persist in carrying out his purpose. And as like'y as not Cromwell would decide that he had acted rightly

About ten o'clock that night, the sergeant, who had enjoyed an hour or two's sleep, started on his tour of inspection, and I accompanied him. He carried a dark lantern, while I had my sword unsheathed.

There had been a fall of rain during the evening, and the ground was still damp as we stole cautiously along, giving the word in whispers to our sentries, and listening to their reports. All were agreed that our quarry still lay concealed.

At length we approached the fatal angle of the wall where the unfortunate Rastock had met his death. His place had been taken by Parkins, another veteran, in whose ability the sergeant reposed implicit confidence.

We went forward on tiptoe, and my comrade challenged softly. There was no answer. He raised his voice slightly, but still there was no reply. A terrible sensation seized me as I strove to pierce the gloom. I could see nothing of the sentry, and a great lump rose in my throat when I remembered Rastock s fate

A third time the sergeant challenged, but with no result. The sweat poured down my face, and my knees shook, but Belton remained calm and impass ve.

"Something's amiss," he said, and, opening his lantern, advanced swiftly. I followed closely on his heels, and, as he focussed the light of his lantern on a huddled body, uttered a cry of despair.

Parkins lay in a pool of blood at our feet, and on his face was the same look of astonishment that I had observed so recently on the countenance of his comrade

CHAPTER VIII.

A SEA CHASE

WHAT had happened was perfectly plain. Brotherton, creeping stealthily from his hiding place, had taken the unfortunate man by surprise, and stabbed him before he could utter a sound. On the previous occasion the sergeant and his men had evidently headed him back to the house—but this time he had had leisure to get clear away.

"Get thy horse, lad," said the sergeant gruffly "The rascal may try the river. There's sure to be several coasting craft lying at Pill. Away with thee!"

I rode off as the troopers hurried up, furious at the loss of their comrade, but, being ignorant of the lie of the country, I went a roundabout way, giving myself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and losing a considerable amount of time into the bargain.

However, I reached the Avon just as the dawn was breaking. A long distance down, near the opposite bank, were seve al 'ights, apparently those of vessels riding at anchor.

Putting my horse into a canter, I rode along until in a line with the craft opposite, when, letting the reins fall on my animal's back, I rose in the stirrups and shouted my loudest.

For a time my efforts attracted no attention, but at length a man wearing a red cap appeared on the deck of the nearest vessel. I made him understand my wish to be ferried across, and presently, having secured the services of a companion, he pushed off in a small boat.

"Ahoy, there!" cried he of the red cap, as they approached nearer; "what is thy need?"

"A passage to yonder vessel," I answered. "Hasten!"

Consumed by impatience, I waded through the water, and, stepping into the boat, ordered them to pull back.

"What is thy vessel?" I asked.

"The *Mary Ann*."

"You are sailing soon?"

"Aye," rather sullenly replied the fellow with the red cap; "in about an hour's time."

"Is the skipper aboard? Right. Pull away, my lads"

The skipper, with a look of curiosity on his face, waited to receive me as I swung myself aboard. He was a short man, thick-set, bowed in the legs, and apparently as hard as iron.

"You are master of this boat?" I demanded.

"Aye," said he. "Daniel Snow, master and owner."

"Hast any stranger aboard?"

"Only thyself!" he replied with a grin.

Describing Miles Brotherton, I asked if anyone had seen such a man. No one could give any information, until the night watchman, being called up—he had but just turned into his bunk for an hour's sleep declared that soon after midnight a boat from higher up the river had drawn alongside the *Henrietta*, and that a man had clambered aboard. He had not noticed him particularly, the affair being no business of his, and he could tell nothing further.

"What kind of vessel is the *Henrietta*?" I asked next.

"Well," said the skipper, with another grin,

" she's a coasting vessel of a kind, though better acquainted with the French coast than the English. Martin Drury is her skipper, and a very pleasant old gentleman he is ! " at which the men standing around burst into a loud guffaw

" Where is the *Henrietta* now ? " I inquired, and one of the crew promptly replied, " Dropped down the river two hours agone "

" Is she a fast boat ? ' I asked

" Middlin'," the skipper admitted grudging'y.

' Can any one of these boats overtake her ? "

I did not know then, though I have learned since, that the master of every old washing-tub thinks his craft the smartest and fastest afloat, and was therefore quite unprepared for the worthy Daniel Snow's fiery outburst.

He informed me in the most graphic language that not a vessel entering Bristol harbour could keep pace with the *Mary Ann* for an hour ; that she could face the most furious storms and ride the roughest seas like a bird. As for the *Henrietta*, he concluded sarcastically, compared with the *Mary Ann* she was no better than a wherry.

Now, while he talked in this strain I was busy thinking. Who was it that had gone aboard the *Henrietta ?* And why had that vessel left her moorings so quickly and evidently so unexpectedly ? The incident might have nothing to do with Miles Brotherton, and yet it appeared suspicious. Wisely or unwisely I resolved to follow her

The proposal was far from the skipper's liking, but being a good Roundhead he would not willingly disobey what he understood to be the express command of the Lord Protector. The prospect too, of earning a goodly sum of money which I took care to promise in Cromwell s name, was not without effect

Being totally ignorant of seamanship, I could be of no service to the crew ; so, after arranging with a man on a neighbouring ship to take my horse to the " Black Bull," I kept out of the way, watching them weighing the anchor preparatory to dropping down the river.

When we had fairly entered the Bristol Channel, the master found time to relate a few things concerning the *Henrietta*, and from his discourse it appeared more and more likely that Miles Brotherton was the man who had boarded her. And I wondered, if this should prove to be the case, how far I could rely on the crew of the *Mary Ann* But, with or without assistance, I made a solemn vow that if opportunity served I would have the assassin -dead or alive.

A stern chase, the sailors told me, is ever a long chase, and I was quite willing to admit the truth of the saying. We caught sight of our quarry before getting clear of the Bristol Channel, but to gain upon her after that seemed an impossibility. The worthy Daniel Snow stormed and raved, and offered a hundred different reasons for the mortifying failure, but the distance between us never lessened. In the English Channel we lost sight of her for a whole day, but at last sighted her again, and my heart beat high with joy on finding that she was hugging the English coast.

" She's trying to make Southampton," remarked the skipper. " She's heading that way, sure enough."

But neither the *Henrietta* nor the *Mary Ann* was fated to reach the southern port. We were still dogging the former when, almost without warning, a terrific storm burst upon us. The rain descended in torrents, the wind in great gusts tore the sails into shreds and shrieked demoniacally through the rigging, the leaping seas buffeted the vessel's sides so that every moment we were on the brink of Eternity.

Being a mere landsman, I was utterly helpless, and indeed had much ado to keep myself from being washed overboard by the tremendous waves ; but the sailors went gallantly about their work

" Hold tight, sir ! " he bawled ; " it won't last long, and the *Mary Ann* hath weathered a worse gale than this. And we aren't as near the coast as the other boat."

He seemed to find a certain pleasure in this but our turn was soon to come The topmast snapped like a pipe-stem ; a huge wave, catching the man at the wheel, carried him far out into the boiling sea ; the vessel shuddered ! ke a living thing, jumped, and fell back as if in despair ; the timbers creaked and groaned ; spar after spar came crashing down ; the decks were cumbered with wreckage and it seemed at every moment we must surely founder

And in the midst of this terrible turmoil and confusion a man in the bows sang out wildly, " There goes the *Henrietta !* "

A momentary rift in the gathering mist permitted us to see her. She was driving on, on, entirely at the mercy of wind and wave, toward the shore

' She's lost ! " said our skipper calmly. " She's among the breakers. God have mercy on those aboard ! "

We almost forgot our own peril in gazing at her. Swiftly and more swiftly she rushed onward to her inevitable doom. She was in a sea of froth. It overwhelmed her, spun her round and round, tossed her to and fro, dashed

THE MOST TERRIBLE DEATH STARED THEM IN THE FACE . . . YET THEY SHOWED NO FEAR

her now this way now that struck her blow upon blow with terrific force . . . and I saw her no more. Apparently the boiling seas had swallowed her up, and if Miles Brotherton was on board, he had at least cheated the [illegible]ows. Still more furiously the churning waves leaped around us, threatening to engulf the [illegible] the wind shrieked in demoniac glee as if exultant over the frightful disaster: the timbers of the vessel groaned dismally: a second mast snapping low down, hung [illegible] the deck, sweeping an unfortunate [illegible] Eternity in its fall.

I know little enough of sailor folk, but those men of the *Mary Ann* filled me with amazement. The most terrible death stared them in the face, yet they showed no fear. What they could do they did, bravely and silently; indeed, hardly one voice was raised above its ordinary pitch.

As for the skipper, I could not help thinking how Cromwell would have loved that man. He issued his orders clearly, forcibly, directly, as confident of his own power against the tremendous forces of Nature. My heart warmed to the gallant fellow, for he set an example worthy to be copied.

But the highest bravery, the most skilful [illegible] could not prevail against that [illegible] storm. The end was fast approaching. [illegible] wave to wave we were flung with irresistible force toward the shore. Now and again we caught a glimpse of the terrible fate awaiting us, and the spectacle was weird enough to appal the stoutest.

The coast was scored and scarred by abysmal chasms, carved out during unending centuries by the tireless sea. Rocks and boulders stood piled high up upon one another like frowning turrets; others stretched out into the ocean as if they formed the advanced guard of the terrible array behind. On and on we dashed, as no human agency could save us from [illegible].

And yet that wonderful skipper displayed no fear, no dismay. He stood at his post cheerful, one would almost have said confident, though even to a landsman like myself the inevitable end was patent.

At last it came: we were in a whirlpool of white foam, where the great waves lashed themselves in fury upon the jagged rocks. By some chance for all real direction had been taken from our hands the *Mary Ann* had been driven clear of the outlying rocks, and was flung headlong into a black and forbidding gully, where the waters swished and swirled around her, leaped mountain high, and descended in a deluge on her deck.

Even at that moment the sturdy sailors maintained their courage, and the only sound I heard was, "The Lord have mercy on our souls!" spoken reverently by the master. No one made any attempt to save his life, since it was manifestly impossible that human skill or foresight could be of the slightest avail.

For myself, I endeavoured to meet my fate with like resignation, and commended my spirit to the safe keeping of a merciful Father. Suddenly our battered and sorely-stricken vessel was lifted clear of the raging seas and hurled into space. There was a terrific crash, then one combined, involuntary cry of anguish, and all was over.

Flung into the roaring waters, which boiled and surged and eddied around me, I struck out blindly, mechanically, without thought and without hope. But the great hissing, seething waves sprang upon me, dealt me blow after blow, flung me hither and thither, until at last a dense black curtain came before my eyes, and I had no sense, no feeling, no consciousness.

To be continued.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FREE LIBRARIES

Returning home from the City on the underground the other day, I overheard the following conversation between two clerks, a young man and woman.

She: "I don't like Jacobs much. Can't see anything very funny in him. Ever read any of Seton Merriman's?"

He: "No-o. What style is he? Like Rider Haggard?"

She: "Well, hardly. But you've read the 'Count of Monte Cristo,' of course."

He: "Er, yes, I think I have. By 'Ouida,' isn't it?"

She: "Oh! I don't think so—but I can't quite remember the name. Oh! I know; it's by the same author as 'A Gentleman of France.' Same style of thing, you know."

He: "Yes, I remember. I've got the name on the tip of my tongue. Begins with 'G,' doesn't it?"

She: "Um,—yes, er—I don't know, though I'm not sure it does.

(Guard: "Algit East.")

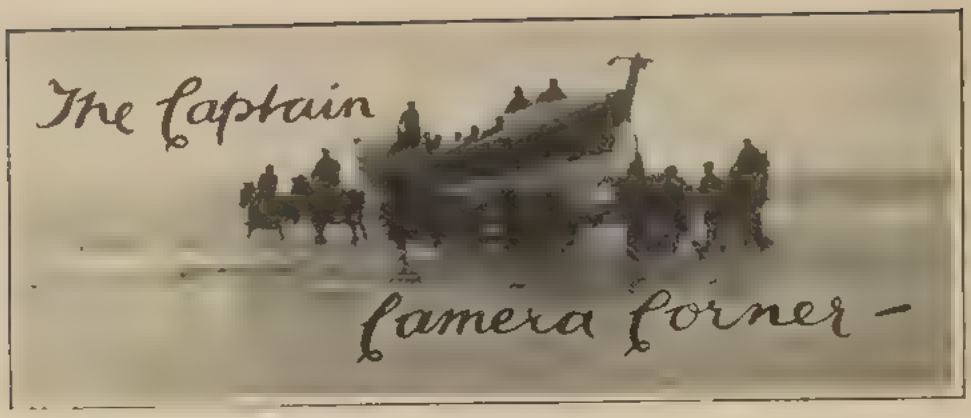
The automatic doors telescoped noiselessly into the sides of the carriage, and the two ardent book-worms left us. My neighbour, a portly old fellow with glasses and a large cigar, turned to me. Evidently he wished it to be known that he did not share the lamentable ignorance of which we had been auditors.

"That was rather funny, wasn't it?" he chuckled. "'Cause they're both wrong. The author of 'Monte Cristo' was Du Maurier."

I looked at him in pained surprise, and lacking confidence in his stone throwing, he reddened.

"Certainly not!" I replied deliberately; "I wrote it myself!"

I was allowed to finish my reading of the last instalment of "The Lost Island" without a single interruption. George W. Ivey.



THE MICROSCOPE AS A CAMERA

HERE is a suggestion for taking micro-photographs without the use of a regulation—and costly—outfit. I haven't made use of the arrangement sketched in Fig. 1, but I see no reason why it should not work all right.

First you secure a microscope and a cycle-lamp—acetylene by preference, certainly. A cheap double-convex lens—a reading glass would do—should be annexed as well. Then you get a box and cut a hole in it to fit the lens, and place the lens in position. Next make a simple easel to support the plate.

The tube of the microscope is depressed into a horizontal position, with its axis in line with the centre of the lens and the plate. The purpose of the lens is to concentrate the rays of the acetylene flame on to the slide; and the box, of course, serves to prevent stray light getting loose into the room. A ½- or 2-inch microscope objective will probably be powerful enough to [illegible]. Focus with the eyepiece in place till the position and illumination of the slide seems to be correct; then remove the eyepiece and focus the image on to a piece of paper the size of the plate, or on a spoilt (but not developed) plate. The fine focussing screw on the microscope will come in useful here. When you have the focus and size of image to your taste, fix a plate with drawing-pins to the easel in place of the paper, and expose. The illumination of the plate must be your guide as to the exposure; and don't forget that a long exposure will be required. If the first exposure is too short, try again and again, until you get a result that will please your father and mother. By the bye, don't begin on slides of fleas. Every micro-photographer goes for them, and I, for one find an unmagnified flea quite large enough for all practical purposes. Sections of plants, or tiny objects which will show up well as silhouettes, are good subjects. (NOTE.—Hairs out of Bask's tail sold for the purpose at a shilling a time.)

Orthochromatic plates should be used if the slides are mounted with Canada Balsam, which has a yellowish tinge. By-the-bye, cover up box and microscope with an opaque cloth, clipped round the tube, before setting up the plates.

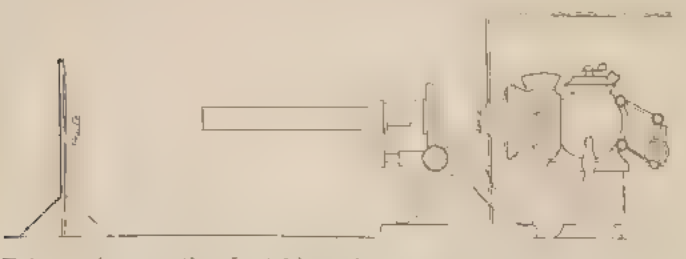


FIG. 1.—A suggestion for taking micro-photographs without the use of a special camera. Apparatus required: an acetylene cycle lamp, double-convex lens [illegible] condenser, microscope, and a simple easel to attach the plate to. In the illustration the condenser is shown too small, and the plate much nearer to the microscope than it would be in actual practice.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN NATURAL COLOURS.

Though comparatively few amateurs are in the position to take up natural-colour photography, very many of them are interested in the Autochrome method introduced by Messrs. Lumière, of Lyons, and my readers will at least lose nothing by digesting the following simple explanation of "how it works."

The plates used are coated

during manufacture—first, with some sticky substance; second, with a mixture of tiny violet, green, and orange-stained starch grains, laid on one-deep; third, with a black substance which fills up the interstices between the grains; fourth, with varnish, and finally with a photographic film, sensitive to all colours.

The plate is placed in the camera with the *plain glass* side towards the lens, so that light rays reach the film only after passing through the starch grains.

Now see what happens. Fig. 2, A, represents a section cut through the plate from back to front to show the light action during exposure. We will interest ourselves especially in the rays reflected by green substances. You will see that the orange and violet grains arrest all such rays, but the green grain allows them to pass on to the film.

The plate is then developed (Fig. 2, B). The areas *a* and *b* under the orange and violet grains respectively are not affected, but area *c* under the green grain is blackened. If the plate were held up to the light at this stage, only the orange and yellow grains would be murkily visible, all the greens having been stopped out.

So the plate is immersed in a reducing solution, which attacks and dissolves the black particle of silver under the green grain, but doesn't attack *a* and *b*. Fig. 2, C shows the plate after reduction. The green grains are now very visible, as the film is transparent under them. But we want to block up the oranges and violet completely. We therefore expose the plate to daylight and develop it again. This blackens *a* and *b*, but there is no silver in *c* to be blackened (Fig. 2, D). To improve matters further we intensify the image with silver; and finally fix and wash.

Supposing the main part of the picture to be a lawn, then there will appear on the plate a large area of green, for over this area all not green grains have been blocked out. Again, if a lady in a purple dress was standing on the lawn, that dress will be represented by a small purple area over which all the green and orange starch grains have held up the light and been blocked out. A white object reflects rays of *all* colours, so that *all* the grains affected by its image lets light pass, and on looking through the transparency you see numberless dots of orange, green, and violet, which blend to form white. Intermediate colours of the spectrum—indigo, blue, yellow—and neutral colours—grey, brown, &c.—are reproduced by two or more of the grain colours making contributions.

Well, you now know something about the latest thing in colour photography. The process isn't really half as complicated as it sounds; and gives A1 lantern slides. But it is not for the impecunious, and before it becomes generally popular with the amateur section of photographers, Messrs. Lumière must modify or extend it in such a way that we may obtain a correctly-coloured image on paper direct, or by printing it off from a negative. You can't stick transparencies in albums.

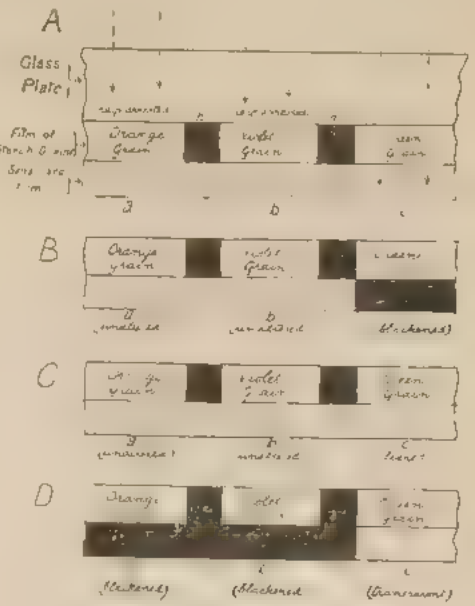


FIG. 2.—Four diagrams to explain the principles of the Lumière Autochrome (natural-colour) process. The diagrams represent a section cut through the plate from glass to film side. The reproduction of the colour green is taken as an example.

A. The plate during exposure (it is the carbon filling between the starch grains). Green light penetrates through the green grain, but is arrested by the orange and violet grains.

B. Development. The film under the green grain only is blackened.

C. Reduction. Silver cleared from under the green grain.

D. Redevelopment (after exposure to light). Film blackened under orange and violet grains but remains transparent under green grain.

If the plate were now held up to the light, the green grains only would be seen, all the others having been blocked out.

SUPPLEMENTARY LENSES.

It is now possible to buy supplementary lenses that can be attached to the hood of any lens to alter its focus within certain limits.

Messrs. W. Butcher & Sons, of Farringdon Avenue, sell sets of three lenses—one for lengthening the focus, and two for shortening the focus, by about one-third. Even so comparatively small an alteration is very convenient at times. Some hand-cameras of box pattern are fitted with adapters for shortening the focus when a picture is made at closer quarters than the "infinity distance" of the camera lens, but for the ordinary field camera

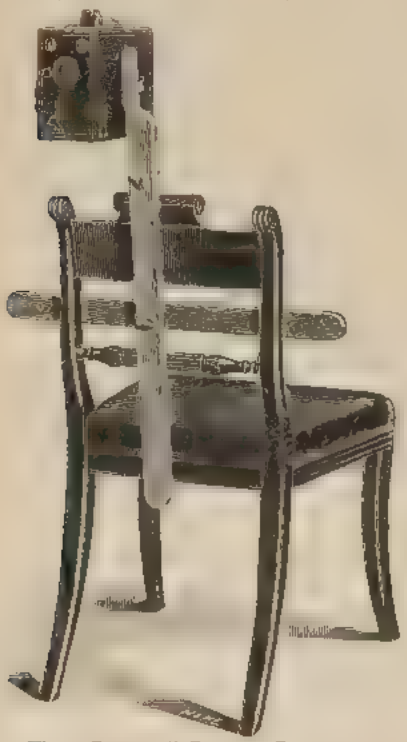


FIG. 3.—The "Gripper" Camera Support attached to a chair. A very useful accessory for copying and portraiture. (Messrs. Houghtons Ltd.)

you have to buy the adapters. Many I might almost say most, amateurs stick to a lens of one focus under all conditions, while the professional is careful to carry about a number of lenses, from which he selects the one best suited to any particular subject. I know from experience how exasperating it is to be prevented from including the whole of an architectural scene on the plate by the lens being of too narrow an angle. A change of lens would have given me all I desired, but I hadn't the change lens with me. Then again, the only satisfactory point of view may necessitate the camera being taken back so far that the subject is dwarfed; and one sighs for a very narrow-angle lens of long focus

The ordinary rectilinear lens is compounded of two lenses, usually symmetrical, or having the same focus, placed one on each side of the stop. If you remove the front half of the lens you are left with what is practically a landscape lens of double the focal length of the combination. Its use requires long-extension bellows. I wouldn't buy a bellows camera for field work which does not rack out to at least twice the focal distance of the lens. If it extended 1¾ times only, it would prevent my using a single element of the lens if I wished to do so. A long extension camera is, of course, needed for copying to the size of the original, unless a lens of short focus be used.

A Tip.

This reminds me that I have a tip up my sleeve for any one who feels he would like to have a go at copying, but doesn't want to spend much money on special apparatus. Let him invest 3*s.* 6*d.* in a "Gripper" Camera support. It can be attached easily to a table or chair (*see* Fig. 3). In combination with the latter it gives you what is practically a studio-stand which you can run about the floor without disturbing the level of the camera, and which makes focussing much more simple. But supposing you can't spare even three bob and a tanner, and mean to stick to the tripod, here's another tip. Level your camera and don't move it about afterwards. Fix the thing to be copied to a vertical board (attached to, say, a table) so that its centre may be on a level with the centre of the lens. Get your focus by moving the board about Leave levelled tripods alone. If you fix up the print first, and then try to get the camera square to it, you will have rather more work than you will care for, and probably not get good results.

Stand Development of Films.

If you have had trouble with the development of roll films, you will find relief in the Kodak Daylight Tank developing machine. It consists of a light-tight wooden box, fitted with rollers; a long apron of red celluloid, to the edges of which rubber strips are fixed to prevent the coils touching one another; and a light tight developing tank.

To develop a film the following operations are performed: The apron is wound on to one of the rollers in the box. Then the film is placed in a clip and the free end of the backing paper wound on to the other roller simultaneously with the apron. As soon as the roller has got a good hold of the film the box is covered up and the winding completed in darkness.

You then remove the apron and film from the box and place it in the tank, flood it with a special dilute developer, and leave it covered up for twenty minutes or so. This period suffices to bring out the detail of all but badly under exposed films, which could not be made to give satisfactory results if treated separately. I saw at the Kodak depôt, in the Strand, a set of films developed in this manner which were certainly all that one could wish for. The price of an outfit to take films 3½ in. wide is one guinea. Judging by what I have seen of some amateurs' "hand" developed films I should imagine that the expense of the machine would, in many instances, soon be worked off in savings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A G Smith.—I should think that the "Wynne's Infallible" exposure meter would do all that you require. The watch-shaped meter in nickel case costs 6*s.* 6*d.* A smaller, but equally efficient, pattern is sold at 7*s* 6*d* This is very convenient to carry in the waistcoat pocket. If you want something cheaper, there is Watkins' "Bee" meter, at 2*s* 6*d.* This is "available for all outdoor and indoor use, including portraits, interiors, and difficult subjects; also copying and enlarging, with a little extra calculation," to quote a description of the meter which, if not very grammatical, is satisfying.

C F Little.—Perhaps your developer is too cold Hydrokinone is very slow in its action at low temperatures. It should be warmed to 65 degrees if below that point before you put the plate in. The plate will reduce the temperature a few degrees Warm the dish with the solution in it, if the action remains slow, but heat slowly. If you go too far the film will strip off. In the winter months the slow action of cold developers is often mistaken for under-exposure of the plate

"**Dry-plate.**"—Retouching of the negative is by no means an easy matter, and if you wish to embellish your portrait negatives I should advise you to take a lesson or two from the nearest professional, if he be willing to show you some of the rudiments of the business. Yes! all professionals touch up their portraits, or rather the negatives from which they are printed. If they didn't, their clients would be indignant at the number of freckles or wrinkles apparent in the prints. Any skin blemish is made the worst of by the camera. I might add that some photographers retouch the negative to such an extent as to destroy the likeness. I was once told of an obliging photographer who asked a youthful client if he would like his (somewhat scanty) moustache "extended a little"!

Leonard Baker.—Stale films are slow films, and what would have been a sufficient exposure when they were fresh becomes too short when they have been kept an undue time under bad conditions. Personally, I should chuck them into the fire and so get rid of them before they had wasted my time in vain efforts to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, so to speak. Plates keep infinitely better than films. You should remember this, and not buy a large quantity of films at once unless you are likely to be able to use them within a few months.

"**Billy.**"—Cameras fitted with false lenses and with reflectors to enable you to take snaps of people without arousing their suspicion are to be obtained, but I cannot give you the name of any maker who sells them. In a few years they will, no doubt, be commoner, as people are already becoming very wary when a photographer is near. The time may come when it will be possible to "catch" another human only when he or she is engaged in snapping some one else

"**Disgusted.**"—I sympathise with you, having had trouble myself of the same kind. But if you use "Process" plates, which are very rich in silver and require a long exposure, you will find that the diagrams will come out very well. The slowness of the plates gives you a greater latitude of exposure. Fast plates are practically useless, unless you can gauge the light exactly, and make sure of giving them the correct time

FATHER (*playing at telephones with little* WILLIE): "Are you the little boy that was fighting this morning?"
WILLIE: "No! Wrong number; ring off!"

COALS OF FIRE

A School Story Related to George Langridge

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER

BATESON and I are both in the Lower Fourth at the King's School, Carcester, and as we're both foundationers and sing in the abbey choir as well, we've always been rather thick, because the chaps in the choir have to stay in together for such a lot of practices that they can't help getting to know each other pretty well. If it hadn't been for that, I don't suppose I should have been a pal of his, because he's an awfully rum sort of chap, and spends all his spare time wandering about on his own in the woods, bird-hunting and killing birds with a catty. He's really awfully good at that. Once, I remember, he killed a rabbit with his catty and he asked me to come out into the woods and cook it over a camp-fire. It sounded a sporting idea so I went, and took a big hunk of cake with me.

It wasn't half bad. Old Bateson had built a sort of hut with boughs, and we made a fire in front of it and stuck up three crossed sticks like you see in pictures of camping-out. Bateson had bagged an empty jam-tin from his tuck shop to boil the rabbit in. There was a lot of jam sticking to the sides that we couldn't get out, but Bateson said it would do instead of currant jelly to give it a flavour. He skinned the rabbit with his pen knife, and we boiled it for about twenty minutes in the tin. It was a bit tough, and we didn't eat very much of it. Then we went on to the cake. It had a simply beastly taste, and we couldn't make out what was wrong, until Bateson found he had forgotten to wipe the knife that he'd used to skin the rabbit, before cutting the cake with it. That rather turned me up, but Bateson said he didn't see that it made the slightest difference, as the two courses were bound to meet sooner or later.

Well, that wasn't what I started to tell you about, but it just shows you what sort of a chap he was. In school he was always ragging, but he did it in such a rum sort of way—as if he didn't mean it to be ragging at all—that the masters didn't often drop on him. He was an awfully pi.-looking sort of chap, too, and

when he took the solos in choir, he used to have his hair parted so decently, and wear such a stained-glass-window sort of look, that you'd never have thought that, half an hour before, he'd been filling a chap's pocket with cock-chafers in class, or stuffing magpies with sawdust in the carpenter's shop.

There was one old lady who often came to the abbey services, who used to give him book-markers—perforated cardboard things with mottoes and flowers worked on them in wool. She said he was such a nice, quiet-looking boy. Bateson always chucked them into the fire at first, but after he started keeping spiders he used to undo the wool work and use the card-board trellis work stuff for making cages to keep them in.

He went quite silly over spiders when he once began. He used to keep about half a dozen of assorted sizes in different pockets and bring them out to play with in form; it was quite beastly sitting next to him. We had a new form-master that term, called Mr. Baring, who had come straight from Cambridge and was a minor canon at the abbey as well. He never seemed to spot Bateson's playing with his bugs at all, and so old Bateson got into the habit of taking them out everywhere.

One day he was showing them to Jervis in the vestry just before we went in to choir. Jervis isn't awfully keen on spiders, but Bateson kept on dragging them out of his pockets through the slit in his cassock and describing their breed and markings and all that, forgetting that the Precentor would be coming in a second or two.

"I've got a beauty in my other pocket," he said at last. "A socking trap-door spider. Bought it. Here, hang on to those while I get it out," and he shoved the whole scrum of scrawling, hairy beasts into Jervis's hands. Jervis gave one wild yell and leapt about five feet into the air, just as the door from the Cloisters opened and in came the Precentor and Mr. Baring, to see half a dozen spiders scuttling down the middle of the vestry floor, with Bateson in full chase, grabbing them up as fast as he could.

The Precentor just stopped and gaped like a cod-fish until Bateson had collared them all but one, which made straight for Mr. Baring, who quickly dodged to the other side of the mat. Then the Precentor put on his eye-glasses and began.

"Do you—is this—are you responsible for this—er—this entomological display, Bateson?"

Bateson, with a face like a ripe tomato, gurgled something about an "accident."

By this time he had picked up all the spiders, and the Precentor began to feel more comfortable and wired into him in his best style. He talked about "loathly insects" and "disgusting hobbies" for about ten minutes, and finally wound up with terrific threats to the effect that if he ever heard of Bateson's harbouring spiders about his person again, to say nothing of introducing them into the presence of his schoolfellows, he would first give him a thrashing and then request his parents to withdraw him from a school where his nauseous practices were not appreciated. Then he told him to "liberate those wretched creatures on the lawn outside," and gave him five hundred lines to do, before Thursday.

Poor old Bateson was awfully cut up about having to give up his spiders. He had got so used to their company, that he hardly knew how to amuse himself without them in lessons like trig. or Latin construe. He had one whopper at home—he was a day-boy, by the way—that he couldn't bring himself to part with anyhow, so he used to keep it in a mustard-tin in his pocket, and for greater security he had a piece of cotton tied to one of its legs, so that he could pull it in and shove it into his pocket quickly when any one was coming.

All the next day after his row with the Precentor he was grinding away at his lines, because he wanted to go out on Wednesday afternoon and get some more spiders for his collection at home. On Wednesday morning they weren't quite done, so he tried to scribble off the last fifty lines or so in Mr. Baring's Latin class. Mr. Baring was rather wide-awake that morning, however, and he spotted that Bateson was unusually hard at work.

"Bring up what you're writing, Bateson," he said suddenly.

Bateson seized the answers to some questions we had been writing half an hour before and took them to the desk.

"But this ink is quite dry," said Mr. Baring. "I asked for what you were writing at the time I spoke."

Bateson gloomily returned for the lines.

"Just so. Your lines for the Precentor, I suppose? How many have you done altogether?"

"Four hundred and seventy, sir."

"Dear me! what a big risk to run," murmured Mr. Baring. "Bring them all to me," and when Bateson brought them he tore the whole shoot up.

Bateson was almost frothing at the mouth when we came out of class.

"The filthy cad!" he began. "That means

my staying in the whole afternoon writing lines.'

"Bad luck," said Colman. "Still, it was a bit risky doing them in form."

"Well, the hound needn't have torn up the whole lot," Bateson went on furiously. "He'd no right to touch stuff I hadn't done in his class. I'll pay the beast out, though. Did you see how he bolted away from that spider in the vestry on Monday? Well, you'll see him jump quicker than that next time he takes us in form, see if you don't."

"Shouldn't advise you to bring any more bugs into class, if that's what you mean," remarked Paxton. "He'll report you to the Precentor if you do, and you'll get whacked and expelled, as per previous announcement. It's not worth it."

"Oh, all right. That's my look-out," growled Bateson, and he stamped off down the corridor to start a new lot of lines

The next time we went to Mr. Baring was Friday morning, when he took us in Latin for an hour, just before the abbey service began. Bateson had given in his lines on Thursday after grinding at them all the previous afternoon, and he was still fairly savage about having the first edition torn up so that when we went in we all expected a little diversion, and it was more exciting because none of us knew exactly what he was going to do.

Hanging behind the master's desk in Baring's class-room is a big map of the Roman Empire, which Baring always keeps rolled up, as he can unroll it without getting off his chair by just pulling a string.

The moment the master's step was heard at the end of the corridor, Bateson jumped out of his place, took something from his pocket, put it in the fold of the map just where it began to be rolled up, and was back in his seat again before Mr. Baring was at the door. I think that Baring must have spotted that something was up at once, for the whole form was either gaping at the map or staring at Bateson, who was trying to look as unconscious as possible However, Baring went straight to his seat, took some books out of the desk, and put some one on to translate. Presently the word "Etruria" came in

"Where is Etruria, next boy?" said Mr. Baring. "Don't know? Why didn't you look it up, then? Etruria is the district lying immediately to the north-west of Latium," he went on, reaching out for the string that released the map. "Here we——!" Then he pulled it, and immediately, with a terrific yell, shot off his chair.

As the map fell down, two enormous garden-spiders had tumbled on to his shoulder, one of them bouncing off on to the desk, where it began to scurry about on his open note-book. Mr. Baring aimed a terrific smack at it with his ruler, and put his foot on the other one with a shudder that shook him all over. He was as pale as a table-cloth, and looked as bad as if they'd been a couple of rattlesnakes. The fellows just sat and stared at the whole thing in astonishment, all except Bateson, who had given one yelp of laughter when Mr. Baring jumped off the chair and then got gradually redder and redder until he was a sort of purple colour. It was easy to see who had worked the trick

"Which boy is responsible for putting these things in the map?" said Mr. Baring, looking at Bateson.

"Perhaps they fell from the ceiling, sir," suggested Hawkins, with the idea of confusing the scent. But it was no use.

"Did you put them there, Bateson?" Mr. Baring went on.

"Yes, sir"

"Come back to this room after service this morning, then," was the reply, "and wait for me. Go on translating, next boy."

But Mr. Baring seemed a great deal too unsettled to take the lesson properly. He gingerly knocked the corpse of the spider he had squashed with his ruler on to the floor, and tried to look as if nothing had happened, but he passed so many howlers in translation that any one could see he wasn't comfortable.

Presently he mopped his forehead and said, "In case you boys should think I was rather absurdly squeamish about those insects just now, I might tell you that the reason why spiders upset me to such an extent is that when I was a little boy in South Africa I was very badly bitten by a tarantula, and one of the effects of the bite has been to make me unable to bear even the sight of spiders of any kind, much less to touch them."

"What's a tarantula, please, sir?" asked Fernley, scenting a yarn that might take time off Latin trans.

Mr. Baring seemed glad of the interruption. He told us all about them, and how big and poisonous they are, and how he had gone up to look at one on the veldt when he was quite a youngster and it had sprung at him and bitten his hand. We were all awfully interested, especially Bateson, who, I think, was inclined to be a bit sorry for ragging him in that particular way when he heard about it.

Just as we began to translate again the bell

for service began, and Mr Tellson came in to take the form for the next hour, while Fernley, Bateson, and I, who were in the choir, went off to the vestry.

"Wonder what he'll say to you when you go in him!" Fernley remarked cheerfully to Bateson as we went along the cloisters.

"Report me to the Precentor, I expect," said Bateson gloomily.

"Oh, I don't think he'll do that," I put in. "I should think he's more of a sportsman. Jolly decent of him to spend his time jawing about Tullas, anyway."

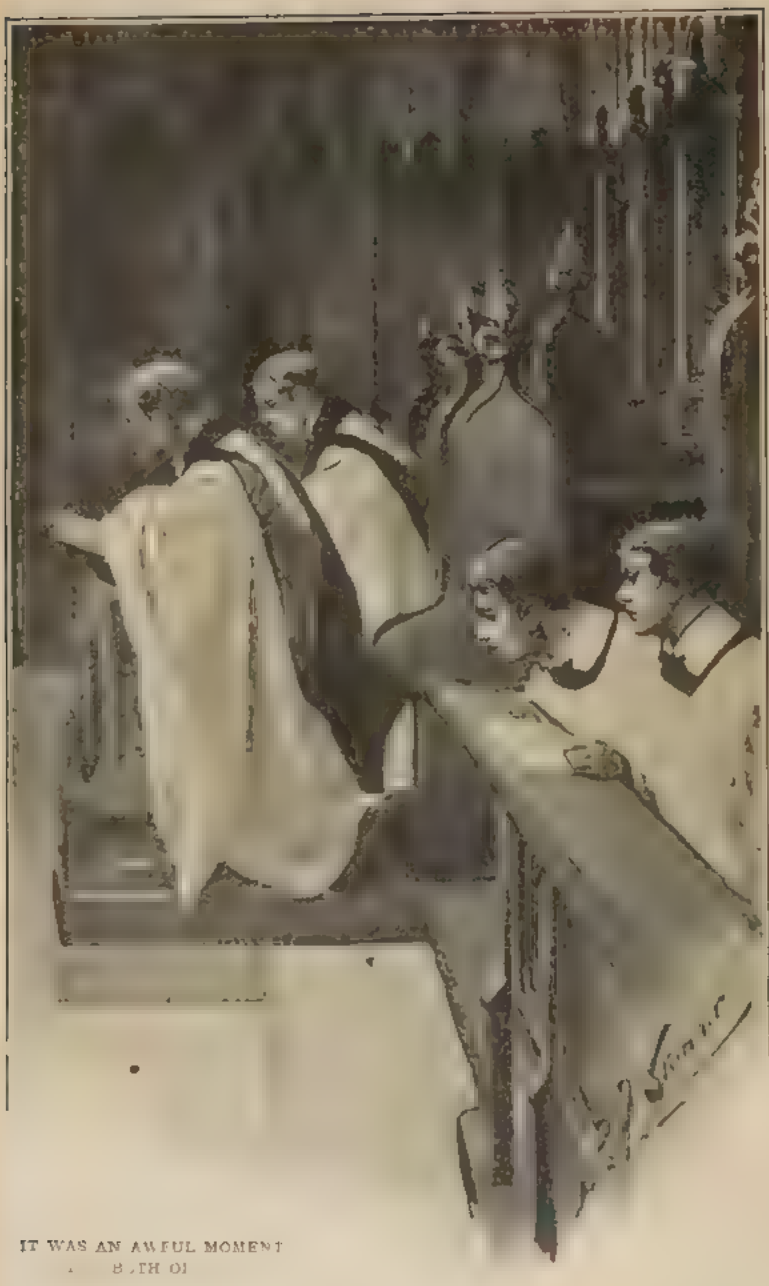
"Well, I shouldn't be surprised if he did," replied Bateson. "He took up those lines of mine, and I expect he's got hung into me simply frightfully now."

Bateson and I sit on the cantoris side of the choir. Bateson at the end because he's solo boy, and I next to him. Then about eight feet away on Bateson's right there are the stalls, side by side, the further one for Mr. Barnes, who is a Minor Canon, as I think I said before and the other, which stands a little in front of his for the Precentor.

Well, the service went on as usual that morning for the first half-hour or so then, as it was Friday, we had the Litany. Bennett, one of the other minor canons, took it, and he's awfully slow with his intoning. Anyhow, a few minutes after he had begun, I saw Bateson fumbling about under his surplice and presently—very much to my surprise and more to my dislike—he brought out the one big spider called Cæsar Agrippa, which he still used to carry about with him, and began to give it a little walk along the book-ledge. At first he only let the beast scuttle along in front of me, and when it had got a little way he would pull it back to him by the cotton he had tied to one of

HE AIMED A T[illegible] SMACK AT IT WITH HIS RULER

There was no chance of the Precentor's spotting it, of course, because his stall stands so much in front of our places that he has to turn half round to see us, and you would never have thought from looking at Bateson's face that he was attending to anything else but the responses, but suddenly I felt him give a



IT WAS AN AWFUL MOMENT
[illegible] BOTH OF

great start, and saw that somehow or other the cotton had either broken or slipped through his fingers and that the spider had fallen down on to the floor and was walking off, trailing the cotton behind it.

Bateson was quite unable to catch it again without attracting every one's attention by leaving his seat, so he just shivered and looked at the Precentor, towards whose stall the spider was slowly crawling, proclaiming by its dress, so to speak, that it was a domesticated specimen, and not a chance intruder from outside.

It was an awful moment for both of us.

Soon the end boy on the other side, Bartlett, noticed the trailing piece of cotton, and got so excited that he nearly made a mistake in the next response. Still the spider scuttled on, and, as if guided by an evil fate, did not stop or turn aside until it was brought up by the boot of the kneeling Precentor. It walked round it for a little while, and for a moment we thought it had crawled away underneath the stall, but suddenly, to our horror, it appeared on the top of the boot and started on a tour of exploration from the edge of his cassock, still trailing the tell-tale cotton.

The funny thing was that no one in the choir except Bateson, Bartlett and myself was conscious of the awful state of affairs. The Precentor himself had his hands on either side of his face, and was putting in his usual tremendous bass to the responses, without any idea that Cæsar Agrippa was now half way up his back, exploring the snowy wilderness of his surplice. Bateson and I watched it with an awful fascination. Poor old Bateson's eyes were almost starting out of his head. I knew that he was imagining the awful moment when the brute would crawl over the Precentor's shoulder, or, worse still, reach the back of his neck—how he would

give one jump, make a frantic grab at the spider, spot the cotton tied to its leg, and then inevitably fix his baleful gaze on Bateson as the only boy who would have brought such a thing into choir. Of course, a whacking and expulsion would follow then, whether Baring reported the incident in class or not.

The spider was now on the top of one of the folds of the Precentor's hood, making a beeline for the top of his collar. He wears a large size in collars, and the probability was that the thing would fall down the chasm and stick, kicking, halfway down his back.

Several of the chaps on the other side had noticed the ghastly expression on Bateson's face by this time, and were looking at him in astonishment. I think Mr. Baring must have noticed them, for he suddenly turned his head and looked across behind the Precentor's back at Bateson, whose eyes were fixed on the Precentor's shoulder. Mr. Baring's gaze followed them and, with a start, he caught sight of the huge spider struggling up out of a valley in the hood before taking its plunge either down the Precentor's neck or over his shoulder. In another second the Precentor would have been bound to see or feel it.

Then, all of a sudden, Mr. Baring put out his hand, seized the spider with a shudder even greater than when the others had fallen on his desk, threw it into the mortar-board by his side and dropped a handkerchief and a hymn-book on top of it to keep it in. It was all over in a second, and the Precentor was absolutely unconscious that anything unusual was going on. But Bateson gave so loud a gasp of relief that the organist in the loft heard it and turned round to glare at him.

The service was over in a few minutes, but I never saw Bateson look so beastly uncomfortable as he did during the rest of the time. Naturally, he was thinking about what a brick Baring had been, after the way he had ragged him in class.

"Jolly decent of Baring to do that, wasn't it?" I heard Bartlett say to him as we walked down the cloisters on the way out.

Bateson only scowled. He looked as though he'd rather have had the whacking and been expelled; it certainly is beastly awkward when any one does the good-for-evil trick like that.

As we came out of the vestry again Mr. Baring came along, still holding his handkerchief into his cap.

"This spider belongs to you, I suppose?" he said to Bateson in an abrupt tone, shoving the whole thing into his hands. "Take it away, and come to my room in ten minutes from now, bringing the cap and handkerchief with you."

We all gathered round, as soon as he'd gone, to see Bateson disentangle Cæsar Agrippa from the handkerchief and lower him by the fateful piece of cotton into his mustard tin again.

"Wonder what he'll do to you!" said some one. "P'raps he means to report you to the Precentor, after all."

"Wouldn't have given him the spider back if he had," answered Bartlett. "I should say it'd be a whacking, only the assistant-masters aren't supposed to whack here."

We saw Bateson as far as the door of Mr. Baring's room. He rather wanted bucking up, I think. Then we waited in the playground for him to come out. Some of the fellows who weren't in the choir came out of school while we were waiting, and we told them all about it.

Presently Bateson reappeared. He was walking rather slowly, and the expression on his face was not one of unmixed happiness. Helder, one of the monitors, who had just come up, was the first to speak.

"I say, young Bateson, what's this about your ragging Baring?" he said. "He's no end of a sportsman. My brother at Cambridge says he was a tennis Blue. He could put in as hard a drive as S. H. Smith."

"I know, thanks," said Bateson with a grisly sort of grin. "I've just had six of them. All the same, he's a dashed good sort."

PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET.

BY E H D SEWELL

Photo] THE CRICKET-FIELD AT HARROW. [Chester Vaughan.

FIRST ARTICLE

THERE is, perhaps, no subject in the wide world of men who are interested in games upon which such a diversity of opinion exists as upon the subject of coaching in cricket—or, indeed, as upon the game itself. I therefore offer this paper to a critical audience, not wholly a young one, with the utmost diffidence. I have, however, received my baptism of fire as a writer on the game of cricket, and though I cannot hope to come out of this engagement unscathed, I would at the outset remind my juvenile readers of the sensible notice once displayed at an evening concert: "Please don't shoot the accompanist He is doing his best."

In my humble opinion the less coaching the better if by "coaching" is meant a fusillade, at twenty yards range of cricket prose by a cricket pro. who says he once bowled "W G." out. Of what value "Keep your left elbow up," "Don't move that right foot," "Watch the ball," "You must [illegible] way," "Hold your bat straight on after the other, day after day, is to any [illegible] Tr[illegible] Fry. I question whether anybody [illegible] this connection Mr R F. Cumberlege writes me from

MR. R. F. CUMBERLEGE.

[illegible]

FETTES

"The writer does not believe in too much advice. Some coaches pour a ceaseless torrent of words of wisdom for three-quarters of an hour on end. The sounder principle seems to be to correct one fault at a time, and say little, but to the point." The old Cambridge Rugby Blue is right on the wicket here I am sure.

From what he mentions about correcting a single fault, I am reminded that fixed batting periods for the leading players in a school team is a great mistake.

To be most successful, all cricket tuition should be of a spontaneous, "in the mood," kind. This is impossible at a big school for the crowds of aspiring Jacksons and Steels, but when a boy has got his colours and is a known batsman in his school he should be allowed to practise when he likes so long as he practises a reasonable amount every non-match day. By this means better results are obtained while he is practising, and the school coach will sooner know whether the boy is a keen cricketer

Between a cricketer and a keen cricketer there is a wide gulf

To correct a single fault, as Mr Cumberlege suggests, such spontaneous practice is the best possible. If the school coach says in the morning: "Now then, Smith, how about having a go at that good length one on the leg-stump about a quarter to five this afternoon?" I imagine that Smi[illegible]

will be keener than mustard, having had the dreary school hours of binomial theorem, "Thick Sides," and other worries, in which to think over his *bête-noire*, when the time comes. The mind of the school coach, too, will not have forgotten during his few spare moments, and Smith will thus get better value for his twenty minutes at the nets.

Under the fixed period scheme, Smith sometimes has to bat when physically unfit or disinclined or mentally upset about some of the trivial worries of school life, or, having hit a hundred the day before, when his mental attitude is not the correct one for the experience of the coach to work upon. On the whole, to be most successful the less rule of three about coaching the better.

This idea, too, was completely confirmed in a chat I was fortunate enough to have the other day with Mr A J. Webbe, who told me something very interesting about

HARROW

cricket. "The great difficulty in coaching," said he, "is in finding out what is best for each boy, and in not cramping his play by insisting upon hard and fast rules."

And then follow this great truth, which I venture to commend to the notice of everybody interested in the teaching of the young idea: *There is always a great danger of a genius being destroyed by coaching.*

"Then," continued Mr. Webbe, "I doubt whether it is possible to successfully coach youngsters on one set of rules. Note that all our greatest players have different styles. The game is changing in character, if, indeed it has not already changed, and batsmen move their feet about much more now than they used to do, and it would almost seem as though the one-time rule about keeping the right foot firm is obsolete. Very few of the best bats to-day keep it firm."

From Mr. Webbe I learnt of the great value to Harrow cricket contained in the interest taken in it by old Harrovians. It is a tradition at Harrow that Old Harrovians should help the boys in their cricket. The late Lord Bessborough and the Hon. Robert Grimston for fifty years spent practically every summer at Harrow, where their names will never be forgotten. Lord Bessborough had an extraordinary instinct for coaching, and especially in seeing what each boy was capable of. Following them the late Mr. J. D. Walker, after he gave up county cricket, used to spend the whole summer at Harrow, and his loss to the scholars on-the-Hill is simply irreparable. He always gave them the best advice in every detail of the game, and won the affections of the boys to a most remarkable degree. Mr. A. C. MacLaren, who was the greatest of all cricket captains in his day, also coached Harrow boys for two or three seasons. The presence of Messrs. M C Kemp, the old Kent wicket-keeper, whose keenness and energy are all-inspiring, of C G. Pope and of C. H Eyre, both old Cambridge Blues, as masters at Harrow, must not be forgotten. They, too, carry on the old Harrovian tradition, quite apart from their official position. No wonder Harrow contributes year after year [illegible] quota of the best type of amateur [illegible] ter, the type which keeps the game alive and always of good report. Harrovians have also the benefit of the unexampled professional work of Baker, the ex-Lancashire player, who went to the School on the recommendation of Mr MacLaren. Of him and his value to Harrow cricket Mr. Webbe cannot say too much: "He is always encouraging the boys, and never takes a

MR C M. WELLS

(Dulwich, Cambridge, Middlesex) who superintends Eton cricket [illegible] Fo[illegible]

despondent view if a boy happens to fail or is temporarily out of form. I have often remarked to him: 'If you were an Old Harrovian you could not possibly do more for the boys.'" I once had the pleasure of meeting Baker when the Harrow Wanderers were on tour at Ascot, near Leighton Buzzard, and it was really most refreshing to see his love and keenness for the game.

ETON

boasts the best indoor practice wicket in the world, and, as it is true that the best batsmen are the result of much practice in boyhood *on good true wickets*, such practice giving them the confidence without which no batsman ever became great or good, the work in the spring time that is now possible at Eton indoors under the careful eye of C. M. Wells and several able lieutenants, should be of immeasurable value to Eton cricket

MR R. N. DOUGLAS,
Who trains the young idea at Uppingham.
Photo Foster

Under a glass roof in a building on the edge of famous Agar's Plough, Eton have a couple of turf wickets —genuine turf well rolled in with marl to form a plumb true hard wicket on which the boys can "go right through" with the stroke without fear of the consequences

As it is under similar conditions that real bowling ability asserts itself, practice on such wickets does the boy bowlers a lot of good as well. The boy who is observant finds that here of all places, *length* wins the day, and when he gets that fact well home in his mind, half his battle, if he means to be a bowler, is won. Break and pace are nothing compared with *length* to which subject I hope to return in another article

A valuable point in coaching comes to us from Uppingham *via* the Dulwich-Cambridge Blue, R. N. Douglas, *ex* that splendid old cricketer, coach, and judge of the game, H. H. Stephenson. It is the aim of every one at

UPPINGHAM

to carry on coaching upon the Stephenson lines, concerning which Mr. Douglas speaks as follows. He made considerable use of the nets for coaching, especially if he had a particular stroke to teach or a particular fault to correct. Or again, if he thought a boy wanted encouraging, he would give him half an hour of half volleys till he had found his confidence." And now for the "point." "But he looked always to the games for teaching most things, for there the player can see the effect of his own strokes, and other people's, as they really are. He taught running between the wickets, fielding and throwing in, and above all, wicket-keeping, in the games. He was extraordinarily successful as a coach for bowlers, paying the greatest attention to height of arm, and length, and, when these were firmly established, to change of pace with same delivery. He was also coaching the bowlers throughout the games."

As a rule this learning cricket by match-play is not sufficiently hammered into schoolboys. There is often too much net-play. The reason is not difficult to discover, and I suspect the question of wickets will always act as a powerful deterrent to progress. Even where there is plenty of room, such matches cannot be played on the "First Pitch"—hallowed spot!—and wickets elsewhere are not good enough. Still, match play is the best of all schools. It is a different thing standing up for a quarter of an hour to all sorts of bowlers at a net, and not minding how many times the middle stump flies, to "having to go" if it is knocked down first

ball. Such match-practice could easily be regulated in regard to the time each man bats. On occasion the school coach might order the batsman who has not got over the first ball difficulty, to have another innings. On others the surest run-getter might be ordered to entirely alter his "game," and try to score at a run and a half a minute or more—and be compulsorily retired if he failed to do so, having had his fair share of the bowling. A hundred and one different items, each one useful in the general curriculum for making an "England" player, would occur during the course of such games to any intelligent coach properly interested in the school game.

I am very much indebted to the many school coaches who have taken the trouble, almost without an exception, to reply to my letter. While some have given their ideas very frankly and fully, others prefer to say nothing.

One such for example modestly enough, as he is a famous Old Blue, states: "I do not feel myself in any position to state publicly my views on rules as to coaching," but further on in his letter he rather lets out the cat by writing: "I should have thought that enthusiasm for cricket as a game and teaching oneself make cricket really enjoyable, and that anything which means to make it too serious, too absorbing an interest, spoils the fun of the thing." In other words, coaching is not good for the game. I don't know, nor do I agree, but because I do not agree I do not say this very serious player is wrong. Coaching can be overdone, I am quite sure, as also that there is a tendency to overdo it nowadays, the resultant Blue or County man being a forced and not a natural player.

MR. G. H. WELLS
Merchant Taylors School

MERCHANT TAYLORS

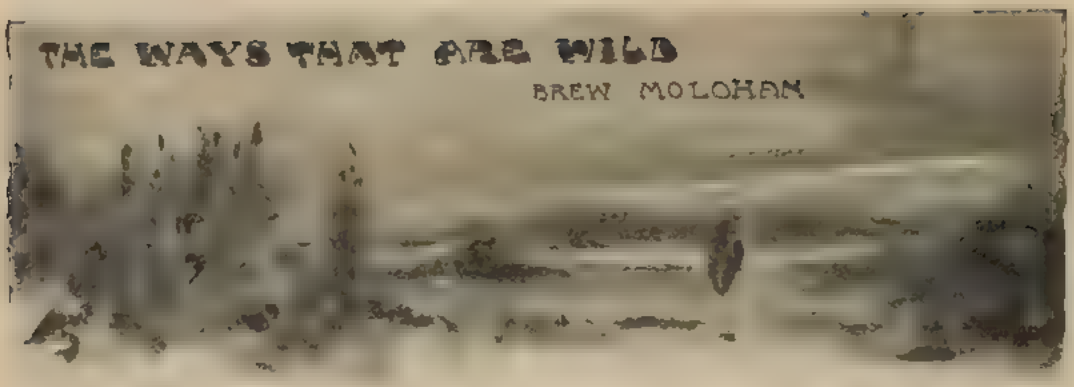
should produce a large crop of good players, as the following letter from Mr. G. H. Wells the President of the M.T.C.C., is very sound.

Says he: "The principle we go upon of the first importance is to get a boy to make up his mind at once whether the ball is pitched up to him or a short ball. Then he will know whether to play forward or back. And the next point, which really ought to come first, is to keep his right foot still. In these two points the beginning of all good cricket consists. And the fewer directions given the better. Happily for cricket, the rules for playing a correct stroke do not involve 73 different considerations, as at golf. So that, although there are plenty of points, which arise on occasion and can be noticed when necessary, in daily practice we try to keep in view only a few of the most elementary.

"In bowling, the good length is the first point we insist upon, and secondly, not to sacrifice anything, *i.e.*, everything, to pace."

There are, however, two points here which are rather against after-success in the highest cricket. First, that insistence on the old theory of keeping the right foot still. No great batsman of the day keeps his right foot still. At school keeping it still means, I know, not moving it towards short leg, but a too strict adherence to what was a good old rule prevents boys from learning that quick foot-work which is the essence of good batting in the modern game. The boy brought up on "keep that right foot firm" would have to unlearn all this to get his Blue or keep his place in his County team. Fast-footedness was the flaw in the play of John Raphael, the most prolific scorer Merchant Taylors ever had in first class cricket, and the chief reason he never rose in that cricket to the position to which his school cricket record entitled him. The only successful run-getter of late years who does not move the right foot, and is therefore not able to play back, is L. G. Wright, who has rarely done much on a really difficult wicket

Secondly, preventing boys from bowling fast. F. R. Spofforth wrote "the faster and faster the better!" And he wrote this about boys. "I think, if a boy is inclined to bowl fast, let him, provided length is insisted upon. It is when the young rascals try to put on *break as well as pace* that the trouble comes."



A STORY OF A GENTLEMAN POACHER

IN THREE PARTS

Crusoe and his school-friend Cleo live out of doors almost entirely, sleeping in a tent and the former's father encourages them to provide their own food by trapping game. They have met with little success however [illegible]

CHAPTER III

THE faint glow of the summer dawn was flooding the east with its mellow light as the "backwoodsmen" unmoored the "cutter," *Jennie Lee*, from the landing-stage. Guessing that the expedition would be a hurried incursion into an enemy's country, they had arrayed themselves in the lightest marching order; simply rubber shoes, flannel knickers and a sweater, and the only weapons carried were their trusty "lobbers"—a weird two days' old invention of Cleo's, consisting of the gutta-percha soles of an old pair of boots run into a clay mould and allowed to solidify again round the end of a thick piece of cane eighteen inches long. Truth to tell, the lobber in efficient hands was not a weapon to be despised, as it had the merit of carrying as straight as a bullet for fifty yards, and, moreover, the weighted end prevented its getting lodged in the branches of a tree.

The movements of the backwoodsmen were marked with that quick decision characteristic of freebooters the world over. They were hurried yet cautious; now the boys glanced quickly round to see that no enemies were in sight, anon they placed an ear to the ground—the latter, Cleo averring, acting as an efficient telephone in transmitting the sound of approaching footsteps.

The coast being clear, their preparations were soon completed, and with Crusoe at the helm, the cutter quickly proceeded towards The Quicksands—as they had named the scene of the previous day's catastrophe. The helmsman turned in quick reproof when Cleo inadvertently splashed the water in the act of pulling, and frowned portentously at the rattle made by the oars in the rowlocks.

"We must muffle the oars and pad the rowlocks before we come out again," he muttered in a low tone.

Cleo nodded as he pulled steadily towards the rendezvous.

The thoughts of the raiders were far too busy for speech as the cutter entered the channel amidst a silence broken only by the swirl of the water, the occasional quack-quack of a startled duck, or the hurried plunge of a frightened water-rat. At each sound Crusoe, with tense lips and hand grasping the lobber, turned his head in keen inquiry, and the oarsman, although not daring to desist from his work, kept his ears and eyes open for the evidence of the wild life about. At one point the steersman hurriedly drew his lobber from his belt as a couple of wild duck got up in front of the boat with a tremendous splashing and flapping of wings, and at another Cleo paused for a moment to silently point out the spot where a coot had scuttled through the reeds—until Crusoe's disdainful nod told that the game had not escaped his hawk-like eye.

Hugh, turning his head to conceal a smile at their buccaneering appearance, greeted them

with a low "Good-morning," and Hegarty unbent from his scrutiny of the banks to give them a patronising sniff as they transhipped into Hugh's boat.

"Now, boys," said Hugh, "I intend showing you how to net a hare this morning, but before we start I must warn you that everything depends on your silence. You may speak in a low voice until we reach the hunting-grounds, but on no account must you open your lips afterwards. Make a mental note of anything you don't understand and I will explain it later."

He rowed quickly up the main channel and turned into a winding waterway that branched [illegible] the left. S[illegible] distance [illegible] the boat glided into what [illegible] peared [illegible] be another channel but which was in reality a sn[illegible] water surrounded by reeds, where they were securely hidden from ob[illegible]vation.

Parting the reed[illegible] Hugh [illegible] ashore, [illegible] to the boy[illegible] low. They proceeded for about a quarter of a mile through the reeds emerging at length under a large willow tree and after peering for a few minutes through the foliage, Hugh pushed aside the branches and stepped out.

They found themselves on the edge of the marshes almost opposite Heron Court, and Crusoe saw in a moment that they were on Colonel Colthurst's property—one of the [illegible] strictly preserved estates in the country. He did not, however, have time for more than a cursory glance around as Hugh quickly led the way by the hedge, Hegarty at his heels and the backwoodsmen following in Indian file, treading in their leader's footsteps like braves on the war path.

They proceeded in this fashion until they came to the corner of a hedge enclosing a small field which, in its turn, abutted on a wood, and here for the first time Leslie paused. Crouching beside the hedge he motioned to Hegarty, who was watching him with attentive eyes, and, extending his arm, pointed straight ahead in a line with the fence. The dog instantly set off

A HARE ROLL[illegible] OVER AND OV[illegible] THE MESHES

[illegible] noiseless stride, and when he got [illegible] way through [illegible] he was lost to [illegible] minutes at the [illegible] the field, having apparently [illegible] nce. The backwoodsmen looked [illegible] each other and registered a mental note

Hugh quickly strode along to the point where the wood began, and entered the covert. A high thorn fence separated them from the field that Hegarty had encircled, but here and there were holes showing where the game went through to feed. Half-way along the hedge was a gate of which a portion of one of the lower bars was missing, and signing to the boys to stand, he crept forward and examined the ground carefully. Satisfied, apparently, with the result of his scrutiny, he took a small green net from his pocket and attached it lightly with four tacks to the gate, so that it hung loosely over the gap; then, turning to Hegarty, he pointed in the direction they had come. The dog instantly departed, and Leslie, holding up his hand to enjoin silence, crouched by the gate.

A minute passed, and another—the boys trying to hold their breath and restrain the excited beating of their hearts. Suddenly they saw Hugh turn his head slightly, and the following moment a hare, going at full speed, burst through the gate and rolled over and over, hopelessly entangled in the meshes. Before it had time to utter a single cry, Hugh had it across his knee with its neck broken, and a second later Hegarty poked his head through the bars, looking nonchalantly at his quarry.

After hailing the kill, Leslie carefully picked up the bits of fur lying about and straightened the bruised grass, leaving it to all appearance just as it was before.

"We will now look at a pheasant snare," he whispered.

He pointed through the wood, and Hegarty instantly set off at his swift gait; this time, to the boys' surprise, he did not return to his master, but after showing himself in the middle of the covert, crouched until they walked across. Hugh patted him on the head and continued his way to the opposite hedge, where he made a small opening and peered through. Turning to the boys, he made a sign to them to look, and the first thing that met their eager eyes was a pheasant lying dead in the neighbouring field

Hegarty made a circuit of the hedge, and on his return Hugh boldly opened a gate and entered the field. The boys watched him pick up the bird and collect all the feathers, which he put in his pocket; he next smoothed the grass carefully and, returning to the wood, drew the branches over the opening before retracing his steps to the reed bed,

Not a word was spoken as with long swift strokes the boat was sculled through the narrow waterways into the main channel, and in a quarter of an hour they arrived at the *Jennie Lee*. Leslie read the disappointment in the boys' faces, and said with a smile:

"No! Crusoe; it is much too early to visit Hunter's Camp. It is only six o'clock, and sleep is nearly as much a necessity to growing boys as food; you will have time for a couple of hours before breakfast. I may add, however, that lunch will be ready at the Camp at one o'clock, and, on behalf of our friend Hegarty, I cordially invite you to share it, when I will answer those questions I see burning on your tongue. By the way, will you be able to find your way to the Camp?"

"I am afraid we shouldn't," replied Cleo.

"Then on the way back I will break a few reeds at the mouth of each channel you must take—that will guide you. *Au revoir* for the present."

The boys' arch-enemy, Parker, was entertaining the coachman and groom in the stable-yard with some joke which caused uproarious laughter as the boys passed through about half-past ten on their way to the kitchen.

Catching sight of the two he said in his loud, boisterous voice: "Mornin', Master Ralph. I hears as how you be doin' a terrible lot of poaching lately." The boys' hearts stopped beating for a moment, until he continued: "Hayes" (an under-keeper) "do say as how you won't leave a bird or an 'are for the big shoot on the tenth," and he laughed loudly at his own wit, the coachman, with an eye to a bit of rabbiting in the winter, joining in the mirth.

"See, Tom, what I found at the bury t'other side the park this mornin'," went on Parker, as he pulled out of his pocket a number of wires which the boys had put down a few days before. "I never did see such a sight. There was every hole with a wire in front of it like a hoss collar, and the rabbits was jumping through the loops like the clown at the circus over to Westbury last week," and he exploded in a hoarse guffaw in which the onlookers heartily joined.

The backwoodsmen's faces flushed with vexation at being thus publicly twitted on their want of skill, and Crusoe replied angrily, as he snatched the wires out of the keeper's hands, "Parker, you are a beast! But we will be even with you yet."

"Not onless you be up a bit earlier of a mornin', Master Ralph," laughed Parker as they continued their way to the kitchen.

It was some time before the natural exuberance of the boys' spirits recovered from the effects of the roasting they had received in

the stable-yard, and many a dire threat was hurled at the head of the offending keeper. Fortunately, a lucky shot with the lobber at an inattentive rabbit completely restored their good-humour, and delighted at being able to show Hugh this specimen of their prowess, they made their way to the river and gaily paddled up the channel.

All went well as they passed the Quicksands, Crusoe rowing and Cleo anxiously scanning the reeds at the mouth of every creek that they passed.

"The trail bends to the left," he said, as he noticed the broken reeds, and guided by the "sign" they quickly arrived at the Camp.

Hugh smiled as, with assumed carelessness, Cleo threw the rabbit on the floor of the tent.

"How did you kill it?" he asked.

"Oh! Cleo knocked it over with his lobber," replied Crusoe unconcernedly, as if killing rabbits were a matter of everyday occurrence.

Leslie examined the lobbers with interest, and brought a flush of gratification to the inventor's cheeks by saying that they were splendid weapons for still hunting

Lunch over and Hegarty supplied, their host threw himself on a rug and lighted his pipe.

"Now, Crusoe," he said, "I am prepared to answer some of those questions you wanted to put to me this morning. Fire away!

Crusoe grinned.

"What I wanted to know particularly," he replied, "was why you sent Hegarty round the field where the hare was feeding?"

"That," responded Leslie, "was to find out if there were any keepers in ambush. Amongst his other virtues, Hegarty is gifted with one of the keenest noses I have ever seen in a dog, and without exaggeration I can safely say that he would wind a keeper one hundred yards away. It may seem as if I make him run into danger to save myself, but I can assure you that he is particularly well qualified to look after his own skin"

"Why did you select the gate in the covert?" asked Cleo. "There were other gates nearer and apparently just as good."

"That was on account of the direction of the wind, which blew from the field towards the wood; the hare would have winded us half-way across the field from the other gates."

"And how did you know that it would come through that particular gate?"

"Have you ever," asked Hugh in reply, "noticed little tracks in a field where the grass is slightly trodden?" The boys nodded. "Well, these tracks are made by hares and rabbits, and each hare has its own particular track, which it prefers using to any other. In this case the gate afforded a convenient opening from the covert to the feeding ground, and on examining the earth I saw the imprint of its feet on the damp grass. When I sent Hegarty back he entered the field at the point where we halted first; ranging inside the hedge, the hare quickly winded him and, fleeing from danger, jumped into the net."

"Will you tell us," asked Cleo, when he had digested the foregoing information, "why Hegarty crouched in the middle of the wood before we found the pheasant?"

"That was to show me that the coast was clear on that side of the covert. In snaring there is always the danger that the keepers may find the kill and wait in ambush until the poacher comes along, when they pounce on him. And now I suppose you want to know how a pheasant can be induced to put its head into a snare in an open field?"

"Yes!" returned the boys simultaneously.

"It is not generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact, that pheasants, like hares and rabbits, have their own particular runs when leaving a covert to feed. Once acquainted with the run, the rest is easy. Pheasants are particularly partial to raisins, and you place one at the mouth of the run. The bird coming out picks up the delicacy and eagerly looks round for more; he sees a second and a third at intervals of a yard or so along the track, and running from one to the other greedily pecks at the fourth, finds his neck in a horse-hair noose, and is quickly strangled. Of course, as I said before, the danger is that a keeper may come along and, seeing the bird, remain in ambush. That is where Hegarty's nose comes in."

"Could you have caught the hare if you had no dog?" asked Crusoe.

"Well, I think so, although it would have meant a lot more trouble. In that case I would have used a snare, fixing the wire in the gap so that when the hare jumped he would put his head through it and hang himself. After setting the snare I should have had to double back and do Hegarty's work in driving the game to the gap. By the way, whilst we are on the subject I will give you a hint by which you can always make certain of finding a hare or two in a particular field."

The boys stared.

"How do you mean?" asked Cleo.

"I mean,' replied Leslie, "that whenever I want a hare I can always tell in which field the animal will be feeding. There are a number of tips by the knowledge of which a poacher can reduce the chances of success almost to

a certainty, and this is one of them Hares are exceedingly fond of parsley, and before leaving the marshes every year I scatter a few handfuls of seed in likely places. A certain proportion is sure to sprout, and sooner or later the hares will find it and make those fields their feeding-grounds."

THE BIG FISH CAME SWIMMING UP OUT OF THE DARKNESS

CHAPTER IV

HUGH lounged on the seat and tolerantly watched the efforts of the backwoodsmen to induce the fish to bite.

"Not much luck!" he commented at last.

The tactful expression saved the situation. It had been rather galling to sit there watching floats that never by any chance deviated from the perpendicular, but these words showed that he appreciated the fact that there are times when the finny species are "off" feeding, and that their want of success was not due to any lack of skill on the part of the anglers.

"Rotten!" returned Cleo, as he added another gentle to the dozen or more already impaled on the hook.

"By the way," supplemented Crusoe, "do you go in for fishing at all? I mean, of course, with a rod and line."

"Oh, yes. When all other sport fails I take a hand at it, but must confess that in my opinion it comes a poor second to still hunting. Why do you ask?"

'I was wondering if you could tell us the best bait to use.'

Your best bait in this water," replied Hugh, "is ground bait."

The boys, suspicious of a joke at their expense, looked up sharply, but he set their minds at rest by continuing calmly:

'For the fish in this river I will give you a hint which, under ordinary conditions, will fill your baskets in half an hour. First go to the butcher's and buy a sheep's head; then find a deep still pool, and a day or two before you intend fishing sink the head in the pool. You will find that it will attract all the fish in the river; pike, trout, perch, bream, roach, even the humble minnow—they all come to nibble at the delicacy, and it will be a strange thing if they do not provide you with a decent bit of sport.'

'It is a curious thing," he continued meditatively, "that once you have tasted the unlawful pleasures of fish poaching, legitimate fishing becomes very tame by contrast. At one time I was very keen on salmon-fishing—a fair salmon stream, by the way, runs through my mother's estate—until one night that Poacher Dick invited me to join him on a poaching expedition. The proprietor of the neighbouring estate to ours has the right of closing the hatches from Monday to Saturday in each week. This, of course, prevents the salmon from coming up the river on five days out of every seven, and, consequently, the pool below the hatches at times is simply alive with fish which are netted and, as you may guess,

afford no inconsiderable revenue to the lucky owner

Dick had invented an ingenious kind of dark lantern which was peculiarly adapted for fish-poaching. It was, roughly, a hollow tin tube bent in the form of three sides of a square, one of the parallel sides being about six inches longer than the other. The shorter side contained the lamp. The light was reflected along the horizontal tube at the top to a mirror which deflected it downwards through the longest cylinder. The success of the contrivance lay in the fact that the mouth of the funnel could be placed under water, and there was no reflection on the surface to betray the light; whilst the powerful ray shooting to the bottom attracted the attention of every fish in the pool. Many a successful haul we have had by its aid!

"We used to row down at night in a light canoe which we carried round the hatches and floated again in the pool below. Dick attended to the lantern whilst I manipulated the spear, and it was a bad night's work when we did not get a couple of fish. It was a strange sight when the big fish came swimming out of the darkness into the ray of light, staring up at the reflector with their great goggle eyes. The sudden thrust!—the wild swirl of the water as the monster ineffectually endeavoured to free itself from the barb, and the final careful handling to get it into the boat—it was thrilling sport!"

"There is no chance of anything like that in this river," remarked Crusoe with a sigh

"Well, no. But, still, there are ways of filling your basket even if the fish won't bite I want a few trout for dinner, and as we have a couple of hours to spare it wouldn't be a bad idea if we rowed up as far as Lord Southbrook's water."

The backwoodsmen were nothing loth, and calling at the Camp *en route* Hugh armed himself with a long withy, a bow and arrow, and a curious contrivance consisting of a thick board eighteen inches square, to which a long handle was attached at an angle of forty-five degrees.

In a few minutes they were making their way through the devious channels to the opposite side of the marshes, where a barbed wire fence showed the beginning of the Southbrook water. The boys looked at the barrier with some anxiety, but Hugh quietly pulled to the nearest stake, and showing them where the wire had been bent in the form of a hook and eye, undid the two lower strands, which he held whilst Crusoe paddled through.

They pulled some distance up the main channel until they came to the end of the bank of reeds that fringed the river.

"It isn't safe to go any further," Leslie remarked. "The ground is open up to Southbrook Hall, and I don't want to be seen."

Having satisfied himself that they were safe from interruption, they dropped down the river again to where a shallow brook entered the channel.

"Now," said Hugh, "we will try to get a trout or two for dinner."

Disembarking, they cautiously stole to where the brook made a slight bend, and Hugh, craning his head over the bank, carefully examined the water. He drew back in a moment, whispering, as he took a piece of dark flexible wire out of his pocket, "There is a nice trout a couple of yards above." He made a loop in the wire, and attaching it to the end of the withy, crawled to the bank. Extending the rod in a line with the side, he dropped the wire in the water a couple of feet in front of the fish, which the boys now saw for the first time. The noose seemingly drifted with the current, touching the bottom from time to time; guiding it past the head and fins Hugh suddenly jerked it up, and in a moment the trout was gasping on the bank.

"Now, Cleo," he whispered, "let's see if you can snare a fish."

They crept a little way further up, where Hugh pointed out a small jack which the boys had mistaken for a bit of flag. Cleo extended the rod, but before the wire touched the water there was a swirl of mud and the fish had disappeared.

He pointed out another pike, and Cleo, his pulses quivering with excitement, slowly extended the rod. The wire dropped into the water just above the fish; slowly the noose drifted towards the prey, over the lean, wicked-looking head and past the fins. The boy snatched it up sharply, and to his great delight landed the fish, which the wire had cut into deeply, owing to the force of the jerk. The pike was quite lifeless, and Hugh explained that if caught just at the back of the gills the sudden compression completely paralyses it

Handing the rod to Crusoe, who was anxiously awaiting his turn, Hugh pointed out a tench which, after a few futile attempts, the boy was successful in snaring.

"Now, boys," said Hugh, "I am going to tickle a trout. The stream is shallow a little way further on, and I will first steal up and see if there is one within reach. If so, I will call you."

He crawled to the edge of the bank at the

THE ANIMAL CONTINUED IN A COURSE WHICH [illegible] LEAD IT DIRECTLY [illegible] LEGS

place indicated and, after removing his cap, peered over; the following moment he withdrew his head and motioned to the boys, who approached with the greatest precautions. Rolling his sleeve up to the shoulder he gently inserted his hand in the water, and the boys saw his fingers settle slowly under a large trout. He lightly stroked the belly of the fish, which gradually rose towards the surface until, when within about six inches of the top, he suddenly snapped his thumb and forefinger on the gills, and in a moment the fish was gasping on the bank

"That is one of the prettiest tricks I know," he remarked; "the only thing to be careful of is not to force the fish too near the surface before snapping, although on a dull day I have thrown one on the bank You must be careful also to snap at the gills, otherwise it will slip through your fingers."

"I brought the bow and arrow," he continued, "intending to shoot a pike, as these fish are particularly fond of basking on the surface, but we are not in luck to-day."

Gathering up the fish, they returned to the boat and pulled down the river towards the marshes

"Hugh," asked Crusoe, "is there any way of catching rabbits that are feeding near their burrows? We have tried several times, but the moment they see us they are gone like a flash; and even when the keepers shoot one, if they don't kill him on the spot he drags himself to the hole"

Leslie made a final knot in the net he was repairing.

"If Hegarty could speak," he said, "he would answer your question, but as he can't he must show you how it is done. The heat of the day is over, so I vote that we pay a visit to the burrows. There are some on Colonel Colthurst's property within sight of the river, where you can see Hegarty's reply to your question."

When they arrived at their destination he pointed out a bank in the middle of a field with the rabbits feeding on the side next the river in full view of the boys. The bank was simply riddled with burrows, and as the denizens were in no case farther than thirty yards from a hole, the boys' faces expressed their doubts about Hegarty's ability to solve the riddle.

Hugh picked the dog up in his arms—they had as usual pulled the boat under a tree—and pointed to the field; the intelligent animal gazed at the bank and the rabbits for some time,

as if meditating how he would attack them, and when Leslie put him down he crept to the ditch and noiselessly made his way along on the outer side of the hedge that enclosed the field. They saw several rabbits start up directly in front of him as he sped along, but the dog took no more notice of them than if they had been so many clods.

When well behind the bank, so that it lay between him and his prey, Hegarty entered the field and, like a brown streak, tore at his fastest towards the bank. As he leapt on top, there was an instant stampede of frightened rabbits, but they were a thought too late, and the dog came galloping to the boat with one in his jaw.

"That is the only possible way to do it" commented Leslie, "and Hegarty knows as well as I do that if he does not get between them and the holes, his labour is in vain. Now I will show you what still-hunting is like.

Picking up the sculls he rowed for a mile or so through the winding channels, emerging at length at the edge of a field that ran into the reeds like a small peninsula. Peering through the fence they saw a hare feeding about two hundred yards away. Hugh examined the surrounding country through his glasses, and the coast being clear, he cut a short stick and boldly walked through a neighbouring gate into the field. The hare crouched immediately he appeared.

About fifty yards from the gate he stuck the stick into the ground and hung his coat on it continuing his course in a slanting direction which would lead him past the cowering animal. As the boys watched they noticed that he insensibly deflected his steps so that, though appearing to be walking directly ahead, he was in reality making a circle round the clump of grass that concealed the hare. Narrower and ever narrower the circle became until, at length, when the watchers were beginning to believe that the hare had somehow got away, he suddenly stooped and snatched the animal from the ground.

"It is almost ridiculously simple if you know just what to do and what not to do," he replied to their fervent congratulations. "By hanging up my coat I implanted an element of doubt in the hare's mind; then you noticed that I did not walk directly towards him, but a little to one side, as if I meant to pass him by. The great thing is to convince the animal that he has not been seen, and this can be done by keeping your head turned slightly away until the moment comes when you are ready to pounce on him. When you practise the trick be sure you seize him just at the back of the poll, because that is the only grip that will withstand his first frenzied struggle.

"Now," he continued, "you have seen Hegarty do his turn, and you've seen me go through my performance, and on the way back I intend showing you a little play where we act our parts together. We will make your father's property the theatre this time," he informed Crusoe with a smile. "There is a hare in that meadow by the gorse clump that I have had my eye on for some time."

They left the boat in a safe hiding-place, and in a short time had arrived at the hedge enclosing the field next that which he had indicated as the hare's feeding ground. Instructing the backwoodsmen to remain in cover, with Hegarty at his heels he walked into the field, where he stood in a slightly stooping position with his legs well apart. Turning to Hegarty, Hugh pointed towards the fence to the right, and, as if thoroughly aware of what was expected of him, the dog instantly disappeared.

The boys could form no idea of the game in progress and, every second seeming an hour, waited breathlessly for the development.

Suddenly a hare, travelling at a great rate, came over the fence directly in front of Hugh, followed a second afterwards by Hegarty. To the surprise of the watchers the animal, instead of darting to one side when it caught sight of the stooping figure, continued in a course which would lead it directly between Hugh's legs. This is undoubtedly what would have taken place if Hugh had not clutched it as it ran - the impact of its rush nearly knocking him off his feet.

"This," he explained, as they paddled towards the Camp, "though seemingly impossible, is the easiest trick of all, and depends on one's knowledge of the run of that particular hare, and the direction of the wind. A hare's eyes are placed so far back that he can see behind as well as before, and his attention was so occupied by the movements of our friend Hegarty that he never caught sight of me at all. One word of warning, however: the force with which the animal travels is astonishing, and I have had more than one sprained thumb through not clutching them properly."

(To be concluded.)

A FLORIDA STORY

THE HEART OF THE SWAMP

By T. C. BRIDGES

Illustrated by

C. SPARROW

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1

JIM FLETCHER was hard at it hoeing out his pine-apple patch and the dust rose so thickly in the hot still air that he never saw the man who came loping up the sandy track towards his fence.

"Hello, Jim, how's things?" came a cheery shout.

Jim started. Then, as he saw who it was sitting easily on the buckskin pony his face lighted up and he stretched a long arm over the fence.

"Uncommon glad to see you, Joe," he said. "Come to the house and have something cool."

"Reckon I will," said Joe, and slipping off his pony he hitched in the shade of a live oak and crawled through the barbed wire fence.

The two friends were a strong contrast. Fletcher tall, lean, fair but sunburnt, a typical Britisher; Joe Garnett also tall but dark with black eyes and black hair, an equally typical Southerner. Joe was deputy sheriff of Pine County, Florida, and as good a man for his job as lived; Fletcher was an Englishman who was doing his best to wring a living out of Florida sand, and had come nearer to succeeding than most of his countrymen.

As they reached the house, Joe looked round admiringly.

"Mighty pretty place you've made, Jim."

"Not bad, is it?" said Fletcher, much gratified, as he squeezed a lime into a long tumbler. "It's a coon's age since I last seed ye, Jim. Ain't ye got no news to tell a fellow? How's everything?"

"Pretty good," Jim answered. But the other caught more than the words conveyed.

"Say, Jim, what's wrong?"

"Not a lot." He paused. "Do you know Dave Grice?"

"You bet. That big slab-sided critter as lives up to Lake Swindle. Ye ain't run against him, Jim?"

"Afraid I have. Some cattle got in here the other night. Swam round the end of my fence. I heard them and turned out. It was past

midnight, misty and black as a hat. I drove them pretty hard, and some of the silly brutes charged the wire and broke through. Took a whole panel of the fence out. As soon as it was light I went out again. There was blood on the wire but not a sign of any of the cattle Two nights afterwards I was riding home from Pinelake when some one took a pot at me from behind a tree. Bullet was in the pommel of my saddle when I got home "

"You think it's Grice ? "

Fletcher nodded.

"Robertson who lives across the lake told me yesterday that those cattle belonged to Grice and that one of them broke its leg in my wire."

"The mischief ! " exclaimed Garnett. "Have ye kept the bullet ? "

Jim pulled a mangled lump of lead out of his trouser pocket and the other examined it carefully.

"That's right. A thirty-two Smith and Wesson. It's what Grice carries. He'll have ye yet, Jim, I'm afeard."

"I'm going over to talk to him this afternoon. Tell him I didn't know the cattle were his and offer to pay."

"Don't know but what it would be the best thing," Joe said, thoughtfully. "Only be keerful not to git your dander up if he don't speak exactly right. That man's real dangerous, Jim. Now I must be starting. I'm after them moonshiners. I'd like mighty well to get them. The State's offering two thousand dollars reward."

Grice's house was hidden among tall thick orange trees and oleanders. Fletcher had just ridden through the gate when loud shrieks made him dig in his heels and gallop up. The house, long, low, one storied, and unbeautiful for lack of paint, had a narrow verandah along its whole front. At the far end of the verandah a big, burly, white man was thrashing a small elderly nigger with a length of old leather trace The nigger writhed and struggled and begged piteously for mercy, but the other paid not the least attention. With one great hand he grasped the coloured man tightly, while in the other the heavy strap rose and fell with sickening thuds. The negro's shirt was in ribands, and his back was an ugly sight.

Even as Fletcher flung himself from his pony a girl ran out from the door, a slim, dark-eyed little thing, crying piteously, "Oh, father, don't beat him like that ! "

She reached her father before Jim did, and seized his right arm with both hands.

"Git away, will ye ! " shouted Grice furiously, and with a backward sweep of his arm he sent the girl flying against the wall. Jim heard the thud her slight body made as it struck the planking, and saw her collapse in a small white heap on the floor.

What happened next Jim hardly remembers. But Grice will not quickly forget the vigour with which the trace was wrested from him nor the blazing indignation on the face that confronted him. He, however, had played the bully too long to be cowed by this slight young Englishman, and he went for him like a bull. Grice was as tall as Fletcher and nearly twice as broad ; and his breadth wasn't all fat, either. It was precious lucky for the Englishman that at Harrow he had learnt more about the use of his fists than the American had ever found occasion to. It was another stroke of fortune that Grice hadn't his pistol on him.

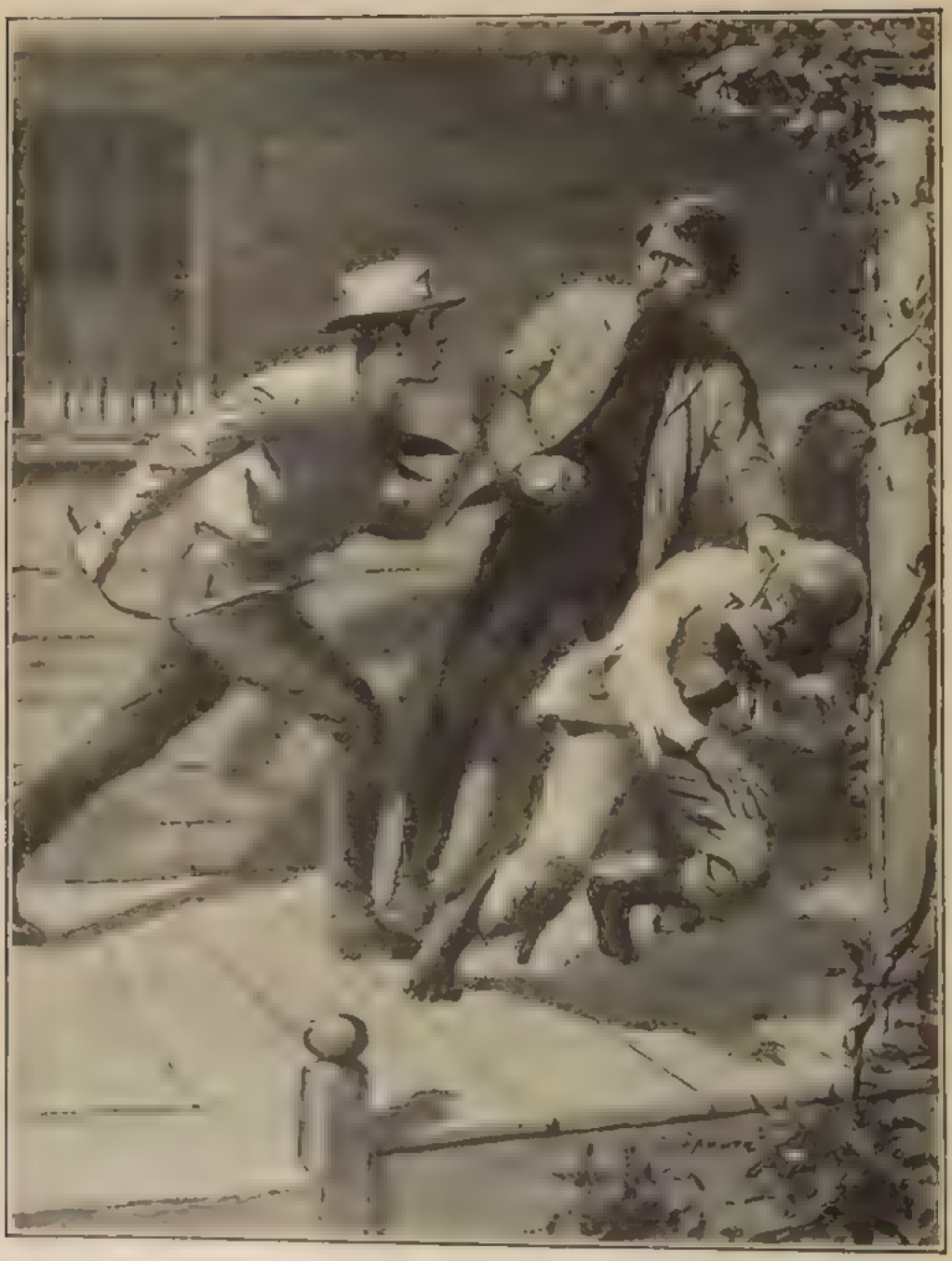
For the next three or four minutes there was a very pretty set-to which was watched with mute horror by the girl, who had picked herself up and stood with her hands tightly clasped, and with growing delight by the negro, as he saw his tyrant gradually getting the worst of it. It was no one-sided battle, however. Fletcher got one smack on the forehead from Grice's heavy fist that sent him reeling dizzily against the wall. Somehow he managed to dodge the following rush, and Grice split his knuckles on the weather-boards. Rage and pain sent the big man perfectly mad, and as Jim jumped away again, he made another crazy rush. Jim saw his chance, and his fist shot in under the whirling arms. There was a sharp clean crack, and Grice went flying backwards off the verandah. His head struck a log of firewood, and he lay quiet enough.

Jim, still giddy, jumped down, and finding the man was only stunned, said a word or two of comfort to the girl, and sprang on to his pony

"I've done it now," he muttered grimly, as he rode away through the hot silence of the pines

II

The Corsican himself is no more revengeful than the Florida cracker, and Jim Fletcher had not long to wait before he learnt the form of Grice's revenge. One night he was wakened by a red glare shining on the ceiling through his uncurtained window, and as he sprang from his cot he heard the spitting crackle of flames. Rushing out, he found the woods afire on two sides of his place. Volumes of ruddy smoke rolled upwards, and clouds of sparks filled the hot air.



FOR THE NEXT THREE OR FOUR MINUTES THERE WAS A VERY PRETTY SET-TO.

Grass had chosen its [illegible] May and the rains had not yet broken [illegible] tion was dry [illegible] strong enough to send the fire along as fast almost as a man could run. Rushing through the long tufts of wire grass, crackling like pistol shots in the palmetto clumps, blazing fiercely as they seized a resinous pine trunk, the flames

bore down upon his fences along a breadth of more than three hundred yards. What could one man do?

Jim, armed with wet sacks, did all that one man could. But that was little enough. While he beat back the flames in one place, they advanced relentlessly in another. Presently the sparks fell thick as rain on the top of his pine-apple shed. This shed had cost him a year's hard work and a hundred pounds in money. It was the pride of his heart. The [illegible] varieties of pine-apples. Within half an hour there was nothing left of shed or plantation but half an acre of black ash.

When morning came, Jim, scorched, blistered and despairing, sat on his verandah too worn out to move. He had saved the house, but that was all. Fences, sheds, stable, and pine-apple patch, all were gone. He had no capital to rebuild. He was a ruined man. There was nothing for it but to abandon the place and try to find work of some sort. Of course he knew it was Grice's doing. But proof! No, never. The man was far too cute for that.

And while he sat there a figure came creeping cautiously through the woods on the unburnt side of the place, and presently Jim, hearing a slight rustle, looked up to find a small, elderly negro standing before him.

An hour later, Joe Garnett, just finishing his breakfast, was amazed to see a sweating pony gallop through his gate. The buckboard behind it held a tall Englishman and a wizen-faced, elderly negro.

"What—you, Jim!" he cried.

"I—I've found out who did it," gasped Jim, and then told how he had been burnt out.

Joe Garnett nodded. "But ye'll never git proof, Jim!"

"I've got it!" said Jim, and swung the nigger into view. "This is Pete Russ. Grice locked him up overnight, but he got out. He tracked Grice and saw him fire the woods."

"Is that true?" demanded Garnett sternly of the negro.

"Yes, boss. Dat's true. I'll swar to it in any court."

"Then, by James, we've got him where we want him," exclaimed the sheriff. "Jim, go in and eat some breakfast while I hitch up the buggy. Eat hearty. Martha, see he don't shirk his grub. You, Pete, go round to the kitchen."

They were off in twenty minutes, and reached Lake Swindle under the hour, but too late. Grice, missing the negro on his return, had suspicioned trouble. Cora, his step-daughter, the pretty, slight girl whom Jim had seen on his previous visit, told them he had ridden off half an hour ago, she didn't know where.

"No more do I," remarked Garnett grimly.

III

They were bitterly disappointed. The ground was powder dry. There would be no tracking the fugitive who had hundreds of square miles of forest and swamp to hide in.

"I'll git the bloodhounds, but I don't reckon it'll be much use, Jim," observed the sheriff.

Jim said nothing. He was turning away in despair when some one pulled him by the sleeve. It was Pete Russ. "Say, boss," he whispered, "I reckon I knows where dat man Grice am gone."

Jim's eyes flashed.

"Where?"

The negro hesitated.

"I aint a-going to tell ye onless Mister Garnett'll swar there shan't come any harm to me."

Joe Garnett stared hard at the man.

"What hev ye done, Pete?"

"Nothing as I could help, boss. I ain't killed nobody, an' I ain't stole."

"Ef that's true I'll swear ye shall be all right."

Pete looked much relieved.

"Den I tell you whar I think him gone. It am to an island in de Big Cypress."

"The Wekiva swamp?"

"Dat's whar."

Joe glanced at his watch.

"Not ten yet. We'll do it before night. In ye git, both of ye."

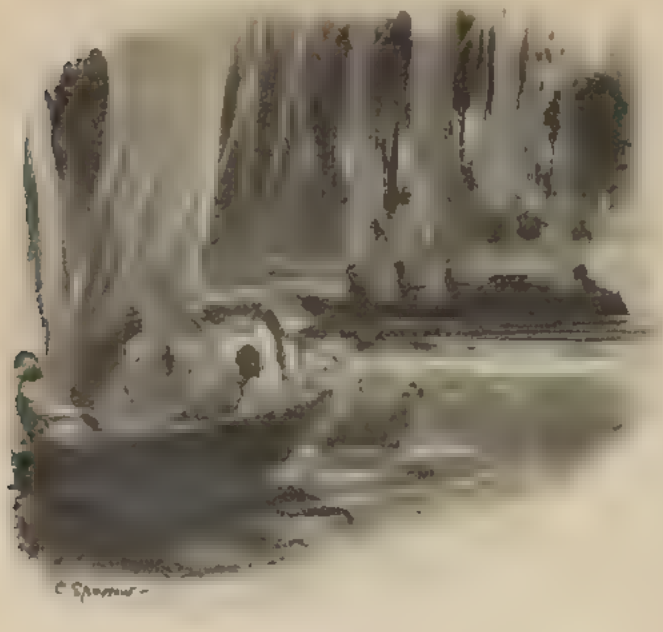
In another minute the two Kentucky trotters were swinging down a sandy track through the flat woods.

Twelve hours later Jim found himself and his two companions in a boat, pulling slowly down a narrow, twisty lane of a still, dark water. The moon shone bright above, but few of its rays penetrated the enormous mass of cypress branches which met in a mighty arch overhead and from which dangled long streamers of melancholy Spanish moss. The silence of the vast swamp was broken only by the slight plash of their oars, the chirr of crickets, and the occasional harsh cry of some night bird.

"No hurry," said Joe. "It ain't far now, and I don't reckon to tackle him till jest afore dawn." He stopped abruptly, and held up his hand. "Steady," he whispered. "Steer her in under them trees, Jim. Pull soft, Pete."

The boat glided noiselessly among the great grey trunks which stood deep in the edges of the stream. Then Jim heard what the sheriff's quick ears had noticed a minute earlier. The beat of oars. Presently a boat came into sight, gliding ghostlike through the gloom. She was a big craft heavily laden. A pile of cargo amidships was covered with a tarpaulin. Three men pulled and a fourth steered. They waited breathlessly till the strange craft had passed and vanished round a bend. Then Joe spoke

"Pete, I reckon I know what your trouble is. Ye've been moonshining, ye black nigger."



THEY WAITED BREATHLESSLY TILL THE STRANGE CRAFT HAD PASSED.

"I couldn't help it, boss Grice done made me"

"Went to my heart to let 'em go, Jim," said Garnett. "Ef it wasn't that I reckon we'll hit their headquarters I wouldn t hev done it. Pete, is this the island whar they make the stuff?"

"Dat's so," Pete answered soberly

In another hour they reached the island. It was up a backwater. A score of boats might have hunted for a month without finding the mouth of the channel, so thickly grew the branches across the hidden opening. A causeway built of rough-hewn trunks ran out across the mud into deep water. They tied up close by, and, in spite of the mosquitoes, Jim, quite worn out, slept.

When Garnett roused him a faint pink was in the sky, but under the trees the gloom was still profound. They landed on the wharf and stole on tip-toe up the causeway. On either hand lay fathomless depths of black mud from which a rank sour smell rose in the calm, misty air. The only living thing Jim saw was a fat blunt, reddish snake curled round a dead branch. It slipped silently into the water as he passed. Joe saw it too.

"Be keerful," he whispered, "the place is stiff with them varmints."

The ground rose a little, and suddenly they were out of the forest, in a small clearing. In the centre was a hut, squat and square, built of rough logs and roofed with cypress shingles. The door was on the near side, and a window was to one side of the door.

Signing to the others to lie down, Joe Garnett bent double and stole forward. It was wonderful how quietly the tall man stepped over the spongy log-covered ground. When he got near enough he raised himself and peered through the window. Crouching again, he beckoned the others to come up.

"Right, Jim," he whispered. "He's lying on the bed. Asleep, I reckon. You and Pete stand one each side the door. If he does anything to me, you tackle him. I don't see no one else in the place."

Jim began to remonstrate It was his job to go in. But Garnett silenced him.

"I'm the sheriff," he said.

He tried the door softly. It was fast. There were stout bars across the window, no doubt to keep the bears out. Bears will wreck any place they can get into.

Garnett handed Jim his pistol and picked up a heavy chunk of wood.

"I'm going to bust them bars," he whispered. "Ef Grice makes trouble, shoot."

Jim nodded. As Garnett lifted the timber, Jim could hear Pete's teeth chattering. The mere presence of Grice had reduced the negro to a state of abject funk.

Crash! went the log on the bars. They splintered but still held.

Almost simultaneously came the snapping crack of a pistol from within. Garnett spun round and staggered back. Jim Fletcher pushed his pistol between the bars and began firing rapidly into the room. It was too dark to see where he was shooting. He could only aim at the flash

Three times the man within replied Jim's hat flew from his head. Then Garnett's voice rang out behind him. "Look out!

The next instant the door burst open with a crash, and Grice's burly form bounded through At the sight Pete turned and fled. Grice

GRICE HURLED HIS [illegible] AND BROUGHT HIM DOWN

hurled his empty pistol at the negro and brought him down. Then he was off like the wind in the direction of the causeway.

Jim fired his last cartridge at the flying figure, but missed.

"After him!" shouted Garnett who was on his feet but leaning heavily against the side of the house.

When Grice reached the landing Jim was still a good distance behind. He saw Grice spring into the boat and stoop to loosen the painter

It was not till then that he realised with a shock of positive horror that once Grice got away with the boat it was all up with them They were hopelessly marooned on this unknown island. He strained every nerve to reach the spot before Grice could get loose. But you cannot make big speed on a narrow causeway of rough logs. He was just too late. Before he reached the landing Grice had sheered off and was in mid-stream

Bitterly mortified, Jim could only stand and watch helplessly True, he had Garnett's pistol, but it was empty, and Garnett had the cartridges. Plainly, Grice guessed as much. He laughed jeeringly as he dropped on the thwart and stooped for the oars.

[illegible] instant he had leaped back with a yell that echoed far down the long misty waterway. He caught both heels on the thwart and fell with a heavy crash into the bottom of the boat

Utterly amazed, Jim saw him scramble up again, his face livid, his eyes big with terror, and, springing into the bow of the boat, begin paddling violently back to the landing

As he scrambled frantically ashore he cried in a lamentable voice, "Whisky! for the sake of heaven, whisky! *I'm bit*"

Then Jim understood. He looked, and in the stern a short, thick coil wriggled under the

bilge boards. It was a cotton mouth mocassin, deadliest of water vipers.

"I'll get it," he said, and turned and ran.

They saved Grice's life, but it was a near thing. Then they took him back to civilisation and incidentally to gaol. Jim and the negro did the pulling, for Garnett had a bullet through the muscle of his shoulder.

A sheriff's posse was at once put on the track of the distillers, and the lot were caught. Jim had seven hundred and fifty dollars of the reward, and his place looks prettier and neater than ever. There is some talk that he and Cora are engaged to be married. At any rate, her step-father won't be in any position to make further trouble for seven years to come.

CONCERNING ENGLISHMEN

THERE is no doubt that the immortal Henty and his hosts of imitators have made the British nation the most conceited people on this earth. It is the plotless trash written by authors who shelter themselves behind the section in the library catalogue entitled "Books for Boys," which has given the average young Englishman that very excellent opinion of himself which he now enjoys. Putting aside the question of the utter impossibilities of the usual boys' book, it is quite easy to see the harm the authors of these volumes cause by the exaggeration of the deeds and opinions of their *invraisemblables* heroes. After fourteen or fifteen years' perusal of "piffle" written apparently for his edification, the young Englishman leaves home and country with the very firm idea in his head that he, personally, is equal to two or more Frenchmen, about four Germans, an indefinite number of Russians, and any quantity you care to mention of the remaining scum of the earth. This proportion is, of course, increased or diminished according to the character of the young Englishman. He has also been taught that England is England and everything else is dirt—the only difference being in the quality of the dirt; that English customs, methods, manners, clothes, habits, &c. &c., are the only customs, methods, &c. &c., and that any one who does not conform to these customs, &c. &c., is not worthy of consideration and should be treated with the contempt due to such a person. If he finds any one who acknowledges an ignorance of the only language in the world (English, needless to remark) his astonishment at such an appalling state of affairs knows no bounds. All this because of Messrs. Henty and Co.'s zeal to show him that the earth was made for England. The obvious result is that wherever the Englishman goes he expects to find people who are willing to acknowledge that their existence is due to England, for whose benefit they were made. But the unfortunate part of the whole story comes when the Englishman discovers that these people have a foolish idea of their own qualities and incidentally of those of the Englishman—though in another respect. Such is the case in Canadian cities, and especially in Montreal. The Englishman has an unutterable contempt for French Canadians because they speak their own language. The Englishman fails to understand how or why people should "guess" through the nose and wear "baggy" trousers and call them pants. An apparition in chess-board knickerbockers who says "doncherknow" at regular intervals of ten seconds seems to considerably amuse these benighted Montrealers. The Englishman cannot grasp the system of calculating in dollars and cents, and forms his own opinion of people who use such an obviously absurd currency. The Montrealers want to know the use of giving themselves useless trouble with pounds, shillings and pence. Montrealers have an unaccountable dislike for retired captains and "gentlemen" who have "done something or some one" in the Old Country coming to Canada, where they exist on a monthly remittance; are drunk for the first week and penniless for the next three. Montrealers do not appreciate the arrival of burglars and wife-beaters who have been acquitted "on condition that they emigrate to Canada." The Englishman cannot adapt himself to different ways and customs, and while this may be of advantage in an Asiatic colony, it cannot but be harmful in a colony whose people dare to consider themselves the equals of Englishmen. You may boast of the loyalty of the Colonies, but note the expression in an Englishman's voice when he tells you that So-and-So is a "colonial." . . . Henty and Co. have done more to endanger the Empire than the blunders of many statesmen whom we could name.

R. VAN EEGHEN.

A SEQUEL TO "JACKSON JUNIOR"

THE LOST LAMBS.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell

SYNOPSIS

After the Easter holidays Mike Jack[illegible] reason to suppose that he will be mad Captain of cricket at Wrykyn School, but much t[illegible]istr[illegible] on account of a succession of bad reports, his father removes him to a public school of a much smaller type named Sedleigh. On the first day of term he gets to Sedleigh rather early, and fa.ls in with a whimsical fellow calling himself "Psmith," who has been removed from Eton for a similar [illegible] They feel like "lost lambs" in this stran[illegible] place. They go exploring for a tidy and t[illegible] possession of a room which [illegible]ms to suit the i requirements, but they hav[illegible] not been long in it when the rightful owner a[illegible]ppears and desires them to evacuate it. This the[illegible] refuse to do, with the result that they provok[illegible] assault and battery, in which they prove victorious. They manage to be put into the same small dormitory together, and they await bed-time in the full expectation that they will hear again from their enemies before the night i[illegible] very old.

CHAPTER VI

UNPLEASANTNESS IN THE SMALL HOURS

JELLICOE, that human encyclopædia, consulted on the probable movements of the enemy, deposed that Spiller, returning at ten, would make for Dormitory One in the same passage where Robinson also had a bed. The rest of the opposing forces were distributed among other and more distant rooms. It was probable, therefore, that Dormitory One would be the rendezvous. As to the time when an attack might be expected, it was unlikely that it would occur before half past eleven. Mr. Outwood went the round of the dormitories at eleven.

"And touching," said Psmith, "the matter of noise, must this business be conducted in a subdued and *sotto voce* manner, or may we let ourselves go a bit here and there?"

"I shouldn't think old Outwood's likely to hear you—he sleeps miles away on the other side of the house. He never hears anything. We often rag half the night and nothing happens."

"This appears to be a thoroughly nice, well-conducted establishment. What would my mother say if she could see her Rupert in the midst of these reckless youths!"

"All the better," said Mike; "we don't want anybody butting in and stopping the show before it's half started."

"Comrade Jackson's Berserk blood is up—I can hear it sizzling. I quite agree: these things are all very disturbing and painful, but it's as well to do them thoroughly when one's once in for them. Is there nobody else who might interfere with our gambols?"

"Barnes might," said Jellicoe, "only he won't."

"Who is Barnes?"

"Head of the house—a rotter. He's in a funk of Stone and Robinson; they rag him; he'll simply sit tight."

"Then I think," said Psmith placidly, "we may look forward to a very pleasant evening. Shall we be moving?"

Mr. Outwood paid his visit at eleven, as predicted by Jellicoe, beaming vaguely into the darkness over a candle, and disappeared again, closing the door.

"How about that door?" said Mike. "Shall we leave it open for them?"

PSMITH SEIZED AND EMPTIED JELLICOE'S JUG OVER SPILLER

"Not so, but far otherwise. If it's shut we shall hear them at it when they come. Subject to your approval, Comrade Jackson, I have evolved the following plan of action. I always ask myself on these occasions, 'What would Napoleon have done?' I think Napoleon would have sat in a chair by his washhand-stand, which is close to the door: he would have posted you by your washhand-stand, and he would have instructed Comrade Jellicoe, directly he heard the door-handle turned, to give his celebrated imitation of a dormitory breathing heavily in its sleep. He would then——"

"I tell you what," said Mike, "how about tying a string at the top of the steps?"

"Yes, Napoleon would have done that, too Hats off to Comrade Jackson, the man with the big brain!"

The floor of the dormitory was below the level of the door. There were three steps leading down to it. Psmith lit a candle and they examined the ground. The leg of a wardrobe and the leg of Jellicoe's bed made it possible for the string to be fastened in a satisfactory manner across the lower step. Psmith surveyed the result with approval

"Dashed neat!" he said "Practically the sunken road which dished the Cuirassiers at Waterloo. I seem to see Comrade Spiller coming one of the finest purlers in the world's history."

"If they've got a candle——"

"They won't have. If they have, stand by with your water-jug and douse it at once; then they'll charge forward and all will be well. If they have no candle, fling the water at a venture fire into the brown! Lest we forget, I'll collar Comrade Jellicoe's jug now and keep it handy. A couple of sheets would also not be amiss—we will enmesh the enemy!"

"Right ho!" said Mike.

"These humane preparations being concluded," said Psmith, "we will retire to our posts and wait. Comrade Jellicoe, don't forget to breathe like an asthmatic sheep when you hear the door opened, they may wait at the top of the steps, listenin-

"You *are* a chap!" said Jellicoe.

Waiting in the dark for something to happen s always a trying experience, especially if, as on this occasion, silence is essential. Mike found his thoughts wandering back to the vigil he had kept with Mr. Wain at Wrykyn on the night when Wyatt had come in through the window and found authority sitting on his bed, waiting for him. Mike was tired after his journey, and he had begun to doze when he was jerked back to wakefulness by the stealthy turning of the door-handle; the faintest rustle from Psmith's direction followed, and a slight giggle, succeeded by a series of deep breaths, showed that Jellicoe, too, had heard the noise.

There was a creaking sound.

It was pitch dark in the dormitory, but Mike could follow the invaders' movements as clearly as if it had been broad daylight. They had opened the door and were listening. Jellicoe's breathing grew more asthmatic; he was flinging himself into his part with the whole-heartedness of the true artist.

The creak was followed by a sound of whispering, then another creak. The enemy had advanced to the top step. . . . Another creak. . . . The vanguard had reached the second step. . . . In another moment——

CRASH!

And at that point the proceedings may be said to have formally opened.

A struggling mass bumped against Mike's shins as he rose from his chair; he emptied his jug on to this mass, and a yell of anguish showed that the contents had got to the right address.

Then a hand grabbed his ankle and he went down, a million sparks dancing before his eyes as a fist, flying out at a venture, caught him on the nose

Mike had not been well-disposed towards the invaders before, but now he ran amok, hitting out right and left at random. His right missed, but his left went home hard on some portion of somebody's anatomy. A kick freed his ankle and he staggered to his feet. At the same moment a sudden increase in the general volume of noise spoke eloquently of good work that was being put in by Psmith

Even at that crisis, Mike could not help feeling that if a row of this calibre did not draw Mr. Outwood from his bed, he must be an unusual kind of house-master

He plunged forward again with outstretched arms, and stumbled and fell over one of the on-the-floor section of the opposing forces They seized each other earnestly and rolled across the room till Mike contriving to secure his adversary's head, bumped it on the floor with such abandon that, with a muffled yell, the other let go, and for the second time he rose. As he did so he was conscious of a curious thudding sound that made itself heard through the other assorted noises of the battle.

All this time the fight had gone on in the blackest darkness, but now a light shone on the proceedings. Interested occupants of other dormitories, roused from their slumbers, had come to observe the sport. They were crowding in the doorway with a candle.

By the light of this Mike got a swift view of the theatre of war. The enemy appeared to number five. The warrior whose head Mike had bumped on the floor was Robinson, who was sitting up feeling his skull in a gingerly fashion. To Mike's right, almost touching him, was Stone. In the direction of the door. Psmith, wielding in his right hand the cord of a dressing-gown, was engaging the remaining three with a patient smile. They were clad in pyjamas, and appeared to be feeling the dressing-gown cord acutely.

The sudden light dazed both sides momentarily. The defence was the first to recover, Mike, with a swing, upsetting Stone, and Psmith, having seized and emptied Jellicoe's jug over Spiller, getting to work again with the cord in a manner that roused the utmost enthusiasm of the spectators.

Agility seemed to be the leading feature of Psmith's tactics. He was everywhere—on Mike's bed, on his own, on Jellicoe's (drawing a passionate complaint from that non-combatant, on whose face he inadvertently trod), on the floor—he ranged the room, sowing destruction.

The enemy were disheartened; they had started with the idea that this was to be a surprise attack, and it was disconcerting to find the garrison armed at all points. Gradually they edged to the door, and a final rush sent them through.

"Hold the door for a second," cried Psmith, and vanished. Mike was alone in the doorway.

It was a situation which exactly suited his frame of mind; he stood alone in direct opposition to the community into which Fate had pitch-forked him so abruptly. He liked the feeling; for the first time since his father had given him his views upon school reports that morning in the Easter holidays, he felt satisfied with life. He hoped, outnumbered as he was, that the enemy would come on again and not give the thing up in disgust; he wanted more.

On an occasion like this there is rarely anything approaching concerted action on the part of the aggressors. When the attack came, it was not a combined attack; Stone, who was nearest to the door, made a sudden dash forward, and Mike hit him under the chin.

Stone drew back, and there was another interval for rest and reflection.

It was interrupted by the reappearance of Psmith, who strolled back along the passage swinging his dressing-gown cord as if it were some clouded cane

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Comrade Jackson," he said politely. "Duty called me elsewhere. With the kindly aid of a guide who knows the lie of the land, I have been making a short tour of the dormitories. I

have poured divers jugfuls of water over Comrade Spiller's bed, Comrade Robinson's bed, Comrade Stone's—Spiller, Spiller, these are harsh words; where you pick them up I can't think—not from me. Well, well, I suppose there must be an end to the pleasantest of functions. Good night, good-night."

The door closed behind Mike and himself. For ten minutes shufflings and whisperings went on in the corridor, but nobody touched the handle.

Then there was a sound of retreating footsteps, and silence reigned.

On the following morning there was a notice on the house-board. It ran:

INDOOR GAMES.

Dormitory-raiders are informed that in future neither Mr. Psmith nor Mr. Jackson will be at home to visitors. This nuisance must now cease.

R. PSMITH.
M. JACKSON.

CHAPTER VII.

ADAIR.

ON the same morning Mike met Adair for the first time.

He was going across to school with Psmith and Jellicoe, when a group of three came out of the gate of the house next door.

"That's Adair," said Jellicoe, "in the middle."

His voice had assumed a tone almost of awe.

"Who's Adair?" asked Mike.

"Captain of cricket, and lots of other things."

Mike could only see the celebrity's back. He had broad shoulders and wiry, light hair, almost white. He walked well, as if he were used to running. Altogether, a fit-looking sort of man. Even Mike's jaundiced eye saw that.

As a matter of fact, Adair deserved more than a casual glance. He was that rare type, the natural leader. Many boys and men, if accident, or the passage of time, place them in a position where they are expected to lead, can handle the job without disaster; but that is a very different thing from being a born leader. Adair was of the sort that comes to the top by sheer force of character and determination. He was not naturally clever at work, but he had gone at it with a dogged resolution which had carried him up the school, and landed him high in the Sixth. As a cricketer he was almost entirely self taught. Nature had given him a good eye, and left the thing at that. Adair's doggedness had triumphed over her failure to do her work thoroughly. At the cost of more trouble than most people give to their life-work, he had made himself into a bowler. He read the authorities, and watched first-class players, and thought the thing out on his own account, and he divided the art of bowling into three sections. First, and most important—pitch. Second on the list—break. Third—pace. He set himself to acquire pitch. He acquired it. Bowling at his own pace and without any attempt at break, he could now drop the ball on an envelope seven times out of ten.

Break was a more uncertain quantity. Sometimes he could get it at the expense of pitch, sometimes at the expense of pace. Some days he could get all three, and then he was an uncommonly bad man to face on anything but a plumb wicket.

Running he had acquired in a similar manner. He had nothing approaching style, but he had twice won the mile and half-mile at the Sports off elegant runners, who knew all about stride and the correct timing of the sprints and all the rest of it.

Briefly, he was a worker. He had heart.

A boy of Adair's type is always a force in a school. In a big public school of six or seven hundred, his influence is felt less; but in a small school like Sedleigh he is like a tidal wave, sweeping all before him. There were two hundred boys at Sedleigh, and there was not one of them in all probability who had not, directly or indirectly, been influenced by Adair. As a small boy his sphere was not large, but the effects of his work began to be apparent even then. It is human nature to want to get something which somebody else obviously values very much; and when it was observed by members of his form that Adair was going to great trouble and inconvenience to secure a place in the form eleven or fifteen, they naturally began to think, too, that it was worth being in those teams. The consequence was that his form always played hard. This made other forms play hard. And the net result was that, when Adair succeeded to the captaincy of football and cricket in the same year, Sedleigh, as Mr. Downing, Adair's housemaster and the nearest approach to a cricket master that Sedleigh possessed, had a fondness for saying, was a keen school. As a whole, it both worked and played with energy.

All it wanted now was opportunity.

This Adair was determined to give it. He had that passionate fondness for his school which every boy is popularly supposed to have, and which really is implanted in about one in every thousand. The average public school boy *likes* his school. He hopes it will lick Bedford at footer and Malvern at cricket, but he rather bets it won't. He is sorry to leave, and he likes going back at the end of the holidays, but as for any passionate, deep-seated love of the place, he would think it rather bad form than otherwise. If anybody came up to him, slapped him on the back, and cried, "Come along, Jenkins, my boy! Play up for the old school, Jenkins! The dear old school! The old place you love so!" he would feel seriously ill.

"BOTH YOU CHAPS PLAY CRICKET, I SUPPOSE?"

Adair was the exception.

To Adair, Sedleigh was almost a religion. Both his parents were dead; his guardian, with whom he spent the holidays, was a man with neuralgia at one end of him and gout at the other; and the only really pleasant times

Adair had had, as far back as he could remember, he owed to Sedleigh. The place had grown on him, absorbed him. Where Mike, violently transplanted from Wrykyn, saw only a wretched little hole not to be mentioned in the same breath with Wrykyn, Adair, dreaming of the future, saw a colossal establishment, a public school among public schools, a lump of human radium, shooting out Blues and Balliol Scholars year after year without ceasing.

It would not be so till long after he was gone and forgotten, but he did not mind that. His devotion to Sedleigh was purely unselfish. He did not want fame. All he worked for was that the school should grow and grow, keener and better at games and more prosperous year by year, till it should take its rank among *the* schools, and to be an Old Sedleighan should be a badge, passing its owner everywhere.

"He's captain of cricket and footer," said Jellicoe impressively. "He's in the shooting eight. He's won the mile and half two years running. He would have boxed at Aldershot last term, only he sprained his wrist. And he plays fives jolly well!"

"Sort of little tin god," said Mike, taking a violent dislike to Adair from that moment.

Mike's actual acquaintance with this all-round man dated from the dinner-hour that day. Mike was walking to the house with Psmith. Psmith was a little ruffled on account of a slight passage-of-arms he had had with his form-master during morning school.

"'There's a P before the Smith,' I said to him. 'Ah, P. Smith, I see,' replied the goat. 'Not Peasmith,' I replied, exercising wonderful self-restraint, 'just Psmith.' It took me ten minutes to drive the thing into the man's head; and when I *had* driven it in, he sent me out of the room for looking at him through my eye-glass. Comrade Jackson, I fear me we have fallen among bad men. I suspect that we are going to be much persecuted by scoundrels."

"Both you chaps play cricket, I suppose?"

They turned. It was Adair. Seeing him face to face, Mike was aware of a pair of very bright blue eyes and a square jaw. In any other place and mood he would have liked Adair at sight. His prejudice, however, against all things Sedleighan was too much for him. "I don't," he said shortly

"Haven't you *ever* played?"

"My little sister and I sometimes play with a soft ball at home."

Adair looked sharply at him. A temper was evidently one of his numerous qualities.

"Oh," he said. "Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind turning out this afternoon and seeing what you can do with a hard ball—if you can manage without your little sister."

"I should think the form at this place would be about on a level with hers. But I don't happen to be playing cricket, as I think I told you."

Adair's jaw grew squarer than ever. Mike was wearing a gloomy scowl

Psmith joined suavely in the dialogue.

"My dear old comrades," he said, "don't let us brawl over this matter. This is a time for the honeyed word, the kindly eye, and the pleasant smile. Let me explain to Comrade Adair. Speaking for Comrade Jackson and myself, we should both be delighted to join in the mimic warfare of our National Game, as you suggest, only the fact is, we happen to be the Young Archæologists. We gave in our names last night. When you are being carried back to the pavilion after your century against Loamshire—do you play Loamshire?—we shall be grubbing in the hard ground for ruined abbeys. The old choice etween Pleasure and Duty, Comrade Adair. A Boy's Cross-Roads."

"Then you won't play?"

"No," said Mike.

"Archæology," said Psmith, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, "will brook no divided allegiance from her devotees."

Adair turned, and walked on.

Scarcely had he gone, when another voice hailed them with precisely the same question.

"Both you fellows are going to play cricket, eh?"

It was a master. A short, wiry little man with a sharp nose and a general resemblance, both in manner and appearance, to an excitable bullfinch

"I saw Adair speaking to you. I suppose you will both play. I like every new boy to begin at once. The more new blood we have, the better. We want keenness here. We are, above all, a keen school. I want every boy to be keen."

"We are, sir," said Psmith, with fervour.

"Excellent."

"On archæology."

Mr. Downing—for it was no less a celebrity—started, as one who perceives a loathly caterpillar in his salad

"Archæology!"

We gave in our names to Mr. Outwood last night, sir. Archæology is a passion with us, sir. When we heard that there was a society here, we went singing about the house."

"I call it an unnatural pursuit for boys," said Mr. Downing vehemently. "I don't like

"I tell you I don't like it. It is not for me to interfere with one of my colleagues on the staff, but I tell you frankly that in my opinion it is an abominable waste of time for a boy. It gets him into idle, loafing habits."

"I never loaf, sir," said Psmith.

"I was not alluding to you in particular. I was referring to the principle of the thing. A boy ought to be playing cricket with other boys, not wandering at large about the country probably smoking and going into low pub houses."

"A very wild lot, sir, I fear, the Archæological Society here," sighed Psmith, shaking his head

"If you choose to waste your time, I suppose I can't hinder you. But in my opinion it is foolery, nothing else."

He stumped off

"Now *he's* cross," said Psmith, looking after him. "I'm afraid we're getting ourselves disliked here."

Good job, too"

"At any rate, Comrade Outwood loves us. Let's go on and see what sort of a lunch that large-hearted fossil-fancier is going to give us."

CHAPTER VIII

MIKE FINDS OCCUPATION.

THERE was more than one moment during the first fortnight of term when Mike found himself regretting the attitude he had imposed upon himself with regard to Sedleighan cricket. He began to realise the eternal truth of the proverb about half a loaf and no bread. In the first flush of his resentment against his new surroundings he had refused to play cricket. And now he positively ached for a game. Any sort of a game. An innings for a Kindergarten *v.* the Second Eleven of a Home of Rest for Centenarians would have soothed him. There were times, when the sun shone, and he caught sight of white flannels on a green ground, and heard the "plonk" of bat striking ball, when he felt like rushing to Adair and shouting, "I *will* be good. I was in the Wrykyn team three years, and had an average of over fifty the last two seasons. Lead me to the nearest net, and let me feel a bat in my hands again."

But every time he shrank from such a climb down. It couldn't be done

What made it worse was that he saw, after watching behind the nets once or twice, that Sedleigh cricket was not the childish burlesque of the game which he had been rash enough to assume that it must be. Numbers do not make good cricket. They only make the presence of good cricketers more likely, by the law of averages.

Mike soon saw that cricket was by no means an unknown art at Sedleigh. Adair, to begin with, was a very good bowler indeed. He was not a Burgess, but Burgess was the only Wrykyn bowler whom, in his three years' experience of the school, Mike would have placed above him. He was a long way better than Neville-Smith, and Wyatt, and Milton, and the others who had taken wickets for Wrykyn.

The batting was not so good, but there were some quite capable men. Barnes, the head of Outwood's, he who preferred not to interfere with Stone and Robinson, was a mild, rather timid-looking youth—not unlike what Mr. Outwood must have been as a boy—but he knew how to keep balls out of his wicket. He was a good bat of the old plodding type.

Stone and Robinson themselves, that swashbuckling pair, who now treated Mike and Psmith with cold but consistent politeness, were both fair batsmen, and Stone was a good slow bowler.

There were other exponents of the game, mostly in Downing's house

Altogether, quite worthy colleagues even for a man who had been a star at Wrykyn.

One solitary overture Mike made during that first fortnight. He did not repeat the experiment

It was on a Thursday afternoon, after school. The day was warm, but freshened by an almost imperceptible breeze. The air was full of the scent of the cut grass which lay in little heaps behind the nets. This is the real cricket scent, which calls to one like the very voice of the game

Mike, as he sat there watching, could stand it no longer.

He went up to Adair.

"May I have an innings at this net?" he asked. He was embarrassed and nervous, and was trying not to show it. The natural result was that his manner was offensively abrupt.

Adair was taking off his pads after his innings He looked up. "This net," it may be observed, was the first eleven net.

"What?" he said

Mike repeated his request. More abruptly this time, from increased embarrassment.

"This is the first eleven net," said Adair coldly. "Go in after Lodge over there."

"Over there" was the end net, where frenzied novices were bowling on a corrugated pitch to a red-haired youth with enormous feet, who

looked as if he were taking his first lesson at the game.

Mike walked away without a word

The Archæological Society expeditions, even though they carried with them the privilege of listening to Psmith's views on life, proved but a poor substitute for cricket. Psmith, who had no counter attraction shouting to him that he ought to be elsewhere, seemed to enjoy them hugely, but Mike almost cried sometimes from boredom. It was not always possible to slip away from the throng, for Mr. Outwood evidently looked upon them as among the very faithful, and kept them by his side.

Mike on these occasions was silent and jumpy, his brow "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of care." But Psmith followed his leader with the pleased and indulgent air of a father whose infant son is showing him round the garden. Psmith's attitude towards archæological research struck a new note in the history of that neglected science. He was amiable, but patronising. He patronised fossils, and he patronised ruins. If he had been confronted with the Great Pyramid, he would have patronised that.

He seemed to be consumed by a thirst for knowledge

That this was not altogether a genuine thirst was proved on the third expedition. Mr. Outwood and his band were pecking away at the site of an old Roman camp. Psmith approached Mike.

"Having inspired confidence," he said, "by the docility of our demeanour, let us slip away, and brood apart for awhile. Roman camps, to be absolutely accurate, give me the pip. And I never want to see another putrid fossil in my life. Let us find some shady nook where a man may lie on his back for a bit."

Mike, over whom the proceedings connected with the Roman camp had long since begun to shed a blue depression, offered no opposition, and they strolled away down the hill.

Looking back, they saw that the archæologists were still hard at it. Their departure had passed unnoticed

"A fatiguing pursuit, this grubbing for mementoes of the past," said Psmith. "And, above all, dashed bad for the knees of the trousers. Mine are like some furrowed field. It's a great grief to a man of refinement. I can tell you, Comrade Jackson. Ah, this looks a likely spot."

They had passed through a gate into the field beyond. At the further end there was a brook, shaded by trees and running with a pleasant sound over pebbles.

"Thus far," said Psmith, hitching up the knees of his trousers, and sitting down, "and no farther. We will rest here awhile, and listen to the music of the brook. In fact, unless you have anything important to say, I rather think I'll go to sleep. In this busy life of ours these naps by the wayside are invaluable. Call me in about an hour." And Psmith, heaving the comfortable sigh of the worker who by toil has earned rest, lay down, with his head against a mossy tree stump, and closed his eyes.

Mike sat on for a few minutes, listening to the water and making centuries in his mind, and then, finding this a little dull, he got up, jumped the brook, and began to explore the wood on the other side.

He had not gone many yards when a dog emerged suddenly from the undergrowth, and began to bark vigorously at him.

Mike liked dogs, and, on acquaintance, they always liked him. But when you meet a dog in some one else's wood, it is as well not to stop in order that you may get to understand each other. Mike began to thread his way back through the trees.

He was too late.

"Stop! What the dickens are you doing here?" shouted a voice behind him.

In the same situation a few years before, Mike would have carried on, and trusted to speed to save him. But now there seemed a lack of dignity in the action. He came back to where the man was standing.

"I'm sorry if I'm trespassing," he said. "I was just having a look round."

"The dickens you— Why, you're Jackson!"

Mike looked at him. He was a short, broad young man with a fair moustache. Mike knew that he had seen him before somewhere, but he could not place him.

"I played against you for the Free Foresters last summer. In passing, you seem to be a bit of a free forester yourself, dancing in among my nesting pheasants."

"I'm frightfully sorry."

"That's all right. Where do you spring from?"

"Of course—I remember you now. You're Prendergast. You made fifty-eight not out."

"Thanks. I was afraid the only thing you would remember about me was that you took a century mostly off my bowling."

"You ought to have had me second ball, only cover dropped it."

"Don't rake up forgotten tragedies. How is it you're not at Wrykyn? What are you doing down here?"

"I've left Wrykyn"

Prendergast suddenly changed the conversation. When a fellow tells you that he has left school unexpectedly, it is not always tactful to inquire the reason. He began to talk about himself.

"I hang out down here. I do a little farming and a good deal of pottering about."

"Get any cricket?" asked Mike, turning to the subject next his heart.

"Only village. Very keen, but no great shakes. By the way, how are you off for cricket now? Have you ever got a spare afternoon?"

Mike's heart leaped.

"Any Wednesday or Saturday. Look here, I'll tell you how it is."

And he told how matters stood with him.

"So, you see," he concluded, "I'm supposed to be hunting for ruins and things"—Mike's ideas on the subject of archæology were vague—"but I could always slip away. We all start out together, but I could nip back, get on to my bike—I've got it down here—and meet you anywhere you liked. By Jove, I'm simply dying for a game. I can hardly keep my hands off a bat."

"I'll give you all you want. What you'd better do is to ride straight to Lower Borlock—that's the name of the place—and I'll meet you on the ground. Any one will tell you where Lower Borlock is. It's just off the London road. There's a sign-post where you turn off. Can you come next Saturday?"

"Rather. I suppose you can fix me up with a bat and pads? I don't want to bring mine."

"I'll lend you everything. I say, you know, we can't give you a Wrykyn wicket. The Lower Borlock pitch isn't a shirt front."

"I'll play on a rockery, if you want me to," said Mike.

"You're going to what?" asked Psmith, sleepily, on being awakened and told the news.

"I'm going to play cricket, for a village near here. I say, don't tell a soul, will you? I don't want it to get about, or I may get lugged in to play for the school."

"My lips are sealed. I think I'll come and watch you. Cricket I dislike, but watching cricket is one of the finest of Britain's manly sports. I'll borrow Jellicoe's bicycle."

That Saturday, Lower Borlock smote the men of Chidford hip and thigh. Their victory was due to a hurricane innings of seventy-five by a newcomer to the team, M. Jackson.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIRE BRIGADE MEETING.

CRICKET is the great safety-valve. If you like the game, and are in a position to play it at least twice a week, life can never be entirely grey. As time went on, and his average for Lower Borlock reached the fifties and stayed there, Mike began, though he would not have admitted it, to enjoy himself. It was not Wrykyn, but it was a very decent substitute.

The only really considerable element making for discomfort now was Mr Downing. By bad luck it was in his form that Mike had been placed on arrival; and Mr. Downing, never an easy form master to get on with, proved more than usually difficult in his dealings with Mike.

They had taken a dislike to each other at their first meeting; and it grew with further acquaintance. To Mike, Mr. Downing was all that a master ought not to be, fussy, pompous, and openly influenced in his official dealings with his form by his own private likes and dislikes. To Mr. Downing, Mike was simply an unamiable loafer, who did nothing for the school and apparently had none of the instincts which should be implanted in the healthy boy. Mr. Downing was rather strong on the healthy boy.

The two lived in a state of simmering hostility, punctuated at intervals by crises, which usually resulted in Lower Borlock having to play some unskilled labourer in place of their star batsman, employed doing "overtime."

One of the most acute of these crises and the most important, in that it was the direct cause of Mike's appearance in Sedleigh cricket, had to do with the third weekly meeting of the School Fire Brigade.

It may be remembered that this well-supported institution was under Mr. Downing's special care. It was, indeed, his pet hobby and the apple of his eye.

Just as you had to join the Archæological Society to secure the esteem of Mr. Outwood, so to become a member of the Fire Brigade was a safe passport to the regard of Mr. Downing. To show a keenness for cricket was good, but to join the Fire Brigade was best of all.

The Brigade was carefully organised. At its head was Mr. Downing, a sort of high priest; under him was a captain, and under the captain a vice-captain. These two officials were those sportive allies, Stone and Robinson, of Outwood's house, who, having perceived at a very early date the gorgeous opportunities for ragging

which the Brigade offered to its members, had joined young and worked their way up.

Under them were the rank and file, about thirty in all, of whom perhaps seven were earnest workers who looked on the Brigade in the right, or Downing, spirit. The rest were entirely frivolous.

The weekly meetings were always full of life and excitement.

At this point it is as well to introduce Sammy to the reader.

Sammy, short for Sampson, was a young bull-terrier belonging to Mr. Downing. If it is possible for a man to have two apples of his eye, Sammy was the other. He was a large, light hearted dog with a white coat, an engaging expression, the tongue of an ant-eater, and a manner which was a happy blend of hurricane and circular saw. He had long legs, a tenor voice, and was apparently made of indiarubber.

Sammy was a great favourite in the school, and a particular friend of Mike's, the Wrykinian being always a firm ally of every dog he met after two minutes' acquaintance

In passing, Jellicoe owned a clock-work rat, much in request during French lessons.

We will now proceed to the painful details.

The meetings of the Fire Brigade were held after school in Mr. Downing's form-room. The proceedings always began in the same way, by the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. After that the entertainment varied according to whether the members happened to be fertile or not in ideas for the disturbing of the peace.

To-day they were in very fair form.

As soon as Mr. Downing had closed the minute-book, Wilson, of the School house, held up his hand.

"Well, Wilson?"

"Please, sir, couldn't we have a uniform for the Brigade?"

"A uniform?" Mr Downing pondered

"Red, with green stripes, sir.

Red, with a thin green stripe was the Sedleigh colour

"Shall I put it to the vote, sir?" asked Stone

"One moment, Stone."

"Those in favour of the motion move to the left, those against it to the right."

A scuffling of feet, a slamming of desk-lids and an upset blackboard, and the meeting had divided.

Mr. Downing rapped irritably on his desk

"Sit down!" he said, "sit down! I won't have this noise and disturbance. Stone, sit down—Wilson, get back to your place."

"Please, sir, the motion is carried by twenty-five votes to six."

"Please, sir, may I go and get measured this evening?"

"Please, sir——

"Silence! The idea of a uniform is, of course, out of the question."

"Oo-o-oo-oo, sir-r-r!"

"Be *quiet!* Entirely out of the question. We cannot plunge into needless expense. Stone, listen to me. I cannot have this noise and disturbance! Another time when a point arises it must be settled by a show of hands. Well, Wilson?"

"Please, sir, may we have helmets?"

"Very useful as a protection against falling timbers, sir," said Robinson.

"I don't think my people would be pleased, sir, if they knew I was going out to fires without a helmet," said Stone.

The whole strength of the company: "Please, sir, may we have helmets?"

"Those in favour ——" began Stone.

Mr. Downing banged on his desk. "Silence! Silence!! Silence!!! Helmets are, of course, perfectly preposterous."

"Oo-oo-oo-oo, sir-r-r!"

"But, sir, the danger!"

"Please, sir, the falling timbers!"

The Fire Brigade had been in action once and once only in the memory of man, and that time it was a haystack which had burnt itself out just as the rescuers had succeeded in fastening the hose to the hydrant

"Silence!"

"Then, please, sir, couldn't we have an honour cap? It wouldn't be expensive, and it would be just as good as a helmet for all the timbers that are likely to fall on our heads."

Mr Downing smiled a wry smile.

"Our Wilson is facetious," he remarked frostily.

"Sir, no, sir! I wasn't facetious! Or couldn't we have footer-tops, like the first fifteen have? They

"Wilson, leave the room!"

"Sir, *please*, sir!"

"This moment, Wilson. And," as he reached the door, "do me one hundred lines."

A pained "OO oo-oo, sir-r-r," was cut off by the closing door.

Mr. Downing proceeded to improve the occasion. "I deplore this growing spirit of flippancy," he said. "I tell you I deplore it! It is not right! If this Fire Brigade is to be of solid use, there must be less of this flippancy We must have keenness. I want you boys above all to be keen. I— What is that noise?"

From the other s[illegible] of the [illegible] proce[illegible] sound like [illegible] with cries half-suppressed, as if somebody were being prevented from uttering them by a hand laid over his mouth. The suffer appeared to have a high voice

There was a tap at the door and Mike walked in. He was not alone. Those near enough to see, saw that he was accompanied by Jellicoe's clock work rat, which moved rapidly over the floor in the direction of the opposite wall

"May I fetch a book from my desk sir?" asked Mike

"Very well be quick, Jackson; we are busy."

Being interrupted in one of his addresses to the Brigade irritated Mr Downing

The muffled cries grew more distinct

"What is that —noise?" shrilled Mr Downi[illegible]

"Nois[illegible]" asked Mike, puzzled

"I think it's something outside the window, sir" said Stone, helpfully

"A bird, I think sir," said Robinson

"Don't be absurd!" snapped Mr Downing "It's outside the door Wilson!"

"Yes sir?" said a voice "off

"Are you making that whining noise?"

"Whining noise, sir? No, sir, I'm not [illegible]

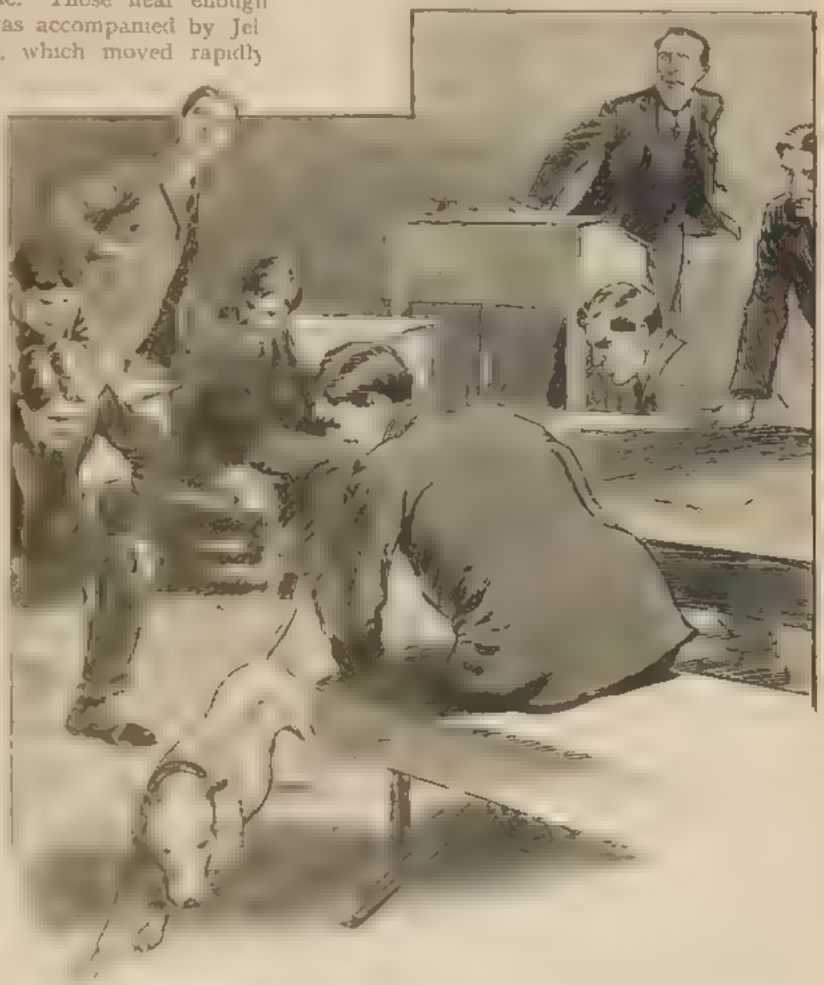
"What *sort* of noise, sir?" inquired Mike, as many Wrykinians had asked before him It [illegible] invented by Wrykyn for use in just such a case as th[illegible]

"I do not propose" said Mr. Downing [illegible] it [illegible] It [illegible] noise"

"They are mowing the cricket field sir" said the invisible Wilson. "Perhaps that's it.

"It may be one of the desks squeaking, sir," put in Stone. "They do sometimes."

"Or somebody's boots, sir," added Robinson.



MR. DOW[illegible] AS JUST IN TIME TO SEE SAMMY SPRING ON HIS PREY

"Silence! Wilson?"

"Yes sir?" bellowed the unseen one

"Don't shout [illegible] like that. Come in"

"Yes, sir!"

[illegible] suddenly to a series of tenor shrieks, and the [illegible] room like an excited ka[illegible]

Willing hands had by th[illegible] the

clock-work rat from the wall to which it had been steering, and pointed it up the alley-way between the two rows of desks. Mr. Downing, rising from his place, was just in time to see Sammy with a last leap spring on his prey and begin worrying it.

Chaos reigned.

"A rat!" shouted Robinson

The twenty-three members of the Brigade who were not earnest instantly dealt with the situation, each in the manner that seemed proper to him. Some leaped on to forms, others flung books, all shouted. It was a stirring, bustling scene.

Sammy had by this time disposed of the clock-work rat, and was now standing, like Marius, among the ruins, barking triumphantly.

The banging on Mr. Downing's desk resembled thunder. It rose above all the other noises till in time they gave up the competition and died away

Mr. Downing shot out orders, threats, and penalties with the rapidity of a Maxim gun.

"Stone, sit down! Donovan, if you do not sit down you will be severely punished. Henderson, one hundred lines for gross disorder! Windham, the same! Go to your seat, Vincent. What are you doing, Boughton-Knight? I will not have this disgraceful noise and disorder! The meeting is at an end; go quietly from the room, all of you. Jackson and Wilson, remain. *Quietly*, I said, Durand! Don't shuffle your feet in that abominable way."

Crash!

"Wolferstan, I distinctly saw you upset that blackboard with a movement of your hand—one hundred lines. Go quietly from the room, everybody."

The meeting dispersed

"Jackson and Wilson, come here What's the meaning of this disgraceful conduct? Put that dog out of the room, Jackson"

Mike removed the yelling Sammy and shut the door on him.

"Well, Wilson?"

"Please, sir, I was playing with a clock-work rat——"

"What business have you to be playing with clock-work rats?"

"Then I remembered," said Mike, "that I had left my Horace in my desk, so I came in——"

"And by a fluke, sir," said Wilson, as one who tells of strange things, "the rat happened to be pointing in the same direction, so he came in, too."

"I met Sammy on the gravel outside and he followed me."

"I tried to collar him, but when you told me to come in, sir, I had to let him go, and he came in after the rat."

It was plain to Mr. Downing that the burden of sin was shared equally by both culprits. Wilson had supplied the rat, Mike the dog; but Mr. Downing liked Wilson and disliked Mike. Wilson was in the Fire Brigade, frivolous at times, it was true, but nevertheless a member. Also he kept wicket for the school. Mike was a member of the Archæological Society, and had refused to play cricket

Mr. Downing allowed these facts to influence him in passing sentence.

"One hundred lines, Wilson," he said. "You may go."

Wilson departed with the air of a man who has had a great deal of fun, and paid very little for it.

Mr. Downing turned to Mike. "You will stay in on Saturday afternoon, Jackson; it will interfere with your Archæological studies, I fear, but it may teach you that we have no room at Sedleigh for boys who spend their time loafing about and making themselves a nuisance. We are a keen school; this is no place for boys who do nothing but waste their time. That will do, Jackson."

And Mr. Downing walked out of the room. In affairs of this kind a master has a habit of getting the last word.

CHAPTER X

ACHILLES LEAVES HIS TENT

THEY say misfortunes never come singly. As Mike was brooding over his wrongs in his study, after the Sammy incident, Jellicoe came into the room, and, without preamble, asked for the loan of a sovereign.

When one has been in the habit of confining one's lendings and borrowings to sixpences and shillings, a request for a sovereign comes as something of a blow.

"What on earth for?" asked Mike.

"I say, do you mind if I don't tell you? I don't want to tell anybody. The fact is, I'm in a beastly hole."

"Oh, sorry," said Mike. "As a matter of fact, I do happen to have a quid. You can freeze on to it, if you like. But it's about all I have got, so don't be shy about paying it back'

Jellicoe was profuse in his thanks, and disappeared in a cloud of gratitude.

Mike felt that Fate was treating him badly. Being kept in on Saturday meant that he would be unable to turn out for Little Borlock against

Claythorpe, the return match. In the previous game he had scored ninety-eight, and there was a lob bowler in the Claythorpe ranks whom he was particularly anxious to meet again. Having to yield a sovereign to Jellicoe—why on earth did the man want all that?—meant that, unless a carefully worded letter to his brother Bob at Oxford had the desired effect, he would be practically penniless for weeks.

In a gloomy frame of mind he sat down to write to Bob, who was playing regularly for the 'Varsity this season, and only the previous week had made a century against Sussex, so might be expected to be in a sufficiently softened mood to advance the needful. (Which, it may be stated at once, he did, by return of post.

Mike was struggling with the opening sentences of this letter—he was never a very ready writer—when Stone and Robinson burst into the room.

Mike put down his pen, and got up. He was in warlike mood, and welcomed the intrusion. If Stone and Robinson wanted battle, they should have it.

But the motives of the expedition were obviously friendly. Stone beamed. Robinson was laughing.

"You're a sportsman," said Robinson.

"What did he give you?" asked Stone.

They sat down, Robinson on the table, Stone in Psmith's deck-chair. Mike's heart warmed to them. The little disturbance in the dormitory was a thing of the past, done with, forgotten, contemporary with Julius Cæsar. He felt that he, Stone and Robinson must learn to know and appreciate one another.

There was, as a matter of fact, nothing much wrong with Stone and Robinson. They were just ordinary raggers of the type found at every public school, small and large. They were absolutely free from brain. They had a certain amount of muscle, and a vast store of animal spirits. They looked on school life purely as a vehicle for ragging. The Stones and Robinsons are the swashbucklers of the school world. They go about, loud and boisterous, with a whole-hearted and cheerful indifference to other people's feelings, treading on the toes of their neighbour and shoving him off the pavement, and always with an eye wide open for any adventure. As to the kind of adventure, they are not particular so long as it promises excitement. Sometimes they go through their whole school career without accident. More often they run up against a snag in the shape of some serious-minded and muscular person who objects to having his toes trodden on and being shoved off the pavement, and then they usually sober down, to the mutual advantage of themselves and the rest of the community.

One's opinion of this type of youth varies according to one's point of view. Small boys whom they had occasion to kick, either from

"ARE YOU THE M. JACKSON WHO HAD AN AVERAGE OF FIFTY-ONE POINT NOUGHT THREE LAST YEAR?"

pure high spirits or as a punishment for some slip from the narrow path which the ideal small boy should tread, regarded Stone and Robinson as bullies of the genuine "Eric" and "St. Winifred's" brand. Masters were rather afraid of them. Adair had a smouldering dislike for them. They were useful at cricket, but apt not to take Sedleigh as seriously as he could have wished.

As for Mike, he now found them pleasant company, and began to get out the tea-things.

"Those Fire Brigade meetings," said Stone, "are a rag. You can do what you like, and you never get more than a hundred lines."

"Don't you!" said Mike. "I got Saturday afternoon."

"What!"

"Is Wilson in, too?"

"No. He got a hundred lines."

Stone and Robinson were quite concerned.

"What a beastly swindle!"

"That's because you don't play cricket. Old Downing lets you do what you like if you join the Fire Brigade and play cricket."

"'We are above all a keen school,'" quoted Stone. "Don't you ever play?"

"I have played a bit," said Mike.

"Well, why don't you have a shot? We aren't such flyers here. If you know one end of a bat from the other, you could get into some sort of a team. Were you at school anywhere before you came here?"

"I was at Wrykyn."

"Why on earth did you leave?" asked Stone. "Were you sacked?"

"No. My pater took me away."

"Wrykyn?" said Robinson. "Are you any relation of the Jacksons there—J. W. and the others?"

"Brother."

"What!"

"Well, didn't you play at all there?"

"Yes," said Mike, "I did. I was in the team three years, and I should have been captain this year, if I'd stopped on."

There was a profound and gratifying sensation. Stone gaped, and Robinson nearly dropped his tea-cup.

Stone broke the silence.

"But I mean to say—look here! What I mean is, why aren't you playing? Why don't you play now?"

"I do. I play for a village near here. Place called Little Borlock. A man who played against Wrykyn for the Free Foresters captains them. He asked me if I'd like some games for them."

"But why not for the school?"

"Why should I? It's much better fun for the village. You don't get ordered about by Adair, for a start."

"Adair sticks on side," said Stone.

"Enough for six," agreed Robinson.

"By Jove," said Stone, "I've got an idea. My word, what a rag!"

"What's wrong now?" inquired Mike politely.

"Why, look here. To-morrow's Mid-term Service day. It's nowhere near the middle of the term, but they always have it in the fourth week. There's chapel at half past nine till half-past ten. Then the rest of the day's a whole holiday. There are always house matches. We're playing Downing's. Why don't you play, and let's smash them?"

"By Jove, yes," said Robinson. "Why don't you? They're always sticking on side because they've won the house cup three years running. I say, do you bat or bowl?"

"Bat. Why?"

Robinson rocked on the table.

"Why, old Downing fancies himself as a bowler. You *must* play, and knock the cover off him."

"Masters don't play in house matches, surely?"

"This isn't a real house match. Only a friendly. Downing always turns out on Mid-term Service day. I say, do play."

"Think of the rag."

"But the team's full," said Mike.

"The list isn't up yet. We'll nip across to Barnes's study, and make him alter it."

They dashed out of the room. From down the passage Mike heard yells of "*Barnes!*" the closing of a door, and a murmur of excited conversation. Then footsteps returning down the passage.

Barnes appeared, on his face the look of one who has seen visions.

"I say," he said, "is it true? Or is Stone rotting? About Wrykyn, I mean."

"Yes, I was in the team."

Barnes was an enthusiastic cricketer. He studied his *Wisden*, and he had an immense respect for Wrykyn cricket.

"Are you the M. Jackson, then, who had an average of fifty-one point nought three last year?"

"Yes."

Barnes's manner became like that of a curate talking to a bishop.

"I say," he said, "then—er—will you play against Downing's to-morrow?"

"Rather," said Mike. "Thanks awfully. Have some tea?"

(To be continued.)

THE STAMPS OF LUBECK

LUBECK, a free city of the German Empire, was once the commercial metropolis of the Baltic and Northern Europe, but its trade has been largely transferred to Kiel as the result of the competition of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, between the Baltic and the North Sea. The foundations of its early prosperity are said to have been laid by Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, who gave it a charter, and to Frederick II., who subsequently made it a free city of the Empire. It was a leading member of the Hanseatic League, a confeder tion of many cities of Northern Germany, formed in the thirteenth century for the protection of their commerce. The Thirty Years War in Germany (1618-1648 practically ruined the combination and left in 1630 as the only survivors the three cities of Lubeck, Hamburg and Bremen. The French captured and plun dered the city in 1806, and Napoleon annexed it in 1810, but when he fell Lubeck regained its independence, and eventually (in 1866, joined the North German Confederation

Its population in 1900 was 96,775

Its Philatelic History

The stamps of Lubeck are few in number, commencing with an imperforate issue of five values in 1859, and including a second issue in 1863, a third issue in 1864, and a final issue of one value in 1865. Although few in number the stamps are much prized by spe al sts in the fine old issues of Europe, and more pecially by those who specialise in the historic stamps of the States that were one after another finally grouped into the German Empire.

1859. Five values. Design: the arms of the free city of Lubeck. All five values were issued on January 1, 1859. Westoby, in his "Adhesive Stamps of Europe," tells us that their use was optional, "but those who made use of them were requested to affix them in the left upper corner of the face of the letter." The ½ sch. was for town letters, the 1 sch. for the district outside the town, the 2 sch. for letters to Hamburg and Bergedorf, the 2½ sch. for the distant Mecklenburg offices, and the 4 sch. for the German Postal Union; that is to say, the use of the stamps was practically confined to the surrounding country. The stamps were lithographed in sheets of 100 in ten rows of ten by a local printer, the design for each value being separately drawn. An interesting error, which has become historical, occurred in the sheet of the 2 sch., and is thus explained: "In making up the 2 sch., two transfers of the 2½ sch. were accidentally inserted at the bottom of the sheet in place of transfers of the 2 sch. To remedy this mistake the lithographer erased the "2½" from the angles and inserted "2," but omitted to alter the inscription in words, so that in each sheet of the 2 sch. there are two stamps lettered on the left scroll 'zwei ein halb,' though they have the correct numerals in the angles." The numbers printed of the various values were as follows

½ sch.	400 sheets of 100	[illegible]
1 sch.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
4 [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
		140,000

[illegible] 2772 stamps of 2 sch. with the error, a fairly plentiful supply of a rarity The stamps were printed on a thin fancy paper watermarked closely all over with tiny florets. This paper was not specially prepared for the stamps, but was purchased from a local stationer's stock. The stamps were issued imperforate and were gummed with a yellowish gum.

Wmk florets
Imperf.

	Unused. £ s. d.		Used. s. d.
½ sch., purple	73 0	..	50 0
1 sch., orange	65 0	..	50 0
2 sch., brown	7 6	..	12 0
2½ sch., rose	5 0	..	25 0
4 sch., green	4 0	..	20 0

Error "Zwei ein halb" on 2 sch.

	Unused s. d.		Used
2 (2½) sch., brown	90 0	..	£10

1861. Two values. Design: unchanged. This was simply a further printing of those two values on unwatermarked paper.

No Wmk. Imperf.

	Unused. s. d.		Used. s. d.
½ [illegible]	3 0	..	30 0
1 [illegible]	6 0	..	35 0

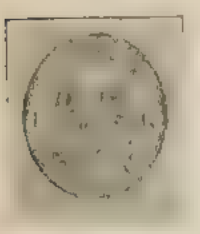
1863. Five values. Design: the arms as before, but embossed in colour, a most expensive process, said to have been adopted because of the ease with which forgeries of the lithographed stamps had been made and passed into use.

These new stamps were ordered from the Government Printing Works at Berlin, and the cost is said to have been a great surprise to the authorities, who, however, were soon consoled by the large sales to collectors. These stamps were printed on unwatermarked paper, but were rouletted.

No Wmk. Rouletted.

	Unused. £ s. d.		Used. s. d.
½ sch., green	4 0	..	3 0
1 sch., orange	10 0	..	10 0
2 sch., rose	2 6	..	4 0
2½ sch., ultramarine	5 0	..	30 0
4 sch., bistre	5 0	..	8 0

1864. One value. Design: an imitation of the design of the previous issue, but printed like the first stamps by the cheaper process of lithography. This value was provided to pay the new rate of postage between Lubeck and the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg. They were printed on unwatermarked paper and issued imperforate.



No Wmk. Imperf.

	Unused s. d.		Used s. d.
½ sch., brown	0		5 0

1865. One value. Design: similar to the embossed issue of 1863, but with the arms enclosed in an octagonal frame instead of an oval. The supply was printed in Berlin on unwatermarked paper, but was rouletted.

No Wmk. Rouletted.

	Unused. s. d.		Used s. d.
1½ sch., mauve	2 0	..	4 0

We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Peckitt 47 Strand, W.C., for picked copies from his stock to illustrate this article

The Juniors' Exhibition.

The Juniors' Philatelic Exhibition at Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, on March 12, 13 and 14, 1908, was a pronounced success. What was once the Westminster Town Hall was for three days wholly given up to stamps and stamp dealers. In the centre of the large hall were rows of exhibits set up triangular fashion on trestles, and around the sides of the room were dealers' stalls in a continuous ring. Upstairs the Council Room was similarly laid out, and included a fine exhibit of the Colony of Barbados, kindly lent by H.R H. the Prince of Wales.

From opening to closing hours, on all three days, there was a continuous succession of visitors, but on Saturday the scene resembled that of a crowded fair.

On the whole, the show of stamps was a most creditable one. Some new countries were much in evidence, Papuans in particular being shown in complete sheets through all their types.

The Postmaster-General, in opening the Exhibition, made a pleasant and witty speech, and took in many with his offer of a 1908 printing of the Penny Stamp, which he priced at eighteenpence a dozen, or in larger quantities at 1s. 4d. Not a few inquiries were made at the stalls for the new stamp, and there was many a hearty laugh when the joke was explained.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales paid the Exhibition a visit on the second day, and spent an hour and a half inspecting the individual exhibits. He was accompanied by Mr. J. A. Tilleard, the Hon. Sec. of the Royal Philatelic Society, and Mr. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

Reviews

"How to Collect Postage Stamps" is a pretentious philatelic work by Mr. Bertram T. K. Smith, published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. Its name is somewhat of a misnomer, for it would have been much more correctly described as a Review of Collectable Countries. Commencing with the stamps of Great Britain, the philatelic history of the various groups of countries is summarised in a very interesting manner. Then at the end are some well-written and instructive chapters on "How Postage Stamps are Printed," "Bogus Stamps," "The Stamp Market," "Some Terms Used in Philately," &c. The work is excellently illustrated with a profusion of full-page plates.

"The Postage Stamps of China," by Mr. Fred J. Melville, is a useful little brochure for those who want a cheap and interesting country full of desirable stamps, and is replete with information needed by the collector of the quaint stamps of China. It is published at 1s. by the author at 14 Sudbourne Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

"The Stamp Collectors' Annual," published by Mr. Nissen, 7 Southampton Row, W.C., is now getting to be a hardy annual, for this is its fifth year of publication. It contains a lot of information on New Issues of 1907, prices realised at auction, Philatelic Societies, and Exchange Clubs, and there are special articles on Perforating Machines, British stamps used abroad, Revenue stamps, Control numbers of Great Britain, and a useful "Philatelic Literary Index for 1907."

"Postage Stamps Worth Fortunes," by Mr. Fred J. Melville, is a chatty and brief history of about a hundred of what are popularly known as the Great Rarities. Price 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. B. R. (London).—The collecting of English stamps with the corner letters is certainly a very interesting feature of philatelic work. You can get from Mr. Hadlow, and I believe from Mr. Nissen, Southampton Row, little books with space for the stamps in their proper order on the plate. As most of these stamps can be had very cheaply for this purpose you need not hesitate on the score of expense.

G. L. T. (St. Anne's-on-the-Sea).—A set of Wells, Fargo and Co.'s Pony Express stamps issued in 1860, according to Scott's American Catalogue, prices up to over fifteen dollars. The set of current Brunei catalogue up to 9s., and are dear in as many pence, for they are only speculative rubbish. Don't waste your money on them.

W. H. F. (Shettleston).—The Finland label is not a postage stamp. It was affixed to letters by the Finns to mark, by way of a mourning label, their sorrow at being ruled by Russian despots. It has no philatelic value whatever.

F. D. A. R. (Brasted Chart).—You will find a list of Exchange Clubs in "The Stamp Collector's Annual," published by Nissen, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C., at 1s. Some of the most valuable stamps of the Tapling Collection are not shown in the public cases, but may be seen by special permission. Perhaps the copy of Plate 77 may be one of these. I cannot say, as I have not looked for it.

Henry Maciver Bart (Cape Coast).—You had better consult the advertising pages of THE CAPTAIN where you will find several stamp dealers offering their "goods" for sale. The staff of THE CAPTAIN do not deal in stamps and cannot, therefore, as desired, send you any of "their manufactured goods."

H. W. H. (Purley).—The Congo Free State stamps are priced about the same as they were in 1907. Should the State be made independent of Belgium and its undesirable ruler, then the stamps might be more in request and might rise, otherwise there is no special reason why they should increase in price. The Orange Free State 1d. V R I., ordinary is priced at 2d. and the thick at 4d.

B. J. D. (Nottingham).—No news is forthcoming as to an issue of postage stamps for the new protectorate of Nyassaland.

W. H. S. (Kennington) wants me to state what I "estimate to be the value of 1500 foreign stamps (all different)." As it is possible to have 1500 stamps, all different, worth about as many farthings or as many £5 notes, it is obvious that my powers of estimating will not cover this query.

C. H. M. (Manchester).—There is no need to be frightened about the outcry concerning the official jobbery in issuing Provisionals in the Cayman Islands. It will no doubt result in an official inquiry and a well-deserved rap over the knuckles for the officials concerned, but there it will end, and Cayman stamps are not likely to be tampered with again. The stamps of Cayman Islands are not likely to suffer from a slump as a consequence. The latest provisional, and it is expected, the last, is a 2½ on 4d., of which only 240 were printed. It is quite impossible to say what it will be priced at. In all probability it will be left unpriced.

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

"Your brother Bob 'as been in Par[illegible] months [illegible] I suppose 'e's beginning to know 'is way about."
"Oh yus, rather! 'E's quite a par[illegible] now."

Drawn by Frank Styche.

Hear all Sides

Cambridge £ s. d.

As in [illegible] "Excessit" in your January number, I should like to defend it against the charges of inaccuracy which are brought against it by your correspondent "Collegiate."

His remark that a coach is unnecessary for the Maths. Trip. is hardly correct. It is quite exceptional and a very risky course to adopt for a Maths man to dispense with a coach especially when, as is evidently the case with Delton, he is not up to the standard of a scholarship when coming up

"Collegiate" asserts that Mr. Langridge's estimate of the amalgamated subscription and charge for bootblack should be reduced by 50 per cent. I should very much like to know the college where the amalgamated subscription is under £5 a year; and as for the bootblack, 7*s.* 6*d.* a term is the invariable charge

In my own college subscriptions are always collected at hall—it is the most convenient time.

"Collegiate's" strictures on Mr Langridge's blindness as to the disadvantages of non-coll. life seem to me futile. As I read the story the writer regarded his hero's migration to the "Billy" as a distinct sacrifice on his part

IN MEDIAS RES

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12-Inch Guns

LIKE most boys, I like to read a good yarn, and I [illegible] CAPTAIN to be excellent, but on reading "The Ambush," in your March number, I received quite a shock.

The writer describes the gun as "a 12-inch gun, seemingly one of our old captured ones." Now, allow me to point out that the British Army has no such thing as a 12-inch gun for field service; neither do I believe that any other Power has one. A 12-inch gun weighs 45 tons; at least, those of that date do; now they are heavier; so I don't think that nine horses could manage it in a country like South Africa. Again, no field mounting could be built to stand the strain it would be called upon to bear, for, remember, a field mounting is a portable one. Neither could so few men handle the gun as quickly as the writer declares was the case, for each shell weighs 850 lb. 12-inch guns in the British service are used either in the Navy or in fortresses like those at Spithead, and they are all worked and served by hydraulic machinery, which is not part of field equipment

Of the guns used in South Africa those with the largest calibre were the 6-inch howitzers, belonging to the siege train.

A. H. G. CHATTERTON

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Volunteering in Newfoundland

I HAVE read with interest the correspondence on public school volunteering, and it seems to me that even away out here in old Newfoundland we are sometimes ahead of the Mother Country. There has been for the last seven or eight years a cadet corps established in connection with the school which I attend. It is, however, only a branch of the Avalon Battalion of the Church Lads' Brigade, which has its headquarters in London. Enlistment (if I may call it so) in the college company is not compulsory, but over half the school belongs to it

Our headmaster holds the office of chaplain whilst our second master is captain. An old boy is lieutenant, and the non-commissioned officers are boys in the school. To make things more interesting, the company is divided into two sections, each under its own officers, which contest quarterly for a shield offered by the lieutenant-colonel. This, as would be expected, creates a friendly spirit of rivalry among members of the corps. We have our own bugle band; and our uniforms are similar to those

supplied to the C.L.B. in London. Everything is conducted on strict military lines. I can assure you we are quite proud of our turn-out. I can safely say that no one joins the brigade for the purposes of getting half-holidays, for, with the exception of the King's birthday—when we hold a sham battle—school work is in no way impeded. I am sorry to see that many English boys are very much opposed to volunteering; but if they only knew of the benefits derived from it, as well as the fun and enjoyment it gives, I feel sure that many more would give it their support. A. R. MARTIN
(St. John's, Newfoundland).

....

"A Lesson in Etiquette"

MAY I put in a word for "A Lesson in Etiquette," which your correspondent V. D. H., in the April issue, objects to?

I, too, am a graduate of recent date, and, in fact, am still in residence in Cambridge, having taken my degree last year, so I think I may also claim to know what I am talking about.

V. D. H. says the offences mentioned "are of an absurdly trivial nature and are breaches of no known code of laws," and asks, "Is it a terrible thing for a man to wear whatever he likes?"

Any Cambridge graduate or undergraduate should know that such offences are *not* "absurdly trivial," but are breaches of the great unwritten law of etiquette which no sensible and right-minded man would ever willingly disregard. And surely when a man makes use of privileges which he knows are reserved for "blues" alone, he deserves to be ragged. With regard to the blazer episode, the author of the story rightly intimated that the indignation of Wardle's fellow undergraduates was *not* on account of the lecturer's feelings: it was because of their very natural and laudable objection to the name of their college being brought into contempt.

As to the custom among undergrads. of "meting out injustice (*sic*) one to another, with the passive approval of the authorities," I can only say that such correction (a better word than "injustice") is in all such cases most beneficial; and the authorities, realising that a man must learn manners at Cambridge, if he has not learnt them before, very wisely refrain from interference with such lessons in etiquette. These lessons, however, very seldom have to be administered, for the average "fresher" has the good sense to fall in with 'Varsity customs when they are pointed out to him, even if he did not know of them before.

V. D. H. also says, "men are often ragged *merely because they come from little-known schools*, men who distinguish themselves frequently in work and college games"! Such behaviour would, indeed, be snobbery, as your correspondent says, but does it exist? I have never met with it or heard of it; and I have always found that distinction in games, at any rate, is the very thing above all things which prevents a man from being ragged, even though he may come from the most insignificant school imaginable.

The Cambridge undergraduate is neither snob nor blackguard, as a general rule: V. D. H. insinuates that he is both. T. BATTERBY
(of Corpus Christi Coll. and Ridley Hall, Cambridge).

....

The Advantages of the Civil Service

I NOTICE in your "Answers to Correspondents" in the March CAPTAIN a reply to H. L. T., which I cannot but think takes a narrow view of the subject you discuss. You apparently take the whole of the Civil Service and treat with it in one sentence, wherein you say the pay is small, the outlook poor, and the work none too elevating.

Now, I am not about to hot-headedly denounce these statements as absurd, but I do want to show you that they might at least have been a little less sweeping.

The pay is not small, taking a man's whole career into consideration. More money might certainly be given at the commencement, but the annual raising of the salaries and the liberal maxima more than outweigh this consideration, and disprove at once your assertion that the outlook is poor.

A fellow taking a position outside the Service is very pleased to get what he considers a munificent salary as compared with those of his Service friends, but he soon finds that after he reaches a certain age his employer expects him to keep at a salary much less than those in the Service obtain. Then he has no guarantee as to the hours he is expected to work, and he knows his employer may dismiss him on any provocation should it be in his interests to do so.

Of course, I am aware that some employers are too decent to resort to this, but hundreds, intent only on their own interests, do so. Then he has to worry himself while actually in business about his comfort when he shall be forced to retire, while the Civil Servant has what I consider to be, in most cases, a handsome pension.

I have known dashing young fellows who have assured me that "the Civil Service is too slow; no chance to rise; doesn't afford scope for capabilities," &c. &c.; but they are usually the fellows who do not care to study really hard for two or three years, and are appalled, at the outset, by the stiff competition in most of the exams. Most of them—all, that is, but the exceptionally gifted, which are few in number—find that they are miserably picking up commercial hints or smatterings of French and German, with a faint hope that they can better themselves at an age when the Civil Servant is comfortably settled.

As for the work being none too elevating, I would respectfully suggest that careful administrative work for the public service often requires qualities which the business man has not *time* to cultivate—he is too impatient. Besides this, which work, do you think, gives the greater satisfaction—work done in public interests, which *has* to be done efficiently by somebody, or work which is done with the final object—be it avowedly or otherwise—of putting shekels into a business man's pocket? Even if your correspondent H. L. T. works for himself and his own profession, he cannot well avoid the catchpenny tricks to which men of the best-known professions have occasion to resort in order to keep up with their competitors. This cannot be particularly elevating!

Doubtless there is some modicum of truth in your remarks, for there *are* greater opportunities outside the Service, but you have entirely ignored the other side of the question.

The very fact that in an examination in which I competed last October 1048 competitors presented themselves for the 70 vacancies offered is proof enough that plenty of the best educated young men in the country—the scope of the examination provided for that—do not at all despise Civil Service appointments.

I cannot, of course, ask you to renounce your views, nor can I deny that a few professions offer greater scope than the Service, but there are corresponding drawbacks. It must not be lost sight of, too, that the Service has produced more brilliant authors than any other profession. I could cite dozens of names of present and past men of letters whose renown with the pen has enabled them to throw up their appointments and devote their whole time to literature. Would this be possible if the work were as poor as you seem to imagine? At least the groove in which many commercial clerks work would not permit of this.

You will see that I am no violent adherent of the Civil Service, but your remarks, printed as they were without any qualification, appear to me to be rather unjust.

LEON. A. PAVEY.

[An excellent essay. Doubtless some other Civil Service reader will let us have his views on the [illegible]]

THERE'S LIFE IN THE OLD DOG YET

YES, I know I'm old, or so I'm told,
But I'm quite all right you bet;
And if I'm lame, why, it's all the same,
For there's life in the old dog yet.

On my crutches strong I can stump along,
Be the weather fine or wet;
One leg's no good, and the other's wood;
Still, there's life in the old dog yet!

I can still enjoy my old pipe, my boy,
My shag's good as a man can get;
And so I knows—as the saying goes—
There's life in the old dog yet!

REGINALD RIGBY.

Shells.—"Shellist" (Hastings) requires a book on British sea-shells, with coloured plates, and wishes to know how to start a collection of native land shells. The only reliable work with coloured plates is Gwynn Jeffreys' "British Conchology" (Van Vorst), but it is in five volumes and its cost is three guineas. My own book, "Shell Life" (F. Warne and Co. 6*s*.), gives figures of all the British species but not in colour. The best way for "Shellist" to start a collection is to begin with the shells of his own district. I do not know it from the conchological standpoint, but should imagine the country around, and especially the downs, would afford many species. I do not know how to advise my correspondent in reference to removing "the rocky coating" from his New Zealand Ear-shell, without seeing it. If, as I suppose, he refers to the natural dull-coloured shelly matter on the outside, he must leave it as it is or the specimen will be valueless. Scraped and polished shells, though they may be esteemed by unthinking ornament-hunters, are worthless from the naturalist's point of view.—D. Cloud (Malden) writes respecting my answer to Ralph Smith (February), asking me to put them into communication with a view to shell purchase. I cannot undertake the responsibility involved in such negotiations, but I have sent on D. C.'s letter to R. S., and must there leave it. D. C. tells me that it is impossible *not* to make a hole in the top of the Sea-urchin's shell or to clean off the spines. She says, "each spine is fastened through a tiny hole by a piece of flesh to the fish inside, and when the fish dies and withers the spines fall off." I do not like to contradict a lady, even when the lady has contradicted me, but I could show her a goodly number of specimens that have all their spines on and no hole at the top. Further, I ought to point out that the Sea-urchin is not a fish, and that the muscles that attach the spines are on the outer surface and do not go through. The point is that a specimen mutilated by cleaning off the spines and making a hole in its crust is worthless, as the greater part of its distinctive characters have gone.—A. Leighton (West Norwood) sends me three shells for identification. No. 1 is a bleached specimen from which the mollusc has long been parted by death; probably an immature example of *Hyalinia glabra*. No. 2 is *Hyalinia cellaria*; and No. 3 is *Helix hispida*.

Rabbits.—H. T. Butcher (Purley) appears to have ideas somewhat too ambitious for this Corner: he aims at making a rabbit-warren, and asks a number of questions as to procedure. I confess I have never made or possessed a rabbit-warren. Does my correspondent realise what it means? Several acres of land, at least, would be required, and it would need to be enclosed. Wild rabbits appear to me to be the best for such a purpose, but I have seen it stated that a few Belgian Hares turned loose among them improves the race for market purposes, if that is the purpose for which the warren is to be made. H. T. B.'s questions whether the warren should be protected from rain, whether the rabbits should be left in the warren all the winter, and whether they are likely to burrow, appear to me rather strange. The warren itself is a protection from rain and cold, and unless the rabbits burrowed it would not be a warren. If H. T. B. has available land, with a few banks on it holes may be roughly dug into these as a beginning for the rabbits' own work of burrowing, and they should then be left pretty much to themselves, except that care must be taken to see that they are provided with food if sufficient vegetation is not growing on the ground.

Bird Stuffing. R. Thistlethwaite (Alsager, Staffs.) will find full working instructions in "Practical Taxidermy," by Montagu Browne (L. Upcott Gill, 7*s*. 6*d*.), or in Coue's "Handbook of Field and General Ornithology" (Macmillan, 10*s*.). He can get a copy of the last-mentioned from Watkins and Doncaster for 4*s*. 6*d*.

Butterfly Larvæ.—E. S. Carter (Farnborough) wishes to introduce the Small Tortoiseshell Butterfly into his garden by means of the larvæ, as he has plenty of nettles there to feed them upon. Can I tell him where to buy a hundred larvæ? They can be obtained from Mr. L. W. Newman, Bexley, Kent, in whose list they are marked at 4*d.* per dozen.

Bird Queries.—"Collector" (Chalfont St. Giles) asks for some distinctive points of difference between the Common Teal (*Querquedula crecca*) and the Green-winged Teal (*Q. carolinensis*). Seeing that the latter species has only been known to occur in this country three or four times, "Collector" will not be surprised at my confession that I am not personally acquainted with it; but I have understood that it is only the male in his nuptial full-dress that can be distinguished from *crecca*, and only then by the presence of a slender bar of white just in front of the shoulder of the wing. It appears to me that so slight a difference indicates that the European and American birds are of the same species, as Bewick and others held.—H. F. Schall (St. Moritz, Switzerland) is returning to England in April, and wishes to pay attention to the collection of eggs. He asks for a book on birds' eggs at half a crown or under, the cost of an egg-blowing outfit, &c. Half a crown is a small price for a book on the subject, and the best I know at a low price is Atkinson's "British Birds' Eggs and Nests" (Routledge, 1*s.*; or with coloured plates, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Watkins and Doncaster supply an Egg-collector's Outfit for 3*s.* The book could also be ordered from them. Atkinson gives a good deal of information about the birds as well as their nests and eggs, but, of course, later a more extensive work will be necessary. I should think the district H. F. S. mentions would be a good one for the purpose, but I have no actual acquaintance with it.—C. Bradbury (King's Heath, Birmingham) sends me a sketch of a bird he saw hopping on the lawn, and asks for its name. I think there can be no question about its being the Chaffinch (male). The pond C. B. mentions is rather too small to be successful, but it should be much better than the zinc-bath for fish. Enamel is not a good thing to line the bath with, as it is so apt to chip off, and the fragments get eaten by the fish, with fatal results. Newts cannot be kept in ponds after the breeding season is over, as they would not obtain enough food there. They should be kept in a vivarium. See answer to K. Spooner in April [illegible]

Names of Plants.—D. L. Hancock (Stamford Hill) sends me some nicely mounted plants for identification. Unfortunately, some of them are not as complete as they should be, and lack the lower leaves. In the case of the Umbelliferous plants this is particularly regrettable, as many species so closely resemble each other that all the organs are necessary for correct identification. So far as I can make out from the material available, they are: Greater Celandine (*Chelidonium majus*); Wall Pennywort (*Cotyledon umbilicus*); Ribwort Plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*); probably Curled Dock (*Rumex crispus*), but only flowers sent; Burnet Saxifrage (*Pimpinella saxifraga*); and Hedge Parsley (*Caucalis anthriscus*).

COCKCHAFER GRUB
Natural size.

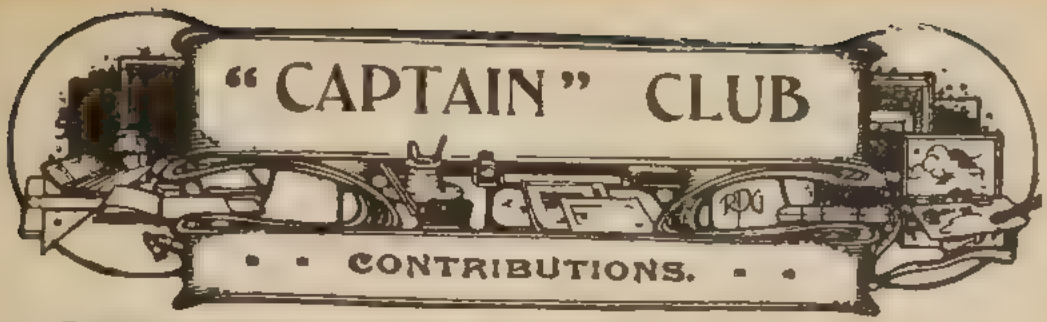
Larvæ and Pupæ.—T. L. Wills (Hightown, Liverpool) wishes to know how to keep the larvæ of the Goat Moth (*Cossus ligniperda*); he has tried with several, but failed. When obtained in autumn, it is difficult to keep them through the winter. Only full-grown or nearly full-grown larvæ should be tried, and these should be provided with tolerably stout pieces of green wood—such as one would get by sawing through a branch of poplar or willow about two inches in diameter. The larvæ will bore into these, or if full-grown gnaw off some chips to construct the cocoon. *Re* pupa-digging, T. L. W. should see my answer to J. E. Graves last February. The larva of which he sends a sketch is the Cockchafer grub (*Melolontha vulgaris*). It feeds on grass-roots; and to rear it, he should provide it with a grass turf into which it will burrow. Unless the specimens are a good deal larger than the sketch he enclosed, I fear T. L. W. will have trouble, as the larval condition lasts for about three years. The Convolvulus Hawk moth is always worth [illegible]

A South African Letter.—George Stanley writes me a long letter from near Cape Town, and offers to send me some Chameleons. At present he is very keen on snakes, but writes chiefly in regard to the possibility of getting the Puss Moth out to the Cape. About five years ago he lived in England and was fond of rearing the Puss Moth on account of the remarkable character of its caterpillar, and would now like to get some sent out to him. I doubt whether the experiment would succeed. If eggs were sent they would hatch on the journey, and the young larvæ would perish for want of food. The same fate would await caterpillars sent out, for supposing a sufficient quantity of food were enclosed, it would be dried up and uneatable soon after the start. Then, if pupæ were sent, the moths would probably emerge in May or June, and lay their eggs; but it would be winter in S. Africa, and, as G. S. tells me, there are no leaves on the poplars there till October. Thus there seems to be difficulties all round: and I should advise G. S. to give up the idea. He adds another question in anticipation of my answer to the first one being much as I have written. He asks how, in face of these climatic differences of date, did the silkworm get introduced to England and South Africa? Well, there is this great difference between the Puss Moth and the Silkworm: the eggs of the former hatch a short time after they are laid; those of the latter are laid in summer and do not hatch till spring, which allows of their transport over great distances. But the Silkworm has been cultivated from ancient times, and has made its way across the earth by easy stages, which would allow it to become gradually acclimatised; but even so, its eggs hatch in England before the mulberry has expanded its leaves, and a substitute has to be given.

Names of Moths.—T. L. Wills (Hightown, Liverpool) sends me four moths of which he has failed to find the names. They are not good specimens for naming, but I have managed to identify them. They are: (1) The Small Angleshades (*Euplexia lucipara*); (2) Dark-barred Twin spot Carpet (*Coremia unidentata*); (3) The Double-lobed (*Apamea ophiogramma*); (4) *Herminia tarsipennalis*. The list T. L. W. wants is "The Entomologist List of British Lepidoptera," which can be obtained from Watkins and Doncaster, Strand, London, price sixpence. The books he refers to are of little use for naming insects, as they include only a small selection of species.

New Books.—I have received "A Book of Birds," by W. P. Pycraft, A.L.S., F.Z.S. (S. Appleton, 6*s.* net), with thirty coloured plates. Unlike Mr. Westell's book, noticed in our last issue, this volume does not deal specially with British birds, but is intended as an introduction to the birds of the whole world. As these number about 14,000 species, only a few of them can be dealt with in a book of 155 pages, so the author has had to be content with introducing us to species representing the principal families and orders, after a clear and concise account of bird structure. Mr. Pycraft's work is admirable so far as it goes. I wish I could say the same of the plates; but the figures are in many cases badly drawn and wrongly coloured. Occasionally, the eggs are introduced, and some of these are of such extraordinary shapes that their mothers would not acknowledge them.—Another volume to hand is a cheap edition of "Fishes I have Known," by Arthur H. Beavan (T. Fisher Unwin, 2*s.*), with 44 illustrations. This is not a natural history book, as might be supposed from its title, but an angler's book. The author has travelled much and widely, and appears to have fished in all quarters of the globe. He begins by telling us his fishing experiences in English waters, as a boy. But in Chapter II. we are out on the great oceans, catching not only fishes, but whales and turtles also. Later we find that all is fish that comes to the author's hook, so long as it inhabits fresh or salt water. A large portion of the book deals with fishing in Australia and South America; but the author is always entertaining in relating his experiences, and those of my readers who are disciples of Izaak Walton will enjoy "Fishes I have Known"

BUFFO(O)N'S NATURAL HISTORY.
NO. 2. DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.
Drawn by Thomas Downey


"CAPTAIN" CLUB
CONTRIBUTIONS.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club to which anybody who is a [illegible] of THE CAPTAIN [illegible] Contributions [illegible] kept quite short. Drawings [illegible] used in other parts of the Magazine. Prizes consisting of books, to be selected from those mentioned on the "Competition Results" page, are awarded for all contributions used.

May Day.

IN olden times the first day of May was a religious festival of great importance, and served as a day of thanksgiving for the approaching summer. For a long time it was observed in England as a general holiday, and, though most of the customs associated with May Day have long since died away, it is interesting to recall some of the ceremonies that used to take place.

The custom of choosing a Queen of the May still survives in many districts. Formerly in the Isle of Man two maidens were selected, one to be Queen of the May and the other Queen of the Winter, and a mimic battle between the youths attending on the two symbolised the last struggles of Winter and the victory of Spring.

A May-pole is rarely seen nowadays, but the custom of dancing round a tree or decorated pole used to form an important item in the day's festivities. The May pole symbolised the time when the trees were putting forth their leaves, and heralded the approach of summer. A famous May-pole used to exist in the Strand. One pole 134 feet high stood there till 1713, when it was replaced by a new one, which was however removed in 1718 to make way for the Church of St Mary-le-Strand. Another famous May pole was the one which gave its name to St Andrew Undershaft Church, the "shaft" being higher than the church. When not actually in use, the May-pole lay on some hooks along a row of cottages near, hence called Shaft Alley. After the Reformation it was denounced in a sermon as idolatrous in that it had given a name to the church, and the inhabitants of Shaft Alley, Stow says, "that same afternoon, after they had dined to make themselves strong, with great labour [illegible] the Shaft from the hooks whereon it had rested thirty two years, sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door."

F. R. BOURNE.

Some Cricket "Finds" of 1907.

WHEN a left-handed bowler is discovered his county receive him with open arms. Dean, of Lancashire, has proved to be no exception to the rule. He so impressed A. C. Maclaren by his bowling at the nets that he obtained an immediate trial. He played in a few matches during the 1906 season, but 1907 saw his true worth. The County Palatine

[illegible] EASON 1906
[illegible] by W. Mitton

SPRINGTIME AILMENTS

ROLL: "You look rather unstrung, old chap."
PARCEL: "Well, as a matter of fact I feel horribly done up

Drawn by R. West

also had the good fortune to discover a batsman as well as a bowler. I refer to H. D Stanning He repeatedly pulled his county from a difficult position by his fearless hitting on slow wickets

Surrey were as fortunate as the Northern county in discovering a batsman as well as a bowler. Great things were expected of Alan Marshal after his wonderful form for London County C.C. Allowing for his anxiety in the opening matches ask Baker if it isn't difficult to get a place in Surrey—he amply justified these expectations.

Surrey's new bowler is Hitch. When Knox's leg began to give way the county were obliged to find a fast bowler to deput[illegible] Hitch was only twenty-on[illegible] he has the prospect of a long cricket career Like Hobbs, he was induced to come to the [illegible] Tom Hayward

F L. Bisgood astounded the cricket world by scoring a century in his first important match. He will strengthen the Somerset batting immense[illegible]

A Nottinghamshire recruit is Alletson. He has shown [illegible] if to be a good, hard-hitting bat and useful change bowler

At the beginning of last season Leicester sadly needed a good bowler. Astill, who is only twenty one, filled the breach. He took a large number of wickets, and so is following in the footsteps of his uncle, Tom Jayes.

J. F GOEPEL.

He Knew.

PREFECT. "Which will you take, a caning or five hundred lines?"

OFFENDING YOUNGSTER. "Five hundred lines."

PREFECT. "Why is that?"

OFFENDING YOUNGSTER. "You play racquets!"

P L. B

"Robinson Crusoe's" Birthplace.

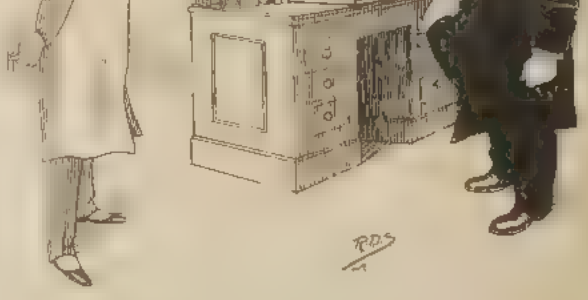
REFERRING to my essay in the January number, I am sorry I made a mistake in saying that the statue stood over the [illegible]ttage in which Alexander Selkirk was born I should have said that it stood over the *site* of the original cottage

I also note the number of readers who have written correcting my error, one even going the length of saying that the railway now runs where the cottage once stood.

I have written to a friend in Largo asking him to copy the inscription below the statue. It is as follows

In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, original of Robinson Crusoe, who lived on the island of Juan Fernandez in complete solitude for 4 years and 4 months. He died 1726, Lieut. of H M S. *Weymouth* aged 47. This statue is erected by David Gilles, Net Manufacturer, *on the site* of the cottage in which Selkirk was born.

JOHN DUNLOP



DR WHACKWELL: "I've taught that boy all I know, and now he knows absolutely nothing!"

Drawn by R. D. Smith

A Naval Cadet Corps.

AFTER reading the article in the August number entitled "Does Public School Volunteering Justify Itself?" I think most decidedly it *does*. I am not, however, writing to give you my poor opinion upon such a great matter, but, as I take a great interest in

A KAFFIR BABE —

—AND WHAT HE MAY BECOME

Copyright stereographs, Keystone View Co.

volunteering, I thought you would like to hear about the Naval Cadet Corps established at Woodstock, near Cape Town, South Africa.

This corps, of which I am a member, is the first and only Naval Cadet Corps in South Africa, and was started three years ago by Dr Moore Anderson as a private corps, but after a year the Government began to take a great interest in it.

A commodious shed was built and the corps divided into two watches, port and starboard. At the South African Exhibition two small sailing-boats and one man-o'-war's cutter (clinker built, with ten oars and to seat twenty men) were bought for us.

On Trafalgar Day we have sports; every Saturday we have shooting or boating; and at Christmas and Easter we have a camp. Last Christmas we had our camp at Simons Bay, over twenty miles from Cape Town. We had two sham fights, one on the mountain and one besieging the camp. When we are at home we often have sham fights. On Empire Day we spent the whole day out, marching, with two short halts, nearly ten miles; then we had a light lunch and an hour's rest, after which we marched about five miles back, and, coming into contact with a detachment of Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, had a sham fight with them and captured them.

For every sham fight we have been highly praised. The corps is now over a hundred strong. We have an old Service man as Lieutenant Naval Instructor; we learn seamanship as well as ordinary volunteering; and last, but not least, we possess a band.

A NAVAL CADET (Cape Town).

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Lacrosse (Junior Flags).

ST DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE, Catford, is one of those few schools that play lacrosse. The game is an excellent one, and it is a pity that so few schools in England play it. St. Dunstan's, after getting into the final of the Junior Flag tournament last season, lost by the narrow margin of 7 goals to 9. This season the school got into the final, having to play Catford II. Only three of the team opposed to the College were not old boys of the school. After a splendid game at Lord's the school won by the small amount of 3 goals. In 1895, St. Dunstan's won the flags too.

DUNSTONIAN.

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Think This Over Slowly.

AS the result of his marriage at Edinburgh on Wednesday, December 4, to Margaret Drysdale, a daughter of the late William Drysdale, the relationships between the Rev. Robert Pryde, the Clerk of the Glasgow Presbytery, and his son and his son's wife have now become rather mixed. As the lady he married is the younger sister of his son's wife, it follows that his wife, although the younger, is now the step-mother of her brother-in-law, and the step-mother-in-law of her elder sister!

"SCOTTIE."

A REVISED VERSION.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (*peeping into kennel*): "Cheero, Diogenes, old chap! What can I do for you this morning? Will you have a cartload of gold or a kingdom?"

D[illegible] you lout? It's bad enough when the boys do it, but you are big enough to know better. Get along, do!"

Drawn by B. T Ferris.

Ambulance Work.

I MUST say that I sympathise with W. H M. in his accident on the football field, as I have unfortunately also been in a similar plight myself. No doubt school ambulances would be very useful, but ambulance work or first aid is, however, rather different from what he imagines it to be, as is evident from the account of his injury. His injury, which was evidently a dislocation, one which is very difficult to put right, and the janitor must consider himself very lucky to have been able to do it. I have not enough space to enter into the subject fully, but will try to explain the duty of an ambulance man. All the ambulance men in the Army, Navy, police force, and St. John's Ambulance Brigade have first of all to pass an examination held under the auspices of the St. John's Ambulance Association. Their duty then is "to prevent further injury," "to alleviate pain," "protect the patient from the effects of shock," "to treat patients for hæmorrhage, poisoning," &c., and "the lifting and carrying of patients."

In "First Aid to the Injured," the handbook of the S.J.A A., we are given the following for treatment of dislocations

"No attempt should be made by any one *except a doctor* to reduce a dislocation. The following treatment, however, pending the arrival of the doctor, should be carried out ·

"*When the accident occurs out of doors:* Support limb in the most comfortable position for patient, prevent all jolting, then get patient to a house.

"*When the accident occurs indoors.* Remove clothing from joint gently; place patient on couch or bed; rest limb in comfortable position. Apply cold (ice or towels wrung out of cold water) to dislocated joint. When cold ceases to give comfort, apply warmth (flannels or towels wrung out of hot water). When shock is severe, keep patient warm by appropriate remedies."

D. M. MORRIS.

Brecon College Football.

MAY I point out a slip Mr. E. H. D. Sewell has made in his description of football at Christ College, Brecon?

A team containing better backs and inferior forwards has never (since 1894 at any rate) won in the Inter-School, Brecon *versus* Llandovery, annual encounters. With very few exceptions, Llandovery have always had better forwards and weaker backs—and have won. On all occasions when the Brecon pack have held their opponents the superior skill of the Brecon outsides has won them the game.

A slight omission is the names of M. T. Williams, first forward in for Middlesex about 1900; W. G. Hodge, late captain Eastern Counties; H. E. R. Stephens, Lancashire, and, I fancy, Cheshire also.

Further, we have had two captains of Wales in W. M. Llewellyn and A. F. Harding, and hope by the time this appears in print to have had a third in Dr. E. Morgan.

O. B.

BOOKING CLERK: "First class?"
AFFABLE OLD LADY (*travelling for first time*): "Yus, thanks. 'Ow are you?"

COMPETITIONS FOR MAY

Last date for receiving in May 18 (Foreign and Colonial Readers July 18)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——. Name

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the [illegible]ine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be forwarded in a separate stamped envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address envelopes as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by May 18.

The results will be published in the July number.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—**"Public School Notes."**—A prize of half a guinea will be awarded for the best paragraph, not exceeding 200 words, on some event of recent occurrence. Paragraphs can be about anything interesting to the public school world—they may take the shape of some athletic record, a personal note, &c., &c., and each should bear a *nom de plume* for publication. Half a crown will be paid for each paragraph used.

No age limit.

No. 2.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Send a photograph depicting some branch of outdoor life—occupation, sport or pastime. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Two "Ticka" Watch-pocket Cameras, manufactured by Houghton's, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 3.—**"Jumble Sentence."**—Compose a sentence, not exceeding thirty words, from the titles of stories, articles and "CAPTAIN Club" essays in the present number. Prizes: Two "Saga" Cricket Bats, manufactured by the Sports and Games Association. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Handwriting Competition."**—Copy in your best everyday handwriting the first six lines of "The Lost Lambs." Write only on one side of the paper. Prizes: Two Handsome Post-card Albums.

Class I.	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II.	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—**"Pictorial Competition."**—Ten Shillings will be paid for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and five shillings for every other sketch that we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our July, August, and September numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. We should also be pleased to consider sketches of a serious nature. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 6.—**"What I Want to Be, and Why."**—Send an essay, not exceeding 400 words, telling us what vocation in life you would like to adopt and the reasons for your choice. Prizes: Goods to the value of Half a Guinea from the Catalogue of A. W. Gamage, Ltd.

Class I.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to July 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial May Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

The Public School Spirit. I have recently received a strange, and rather pathetic, letter from a reader who yearns to have the public school and 'Varsity spirit, but owing to circumstances yearns in vain. Reading THE CAPTAIN, he says, has made him recognise what a fine thing this "tone" is that a man gets by going to a public school and the university. He himself has taken a degree at one of the minor provincial universities, but, although his head is full of knowledge, he feels that he cannot mix with public school and 'Varsity men on equal terms—cannot feel one of them

As I say, this is a strange letter—the sort of letter I do not often get. We are, of course, split up into social divisions, largely controlled by money, and most people are generally well content with the division in which fate places them. It is not so with this correspondent. He longs to have the ease and manner, of which the possessor is generally unconscious, that distinguish such men as Mike Jackson, Adair, and Psmith—to take three of Mr. Wodehouse's characters and Anthony, Devines, and Butt—to take three more examples of whom you have lately read. "The advice I should like from you," he says, "is how to acquire that tone, that self-confidence and culture which always denote a public school man, so that I may mix with public school men and 'Varsity men as their equal."

My Dear Fellow, if one is not born with that spirit, the only way to acquire it is by mixing with the people whose manners and habit of life one wishes to emulate. It is not to be got from books, or to be taught by an editor. Universities and public schools are just as much social training establishments as seats of learning. The peculiar gait of the man who is often in the saddle can only be acquired by spending a good deal of one's life on horseback, and it is just the same with this public school manner.

Our friend must be content with his lot. He says he would rather be a public school man and take a subordinate post in a bank than be as he is at present—a man who has received a thoroughly sound education which may possibly gain him a very much more remunerative job than the lower reaches of a bank could possibly offer him. He writes quite genuinely and frankly, and so he is, I consider, quite undeserving of the appellation of Snob with which many people no doubt will feel inclined to label him. It is, of course, still possible for him to win a scholarship at Oxford or Cambridge, and take his fill of 'Varsity society; but my advice to him is to set about doing his duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him. Let him dwell upon Burns' famous lines:

> What though on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hoddin grey, and a' that;
> Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for a' that

He says, "THE CAPTAIN is full of that indefinable 'public school spirit,' and if I have any ambition it is to have that spirit myself." Well, he can attain something of it by modelling himself on certain public school men who have been held up in our tales as good examples of their class. You expect a public school man to be a sportsman and a gentleman, and good sportsmanship can be cultivated by everybody and is to be found in all ranks of society.

Just one more hint to my friend, however. If he finds himself in the company of public school men, let him just behave in a perfectly natural and frank fashion, not over-asserting himself and yet not bearing himself with undue humility. A man can be too humble. Many men miss a great deal of pleasure owing to a morbid fear that they will be taken for coxcombs if they venture to assert themselves in a firm manner. But there is a happy medium. There are in every community a number of aggressive, loud-voiced people who should not be allowed to have their own way too much. In a club there are men who want to monopolise the billiard table, and if you could trace these men back to their school-days, it is usual to recognise the rights of others they were often successful in excluding other players from the fives court and the cricket nets.

In common parlance, these fellows want sitting on. They are often not bad sorts at heart, but they are greedy and bumptious, and it is a most salutary thing for them to be sat on. The most effective form of rebuke is the cool and collected sarcasm, coupled with a firm determination not to be done out of one's fifteen minutes at the nets or one's rightful proprietorship of a fives court.

There's Cricket in the Air.

Bring my trusty Surrey "driver"
And remove the winter dirt
Get my "average" reviver
And my flannel breeks and shirt;
Put a patch upon the latter,
Mend the others here and there—
If you can't it doesn't matter,
For there's Cricket in the Air!

Get the netting in position
Mark the crease and pitch the stump
Never mind the ground's condition
Let the leather hop and bump
Though the muscles may be rigid
With the lack of wear and tear
And the vernal breezes frigid
There is Cricket in the Air!

I may miss the softest catches,
Muddle "boundaries" galore
Run the others out in batches
And do anything but score
Though I irritate the skipper
And excite a wicked sw[illegible]
I'm a cheery daisy-clipper
When there's Cricket in the Air!

So get my war paint ready;
Let me swipe and slog away;
Whether "want of form" or "steady"
Be the comment on my play,
I am out for chunks of pleasure,
Fancy free and debonnair:
Light-of Heart's the only measure
When there's Cricket in the Air!

EDWARD A. MORGAN.

The 'Varsity Sports.—This is one of my favourite fixtures, for I thoroughly enjoy seeing the brave lads of the rival Universities doing their utmost for Alma Mater. Though the wind was chill, the sun shone brightly, and what with the pretty toilets and faces—"'Varsity" girls were there in full force—the Grenadiers band, and the excitement of the sport, the afternoon of March 28 at Queen's Club was a good one. I saw Ranji sitting in a balcony, and one of the young Princes was there with his tutor. There were plenty of bishops and old athletes, one of the latter being Mr. Muttlebury, "all smiles" on account of Cambridge's excellent "trial" that morning. I likewise spotted the Editor of *Punch*, Mr. Owen Seaman, prowling about. Lawn tennis was represented by Miss Eastlake-Smith, politics by Mr. Balfour, the Law by the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, and boys' periodicals by a certain decrepit personage who shall be nameless. In fact, you never know whom you *won't* see at the 'Varsity [illegible]. I saw J. H. Taylor, the golfer, in one of the stands.

If anything could inspire a boy to train, keep fit, and strive to attain athletic excellence, so that he may one day carry his particular shade of blue first past the post, it should be viewing these sports. Bar the Boat-Race, of course, nothing is cleaner and finer in the sphere of sport than this meeting on path and turf of the two premier Universities of the world.

Oxford was expected to capture most events, but Cambridge kicked off with a rush and actually scored four firsts before Oxford got moving. McLeod won the "sprint" in 10⅘, and T. H. Just, the Old Pauline, whose school achievements were duly recorded in THE CAPTAIN at the time, romped home an easy winner in the Half Mile in 1 min. 56⅗. Powell, the Rugbeian, took the Hurdles in slightly slower time than last year—16 sec. A. C. Bellerby, of St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, signalised his first appearance at Queen's Club by capturing the High Jump with 5 ft. 8 in. A pretty jumper this. We shall hear again from Bellerby. Oxford men hoped that one of the Chavasse brothers

would win home first in the Quarter, but N. G. stopped when he had only covered ten yards, leaving his twin brother to battle with the two Cantabs. He did all right till they got into the straight, and then E. H Ryle, an Etonian, went by like a flash and broke the tape in 51 sec. It was a case of a good big 'un beating a good little 'un. Meanwhile the Hammer and Long Jump were proceeding at their usual leisurely pace. Stevens, the Oxonian, won the Hammer

The awkward position in which young Jones (who is a bit of a gymnast, and has contracted the habit of walking in his sleep) wakes up and finds himself!

Drawn by Robert F Spencer

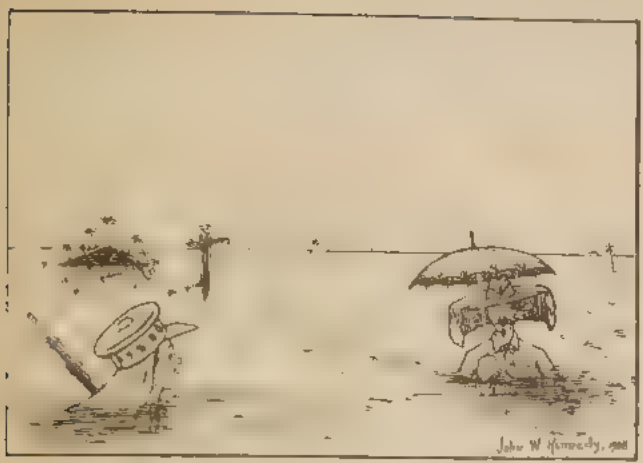
with a throw of 139 ft. 8 in., and W. H. Bleaden (Oxford) the Long Jump with 22 ft. 3 in., Bellerby and Williams, the latter another St Lawrence boy, being second and third. A curious and disappointing thing (for Cambridge) about the Hammer was that Lindsay Watson, the Cambridge "first string," actually threw over 150 ft., thus beating record, but was disqualified for getting out of the circle. Michie, whose muscular development would delight Sandow, took the Weight for Cambridge with a throw of 37 ft. 2½ in., and S. P. L. Lloyd—a third representative of St. Lawrence, Ramsgate—again bagged the Mile for Oxford, in 4 min. 29⅘.

Hallows, late of Felsted, for the third year, won the Three Miles for Oxford. This was the best race of the day, worth going a hundred miles to see, for Hallows encountered a stern opponent in Edwards, the Cambridge cross-country runner. Edwards has fine stamina, but can't sprint at the finish like Hallows, who is essentially a path runner. Edwards, well aware of this, made the pace very hot, hoping to shake off Hallows and render his final sprint futile, but Cator, the Oxford "second string," hung grimly on to his man and never let him get far ahead. Hallows won in 14 min. 53⅘—and to show what a cracking pace Edwards set him it may be mentioned that this time has only been bettered by one other 'Varsity Three-Miler, F. S. Horan, in '93 and '95.

Cambridge therefore won by 6 events to 4. A veteran official of the London Athletic Club, who has seen all the great runners of the last forty years, told me he was most impressed with the performance of T. H. Just, in the Half-Mile. "That lad," he said—he called them all lads, and I have picked up the term from him—"is fit to run any amateur in the world. I hope to see him again in the Olympic Games at Shepherd's Bush." Discussing the Hammer, and the chances of Stevens and Lindsay-Watson in the "Games," my old friend looked doubtful. "There's an American," he said, "who will throw 180 ft. if he comes."

The Lame Dog Brigade. Miss Lilian Bowyer, of The Woodlands, Chelford, wishes to thank the various Captainites who have sent her packets of stamps for a charity in which she is interested. Several donors preferred to remain anonymous, and Miss Bowyer wishes particularly to acknowledge the kindness of those people. She has now made £27 by her stamp sales. This lady is a leader of what I call the lame dog brigade, and she is engaged in a very worthy work which must bring her great happiness. Of course you all know Kingsley's lines:

> Do the thing that's nearest,
> Though it's dull awhiles,
> Helping, when you meet them,
> Lame dogs over stiles.



SCENE: EQUATORIAL AFRICA. PERIOD RAINY SEASON.

BRITISH TOURIST: "I say, Sam, I'll come over to your side of the road. It seems shallower."

AMERICAN DITTO: "I guess you'd better stay where you are, John. I'm the outside passenger on the Mail 'bus."

"Moonshining."—I asked Mr. Bridges, the author of "The Heart of the Swamp," to favour me with an explanation of this term. He writes as follows: "In most States of the American Union the Liquor Laws are most stringent. In many places the sale of alcohol is absolutely prohibited; in others there is 'High Licence'—that is a publican has to pay £300 to £500 a year for the privilege of keeping a saloon. Consequently there is a vast deal of illicit distilling. It is a regular underground trade. Up in the wild mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, and down in the vast swamps of Georgia and Florida, little bands of desperate men pursue their illegal calling, distilling a potent white spirit from maize, and carrying it from their unknown haunts on mule back or by flat boat. As the carrying is done principally on moonlight nights, the traffic has become known as 'moonshining'; and American moonshiners are the craftiest law breakers with whom revenue officers in any part of the world have to contend."

To would-be Journalists. "J. D.," a young journalist who reads THE CAPTAIN, says that he thoroughly endorses all that I recently wrote about journalism, although he thinks my description of the journalist's lot was rather more favourable than the reality would prove to be. He proceeds:

> The salary paid to a junior reporter on a country newspaper would, I imagine, be [illegible] than £1 a week at the start. It was certainly a very much smaller amount in my own case. Then again, the hours are often long and irregular, and a journalist has to be out in the worst of weather. This specially applies to athletic engagements. A football match on a wet day is not a very pleasant function to attend. The players may not suffer much discomfort, but it is otherwise with the unfortunate individual who has to spend an hour and a half wandering round the touch-line. Sometimes, of course, shelter can be found, but many enclosures are devoid of any building, the dressing-room being located some distance away. Of course, there is a bright side to the life of a junior. He has often to report a concert or other entertainment, and in the summer there are worse occupations than watching a cricket match. Still, the work is hard, and, moreover, there is no "Sunday off" for the reporter.

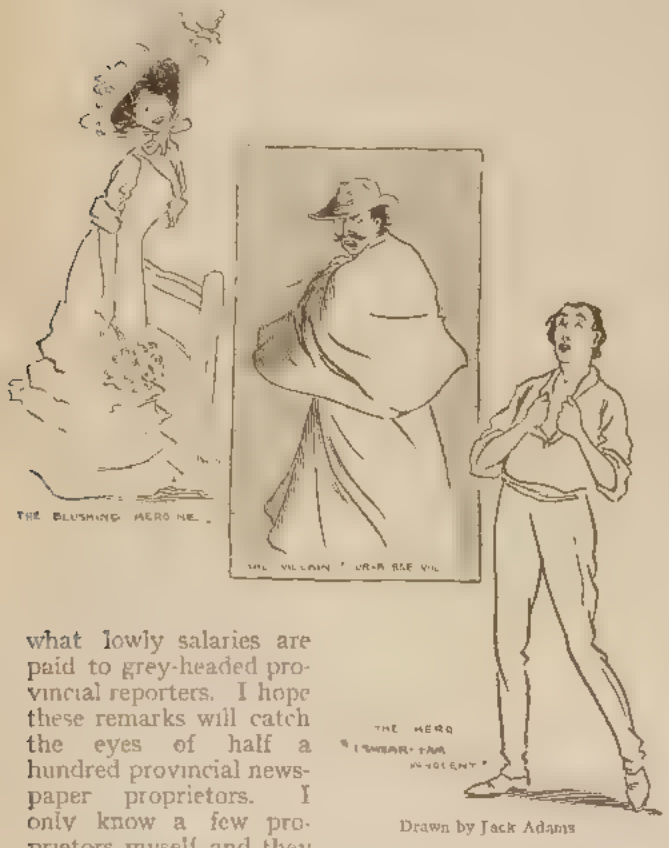
Yes, it is a hard life, requiring a quick pencil, a stout heart, and thick boots, in addition to natural ability. I don't know why country reporters are paid such low salaries, for they are very deserving members of the community. People in the country delight to read reports of the various shows and concerts in the local paper, and to see their names in print, and yet the young fellow who puts these accounts together so

GOLFER (*to* PAT, *who has been hit with golf ball*) "When I say 'fore,' it's a sign that you should get out of the way."

PAT: "Oh is it? Well whin Oi say 'foive' it's a soign you're goin' ter git 'it on the nose. 'Foive!'"

neatly (and tactfully) receives, according to my correspondent, considerably less than £1 a week at the start! Well, no one can expect to make very much money when he starts in a profession, but he naturally considers himself deserving of a living wage as he becomes proficient in it. My readers would be surprised if they heard what lowly salaries are paid to grey-headed provincial reporters. I hope these remarks will catch the eyes of half a hundred provincial newspaper proprietors. I only know a few proprietors myself, and they pay their men very well, but there are others.

SOME STAGE CHARACTERS WE ALL KNOW



Drawn by Jack Adams

New Howlers. The latest additions to our stock of howlers are sent by "Dover Captainite," as follows:

In Palestine *leopards* had to go away from a town and when they saw any one to cry out "Unclean."

A Sunday school teacher had read to the class "Eschew evil and do good. Seek peace and ensue it." She then asked a child to repeat it, and the young hopeful said, "Chew evil, for it is good. Seek pieces of suet."

These howlers read quite genuine, and they cause the reflection that millions of children are constantly using words of which they do not understand the meaning. I know an elocution master who seldom passes over a longish word without asking his pupils whether they understand its meaning. The other day he told me that out of a class of twenty, many of them adults, only four understood the meaning of the word *omniscient*. It would be a good thing if teachers took more care over this matter. As one of our CAPTAIN Club writers remarked, in a little poem he recently submitted, a good deal more trouble is taken in schools to teach Latin and Greek and French than a language which is much nearer home and far more important than these, viz., English. The elocution master I refer to above told me that the ignorance of supposedly well-educated people is astonishing. (He is a very practical fellow, and mixes up a lot of information with his instruction on pronouncement and delivery.) For example, he was talking one day about Scott, and to his horror found that only a few of his class—many of them adults, as I have said—had heard of "The Talisman," and that not one of them had read the book!

L.C.C. Scholarships.—The London County Council has recently been devoting considerable attention to the establishment of trade scholarships for boys. These scholarships are intended to offer to boys who are about the age of thirteen or fourteen opportunities of going through courses of technical instruction at polytechnics and technical institutes, with a view to qualifying themselves for some skilled occupation.

Boys who desire to become engineers may compete for scholarships at the technical institutes at Paddington and Poplar and at the Borough Polytechnic. Boys who wish to enter the building trades may compete for the scholarships at the Council's Building Trade Schools at Brixton or the new Beaufoy Institute at Kennington. Boys who prefer the woodwork industries may try for the scholarships at the Shoreditch Technical Institute or at the School of Art Woodcarving.

Other trades are also provided for at the Central [illegible] Arts [illegible], where boys can learn silversmithing, and at the Borough Polytechnic [illegible] are given in the printing trades, leather trades, and other industries. Scholarships in gardening are also offered, tenable at the Royal Botanic [illegible] in Regent's Park.

The above scholarships carry with them free instruction at the technical school, together with maintenance grants of £10 for the first year and £15 for the second or succeeding years. They are confined to boys who reside within the area of the County of London.

Any who desire further information on these scholarships should apply to the Executive Officer, L.C.C. Education Department, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

The late Duke of Devonshire came of a family renowned for its imperturbability. Nothing, as far as I can gather, seemed to excite him. He was never unduly depressed or elated, and went through life surveying everything with a very calm eye. He gave evidence of his coolness at a very early date in his career. The delivery of a maiden speech in the House of Commons is generally regarded as a fearsome ordeal, and it will be recollected by some of my older readers that Disraeli made such a hash of his maiden effort that the other members actually jeered at him. Disraeli, smarting under their sarcasm, ended with the defiant words (I quote from memory), "One day you will listen to me!" And it came true!

The Duke, I gather from one of his biographers, was about twenty-four when he first spoke in the House, and was then plain Mr. Cavendish. He got up in the coolest manner imaginable and proceeded to drone out certain innocuous observations for the space of five minutes, and in the middle of his speech actually *yawned*. Disraeli was there, and was much struck by the speaker's perfect self-possession. "He'll do," was the great statesman's comment when young Cavendish sat down.

"Best Twelve Stories in Volume XVIII."—This competition resulted as follows. As usual, the author of the leading story, Mr. Cecil Edmunds, will receive a volume on the flyleaf of which his victory will be recorded in suitable terms.

(1) The Fight of the Four Ships
(2) Up a Tree
(3) The Buckskin Shirt
(4) A Stolen Gallop.
(5) The Turn of the Road
(6) The Rescue
(7) The Luck of Captain Jones.
(8) The Great Rag
(9) Tom's Walk
(10) On the Sands.
(11) The King of the Creek
(12) On the Tiles

"Twelve Most Popular Proverbs."—Out of a total of upwards of two

THE MIGHTY RAM OF THE "ATALANTA" CAUGHT HER RIGHT AMIDSHIPS
(A picture from "The Fight of the Four Ships")

hundred more or less well-known proverbs mentioned by competitors the following are in order the twelve which received the most votes:

(1) A stitch in time saves nine
(2) A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.
(3) All is not gold that glitters.
(4) Too many cooks spoil the broth
(5) A rolling stone gathers no moss
(6) Honesty is the best policy
(7) It is never too late to mend
(8) Time and tide wait for no man
(9) A miss is as good as a mile
(10) Look before you leap
(11) Rome was not built in a [illegible]
(12) Where there's a will there [illegible] way

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Ambitious."—It is very difficult indeed to earn money at home. It is quite clear that if money could be earned at home at any special work, nothing like so many people would go to business

"THE RULING PASSION"
Drawn by Joseph Taylor

In your case, I should say that your only way of making money would be by coaching some one for an examination. A brief advertisement in the local paper might bring you a pupil or two. Your question is a bit vague, but after you have passed the Oxford Senior you ought certainly to be competent to take a junior mastership. Such posts are to be obtained through scholastic agents, such as Messrs. J. and J. Paton, 143 Cannon Street, E.C. and Messrs. Truman and Knightley, 6 Holles Street, Cavendish Square, W.

What to Be.—"Devonian" is one of the numerous correspondents that are for ever asking my advice as to their future. Much as I should like to help him, it is next to impossible. His friends are in a better position to judge of his capabilities than I. He and all such inquirers should get a book called "Vocations for our Sons," price 2s. 6d., published by T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace, London. Any bookshop will order it for them. "Devonian" seems to be pretty smart at his books, so possibly a job in the Higher division of the Civil Service would suit him.

O. H.—"The White Feather" was written by Mr. P. G. Wodehouse. The nearest bookseller will get it for you (3s. 6d. published by Messrs. A. and C. Black). "Green at Greyhouse" will be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall this summer, price 6s. I agree with you that Devines was "the best of the lot," though Butt was a good sport, mind you. "The Lost Island" will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in the autumn. Any bookseller will book orders for these works.

Back Numbers.—R. M. D., and other people who want to get back numbers of THE CAPTAIN to complete their sets, should advertise in our "Miscellaneous Advertisements" column the charge for which is threepence a word. We only heard the other day from a reader who, owing to special circumstances, has to get rid of all his books, among them every number of THE CAPTAIN, the first nine volumes being bound.

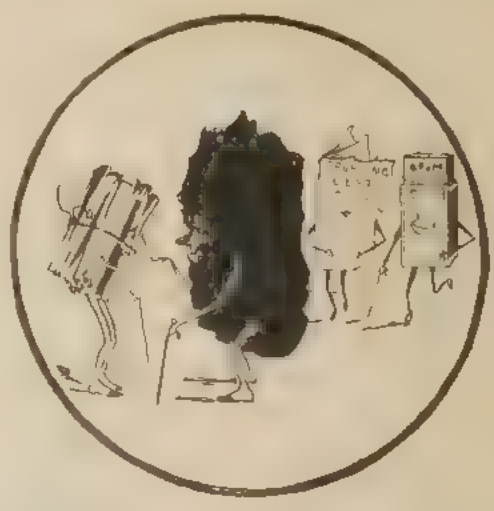
Christabel.—"Raffles" is the principal character in "The Amateur Cracksman" by E. W. Hornung—obtainable everywhere. I have modified my opinion about the new game for girls "with a racquet and bouncing ball," since so many girls have rapped me over the knuckles for expressing the same. Your writing is quite girlish. Few people could mistake it for that of a boy. . . Now go out and play hockey, and *don't* hit the German governess on the ankle instead of the ball!

"Whitgiftian" points out that we misquoted the motto of Whitgift Grammar School on the coat-of-arms forming the heading to "Green at Greyhouse" (March). We proffer a thousand apologies—it was quite an oversight. The motto should have read—*Vincit qui patitur* ("He conquers who endures"). We should add that we did not borrow this motto from Whitgift particularly, as it occurs on quite a number of armorial bearings.

C. Andrews.—Very glad to hear from you, and to know that an American boy likes THE CAPTAIN so much. I am afraid I cannot very well print your verses, although I appreciate the sentiment of them. You are not very old to write poetry yet, you see, Cyril. If you buy THE CAPTAIN, or if it is bought for you, you can be a member of the Club.

"Rangerton" lets loose as follows: "After what I have read of you, I don't quite know how to picture you. If you are like some of the pictures, you must be a queer old chap—excuse me, won't you!—but there is one thing, whatever you look like, you must have something in you, to bring out a mag. like THE CAPTAIN."

W. H. M. says: "I was educated at a Scotch day school, and am confident that for sound education, breadth of character, and public (not public



COAL: "I say, Wood, here come our chums, Paper and Matches. Let's go and have a flare up.

Drawn by R. West

school) spirit, day schools can easily hold their [illegible] world—is maintained."

Sixth Former (St. Peter's College, Adelai[illegible] [illegible] and cricketers are a fine-looking lot. Am interested in the photo of Mr. Girdlestone, the old [illegible]

A. A. K.—I am pleased and inter[illegible] [illegible] ers. The Church is in great nee[illegible] [illegible] can spend his life better than in devoting himself to her service.

Defou.—I think you are allowing this friendship affair to bother you too much. It is exceedingly hard for me, a stranger, to pass judgment on such a matter. I am glad you have got a new friend whom you like, and I hope all will go well with you in the future.

From an Irish Boy: "I admire your magazine particularly for its broad minded policy as it doesn't tread on anybody's toes; and it is wonderful what a lot of pithy information (apart from the regular stories) you manage to cram between its covers."—Thank you, young sir.

H. M. C.—The ideas of your sketches are good, but the execution indifferent. You say they are "re-drawn." If this means that you have copied the pictures from the work of another artist, you must understand that this is illegal.

"Wee Macgregor," a recent "CAPTAIN Club" contributor, in writing for his book, confides to me that he stands 6 ft. 7 in. in height. ("Down, Bask! down, sir!") I expect "Wee Macgregor" is our tallest reader. If not, let his rivals spe[illegible]

K. Laurence. We cannot reproduce pencil sketches, but I have nailed up your portrait of the O.F. over my mantelpiece.

F. G. Patrick. Competitions of that kind are hard to think of. We are always glad of suggestions for ingenious competitions. **R. V. Powell** (18), Camden Cottage, Brecon, wants to correspond with a German boy. R. V. P. proposes to write in German, and wants replies in English, each correcting the other's mistakes. **A. MacNicol**, 64 Mount Pleasant Road, Lewisham, wants to meet a German youth, about fifteen, in his neighbourhood, with whom he could keep up his German, giving in return instruction in English or shorthand. **"Puzzled."** They are one and the same! **H. L. T.**—I receive so many letters, that I forget your former one. Send a stamped envelope, and repeat your queries. **A. Dilnot.**—We have already dealt with "sensations under chloroform." **D. Eden.**—The tail of your cur tale is not bad, but the rest is indifferent. **Francis A. Williams**, Summerland, British Columbia, would like to hear from other Captainites in Canada, and especially from a chess-player. **S. H. Cowen** (hope that's right).—C.C. [illegible] **Marjorie.** You are very young to write poetry, but I do not care to take upon myself the responsibility of telling people to "stop." You must do as the spirit moves you. The fragment you enclose is no good for the little CAPTAIN. **G. K. Perry.**—I have too much respect for pine-trees to publish your essay. Send a paper about something not quite so destructive. **Perplexed.**—There was no harm at all in your talking to the boys. If your parents are satisfied with your explanation, you need not trouble yourself further about any other opinions that may be expressed as to your conduct.

Have you got your copy of

Clink-a-Wink,

the school song with a jolly chorus, and ending with a step-dance?

Words from "Green at Greyhouse." Music by Cyril Millard.

Price 1s. 4d. post free from THE CAPTAIN Office, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from "A Patriotic Captainian," C. H. Lefebure, H. Anderson, J. W. Cox, Muriel Applegate, F. Spring, S. F. Flower, D. Buckwell, Bernard Duggan, Rugby Captainite, L. I. Hornman, F. D. Young, Annie J. Parry, Tom Davies, E. C. A. Taglis, Would-be Magister, A. H. G. Chatterton, David Black, R. S. Hodges, Gerald E. Mathews, F. T. Williams, F. S. Phillips, Joan F. Young, C. Peers, W. S. Strachan, Alec. Warbey, "White Fire," "Anglias," "Christopher."

The Old Fag's Money-box Fund.—I beg to acknowledge the following amounts: H. D. Rice, [illegible] Rosinante," 2s. 6d.; "Ludensian," 2s.; [illegible] Ferris, 6d.

Solutions to Chess Problems in March Number. [illegible] Q mate; if 1 . . . P [illegible] B6ch [illegible]; 3B6—B7 mate; if 1 . . . K [illegible] Q [illegible] Pch K×Q; 3B—K4 mate; if 1 . . . any other, [illegible] No. [illegible] if 1 . . . K× [illegible] K [illegible], 2Kt—Q5ch any; 3B or Q mates. [illegible] . . . P—B7; 2Q×P any; 3Kt or Q mates. If 1 . . . P—Kt5; 2Q—R6 any; 3Kt or Q mates. If 1 . . . R—QB8 or any other; 2Q—B5 any; 3Kt mates at Q5 or Kt4. No. 28—1Q—Kt1. End game No. 4—1P—K4; if 1 . . . P—R6; 2B×P P—R7; 3B—R8 (not Kt7) P—R8 becomes Q; 4P—K5ch K moves; 5B×Q and wins.

THE OLD FAG.

"Captain" Badges may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to: Badge Department, "The Captain," 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C. The badge may also be had in silver for Two Shillings, styles 1 and 3 only.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"What would you do with £5?"

One age limit: Twenty-one.

THE PRIZE OF £5 HAS BEEN DIVIDED BETWEEN: (£1 each) Kathleen S. Wilson, The Rectory, Tackley, Oxford; Winifred Elsie Phillips, 44 Ryelands Road, Leominster, (55 each) Kate G. Chidgey, Grove Cottage, Wanstead; George G. Hopkins, 122 Mill Street, Kidderminster, J. R. Hill, 29 Seedley Road, Pendleton, Manchester; Phyllis Dacre, 9 Mount Pleasant, Ilkley, Yorks, E. S. Roden, Calabria Newton Abbot, South Devon; H. C. Lewis, All Saints' School, Bloxham, Banbury; Mollie Anderson, [illegible] Tarnings, Wooler, Northumberland; Stephen Fry, Glenbourne Manor, West End, Hants, Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley Avenue West Norwood, S.E.; Dorothy Paterson, 11 Regent Square, [illegible] Chorlton Road, Manchester; Nora Marjorie Whittington-Ince, Wormington Rectory, Broadway, Worcestershire.

No. II. "Pictorial Competition."

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: Robert E. Spencer, 6 Foxmore Street, Battersea, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. E. Clifton Bernard Belton, Joseph Taylor, E. C. Hughes, B. V. Slater, C. Meadows, Arthur Balfour, Ernest Casemine, Jessie Harris, L. McKinnon, James Clayton, Alfred Judd, H. H. Devey, G. T. Gooney, F. R. Jelley, C. N. Etches, H. [illegible] hurst Vincent Duffy, W. H. Sheppard, G. F. Knowles, L. J. Wakefield, Fred. Torr.

No. III. "Twelve Most Popular Proverbs."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF H. GRADIDGE AND SONS: H. Smith, 32 Burnt Ash Hill, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. de Jongh, 47 [illegible] Brereton Street, New Clee, Grimsby.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith E. Woodover, Herbert Winslow, Harry Whitelegg, Gladys Parrott, Elsie M. Punnett, J. B. Greaves, F. J. Neal, W. Neilson, Frank Rastrick, Muriel M. R. Greenhill, L. Cheesman, G. T. Veasey, T. N. Febery, G. H. Bottomley, Charles Wakeford, A. O. Pearson, A. P. Linnell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF PRIZES AS ABOVE: Stanley Hoatson, The Manse, King Street, Leek, Staffs., A. Mansell, 122 Vicarage Road, Wolverhampton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Gerald S. Meares, 5 Esplanade Road, South Cliff, Scarborough; Colin Tomlinson, Rossmoyne, Malone Park, Belfast; R. Genders, 219 Abbeyfield Road, Pitsmoor, Sheffield; Harold Gardner, 11 Kirk Lane, Pumstead, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Toon, A. F. Realy, W. H. Tathan, F. S. Phillips, D. B. Leonard, T. Prentice, J. P. Stuart-Corbett, Edgar Gill, P. A. Mainstone, Morley Ewins, K. L. Ballard, Eric Hyden, Arthur Shaw, C. W. Flower, F. W. Perks, F. G. Roles, H. Bolton, R. W. Green, E. W. Milsom.

No. IV. "Painting Competitions."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF WATER-COLOURS OR DRAWING INSTRUMENTS BY GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.: Victor Alexander, 97 Joppa Road, Joppa, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Nicol Gray, 15 Trongate, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Douglas J. Honer, Richard J. Dobinson, N. C. Millington, Alex. Whitelaw, H. F. Mander, Ida M. Whittier.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Edward Watt, Lyne of Skene, Dunecht, Aberdeen, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Cornelia C. Keble, Lockinge Rectory, Wantage, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. R. Birks, R. Twinberrow, T. V. Staub, Gerald Sanders, Francis W. Mathew, D. M. Berry, E. C. W. Broughton.

No. V.—"What's Wrong."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF HALF-A-GUINEA'S WORTH OF CHESS BOOKS AND SONS: L. A. Harrap, 32 Therapia Road, Honor Oak, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. A. Ireland, 27 Holwood Road, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. W. Smith, R. N. Shapley, J. W. Wood, L. Hammond, W. H. Sheppard, B. A. McManus, J. A. Dickson, L. Watson, M. Fleming, H. Lambs, N. Wilks, M. Lillis, F. J. Ewins, Z. Smith, G. A. Mansfield, P. Purcell, C. K. Wathen, C. Allcock, W. Mycroft, E. P. Lightfoot, G. Butler, R. J. Drury, J. D. Stewart, J. H. Gamble.

CLASS II. (Age limit: sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Vivian Staub, 2 Highfield Place, Manningham, Bradford, Yorks.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: B. J. Stacey, Fairview, London Road, Toub[illegible], Reginald Mead, The Grammar School, Burton-on-Trent; G. I. Williams, West Street, Fishguard, Pembrokeshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. R. Eyden, K. MacKay, M. [illegible] P. Dighton, R. Brockie, C. Wedgwood, A. Winning, [illegible] D. Baird, L. H. Jull, G. G. Hopkins, N. Biersteker, [illegible] H. Brooke, A. J. Leakey, R. A. Walters, M. C. Breeze, L. Knowles, Frank Taylor, R. W. Strugnell, W. M. Yool, W. P. Brooks, F. [illegible] Williamson, W. M. Inman, O. R. Titherley, F. W. Perks, S. Hoatson, C. Kettle, A. Smith, J. L. Boyton, E. H. Bonney.

No. VI.—"Twelve Best Stories in Volume XVIII."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT BY BENETFINK AND CO.: Alex. Scott, Jnr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Bird, Mabel Wilson, W. E. Rastrick, E. Neels, J. J. Whittle, E. R. Smith.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: J. A. McMeeking, 15 Chipstone Avenue, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leonard H. Allen, 14 Calverley Park Crescent, Tunbridge Wells, J. G. Cunliffe, 42 Garden Lane, Bootle, near Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. S. Joseph, A. J. Parry, S. North, L. Ehrmann, J. D. Stewart, G. M. Paffard, N. W. Caldwell, A. P. Linnell, H. McDonald, G. H. Bottomley, G. S. Phaip, P. Stone, E. Springett, C. K. Wathen, D. N. Went, N. Heron, C. Allcock, P. M. Williams, T. W. Owen.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: F. S. Phillips, 98 Truro Road, Wood Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. T. Jones, Chauntry House, Beaumaris; Alfred Cowles, 4 Augustine Terrace, Littlehampton; C. W. Miller, 373 Mosely, Birmingham, F. W. Wright, 212 Well Street, South Hackney, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. W. Oldham, C. Ford, J. Ll. Jones, T. C. Fletcher, S. Wyatt, E. D. Doring, Frank Dixon, H. W. Darnley, A. D. Watson, F. A. G. Verinder, W. M. Yool, H. G. Sandercock, [illegible] C. T. Brading, K. Woods, P. C. Drake, W. Jameson, E. A. Peers, S. B. Moody, C. Ryder.

Foreign and Colonial Readers. (January.)

WINNERS OF 52.: (II.) J. C. McDonald, Niagara, St. Kilda's Road, Melbourne, Australia; (V.) A. C. Cross, P.O. Box 219, Pretoria, Transvaal; (VI.) Beau Gammell, 39 Cecil Street, Toronto, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (II.) A. G. Allison (India), D. F. Grahame (Canada), K. C. Burness (Canada), G. N. Cross (Transvaal), F. B. Bissett (Transvaal), S. A. Metcalfe (Canada), B. F. Maubey (Canada), A. C. Tydeman (Transvaal), W. P. S. Milsted (India); (V.) M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), Winnie Vine (Jamaica), A. Ball (India), W. Buggawurra (Australia), Stanley R. Alston (Australia); (VI.) H. W. Johnson (Canada), W. G. Tully (Cape Colony).

Chess Competitions (Volume XVIII.).

£1 11s 6d HAS BEEN DIVIDED BETWEEN: G. W. Chandler, Charles Salt, G. C. Alvery, H. J. Allport, C. S. Kipping, W. J. Juleff, H. Shaw, C. R. Grieve, each of whom obtained the maximum of twenty-eight marks, and P. A. Reed, who came next with twenty-seven.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer: a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Cox's Cough-Drops," "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The Head of Kay's," "The White Feather," "The Duffer," "The Life Adventurous" (John Mackie).

Comments on the March Competitions.

[illegible] Results

[illegible]

No. III. See "Editorial."

[illegible]

[illegible] could not be removed from cruet. Lid of sardine-tin did not corre-[illegible]

[illegible] picture there were five mistakes, viz., smith's hammer was too [illegible]

[illegible]

The attention of all readers is invited to advertisement p. [illegible], where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

THE SUMMER SUN

[illegible] THE BARRIER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIX JUNE, 1908 No. 111

IN THE KING'S NAME

By TRAVACE REAY Illustrated by A. J. GOUGH

I.

AS the church clock querulously clanked the hour of ten on a February night of the year 1716, a mounted horseman turned off the highway to the bridlepath across Loneham Moor, steering for Midhampton village. The rider was young, near twenty, and built naturally for the saddle—long legged, short-bodied, and thick-chested. Matt Swinburn was anything but effeminate, yet so soon as he was alone on the moor wastes he dropped the bridle, shut his face in his hands, and wept like a woman

Well he might, though those who had seen him receive his father's letter from the London post at Lichfield village, would have been astounded at this disruption of his demeanour. For, there at the inn when he opened and read the missive, only a white face, twitching fingers, and a tenseness in voice and movement as he paid his charges and said his good-night might have suggested he had sustained ill news

And they were uncommonly ill Thus:

"At the sign of the White Hart,
London Town

"MY DEAREST MATT, I have failed. All is lost. There is no mercy for us from this grim German king. No audience is to be conceded, that a plain Northumbrian gentleman might pour out his plea. He refuses to think that loyalty can live in Northumberland. Alas! what hope of clemency might we commoners have when our eminent neighbour, my Lord of Derwentwater, good and gallant, has had the gates of mercy shut in his face, and the requirement made that he shall requite his folly upon Tower Hill. Our friends have done their best, but the ill-repute of our county has closed the king's ears against the cries of any of its natives. Alas! Matt, ours is to be a sorrowing house. Your bonny brother, my blue-eyed son, is to die. His warrant has been signed, sealed, and despatched. Some time I shall follow home. Just now strength fails me. Maybe soon I shall be with my bit lad for ever. Play you the man, Matt; your father cannot.

"POSTSCRIPT.—I have heard Tony Dodd is like to receive a pardon. The Dodds of Brokenheugh had always friends in high places."

So Matt Swinburn had need to sorrow. His father had failed in his mission to St. James's begging mercy toward his younger son Nichol, captured after Preston fight, convicted of high treason at the Assizes, and condemned to the savage and shameful death of being hanged, drawn, and quartered in Repton market place.

Nichol Swinburn's father and elder brother, Matt, had both remained loyal to the Hanoverians. Apart from their being Protestants, to whom the prospective change in the national church would be eminently unpalatable, the Swinburns had small cause to support the Stuarts. In the Great Rebellion their house had been steadfastly Royalist, spending life and money to oppose Cromwell and his Roundheads. The Commonwealth saw their lands taken from them. The Restoration brought small restitution. The Stuarts had ever short memories for service, and always better appreciation of flattery than of fidelity.

The Swinburns had been faithful, and foremost with their arms. They only asked back their own, and asked it bluntly. The Dodds of Brokenheugh, their neighbours, had given service, too—mostly with the tongue. Their prayer was made in facile manner. They asked more than their own, to wit, the greater share of the Swinburn lands as well—and got them.

Consequently, enmity had ensued between the neighbours from that day. Swinburns and Dodds were always on opposite sides. So, when James Stuart made his bold bid for the English crown in the autumn of '15, it was like Anthony Dodd, when the Swinburns stood aloof, to trust his luck under the Pretender's standard, and like his vigilant vindictiveness to attaint the Swinburns also. He did that through the boy Nichol, meeting him as he returned from a stay at Alnwick before his father had counselled him. Anthony's oily tongue could slide any way round the truth, and from sheer malice he had told the boy, full of youth's spirit of romance and adventure, that his people had declared for the Pretender, and the lad, thinking to follow his father, had declared as well.

The end, of course, was dismal and disastrous failure. Preston fight scattered the Jacobite army. Nichol fought like a stalwart, yet had come through scatheless. Had he fled as others did, his father would have been able to smuggle him abroad on some Tyne trader. But the lad was leal to the false friend who had lured him. Tony Dodd had been hit; Nichol would not desert him. He must needs hamper his own flight with a wounded man. They had both been taken at Repton; both tried and condemned to die at the same hour and place.

Thus the bitterest blow yet had now fallen. Tony Dodd was like to be spared, while the boy must be sacrificed to appease kingly and national panic.

In the same hour that he received news of his son's plight, Squire Swinburn had hurried straight south to London. Matt came southward, too, stopping to comfort his brother. He meant to stay by him to the end, and only left for his uncle's place at Midhampton when Nichol begged him go "I shall bear it better, Matt, lad," the dauntless boy had said, "if thou'lt go. Shame enough for a Swinburn to suffer such an end without another Swinburn standing by to see"

Matt waited, then, at Midhampton for news from his father. The news had come Nichol Swinburn was to die the following morning at eight of the clock. Tony Dodd, very like, was even then preening himself upon his power in high places.

The moor was still, almost silent—just a rasping as the wind rustled the dry herbage, an occasional night-bird's cry, and the insistent jug-a-jug of Rover as he jogged along the bridlepath.

A lapwing wailed, an owl hooted, and following the two natural noises came one weird and uncanny—a gasping, gurgling, human cry: "Help! Help!"

Matt was a skilled huntsman. He trained his ear, and when the cry was repeated, marked the direction. A touch of the spur and he was at the place—a dip in the bridlepath where a brook was crossed. The voice hailed his approach, "Help! In the King's name!"

A queer, shadowy bulk lay huddled at the ford. Matt dismounted and ran forward, his keen eyes having discerned its nature. A horse lay sprawling at the muddy edge; a man lay within the water, resting on elbow to save himself from drowning.

"What's downed your horse? Tripped? Or foundered, maybe."

"Neither," was the response, warm in spite of the speaker being immersed in freezing water. "A 'roarer,' that's what he was. Got him from a plaguey rogue of a postmaster these five miles gone. By Joseph! I'll have him before the Justices. To give me, his Majesty's messenger, such a sorry crock in the King's name! I was away before I spotted the knavery and daren't spare time to take him back. His heart burst here—dropped just as ye see him. Knew this for a short road round, and know it now for the loneliest I've ever travelled. Lain here from sunset and never a soul come near. A-ah! 'ware what's left of my leg!"

This last when Matt heaved the carcase off him with a lusty haul.

"Bruised?" asked Matt.

"No, broken," was the laconic response, "same as a Jacobite's neck is like to be all through that plaguey roarer. Say, young sir, are you loyal? because I'm going to test your loyalty. See me here, Bill Huymer, King's rider, done my best, always do, and they always expect me. Maybe there's mercy in sparing a Jacobite's neck even at the eleventh hour, but I wish my royal master would melt his heart somewhat sooner, for I tell you there's small mercy in being sent to ride the length of the kingdom fire-for-leather. Well, seems to me they've cut it just too fine this time. Anyhow, Bill will do his duty, which is to hand his documents into your charge and bid you in the King's name ride and deliver them into the hands of the High Sheriff at Repton before the clock strikes eight to-morrow."

Matt's cheeks fired till they would have

"HALT! HAND

lit tinder. However, the night hid his confusion

For whom is the reprieve?" he stammered

"A certain gentleman named Dodd, his friends said, as they filled my boots with guineas."

Matt groaned

"Hullo! don't fail the ride?

Matt remained speechless: he dared not say what tumult the demand had roused in his breast

"My lad," warned Huymer solemnly "with impeachments common as clay-holes in the land, these are not the times to defy the King's command as uttered by me Bill Huymer, his Majesty's fastest rider.'

"Give me the pardon. I'll go," Matt hoarsely assented.

That's sensible," approved Bill. "Here she is.' and he thrust a bulky parchment into Matt's hands Ride like the wind lad. Change as often as your mount grows slack. You are entitled to the postmaster's best by showing the King's seal. Up ye get and off. 'Ware roarers! For'ard away!"

The messenger's cheer sent the fire into Matt's blood. His manhood demanded the effort, so he leapt into Rover's saddle, gripped the girths grimly with his knees, and let the horse to his pace. Rover was glad to spin. He had done little since the journey from Northumberland. He was like to have his fill still, nothing to what his master must endure Highroads were mere ruts in those days

The prospect was enough to daunt any brave heart—a night ride of a hundred odd miles with time limit set. And for such a purpose—to save Anthony Dodd!

Two circumstances were fortunate sufficient moonlight to read the road which the frost was fast drying to stiff sponginess that made grand elastic going

He was passing the lights of Midhampton village before he realised that the simple, self-sacrificing King's rider had neglected to

remind him send succour to himself, who had lain hours in freezing water.

Consequently, Matt spent a few moments in rooting villagers out of the tavern. He sent some across the moor to the injured man, and one to the Hall to inform his uncle that he had ridden north on King's business. Which would cheer his uncle, who was an ardent loyalist.

Eleven o'clock struck as he reached the main road and faced northward. Nine hours in which to ride a hundred-and-two miles!

Rover was in excellent form, and the keen frosted air invigorated both horse and man. So the first ten miles passed under Rover's swift striking feet like a torrent under a bridge.

Then came a stretch of high waste land, almost treeless and shelterless, yet firm and hard in the roadbed. As one mechanism Rover and Matt breasted the undulating moor road, Matt crouching to help cut the headwind.

Only one of the many inclines was steep enough to bring them to a walk. They had almost crested it when a voice, raucous as the tones of a carrion crow, cried: "*Halt! Hands up!*"

II.

Matt was riding with head and hat-brim down to keep the icy wind out of his eyes He looked up to see two masked horsemen barring his way.

To resist were worse than reckless. So up went his hands, he protesting: "I have no money. I am only a King's messenger carrying his Majesty's pardon."

"I'm smoked if ye are, my fine gentleman," retorted the chief of the night riders. "I'm the king—of this road—and I've neither pardon nor messengers out, though, you'll observe, I'm ready to send some," he added meaningly, as he clicked his pistol triggers. "Get down, Peter, and prove him a liar."

The other highwayman dismounted and approached Matt. Matt set teeth in lip Here was a pretty go. True enough, he had no money, but these rascals would take his horse. The next post-house was miles away. To walk was to put Tony Dodd's chances in jeopardy. The horse must be saved

"My purse is in the holster. You'll need unbuckle it," he advised the searcher.

The rogue applied two hands to the task Next instant Matt's clenched fist, with added impetus as he slouched flat on Rover's neck, smashed like a sledgehammer on the cut-purse's cropped pate. Like part of the same movement, the "King's" pistol spat out a rod of fire and drummed a detonation into Matt's ears. But the bullet blundered past into the wastes beyond, for Matt had caused Rover to spring aside by a touch of the spur. Another made him charge forward, and, as he did so, a second pistol exploded in his face.

A hideous tremor shook the gallant horse. He dropped stiff in his tracks. With superhuman agility, Matt kicked his feet free of the stirrups and leapt forward. His outstretched hands grabbed the highwayman round the middle. They crashed to the frozen ground together. Both were strong, staminal men, but Matt's muscles had the phancy of youth on their side. By sheer celerity, he twisted a pistol from his opponent's grasp, and laid it viciously upon his skull

The "monarch" now lay stunned and fallen; Matt was "King" of the road. He would fain have dragged his captives at his heels, yet time and opportunity did not allow of it. A glance told him Rover had borne him for the last time. "Another life better than his own sacrificed to Tony Dodd's," was his bitter and sorrowing thought.

As the conqueror, Matt had his choice of nags. He took the King's—an insignificant-looking grey beast, yet, so soon as he was in the saddle, Matt knew he had found an equine treasure. Superior far to Rover's was the grey's swinging gait, a stride easy and regular, which promised strength, sureness, and speed. Highwaymen had perfect taste in horseflesh.

The moor ended at last, then came again the park and woodland country, bringing also the return of the turnpike gates. He had passed others earlier in his ride which opened quickly at his summons and display of the royal seal. The first one on this stretch, however, remained sullenly shut, though Matt could have sworn a figure had flitted into the cottage as he approached. Matt bawled and bawled, and battered on the window shutters.

"Open! Open!" he shouted.

At last came the response, faint but defiant: "No, no, Spitfire Jack, not to you and Highflier. It's not like you to ask."

Matt was cornered; high hedgerows shut him in on either side. However, the keeper's last words suggested the desperate alternative. Matt retreated a few horse-lengths, then put

the grey at the barrier. He felt the gallant horse gather his muscles as he came forward at a growing canter, then he spread them out splendidly in a glorious bound, and the barrier was behind, taken cleanly with a six inch clearance

Going was now much easier, and the grey made the most of it. Villages, hamlets and stray cottages came dancing to meet them

run. He trusted to his challenge-answer of "In the King's name!" to gain him free passage. He reckoned wrongly; it was the speed and training of the grey which secured that. An exulting cry had met him from the watch, and one discharged a blunderbuss point-blank at horse and rider. The aim was too hasty to be accurate, but Highflier did not allow of any amends. Without

[illegible] WAS WAITING IN THE DITCH

curtsied, and melted behind. Sometimes a light sleeper would bring a scared face to a window to watch the pair ride past at a rogue's gallop, then hastily call his relatives to witness the pursuit by the Sheriff's officers For Spitfire Jack and Highflier were not unknown as a night phenomenon

Matt chuckled, enjoying the scare his coming occasioned—yet it nearly cost him dear. His rousing clatter over the bridge and across the cobbled market-place of Monkthorpe brought out the watch at the

any prompting from Matt, at the first discharge he put his head between his knees and in a few moments town and popping blunderbusses were far behind his heels

Matt passed post-house after post-house, and still the grey's stride kept tireless rhythm The milestones kept slipping astern. The distance had dropped to sixty miles. The morning was creeping on, and so was fatigue Matt's muscles in his thighs and calves became weak with a petulant numbness His head swam, his sight blurred—trees,

houses and road became an indistinct mass of greyish black.

At length the gallant grey began to flag, shortening stride and breath together, and Matt was compelled to draw up at the next post-house, reeling rather than walking to thump on the door.

The royal summons brought the post-master hurrying out with a lantern. On the threshold he stopped, gasping, though after throwing the light on Matt's face his courage returned.

"Lan's sakes, master, thought thou wast Spitfire Jack," he said with a sigh of relief, "though, surely, that be's his fly-away grey?"

"Maybe he *was*," agreed Matt cheerily, "but now he's the property of Matt Swinburn, of Callerton. I charge you tend him well until I return."

Matt chose now a strong, sober, black mare. In a few seconds he was out again on the road. Sixty miles, and two of the clock!

The next twenty were a stretching succession of ding-dong hills. The cobby beast justified his faith by tackling them gamely right up to the end. When he changed her she tripped heavily and fell utterly done

He was now comfortably inside his time allowance, and his strength had come back to him like a runner's "second wind."

The next remount was a showy bay which fagged after the first five miles; the horse was right, but had been only half-rested after his last journey. Consequently, the remainder of the distance to the next change was done distressingly slow. At half-past five he demanded his final change. Twenty miles would bring him into Repton. The prospect gladdened him, because his strength was again slipping away. Gloomy thoughts came up as vitality went down. More than once the insidious temptation came upon him to off saddle in some sheltered place, soothe his tortured limbs with a little rest, and allow Tony Dodd to take his chance. Why should Tony Dodd be able to inflict such mental and physical agony upon him?

At the last post-house the master made amends for an indifferent mount by pressing a tankard of mulled ale upon him. That was his only refreshment in the whole long ride. It coaxed back both courage and chivalry. He would ride on, even though duty demanded him spend his strength to save a worthless life.

Unfortunately, now, the weather changed. The wind veered, softening the frost, and worse still, sending creeping mists across the fields. Yet he had little doubt of success until he reached a toll-bar at the end of a bridge. Here was first evidence of the late rebellion. The bridge was down where the retreating rebels had thrown it. The warder directed him half a mile down a by-road to the ford. Once found it was easily crossed. He stayed a moment to lave his face, for the stimulation brought by the mulled ale had ebbed away again, and an agonising, aching weariness numbed body and brain.

His mount, a roan cob, was a trifle slow. He spurred him, for time crept nearer than Repton. That was ill policy, though. The night was still dark, the road narrow, overhung with trees and filled with mists. Matt's grip was growing nerveless. Perhaps that accounted for the roan swerving. Anyhow, he blundered into the road edge, and a tree branch caught Matt savagely across the brow. Matt felt a shock of horrible pain, experienced a mental sensation of hideous failure, then all was pitchy blackness.

He woke to find the sun staring at him through the hedgerow as it rose in the east. A wild fear seized him. He was now too late! He groaned aloud in shame and chagrin. A whinny answered—the roan was waiting in the ditch.

Worn, weary, and not wholly rational, Matt leaped gamely into the saddle. Miles yet, and no knowing how little time for them.

There was traffic astir on the highway. A public execution always brought a gloating crowd. Matt begged way with: "In the King's name! A pardon!" and his white, drawn, blood-stained face gave force to his request.

Room was readily given him. Next to an execution, the most exciting event was to witness the condemned escape the gallows, and the sight-seekers hastened in his wake.

The memory of the last few miles was ever a blank to Matt. Quite unconsciously he spurred the roan unceasing.

The ringing of the roan's hoofs on the cobbled streets of Repton brought a glimmering of consciousness. Matt woke and saw a surging crowd packing round a ghastly gallows. There were figures upon it. Was he soon or late?

His crying for "Way! Way! A pardon! a pardon!" preceded him, and a lane was opened right to the gallows' foot.

Here shame was added to his other

agonies. His brother Nichol stood with the noose round his young neck, yet he was standing as a Swinburn should, cool and resolute. Tony Dodd was there also, but not standing; a gaoler was holding the craven on his feet.

"Matt, Matt, is it mine?" the boy cried with a hopeful eagerness that cut right to his brother's heart strings.

"No; Tony Dodd's—curse him!" swore Matt as he tossed the documents to the Sheriff and rolled exhausted into the mud

The Sheriff was a kindly gentleman who liked his task but ill, so he made haste to break the seal. He opened and read, then looked down at Matt in mingled surprise and pity.

"Doubt the ride hath turned the lad's head light," he said, "for, here sure enough is his Majesty's written word that out of the wealth of his mercy he extends free pardon to Anthony Dodd, of Brokenheugh, and Nichol Swinburn, of Callerton."

The Tale that Tomkins Told

When first I went away to school
I moped about the place,
A tiny trembling, timorous fool
With melancholy face;
When night time came I went to bed
And on my pillow laid my head
In search of sleep, but heard instead
The tale that Tomkins told.

Entranced I listened, and at last,
My weary brain grown dull,
Slept, and in restless sleep repassed
That story wonderful.
The next day seemed an age until
With night I could my wish fulfil,
And in the darkness ponder still
The tale that Tomkins told.

Since then I've read a myriad tales
By writers great and small;
So many that my memory fails
To recollect them all;
And some were good and some were not
And some of them were simply rot
I would not give for all the lot
The tale that Tomkins told.

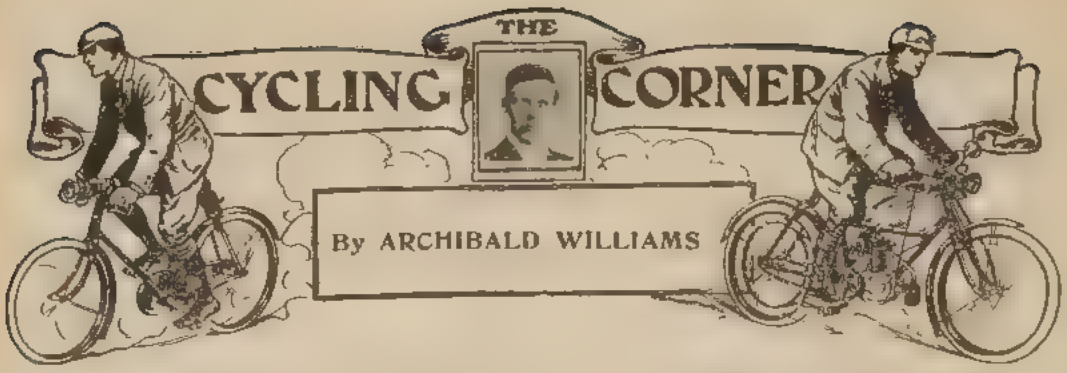
I know that Tomkins stole, that's flat,
(Though one *might* say, he took)
His cutters out of Marrayat,
His isles from Captain Cook;
I know in sundry yarns he had
A certain Caliph of Bagdad,
Who with strange Eastern pranks would pad
The tale that Tomkins told

Jules Verne's excursion in the blue
Was Tomkins' aerial flight,
The *Nautilus's* wonders, too,
Were Tomkins's, by right,
With Dumas' glorious, deathless Three,
And Kingsley's splendid Amyas Leigh—
With each and all the tale made free,
The tale that Tomkins told

Tomkins! across the hurrying years,
I hear that tale again.
An epic of swift hopes and fears,
And hon-hearted men
The hero, ever in some fix,
Diversifying with new tricks
(While Jackson at the door kept nix)
The tale that Tomkins told.

A tale of curious odds and ends,
And framed in simple speech,
Yet in it friends were true to friends,
And though I would not preach,
In Tomkins' tale we loved the fight,
However strong the foeman's might,
Because it always ended right—
The tale that Tomkins told

R. Norman Silver.

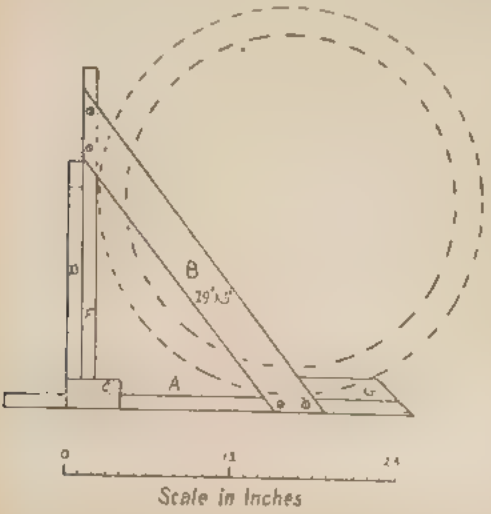

THE
CYCLING CORNER
By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS

THE HOME-MADE CYCLE STAND: AND OTHER MATTERS

THE manufacture of a cycle stand that [illegible] within the capacity of anybody who can use a saw, hammer, screw-driver and plane. Bearing in mind that the long evenings of the summer months are kind to the carpenter, I have departed a little from my ordinary beat in the present issue, turning from the road into the workshop.

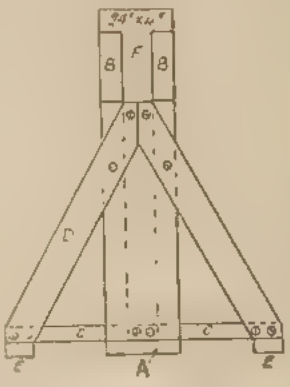
The first three diagrams illustrating this article give respectively a side elevation, end elevation, and plan of a stand which a handy boy could put together in a couple of hours given the materials. For the guidance of the reader I have lettered all three diagrams similarly, so that any part of the stand may [illegible] tracked from one diagram to another [illegible] I have also supplied the principal dimen[illegible] in figures

The wood required is, 4½ ft. of 1-in. stuff, 4 in. wide and 1 in. thick, for the base (A) and back (F); a piece 20 by 3 by 1 in. for the cross-bar (C); 5 ft. of ¾-in. stuff 3 in. wide, and 3½ ft. ditto 2 in. wide, for the struts (B) and (D, respectively.



(1) Side elevation of design for a simple cycle stand which can be made in a couple of hours or less

The total weight and cost might be reduced somewhat by substituting a width of 2 in. for one of 4 in. in the case of A and F, though this would mean sacrificing a certain amount of rigidity



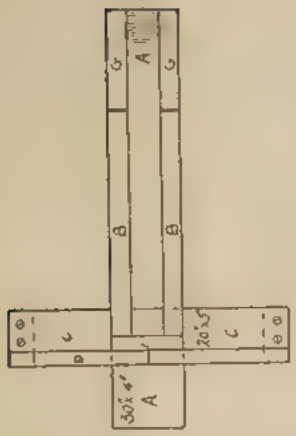
(2) End elevation of the same

Board A is prepared first. Recesses are cut in the side for the feet of BB, and the rear end is grooved on the slope (as indicated by a dotted line in Fig. 1 and cross shading in Fig. 2) to enable the wheel to mount the base more easily

You next take in hand the back F, which is similarly notched for the top ends of BB. All four notches are one inch deep, so as to bring the inner faces of BB within two inches of one another. In order to get the notches at the correct angle A and B should be screwed together, laid on the floor and squared, and the struts placed on top in their proper position to give you the markings. But I needn't go into details, as your own intelligence will guide you.

Cross-bar C passes over A, and therefore requires to be blocked up by EE at the ends. "Halving" of the wood is not to be recommended here, as it would seriously weaken the stand

Guides GG tapered outwards towards the rear, will assist the entrance of the wheel,



(3) Plan of the same.

The inside of the struts BB should be planed so as not to scrag the tyre; and of course the appearance of the stand will be improved if the wood be planed all over and painted.

A Cycle Bracket.

Figs. 4 and 5 show how to make a bracket to carry a cycle while being cleaned. It is furnished with hinges so that it may be folded up against the wall when not in use. The grooves EE should be lined with leather to save the enamel. Struts D, to give lateral rigidity, are halved at the point of crossing. The diagrams explain themselves sufficiently to make further description unnecessary.

I may add that a bracket of this kind will be found very useful. A suspended cycle can be cleaned so much more easily than one resting on the ground, as you can get at its parts more conveniently, and the wheels, which are the most troublesome portions, can be moved round as the work proceeds. Also, when it comes to mending a puncture you will appreciate the support.

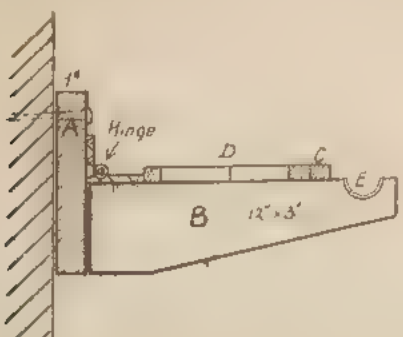
Queer-looking, but Comfortable

Such, in a few words, is a description of the Dursley Pedersen cycle (Fig 6). In my notes for last month I referred to the frame of the D P. as being something out of the common It is built up of a great number of tubes of small diameter, arranged in such a manner as to give a maximum strength for the weight. The D P. cycles, though they scale but 28½ lb. —three-speed gear, mud guards and tools included—are very rigid, and, as I know from experience, very good travellers, for this very reason. The saddle is as original in design as the frame, consisting of a kind of triangular string hammock suspended from a strap in front, and from a number of spiral springs behind. Since it tilts with the motions of the legs, it does not cause any saddle-soreness, and being open-work is very cool. But you have to be a bit careful in dismounting, as the saddle tips up when the leg is lifted and may catch it. This, however, is a detail of no consequence, as one soon picks up the knack of clearing

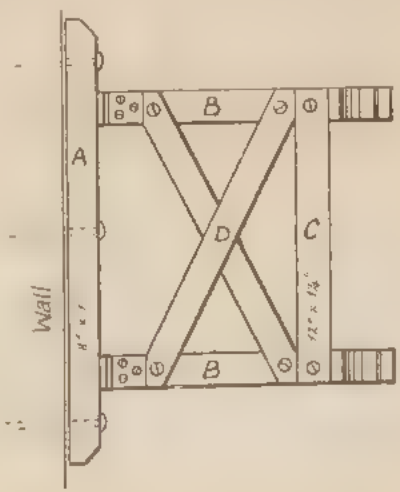
At one time the D.P. was usually associated with elderly riders, but it is now coming into more general favour. Several of my cycle-camping friends, young and vigorous, will use no other, and they know what's what for rough riding. Nor has the racing man been averse to giving it a trial. A special road racing machine, that scaled only 17 lb, has assisted in breaking several records. So, putting one thing with another, there is evidently a lot to be said by this grasshopper among cycles. The gear, by-the-bye (three-speed), is excellent, possibly the most frictionless on the market. It has been improved lately in one respect, namely, by the substitution of a toothed for a friction clutch in the driving mechanism.

The Shoddy Cycle.

A correspondent laments the expensive behaviour of a machine which he bought from an obscure firm. The repair bills have proved



(4) Side view of a folding wooden bracket to suspend a cycle while it is being cleaned, or when a puncture has to be mended.



(5) The same, as seen from above.

longer than his patience, and he now means to get another cycle that *can* be relied on. I have heard the same story a good many times. Never in the history of cycling has there been more need than there is now to avoid being inveigled into buying so-called "bargains." Cheapness and lowness of price are not the same thing, necessarily. Buy a low-priced machine if you must, but let it come from the factory of a well known firm which has a reputation to maintain. Then you will run no risk of being "done." It is marvellous how quickly repairs to a shoddy cycle will total up expenses to the cost of a really good article. I should think that there must be hundreds of cyclists in this country at the present moment

(6) The Dursley Pedersen feather-weight cycle. This machine scales only 28½ lb., with mudguards, three-speed gear, and tools. It is very strong, however.

who regret their haste in plumping for the "rock-bottom priced" jigger. It often happens that such people, being once bitten and twice shy, go to the opposite extreme when they purchase their second mount, and lay out even more money than is necessary

An Interesting Book

If you are really interested in the cycle as a machine I should advise you to expend a shilling on "Bicycles in the making and on the Road," by Mr. Charles Wheeler, cycling expert to the General Post Office. It contains a lot of very practical information on the selection and care of a cycle. The opening chapter will help you to understand why a high-grade machine must cost a considerable sum, and to doubt how it can be possible to turn out a reliable cycle at some prices that are advertised. The total number of separate pieces in a bicycle are, we learn, over 1500, of which the chain accounts for over 550, the bearings with their balls for 260, and the wheels for 216. Even if we reckon every *kind* of part as one component, there are still 300 distinct parts. Another fact that rather takes my fancy is, that a pair of tyres contains over a mile of cotton. The moral of the first portion of this information is evidently that, as every part of a good cycle should be well made by skilled labour—even the automatic machine needs careful looking after, and the things it turns out careful inspection—one should be content to pay a pound or two more than the least possible sum to make certain of being on the safe side

Cycle Camping.

"Clapham Camper" sends me an interesting letter to which I make a reference here because a question raised therein may be of importance to other readers. The following is the gist of his remarks. Last autumn he and two friends joined the Association of Cycle Campers, made a tent, and bought cooking utensils. At first the parents raised no objections, but when the plan was broached of the three spending a week-end together "under canvas," the parental consent was apparently withheld, on the grounds that camping-out would bring "pneumonia, consumption, or some other fine thing." My young friend is naturally somewhat sore at having spent twenty shillings to apparently no purpose, especially as he has got through life so far without any illness; though he very reasonably adds, "of course, that does not mean I shall never be laid up." So he asks me what I should do if I were in his shoes.

Well, the obvious thing to be done if the authorities frown on the project is to be dutiful and give it up with as broad a smile as possible. It is not for me to stand *in loco parentis* in such a matter, especially as the veto is prompted by a real anxiety about the possible results of an expedition, if one took place. But as to the likelihood of camping-out being dangerous to health I have a word to say, or rather an opinion of an old stager to quote (from the handbook of the A.C.C.). "As to the danger of camping in an English summer, the fact may be noted that it is the experience of all campers that colds are most rarely contracted in this open-air life. On the other hand, it is rather to the consumptive, the neuralgic, and the dyspeptic that a camping holiday appeals than to the ninety and nine strong men who need no such salvation. There *is* one fly in the ointment, and it shall be frankly stated. After some weeks of this tramp life, it is most difficult

to find sufficient oxygen for the expanded lungs within the walls of the house to which one is compelled, reluctantly, to return."

Of course, Easter *may be* extremely cold (and that is the time for which my inquirer's holiday was planned); so, worse luck, summer only too often is. You must take the weather as it comes, and look after yourself properly, keeping as warm and dry as possible. Perhaps this is the *crux* of the whole trouble.—Will Jack and Co. be careful to change wet things, like grown-ups are? I have camped out a good deal myself, but never caught a cold, or even the suspicion of one; yet damp clothes I abhor and I change them at the first opportunity.

Liquid Air

A Cape Town reader, who is much interested in Liquid Air, has referred me back to a statement which I made some years ago in a certain book, "The Romance of Modern Invention," to the effect that this liquid might become a great motive power in the future. He is anxious to know whether this prophecy has justified itself, and suggests that the Old Fag should find room for an article on the subject. To take the suggestion first: I fear that so chilly a theme would not appeal to the O.F., who prefers good hot stuff for his columns. As for the development of the liquid air industry;—so far as I can ascertain its uses are still mainly confined to laboratory experiments and hospital purposes. The improvement of the petrol engine has, for the present at least, relegated liquid air to a back seat as a prime-mover.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Composition."—(1) I think that you will find a Lucas's "Luminator," price half a guinea, weight 24 ounces, just the thing. (2) The cycle you name is good, but I should advise you to have ordinary roadster tyres, and ordinary handle-bars. If you raise dropped bars there may not be sufficient stem left in the head to make things quite safe. It is much the best thing to have the machine made right for you before it leaves the factory. I am glad to hear that you intend to join the A.C.C. I wish you a pleasant holiday.

J. E. I.—(1) I haven't come across the three speed gear you mention, and though it is no doubt well made I should prefer a better-known gear that has stood the test of long trial, such as the Sturmey-Archer, Armstrong Triplex, Humber-Cordner, or Dursley Pedersen. The prices are the same. (2) For the reason given above, I cannot advise you about [illegible] (3) The [illegible] have [illegible] two disadvantages, that they slow the tyre a bit, and are apt to come loose if not *vulcanised* on. Sticking with solution is not satisfactory. (4) It would be possible to have a 26-in. wheel fitted to a 28-in. fork, but I see no advantage in making the change, which would put you to considerable expense and not improve matters in any way, unless it results in your having both wheels of the same diameter assuming the other to be 26-in. I am interested to learn that you like the books. There's another on the stocks.

FOR YOU AND ME

Come out, old man, and up the hill;
  We'll climb the bloom-crowned chestnut-tree,
And list "the shallow cuckoo's bill"—
  The world is young and so are we

And bring with you that tale I love
  Of glorious deeds by land and sea,
I trust that you and I will prove
  As good and brave as Amyas Leigh.

O'er plain and valley we'll look forth,
  O'er silver rivers winding free,
O'er tree-decked and flower-dotted earth;
  The world is glad and so are we

For you and me the heavens are blue,
  And snowy clouds there sport in glee;
This bower dear Nature, Mother true,
  Has greenly built for you and me.

For me and you the sunbeams glow
  And wake the butterfly and bee;
For me and you the roses blow;
  The throstles sing for you and me.

For you and me these silken limbs
  Were shapen in strength and symmetry;
These bounding hearts, these playful whims
  Were given to gladden you and me.

Some folks grow old before their time;
  But of these wretched are not we.
Some folks can't eat when tea-bells chime;
  But these are never you and me!

A merry heart goes all the way;
  A merry face is good to see;
"Such *jolly* boys!" will people say,
  And they'll be meaning you and me!

C. V. H. F. Thompson.

A SEQUEL TO "JACKSON JUNIOR".

THE LOST LAMBS.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell

SYNOPSIS

After the Easter holidays Mike Jackson has every reason to suppose that he will be made Captain of cricket at Wrykyn School, but much to his distress, on account of a succession of bad reports his father removes him to a public school of a much smaller type named Sedleigh. On the first day of term he reaches Sedleigh rather early, and falls in with a whimsical fellow, calling himself "Psmith," who has been removed from Eton for a similar reason. They feel like "lost lambs" in this strange new place, and, resenting their removal to Sedleigh, from the first adopt a defiant and independent attitude. Mike, for instance, tells Adair, the Sedleigh cricket captain, that he doesn't play cricket; and, moreover, doesn't want to. Getting in touch with an old cricket acquaintance living in a village near the school, Mike is introduced to cricket as played at Little Borlock, for which place he puts up scores that quickly make him the local champion. His antecedents however become known to a few of the seniors in his house, who, keeping the secret prevail upon him to consent to play for the House v. Downing's on mid-term day.

CHAPTER XI

THE MATCH WITH DOWNING'S

IT is the curious instinct which prompts [illegible] the lot of the average convert an unhappy one. Only the very self-controlled can refrain from improving the occasion and scoring off the convert. Most leap at the opportunity.

It was so in Mike's case. Mike was not a genuine convert, but to Mr. Downing he had the outward aspect of one. When you have been impressing upon a non-cricketing boy for nearly a month that (*a*) the school is above all a keen school, (*b*) that all members of it should play cricket, and (*c*) that by not playing cricket he is running his chances in this world and imperilling them in the next; and when, quite unexpectedly, you come upon this boy dressed in cricket flannels, wearing cricket boots and carrying a cricket bag, it seems only natural to assume that you have converted him, that the seeds of your eloquence have fallen on fruitful soil and sprouted.

Mr. Downing assumed it.

He was walking to the field with Adair and another member of his team when he came upon Mike.

"What!" he cried. "Our Jackson clad in suit of mail and armed for the fray!"

This was Mr. Downing's No. 2 manner—the playful.

"This is indeed Saul among the prophets. Why this sudden enthusiasm for a game which I understood that you despised? Are our opponents so reduced?"

Psmith, who was with Mike, took charge of the affair with a languid grace which had maddened hundreds in its time, and which never failed to ruffle Mr. Downing.

"We are, above all, sir," he said, "a keen house. Drones are not welcomed by us.

We are essentially versatile. Jackson, the archæologist of yesterday, becomes the cricketer of to-day. It is the right spirit, sir," said Psmith earnestly. "I like to see it."

"Indeed, Smith? You are not playing yourself, I notice. Your enthusiasm has bounds."

"In our house, sir, competition is fierce, and the Selection Committee unfortunately passed me over."

There were a number of pitches dotted about over the field, for there was always a touch of the London Park about it on mid-term service day. Adair, as captain of cricket, had naturally selected the best for his own match It was a good wicket, Mike saw. As a matter of fact the wickets at Sedleigh were nearly always good. Adair had infected the ground-man with some of his own keenness, with the result that that once-leisurely official now found himself sometimes, with a kind of mild surprise, working really hard. At the beginning of the previous season Sedleigh had played a scratch team from a neighbouring town on a wicket which, except for the creases, was absolutely undistinguishable from the surrounding turf, and behind the pavilion after the match Adair had spoken certain home truths to the ground-man. The latter's reformation had dated from that moment

Barnes, timidly jubilant, came up to Mike with the news that he had won the toss, and the request that Mike would go in first with him

In stories of the "Not Really a Duffer" type, where the nervous new boy, who has been found crying in the boot-room over the photograph of his sister, contrives to get an innings in a game, nobody suspects that he is really a prodigy till he hits the Bully's first ball out of the ground for six

With Mike it was different There was no pitying smile on Adair's face as he started his run preparatory to sending down the first ball Mike, on the cricket field, could not have looked anything but a cricketer if he had turned out in a tweed suit and hobnail boots Cricketer was written all over him—in his walk, in the way he took guard, in his stand at the wickets. Adair started to bowl with the feeling that this was somebody who had more than a little knowledge of how to deal with good bowling and punish bad.

Mike started cautiously. He was more than usually anxious to make runs to-day, and he meant to take no risks till he could afford to do so He had seen Adair bowl at the nets, and he knew that he was good.

The first over was a maiden, six dangerous balls beautifully played. The fieldsmen changed over.

The general interest had now settled on the match between Outwood's and Downing's. The fact in Mike's case had gone round the field, and, as several of the other games had not yet begun, quite a large crowd had collected near the pavilion to watch. Mike's masterly treatment of the opening over had impressed the spectators, and there was a popular desire to see how he would deal with Mr. Downing's slows. It was generally anticipated that he would do something special with them.

Off the first ball of the master's over a leg-bye was run.

Mike took guard.

Mr Downing was a bowler with a style of his own. He took two short steps, two long steps, gave a jump, took three more short steps, and ended with a combination of step and jump, during which the ball emerged from behind his back and started on its slow career to the wicket. The whole business had some of the dignity of the old fashioned minuet, subtly blended with the careless vigour of a cake-walk. The ball, when delivered, was billed to break from leg, but the programme was subject to alterations

If the spectators had expected Mike to begin any firework effects with the first ball, they were disappointed. He played the over through with a grace worthy of his brother Joe. The last ball he turned to leg for a single.

His treatment of Adair's next over was freer. He had got a sight of the ball now. Half-way through the over a beautiful square cut forced a passage through the crowd by the pavilion, and dashed up against the rails. He drove the sixth ball past cover for three

The crowd was now reluctantly dispersing to its own games, but it stopped as Mr. Downing started his minuet-cakewalk, in the hope that it might see something more sensational.

This time the hope was fulfilled.

The ball was well up slow, and off the wicket on the on-side. Perhaps if it had been allowed to pitch, it might have broken in and become quite dangerous. Mike went out at it, and hit it a couple of feet from the ground. The ball dropped with a thud and a spurting of dust in the road that ran along one side of the cricket field.

It was returned on the instalment system by helpers from other games, and the bowler began his manœuvres again. A half volley this time Mike slammed it back, and mid on, whose heart was obviously not in the thing, failed to stop it.

"Get to them, Jenkins," said Mr Downing irritably, as the ball came back from the boundary. "Get to them."

"Sir, please, sir——"

"Don't talk in the field, Jenkins."

Having had a full-pitch hit for six and a half-volley for four, there was a strong probability that Mr Downing would [illegible] h [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible]

same [illegible] where the first had landed. A howl of [illegible] applause rose from the watchers in the pavilion, and Mike, with the feeling that this sort of bowling was too good to be true, waited in position for number four.

"WHY DID YOU SAY YOU DIDN'T PLAY CRICKET?" ADAIR ASKED ABRUPTLY

There are moments when a sort of panic seizes a bowler. This happened now with Mr Downing. He suddenly abandoned science and ran amok. His run lost its stateliness and increased its vigour. He charged up to the wicket as a wounded buffalo sometimes charges

a gun. His whole idea now was to bowl fast.

When a slow bowler starts to bowl fast, it is usually as well to be batting, if you can manage it.

By the time the over was finished, Mike's score had been increased by twelve, and the total of his side, in addition, by three wides

And a shrill, small voice from the neighbourhood of the pavilion uttered with painful distinctness the words, "Take him off!"

That was how the most sensational day's cricket began that Sedleigh had known.

A description of the details of the morning's play would be monotonous. It is enough to say that they ran on much the same lines as the third and fourth overs of the match. Mr Downing bowled one more over, off which Mike helped himself to sixteen runs, and then retired moodily to cover-point, where, in Adair's fifth over, he missed Barnes—the first occasion since the game began on which that mild batsman had attempted to score more than a single. Scared by this escape, Outwood's captain shrank back into his shell, sat on the splice like a limpet, and, offering no more chances, was not out at lunch time with a score of eleven.

Mike had then made a hundred and three

As Mike was taking off his pads in the pavilion, Adair came up.

"Why did you say you didn't play cricket?" he asked abruptly.

When one has been bowling the whole morning, and bowling well, without the slightest success, one is inclined to be abrupt

Mike finished unfastening an obstinate strap Then he looked up.

"I didn't say anything of the kind. I said I wasn't going to play here. There's a difference. As a matter of fact, I was in the Wrykyn team before I came here. Three years."

Adair was silent for a moment

"Will you play for us against the Old Sedleighans to-morrow?" he said at length

Mike tossed his pads into his bag and got up

"No, thanks."

There was a silence.

"Above it, I suppose?"

"Not a bit. Not up to it. I shall want a lot of coaching at that end net of yours before I'm fit to play for Sedleigh."

There was another pause.

"Then you won't play?" asked Adair.

"I'm not keeping you, am I?" said Mike politely.

It was remarkable what a number of members of Outwood's house appeared to cherish a personal grudge against Mr. Downing. It had been that master's somewhat injudicious practice for many years to treat his own house as a sort of Chosen People. Of all masters, the most unpopular is he who by the silent tribunal of a school is convicted of favouritism. And the dislike deepens if it is a house which he favours and not merely individuals. On occasions when boys in his own house and boys from other houses were accomplices and partners in wrongdoing, Mr. Downing distributed his thunderbolts unequally, and the school noticed it. The result was that not only he himself, but also—which was rather unfair—his house, too, had acquired a good deal of unpopularity.

The general consensus of opinion in Outwood's during the luncheon interval was that, having got Downing's up a tree, they would be fools not to make the most of the situation.

Barnes's remark that he supposed, unless anything happened and wickets began to fall a bit faster, they had better think of declaring somewhere about half-past three or four, was met with a storm of opposition

"Declare!" said Robinson. "Great Scott, what on earth are you talking about?"

"Declare!" Stone's voice was almost a wail of indignation. "I never saw such a chump."

"They'll be rather sick if we don't, won't they?" suggested Barnes.

"Sick! I should think they would," said Stone "That's just the gay idea Can't you see that by a miracle we've got a chance of getting a jolly good bit of our own back against those Downing's ticks? What we've got to do is to jolly well keep them in the field all day if we can, and be jolly glad it's so beastly hot. If they lose about a dozen pounds each through sweating about in the sun after Jackson's drives, perhaps they'll stick on less side about things in general in future. Besides, I want an innings against that bilge of old Downing's, if I can get it.

"So do I," said Robinson.

"If you declare, I swear I won't field. Nor will Robinson."

"Rather not"

"Well, I won't, then," said Barnes unhappily. "Only you know they're rather sick already."

"Don't you worry about that," said Stone with a wide grin. "They'll be a lot sicker before we've finished"

And so it came about that that particular mid-term service-day match made history. Big scores had often been put up on mid-term service-day. Games had frequently been one-sided. But it had never happened before in the annals of the school that one side, going in first early in the morning, had neither completed its innings nor declared it closed when stumps were drawn at 6.30. In no previous Sedleigh match, after a full day's play, had the pathetic words "Did not bat" been written against the whole of one of the contending teams.

These are the things which mark epochs.

Play was resumed at 2.15. For a quarter of an hour Mike was comparatively quiet. Adair, fortified by food and rest, was bowling really well, and his first half dozen overs had to be watched carefully. But the wicket was too good to give him a chance, and Mike, playing himself in again, proceeded to get to business once more. Bowlers came and went. Adair pounded away at one end with brief intervals between the attacks. Mr. Downing took a couple more overs, in one of which a horse, passing in the road, nearly had its useful life cut suddenly short. Change-bowlers of various actions and paces, each weirder and more futile than the last, tried their luck. But still the first-wicket stand continued.

The bowling of a house team is all head and no body. The first pair probably have some idea of length and break. The first-change pair are poor. And the rest, the small change, are simply the sort of things one sees in dreams after a heavy supper, or when one is out without one's gun

Time, mercifully, generally breaks up a big stand at cricket before the field has suffered too much, and that is what happened now. At four o'clock, when the score stood at two hundred and fifty-five for no wicket, Barnes, greatly daring, smote lustily at a rather wide half-volley, and was caught at a short slip for thirty three. He retired blushfully to the pavilion, amidst applause, and Stone came out.

As Mike had then made a hundred and eighty-seven, it was assumed by the field that, directly he had topped his second century, the closure would be applied and their ordeal finished. There was almost a sigh of relief when frantic cheering from the crowd told that the feat had been accomplished. The fieldsmen clapped in quite an indulgent sort of way, as who should say, "Capital, capital. And now let's start *our* innings" Some even began to edge towards the pavilion

But the next ball was bowled, and the next over, and the next after that, and still Barnes made no sign. (The conscience stricken captain of Outwood's was, as a matter of fact, being practically held down by Robinson and other ruffians by force.)

A grey dismay settled on the field.

The bowling had now become almost unbelievably bad. Lobs were being tried, and Stone, nearly weeping with pure joy, was playing an innings of the How-to-brighten-cricket type. He had an unorthodox style, but an excellent eye, and the road at this period of the game became absolutely unsafe for pedestrians and traffic.

Mike's pace had become slower, as was only natural, but his score, too, was mounting steadily.

"This is foolery," snapped Mr. Downing, as the three hundred and fifty went up on the board. "Barnes!" he called.

There was no reply. A committee of three was at that moment engaged in sitting on Barnes's head in the first eleven changing-room, in order to correct a more than usually feverish attack of conscience.

"Barnes!"

"Please, sir," said Stone, some species of telepathy telling him what was detaining his captain, "I think Barnes must have left the field. He has probably gone over to the house to fetch something.'

"This is absurd. You must declare your innings closed. The game has become a farce."

"Declare! Sir, we can't unless Barnes does. He might be awfully annoyed if we did anything like that without consulting him."

"Absurd."

"He's very touchy, sir."

"It is perfect foolery.'

"I think Jenkins is just going to bowl, sir

Mr. Downing walked moodily to his place.

In a neat wooden frame in the senior day-room at Outwood's, just above the mantelpiece, there was on view, a week later, a slip of paper

The writing on it was as follows :

OUTWOOD'S *v.* DOWNING'S.

Outwood's. First Innings.

J. P. Barnes, *c.* Hammond *b.* Hassall . .	33
M. Jackson, not out	277
W. J. Stone, not out	124
Extras	37
Total (for one wicket) .	471

Downing's did not bat.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SINGULAR BEHAVIOUR OF JELLICOE

OUTWOOD'S rollicked considerably that night. Mike, if he had cared to take the part, could have been the Petted Hero But a cordial invitation from the senior day room to be the guest of the evening at about

In theory," said he, "the manly what-d'you-call-it of cricket and all that sort of thing ought to make him fall on your neck to-morrow and weep over you as a foeman worthy of his steel. But I am prepared to bet a reasonable sum that he will give no Jiu-jitsu exhibition of this kind. In fact, from what I have seen of our bright little friend, I should say that, in

THE LAST WORD WOKE MIKE FROM A DOZE

the biggest rag of the century had been refused on the plea of fatigue One does not make two hundred and seventy seven runs on a day without feeling the effects, even if one ha scored mainly by the medium of bounda and Mike as he lay back in Psmith s deck chair felt that all he wanted was to go to bed and stay there for a week. His hands and arms burned as if they were red hot and his eye were so tired that he could not keep them open

Psmith, leaning against the mantelpie discoursed in a desultory way on the day s happenings—the score off Mr Downing, the undeniable annoyance of that battered b and the probability of his venting his annoy on Mike next day.

a small way he will do his best to make it distinctly hot for you, here and there

I don't care murmured Mike, shifting his aching limbs in the chair

In an ordinary way, I suppose, a man can put up with having his bowling hit a little but your performance was cruelty to animals Twenty eight off one over, not to mention three wides would have made Job foam at the mouth You will probably get sacked. On the other hand it's worth it You have hit a candle this in never be blown out. You have ads of the village how Comrade Downing s bowling ought to be treated. I don't suppose he'll ever take another wicket

He doesn t deserve to

Psmith smoothed his hair at the glass and turned round again.

"The only blot on this day of mirth and goodwill is," he said, "the singular conduct of our friend Jellicoe. When all the place was ringing with song and merriment, Comrade Jellicoe crept to my side, and, slipping his little hand in mine, touched me for three quid."

This interested Mike, fagged as he was.

"What! Three quid!"

"Three jingling, clinking sovereigns. He wanted four."

"But the man must be living at the rate of I don't know what. It was only yesterday that he borrowed a quid from *me!*"

"He must be saving money fast. There appear to be the makings of a financier about Comrade Jellicoe. Well, I hope, when he's collected enough for his needs, he'll pay me back a bit. I'm pretty well cleaned out."

"I got some from my brother at Oxford."

"Perhaps he's saving up to get married. We may be helping towards furnishing the home. There was a Siamese prince fellow at my dame's at Eton who had four wives when he arrived, and gathered in a fifth during his first summer holidays. It was done on the correspondence system. His Prime Minister fixed it up at the other end, and sent him the glad news on a picture postcard. I think an eye ought to be kept on Comrade Jellicoe."

Mike tumbled into bed that night like a log, but he could not sleep. He ached all over. Psmith chatted for a time on human affairs in general, and then dropped gently off. Jellicoe, who appeared to be wrapped in gloom, contributed nothing to the conversation.

After Psmith had gone to sleep, Mike lay for some time running over in his mind, as the best substitute for sleep, the various points of his innings that day. He felt very hot and uncomfortable.

Just as he was wondering whether it would not be a good idea to get up and have a cold bath, a voice spoke from the darkness at his side.

"Are you asleep, Jackson?"

"Who's that?"

"Me—Jellicoe. I can't get to sleep."

"Nor can I. I'm stiff all over."

"I'll come over and sit on your bed."

There was a creaking, and then a weight descended in the neighbourhood of Mike's toes.

Jellicoe was apparently not in conversational mood. He uttered no word for quite three minutes. At the end of which time he gave a sound midway between a snort and a sigh.

"I say, Jackson!" he said.

"Yes?"

"Have you—oh, nothing."

Silence again.

"Jackson."

"Hullo?"

"I say, what would your people say if you got sacked?"

"All sorts of things. Especially my pater. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. So would mine."

"Everybody's would, I expect."

"Yes."

The bed creaked, as Jellicoe digested these great thoughts. Then he spoke again.

"It would be a jolly beastly thing to get sacked."

Mike was too tired to give his mind to the subject. He was not really listening. Jellicoe droned on in a depressed sort of way.

"You'd get home in the middle of the afternoon, I suppose, and you'd drive up to the house, and the servant would open the door, and you'd go in. They might all be out, and then you'd have to hang about, and wait; and presently you'd hear them come in, and you'd go out into the passage, and they'd say 'Hullo!'"

Jellicoe, in order to give verisimilitude, as it were, to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative, flung so much agitated surprise into the last word that it woke Mike from a troubled doze into which he had fallen.

"Hullo?" he said. "What's up?"

"Then you'd say 'Hullo!' And then they'd say, 'What are you doing here?' And you'd say ——"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"About what would happen."

"Happen when?"

"When you got home. After being sacked, you know."

"Who's been sacked?" Mike's mind was still under a cloud.

"Nobody. But if you were, I meant. And then I suppose there'd be an awful row and general sickness, and all that. And then you'd be sent into a bank, or to Australia, or something."

Mike dozed off again.

"My pater would be frightfully sick. My mater would be sick. My sister would be jolly sick, too. Have you got any sisters, Jackson? I say, Jackson!"

"Hullo! What's the matter? Who's that?"

"Me—Jellicoe."

"What's up?"

"I asked you if you'd got any sisters."

"Any *what?*"

"Sisters."

"Whose sisters?"

"Yours. I asked if you'd got any."

"Any what?"

"Sisters!"

"What about them?"

The conversation was becoming too intricate for Jellicoe. He changed the subject.

"I say, Jackson!"

"Well"

"I say, you don't know any one who could lend me a pound, do you?"

"What!" cried Mike, sitting up in bed and staring through the darkness in the direction whence the numismatist's voice was proceeding. "Do *what?*"

"I say, look out. You'll wake Smith."

"Did you say you wanted some one to lend you a quid?"

"Yes," said Jellicoe eagerly. "Do you know any one?"

Mike's head throbbed. This thing was too much. The human brain could not be expected to cope with it. Here was a youth who had borrowed a pound from one friend the day before, and three pounds from another friend that very afternoon, already looking about him for further loans. Was it a hobby, or was he saving up to buy an aeroplane?

"What on earth do you want a pound for?"

"I don't want to tell anybody. But it's [illegible] I shall get sacked if I don't get it."

Mike pondered.

Those who have followed Mike's career as set forth by the present historian will have realised by this time that he was a good long way from being perfect. As the Blue-Eyed Hero he would have been a rank failure. Except on the cricket field, where he was a natural genius, he was just ordinary. He resembled ninety per cent. of other members of English public schools. He had some virtues and a good many defects. He was as obstinate as a mule, though people whom he liked could do as they pleased with him. He was good-natured as a general thing, but on occasion his temper could be of the worst, and had, in his childhood, been the subject of much adverse comment among his aunts. He was rigidly truthful, where the issue concerned only himself. Where it was a case of saving a friend, he was prepared to act in a manner reminiscent of an American expert witness.

He had, in addition, one good quality without any defect to balance it. He was always ready to help people. And when he set himself to do this, he was never put off by discomfort or risk. He went at the thing with a singleness of purpose that asked no questions.

Bob's postal order, which had arrived that evening, was reposing in the breast pocket of his coat.

It was a wrench, but, if the situation was so serious with Jellicoe, it had to be done.

Two minutes later the night was being made hideous by Jellicoe's almost tearful protestations of gratitude, and the postal order had moved from one side of the dormitory to the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

JELLICOE GOES ON THE SICK-LIST

[illegible] was the next morning with a [illegible] memory of having listened to a great deal of incoherent conversation from Jellicoe, and a painfully vivid recollection of handing over the bulk of his worldly wealth to him. The thought depressed him, though it seemed to please Jellicoe, for the latter carolled in a gay undertone as he dressed, till Psmith, who had a sensitive ear, asked as a favour that these farm yard imitations might cease until he was out of the room.

There were other things to make Mike low-spirited that morning. To begin with, he was in detention, which in itself is enough to spoil a day. It was a particularly fine day, which made the matter worse. In addition to this, he had never felt stiffer in his life. It seemed to him that the creaking of his joints as he walked must be audible to every one within a radius of several yards. Finally, there was the interview with Mr. Downing to come. That would probably be unpleasant. As Psmith had said, Mr. Downing was the sort of master who would be likely to make trouble. The great match had not been an ordinary match. Mr. Downing was a curious man in many ways, but he did not make a fuss on ordinary occasions when his bowling proved expensive. Yesterday's performance, however, stood in a class by itself. It stood forth without disguise as a deliberate rag. One side does not keep another in the field the whole day in a one-day match except as a grisly kind of practical joke. And Mr. Downing and his house realised this. The house's way of signifying its comprehension of the fact was to be cold and distant as far as the seniors were

concerned, and abusive and pugnacious as regards the juniors. Young blood had been shed over-night, and more flowed during the eleven o'clock interval that morning to avenge the insult.

Mr. Downing's methods of retaliation would have to be, of necessity, more elusive; but Mike did not doubt that in some way or other his form master would endeavour to get a bit of his own back.

As events turned out, he was perfectly right. When a master has got his knife into a boy, especially a master who allows himself to be influenced by his likes and dislikes, he is inclined to single him out in times of stress, and savage him as if he were the official representative of the evildoers. Just as, at sea, the skipper, when he has trouble with the crew, works it off on the boy.

Mr. Downing was in a sarcastic mood when he met Mike. That is to say, he began in a sarcastic strain. But this sort of thing is difficult to keep up. By the time he had reached his peroration, the rapier had given place to the bludgeon. For sarcasm to be effective, the user of it must be met half-way. His hearer must appear to be conscious of the sarcasm and moved by it. Mike, when masters waxed sarcastic towards him, always assumed an air of stolid stupidity, which was as a suit of mail against satire.

So Mr. Downing came down from the heights with a run, and began to express himself with a simple strength which it did his form good to listen to. Veterans who had been in the form for terms said afterwards that there had been nothing to touch it, in their experience of the orator, since the glorious day when Dunster, that prince of raggers, who had left at Christmas to go to a crammer's, had introduced three lively grass-snakes into the room during a Latin lesson.

"You are surrounded," concluded Mr Downing, snapping his pencil in two in his emotion, "by an impenetrable mass of conceit and vanity and selfishness. It does not occur to you to admit your capabilities as a cricketer in an open, straightforward way and place them at the disposal of the school. No, that would not be dramatic enough for you. It would be too commonplace altogether. Far too commonplace!" Mr Downing laughed bitterly. "No, you must conceal your capabilities. You must act a lie. You must—who is that shuffling his feet? I will not have it, I *will* have silence—you must hang back in order to make a more effective entrance, like some wretched actor who—I will *not* have this shuffling. I have spoken of this before. Macpherson, are you shuffling your feet?"

"Sir, no, sir."

"Please, sir."

"Well, Parsons?"

"I think it's the noise of the draught under the door, sir."

Instant departure of Parsons for the outer regions. And, in the excitement of this side-issue, the speaker lost his inspiration, and abruptly concluded his remarks by putting Mike on to translate in Cicero. Which Mike, who happened to have prepared the first half-page, did with much success.

The Old Boys' match was timed to begin shortly after eleven o'clock. During the interval most of the school walked across the field to look at the pitch. One or two of the Old Boys had already changed and were practising in front of the pavilion.

It was through one of these batsmen that an accident occurred which had a good deal of influence on Mike's affairs.

Mike had strolled out by himself. Halfway across the field Jellicoe joined him. Jellicoe was cheerful, and rather embarrassingly grateful. He was just in the middle of his harangue when the accident happened.

To their left, as they crossed the field, a long youth, with the faint beginnings of a moustache and a blazer that lit up the surrounding landscape like a glowing beacon, was lashing out recklessly at a friend's bowling. Already he had gone within an ace of slaying a small boy. As Mike and Jellicoe proceeded on their way, there was a shout of "Heads!"

The almost universal habit of batsmen of shouting 'Heads!" at whatever height from the ground the ball may be, is not a little confusing. The average person, on hearing the shout, puts his hands over his skull, crouches down and trusts to luck. This is an excellent plan if the ball is falling, but is not much protection against a skimming drive along the ground.

When "Heads" was called on the present occasion, Mike and Jellicoe instantly assumed the crouching attitude.

Jellicoe was the first to abandon it. He uttered a yell and sprang into the air. After which he sat down and began to nurse his ankle.

The bright-blazered youth walked up.

"Awfully sorry, you know man. Hurt?"

Jellicoe was pressing the injured spot tenderly with his finger-tips, uttering sharp howls whenever, zeal outrunning discretion, he prodded himself too energetically.

JELLICOE UTTERED A YELL [illegible] INTO THE AIR.

[illegible] about like that."

"Awfully sorry. But I did yell."

"It's swelling up rather," said Mike. "You'd bett[illegible] at. Can you walk?"

"Ow!" At that moment the bell rang.

"I shall have to be going in," said Mike "or I'd have helped you over."

He helped the sufferer to his feet and they

staggered off together, Jellicoe hopping, Dunster advancing with a sort of polka step. Mike watched them start and then turned to go in.

CHAPTER XIV.

MIKE RECEIVES A COMMISSION

THERE is only one thing to be said in favour of detention on a fine summer's afternoon, and that is that it is very pleasant to come out of. The sun never seems so bright or the turf so green as during the first five minutes after one has come out of the detention-room. One feels as if one were entering a new and very delightful world. There is also a touch of the Rip van Winkle feeling. Everything seems to have gone on and left one behind. Mike, as he walked to the cricket field, felt very much behind the times.

Arriving on the field he found the Old Boys batting. He stopped and watched an over of Adair's. The fifth ball bowled a man. Mike made his way towards the pavilion.

Before he got there he heard his name called, and turning, found Psmith seated under a tree with the bright-blazered Dunster.

"Return of the exile," said Psmith. "A joyful occasion tinged with melancholy. Have a cherry?—take one or two. These little acts of unremembered kindness are what one needs after a couple of hours in extra pupil-room. Restore your tissues, Comrade Jackson, and when you have finished those, apply again."

"Is your name Jackson?" inquired Dunster, "because Jellicoe wants to see you."

"Alas, poor Jellicoe!" said Psmith. "He is now prone on his bed in the dormitory - there a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Jellicoe, the darling of the crew, faithful below he did his duty, but Comrade Dunster has broached him to. I have just been hearing the melancholy details

"Old Smith and I," said Dunster, "were at a private school together. I'd no idea I should find him here."

"It was a wonderfully stirring sight when we met," said Psmith; "not unlike the meeting of Ulysses and the hound Argos, of whom you have doubtless read in the course of your dabblings in the classics. I was Ulysses; Dunster gave a life-like representation of the faithful dawg."

"You still jaw as much as ever, I notice," said the animal delineator, fondling the beginnings of his moustache

"More," sighed Psmith, "more. Is anything irritating you?" he added, eyeing the other's manœuvres with interest.

"You needn't be a funny ass, man," said Dunster, pained; "heaps of people tell me I ought to have it waxed."

"What it really wants is top-dressing with guano. Hullo! another man out. Adair's bowling better to-day than he did yesterday."

"I heard about yesterday," said Dunster. "It must have been a rag! Couldn't we work off some other rag on somebody before I go? I shall be stopping here till Monday in the village. Well hit, sir—Adair's bowling is perfectly simple if you go out to it."

"Comrade Dunster went out to it first ball," said Psmith to Mike

"Oh! chuck it, man; the sun was in my eyes. I hear Adair's got a match on with the M.C.C. at last."

"Has he?" said Psmith; "I hadn't heard. Archæology claims so much of my time that I have little leisure for listening to cricket chit chat."

"What was it Jellicoe wanted?" asked Mike; "was it anything important?"

"He seemed to think so—he kept telling me to tell you to go and see him."

"I fear Comrade Jellicoe is a bit of a weak-minded blitherer——"

"Did you ever hear of a rag we worked off on Jellicoe once?" asked Dunster. "The man has absolutely no sense of humour—can't see when he's being rotted. Well, it was like this—Hullo! We're all out I shall have to be going out to field again, I suppose, dash it! I'll tell you when I see you again."

"I shall count the minutes," said Psmith

Mike stretched himself; the sun was very soothing after his two hours in the detention room; he felt disinclined for exertion.

"I don't suppose it's anything special about Jellicoe, do you?" he said. "I mean, it'll keep till tea-time; it's no catch having to sweat across to the house now."

"Don't dream of moving," said Psmith. "I have several rather profound observations on life to make and I can't make them without an audience. Soliloquy is a knack. Hamlet had got it, but probably only after years of patient practice. Personally, I need some one to listen when I talk. I like to feel that I am doing good. You stay where you are—don't interrupt too much."

Mike tilted his hat over his eyes and abandoned Jellicoe.

It was not until the lock-up bell rang that he remembered him. He went over to the house and made his way to the dormitory, where he found the injured one in a parlous state, not so much physical as mental. The doctor had seen

his ankle and reported that it would be on the active list in a couple of days. It was Jellicoe's mind that needed attention now.

Mike found him in a condition bordering on collapse.

"I say, you might have come before!" said Jellicoe.

"What's up? I didn't know there was such a hurry about it—what did you want?"

"It's no good now," said Jellicoe gloomily; "it's too late, I shall get sacked."

"What on earth are you talking about? What's the row?"

"It's about that money."

"What about it?"

"I had to pay it to a man to-day, or he said he'd write to the head—then of course I should get sacked. I was going to take the money to him this afternoon, only I got crocked, so I couldn't move. I wanted to get hold of you to ask you to take it for me—it's too late now!"

Mike's face fell. "Oh, hang it!" he said, "I'm awfully sorry. I'd no idea it was anything like that—what a fool I was! Dunster did say he thought it was something important, only like an ass I thought it would do if I came over at lock up."

"It doesn't matter," said Jellicoe miserably; "it can't be helped."

"Yes, it can," said Mike. "I know what I'll do—it's all right. I'll get out of the house after lights-out."

Jellicoe sat up. "You can't! You'd get sacked if you were caught."

"Who would catch me? There was a chap at Wrykyn I knew who used to break out every night nearly and go and pot at cats with an air-pistol; it's as easy as anything."

The toad-under-the-harrow expression began to fade from Jellicoe's face. "I say, do you think you could, really?"

"Of course I can! It'll be rather a ra

"I say, it's frightfully decent of you."

"What absolute rot!"

"But, look here, are you certain —

"I shall be all right. Where do you want me to go?"

"It's a place about a mile or two from here, called Lower Borlock."

"Lower Borlock?

"Yes, do you know it?"

"Rather! I've been playing cricket for them all the term."

"I say, have you? Do you know a man called Barley?"

Barley? Rather—he runs the 'White Boar.'

"He's the chap I owe the money to.

"Old Barley!"

Mike knew the landlord of the "White Boar" well; he was the wag of the village team. Every village team, for some mysterious reason, has its comic man. In the Lower Borlock eleven Mr Barley filled the post. He was a large, stout man, with a red and cheerful face, who looked exactly like the jovial inn-keeper of melodrama. He was the last man Mike would have expected to do the "money by Monday-week or I write to the head-master" business.

But he reflected that he had only seen him in his leisure moments, when he might naturally be expected to unbend and be full of the milk of human kindness. Probably in business hours he was quite different. After all, pleasure is one thing and business another.

Besides, five pounds is a large sum of money, and if Jellicoe owed it, there was nothing strange in Mr. Barley's doing everything he could to recover it.

He wondered a little what Jellicoe could have been doing to run up a bill as big as that, but it did not occur to him to ask, which was unfortunate, as it might have saved him a good deal of inconvenience. It seemed to him that it was none of his business to inquire into Jellicoe's private affairs. He took the envelope containing the money without question.

"I shall bike there, I think," he said, "if I can get into the shed."

The school's bicycles were stored in a shed by the pavilion.

"You can manage that," said Jellicoe; "it's locked up at night, but I had a key made to fit it last summer, because I used to go out in the early morning sometimes before it was opened."

Got it on you?"

"Smith's got it."

"I'll get it from him."

"I say!"

"Well

"Don't tell Smith why you want it, will you? I don't want anybody to know—if a thing once starts getting about it's all over the place in no time."

"All right, I won't tell him."

"I say, thanks most awfully! I don't know what I should have done, I——"

"Oh, chuck it!" said Mike.

CHAPTER XV.

AND FULFILS IT

MIKE started on his ride to Lower Borlock with mixed feelings. It is pleasant to be out on a fine night in summer, but the

pleasure is to a certain extent modified when one feels that to be detected will mean expulsion.

Mike did not want to be expelled, for many reasons. Now that he had grown used to the place he was enjoying himself at Sedleigh to a certain extent. He still harboured a feeling of resentment against the school in general and Adair in particular, but it was pleasant in Outwood's now that he had got to know some of the members of the house, and he liked playing cricket for Lower Borlock; also, he was fairly certain that his father would not let him go to Cambridge if he were expelled from Sedleigh. Mr. Jackson was easy-going with his family, but occasionally his foot came down like a steam-hammer, as witness the Wrykyn school report affair

So Mike pedalled along rapidly, being wishful to get the job done without delay.

Psmith had yielded up the key, but his inquiries as to why it was needed had been embarrassing. Mike's statement that he wanted to get up early and have a ride had been received by Psmith, with whom early rising was not a hobby, with honest amazement and a flood of advice and warning on the subject.

"One of the Georges," said Psmith, "I forget which, once said that a certain number of hours' sleep a day I cannot recall for the moment how many—made a man something, which for the time being has slipped my memory. However, there you are. I've given you the main idea of the thing; and a German doctor says that early rising causes insanity Still, if you're bent on it——" After which he had handed over the key

Mike wished he could have taken Psmith into his confidence. Probably he would have volunteered to come, too; Mike would have been glad of a companion.

It did not take him long to reach Lower Borlock. The "White Boar" stood at the far end of the village, by the cricket field. He rode past the church standing out black and mysterious against the light sky and the rows of silent cottages, until he came to the inn.

The place was shut, of course, and all the lights were out—it was some time past eleven

The advantage an inn has over a private house, from the point of view of the person who wants to get into it when it has been locked up, is that a nocturnal visit is not so unexpected in the case of the former. Preparations have been made to meet such an emergency. Where with a private house you would probably have to wander round heaving rocks and end by climbing up a water spout, when you want to get into an inn you simply ring the night-bell, which, communicating with the Boots' room, has that hard-worked menial up and doing in no time.

After Mike had waited for a few minutes there was a rattling of chains and a shooting of bolts and the door opened.

"Yes, sir?" said the Boots, appearing in his shirt-sleeves. "Why, 'ullo! Mr. Jackson, sir!"

Mike was well known to all dwellers in Lower Borlock, his scores being the chief topic of conversation when the day's labours were over.

"I want to see Mr. Barley, Jack."

"He's bin in bed this half-hour back, Mr. Jackson."

"I must see him. Can you get him down?"

The Boots looked doubtful. "Roust the guv'nor outer bed?" he said.

Mike quite admitted the gravity of the task. The landlord of the "White Boar" was one of those men who need a beauty sleep

"I wish you would it's a thing that can't wait. I've got some money to give to him."

"Oh, if it's *that*——" said the boots.

Five minutes later mine host appeared in person, looking more than usually portly in a check dressing-gown and red bedroom slippers of the *Dreadnought* type.

"You can pop off, Jack"

Exit Boots to his slumbers once more

"Well, Mr Jackson, what's it all about?"

"Jellicoe asked me to come and bring you the money."

"The money? What money?"

"What he owes you; the five pounds, of course"

"The five——" Mr. Barley stared open-mouthed at Mike for a moment; then he broke into a roar of laughter which shook the sporting prints on the wall and drew barks from dogs in some distant part of the house. He staggered about laughing and coughing till Mike began to expect a fit of some kind. Then he collapsed into a chair, which creaked under him, and wiped his eyes.

"Oh dear!" he said, "oh dear! the five pounds!"

Mike was not always abreast of the rustic idea of humour, and now he felt particularly fogged. For the life of him he could not see what there was to amuse any one so much in the fact that a person who owed five pounds was ready to pay it back. It was an occasion for rejoicing, perhaps, but rather for a solemn, thankful, eyes-raised to-heaven kind of rejoicing.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Five pounds!"

"You might tell us the joke."

Mr Barley opened the letter, read it, and had another attack: when this was finished he handed the letter to Mike, who was waiting patiently by hoping for light, and requested him to read it.

"Dear, dear!" chuckled Mr. Barley. "Five pounds! They may teach you young gentlemen to talk Latin and Greek and what not at your school, but it 'ud do a lot more good if they'd teach you how many beans make five; it 'ud do a lot more good if they'd teach you to come in when it rained; it 'ud do —"

Mike was reading the letter.

"DEAR MR BARLEY," it ran. "I send the £5, which I could not get before. I hope it is in time, because I don't want you to write to the head-master. I am sorry Jane and John ate your wife's hat and the chicken and broke the vase."

There was some more to the same effect; it was signed "T. G. Jellicoe."

"What on earth's it all about?" said Mike, finishing this curious document.

Mr. Barley slapped his leg. "Why, Mr Jellicoe keeps two dogs here; I keep 'em for him till the young gentlemen go home for their holidays. Aberdeen terriers, they are, and as sharp as mustard. Mischief! I believe you, but, love us! they don't do no harm! Bite up an old shoe sometimes and such sort of things. The other day, last Wednesday it were, about 'ar parse five, Jane — she's the worst of the two, always up to it, she is — she got hold of my old hat and had it in bits before you could say knife. John upset a china vase in one of the bedrooms chasing a mouse, and they got on the coffee-room table and ate half a cold chicken what had been left there. So I says to myself: 'I'll have a game with Mr. Jellicoe over this,' and I sits down and writes off saying the little dogs have eaten a valuable hat and a chicken and what not, and the damage'll be five pounds and will he kindly remit same by Saturday night at the latest or I write to his head-master. Love us!" Mr Barley slapped his thigh, "he took it all in, every word—and here's the five pounds in cash in this envelope here! I haven't had such a laugh since we got old Tom Raxley out of bed at twelve of a winter's night by telling him his house was on fire."

It is not always easy to appreciate a joke of the practical order if one has been made even merely part victim of it. Mike, as he reflected that he had been dragged out of his house in the middle of the night, in contravention of all school rules and discipline, simply in order to gratify Mr Barley's sense of humour, was more inclined to be abusive than mirthful. Running

"A VOICE BELOW CRIED, "WHO'S THERE?"

risks is all very well when they are necessary, or if one chooses to run them for one's own amusement, but to be placed in a dangerous position, a position imperilling one's chance of going to the 'Varsity, is another matter altogether.

But it is impossible to abuse the Barley type of man. Barley's enjoyment of the whole thing was so honest and child-like. Probably it had given him the happiest quarter of an hour he had known for years, since, in fact, the affair of old Tom Raxley. It would have been cruel to damp the man.

So Mike laughed perfunctorily, took back the envelope with the five pounds, accepted a stone ginger beer and a plateful of biscuits, and rode off on his return journey.

Mention has been made above of the difference which exists between getting into an inn after lock-up and into a private house Mike was to find this out for himself.

His first act on arriving at Sedleigh was to replace his bicycle in the shed. This he accomplished with success. It was pitch-dark in the shed, and as he wheeled his machine in, his foot touched something on the floor. Without waiting to discover what this might be, he leaned his bicycle against the wall, went out, and locked the door, after which he ran across to Outwood's.

Fortune had favoured his undertaking by decreeing that a stout drain-pipe should pass up the wall within a few inches of his and Psmith's study. On the first day of term, it may be remembered, he had wrenched away the wooden bar which bisected the window-frame, thus rendering exit and entrance almost as simple as they had been for Wyatt during Mike's first term at Wrykyn.

He proceeded to scale this water-pipe.

He had got about half-way up when a voice from somewhere below cried, "Who's that?"

(To be continued.)

"PLAY"

A Reply to "Work," by L. Spero

When for hours at mathematics you've been forced to sit and swot,
Or at hunks of German grammar, or some corresponding rot,
When school becomes a drudgery and life becomes a bore,
And you feel there's no inducement to live on any more:
Go and play, play, play, out in God's fresh open air,
Kick a football, swing a bat, or play lacrosse with all your might;
Go and play, play, play, 'tis a pleasure rich and rare
To throw your heart and soul into the straining, eager fight.

When at the University, to pass the "Little-go,"
Burning midnight oil in gallons you are trying all you know,
When you hate the busy scratching of the never-ceasing pen,
Take a rest, wipe dry your nib (upon your trouser leg) and then—
Go and play, play, play, and forget the name of worry,
Never think of Greek hexameters, or Latin prose at all.
Go and play, play, play, in the game's fierce hurry, scurry,
You'll forget all resolutions but to conquer or to fall.

When later on, in after life, things keep on going wrong,
Life seems all rows of figures, and the office hours are long;
When feeding disagrees with you, you're feeling out of sorts,
Chuck up the work, throw down your pen, and run to outdoor sports:
Go and play, play, play, you are not too old for that,
Take to cricket, 'crosse or golf, or some other manly game,
Go and play, play, play, and when you lay aside your bat,
You'll look back and know you've lived a life that's worthy of the name.

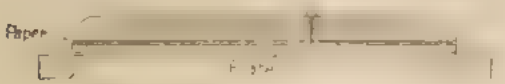
L. DU G. P.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

SOME PRINTING HINTS: TESTING SHUTTERS

THE back of a printing frame is usually divided into two unequal parts, so that the centre of the print, which often includes the most important object in the picture, may be accessible. When you arrange the negative and paper you should think for a moment how you are placing them in the fram That part of the picture which you wish to watch most carefully should be, by preference, under the larger flap

As it is inadvisable to finger the paper mor than is absolutely necessary, you will find it an advantage to allow one edge of the p per to project a sixteenth of an i or so be nd



(1) Allow one edge of the printing paper to negative A little to mak examination eas er

the edge of the negative, as in Fig. 1. This wil make lifting of the print for examination a very simple matter, and obviate that scraping with the finger-nail which sometimes injures the negative.

A Thick Negative

should be exposed to direct sunlight, and as square to the sun as possible. The frame should be adjusted from time to time, if the negative is particularly dense, for in an hour or two the sun will have worked round considerably, and the surface of the glass being a good reflector, much of the light falling on it at an angle (Fig. 2, position B, is reflected When printing in the shade, turn the frame upwards, unless the negative be very thin (in which case it should be covered with a sheet of tissue paper and kept in a subdued light). A frame set inside the window, pointing towards the ground, will receive very much less light than one laid on the window-sill, looking skywards

A frame exposed square to the sun (A) will print much quicker than one placed obliquely (B)

\ a general rule it is better to print in the shade than in the sun Over rapid darkening of the paper is apt to prove superficial, the print losing depth in the toning- and fixing-baths Slow printing seems to give the light a better bite ' and produces more permanent effects, so that you can judge the exposure more correctly. To put the facts in a nutshell, no print will be spoilt by slow printing, but many prints may be ruined by quick printing. I am, of course referring here to P O P , but the same remark applies closely to bromide and platinum printing as well

The Cracked Negative

Don't throw away a cracked negative as hopeless, if it has been broken cleanly, and the film has not torn. Stick the plate by the edges to a clean glass plate of equal size, film side outwards, of course. In printing from such a negative it is essential that some device should be adopted for preventing the refraction of light by the edges of the crack. Two simple methods are available The first is to place

the frame in a deep box, blackened inside; so that the light may strike it only vertically (Fig. 3). The second is illustrated by Fig. 4.

(3) To prevent the cracks in a broken negative marking the print, lay the frame at the bottom of a deep box, blackened inside

Get a piece of board somewhat larger than the biggest frame you use and bore a hole at each corner. Thread through the holes four pieces of fine string, ten feet or more long (the longer the better), and knot them together to form a loop, which is passed over a hook screwed into the branch of a tree or some other convenient support. Lay the frame on the board and wind the strings up. When the board is released it will continue to revolve in alternate directions, as the strings unwind and wind themselves up again. A modification of this principle is to have a single long string, connected to the

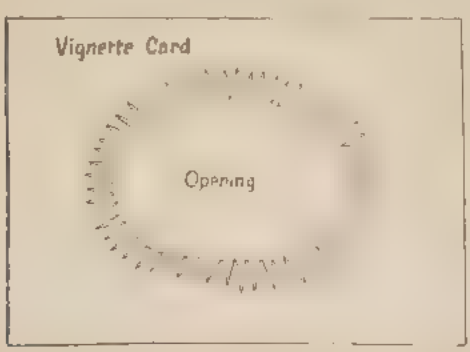
(4) Or make an apparatus of this kind and allow the frame to rotate while printing is going

board by four short strings. In this case, however, motion takes place only when the string is unwinding itself.

An arrangement of this kind will come in handy for

VIGNETTING,

which is, as you probably know, the shading off of the edges of the print. You may buy special ruby vignetting-glasses, having an oval or pear-shaped central area of white glass, and edges shaded away into a deep ruby colour. I don't like them so well as the vignetting-papers, which you may buy, or make for yourself. The edges



(5) A card for vignetting a print. The edge of the opening has deep narrow notches cut in it to help diffuse the light

(6) Diagram to show the principle of vignetting. The separation of negative and vignetting-card allows some rays to enter obliquely

of the opening are serrated as shown in Fig. 5 to graduate the amount of light passed, and the card itself is attached to the upper face of the printing-frame, a quarter of an inch or so away from the negative, to give the light rays a certain amount of diffusion. The principle of vignetting by this method is illustrated in Fig. 6.

Happy thought! It has just occurred to me that the record platform of a gramophone would serve excellently for vignetting or for printing cracked negatives. If run at the slowest speed, the turntable would keep going for a long time.

TESTING YOUR SHUTTER.

I now come to a very interesting experiment, which requires no more apparatus than the common or garden bicycle and the camera, of course. Though it is not necessary, it is at least useful to know what speeds your shutter *really* works at. The adverb is italicised, because the speeds marked on the shutter are generally hopelessly inaccurate—invariably so, I venture to state, in the case of cheap cameras. Now, it stands to reason that if the shortest exposure that your shutter can give is $\frac{1}{30}$ second—though the index shows $\frac{1}{100}$—you will probably be led into attempting snaps of subjects which your shutter can make nothing of, and you will be disappointed by the results. On the other hand, if you adjust the shutter to $\frac{1}{10}$ second and the actual time is $\frac{1}{25}$ second, there is a risk of bad under-exposure. When you once know what the facts of the case are you will "act according."

As I said, you will need a cycle for the experiment. Well, *that* is procured without the least difficulty. If a cycle wheel be raised from the ground and set spinning, it will continue to spin at practically a constant speed for a long time, thanks to the weight of the rim and tyre, and the efficiency of the ball bearings. So we turn the cycle upside down and attach to the front tyre a small disc of white paper, or, what is far better, a steel ball, highly polished,

as this will reflect a bright point of light whatever position it may be in.

A sunny day should be selected for the experiment. Matters will be improved if the tyre be blacked for some distance on each side of the disc or ball, and a black cloth be hung up behind the wheel

Focus the wheel distinctly, set the shutter at the slowest snap speed, and put a plate in position.

Then start the wheel up until it rotates, say, twice in a second, as timed by the second-hand of your watch. Prepare for the exposure hand on release. Time ten revolutions of the wheel, release the shutter during the eleventh, and count ten more revolutions. The total time divided by twenty-one gives you the

(7) Diagram to illustrate a simple method of testing the speed of a shutter. The black ring indicates the twelfth of a cycle to which is attached a bright head or disc of white paper. The movement of the latter during exposure causes a white blur from the length of which the actual length of exposure is calculated

average speed of the wheel, that at which it was moving when you snapped.

To be on the safe side, and allow for slight differences in friction in the shutter, it is advisable to expose two or more plates at each speed. The plates must, of course, be marked very carefully, to prevent confusion. When the negatives have been developed and prints taken, you get out a protractor and ascertain the number of degrees of a circle through which the white line representing the moving disc or bead extends. In Fig. 7, the angle ACB happens to be 45 degrees. If the wheel was revolving twice a second the shutter exposure was evidently $\frac{45}{360} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{16}$ second. If the results given by one speed differ slightly, you should take the average as your standard. If you are able to carry through some experiments on these lines successfully I expect that you will be rather surprised to find how much your confidence in the figures so neatly engraved on the shutter has been abused.

It is advisable to get the image of the wheel as large as the plate will admit, since a good size assists accuracy of measurement with the protractor.

I foresee difficulties for one class of amateurs —that which possesses fixed-focus hand cameras without supplementary lenses for close range. That class must be contented with a small image.

Mysterious Fogging.

I have no doubt whatever that some of my readers have been at times troubled and perplexed by the mysterious fogging of plates in a camera which is, as far as can be gathered from a careful examination, perfectly light-tight. The trouble may be due—especially if the apparatus is new—to the black paint with which the inside of a box camera, or the internal woodwork of a bellows camera, is coated. This paint, being mixed with turpentine, exhales vapour which has a destructive effect on the film, the exhalation being increased by a high temperature If such a fault be suspected the camera should be opened and exposed to a current of warm air, which will draw out the "turps."

I may in this place point out that some kind of paper used for wrapping plates are of a radio-active character, and will spoil films that come into contact with them. When you remove a plate from a parcel be careful that the top one of those left is turned face downward. The glazed wax paper used by some firms is quite harmless

Better than The Album.

I have made up my mind to one thing - never to stick any more prints into an album. Once fixed, they are difficult to remove if anything goes wrong with them, and it is impossible to rearrange them. Even the slip-in form of album is not quite satisfactory as regards classification and arrangement of subjects. From an artistic point of view a fixed size of print is bad

Instead of the album, I propose to use the loose-mount principle adopted by Messrs. Houghtons in their "Phosys" files. Each photograph is mounted on a separate card of certain dimensions. The print may be of any size you wish within those limits

The cards are perforated with a hole near the bottom edge, through which a brass rod passes to secure them to the tray in which they are stood. This method makes it easy to remove or add prints at will. Inspection is

facilitated. In short, there is a great deal to be said for this application of the card-index system to photographic prints.

A Natty Little Enlarger.

Messrs. Kodak, Ltd., have sent me a descriptive pamphlet of their Brownie enlarger, price 10*s.*, which will enlarge No. 1 Brownie pictures to 5 by 5 in., and No. 2 Brownie pictures to 7 by 5 in. (rather larger than half-plate size).

A good point about this contrivance is, that it folds up, and may be stored in a small space. A couple of minutes suffice to extend it ready for use. Adapters for the smaller sized plates are provided. It is primarily intended for bromide printing, but I should think that it would also serve for making enlarged negatives.

A Useful Catalogue.

I didn't know that Messrs. James Woolley, Sons, and Co., of Victoria Bridge, Manchester, did so big a trade in photographic accessories, till I received the other day their catalogue, which includes pretty well everything that the photographer can need. I should advise my readers to send for a copy and keep it in their bookshelves for reference. A careful perusal of it will give a lot of useful information as to the many forms of apparatus that can now be purchased to help the photographer out of all kinds of difficulties

A New Process

Have you ever heard of the Donisthorpe Photographic Process? It is something quite novel, and will find favour among amateurs because it is a very cheap one to experiment with. Printing is here entirely independent of the action of light on a sensitive film, as the process is one of dyeing a specially prepared paper with the negative, which is stained previously with any colour desired

The negative is prepared in the usual way, and when absolutely dry is hardened by immersion in a chemical bath. It is then put in the dye bath for from five to ten minutes, according to the dye used, until the image, if held up to the light, appears positive. It is now washed and cleaned with a pad of cotton wool.

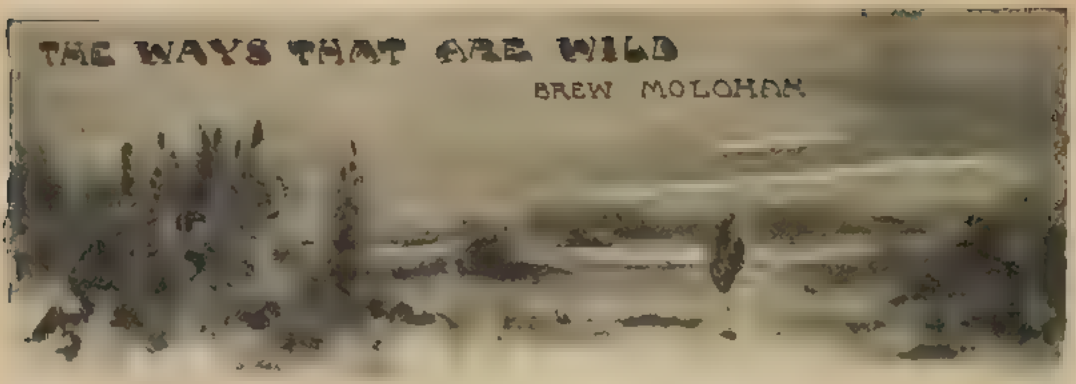
The paper, moistened, is squeezed on to the negative, from which it absorbs the dye. As the dark parts of the negative are practically non-absorbent, and the absorption increases with transparency, the colour gradations on the negative are reproduced in the paper print. The process somewhat resembles "jellygraph" printing of examination papers, notices, &c.

The paper costs only ninepence per thirty-six quarter-plate sheets. A complete outfit of that size is supplied by the Donisthorpe Patents Co., 5 Southampton Street, Strand, London, for 5*s.* 3*d.*, post free. I hope to enlarge on the subject in a future issue after I have had some personal experience of the paper.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Beginner." -I am sorry that you have not had better luck with your gum-bichromate experiments. It would make no difference whether you used Cox's or Nelson's gelatine. I can't understand about the gum coating not drying. I have not experienced the least difficulty in this respect. Of course, the gum takes some time to get quite dry, and to hurry matters I sometimes suspend the coated paper over an oil-stove. You say that when dry it only prints faintly. This is as it should be, and for this reason you have to use an actinometer. If the image comes out very faintly when developed you may ascribe the failure to under-printing. The bichromate of potash element has not become sufficiently insoluble, and the paper lets go of the pigment. Now, don't give it up. Follow out my instructions very carefully; and if [illegible] buy Mr. Richards's book, "Practical Gum Bichromate" which I recommended in the article. It will pay you to have some good books by you. They, as well as the camera, are the tools the photographer must work with. I hope that you will fare better with the lantern slides. It is impossible in the space of a Corner to do more than point the way. Experience, and that only, brings success; though one sometimes makes a good shot first time. Yes! let me know how you get on, by all means.

Cathedral



A STORY OF A GENTLEMAN POACHER

IN THREE PARTS

Crusoe and [illegible] friend Cleo [illegible] They have met with little success [illegible] father when they fall in with Hugh Leslie, a gentleman of independent means who, for sheer love of [illegible] The boys, of course, promise to keep his secret, and he proceeds to reveal to them the arts of the poacher.

CHAPTER V

IT was with heavy hearts that the backwoodsmen turned towards home. The ruses shown them by Hugh had been practised with varying but, on the whole encouraging results, and it was as gall and wormwood to their ambitious souls that they could not lay their hands on a solitary hare or rabbit with the proud remark "I snared it."

They had refrained from asking for instruction on the art of wiring, partly because they did not like to confess their lamentable ignorance, and partly in the hope that constant practice would perfect them in the art. Their assiduous pertinacity was without success, however, and only resulted in making them feel like the young braves who have not yet taken their first reeking scalps and who are, consequently, unworthy of a place amongst the warriors of the tribe.

In vain were the holes encircled with such a maze of wires that it seemed the venturesome rabbit which poked even its ears above ground could not avoid being caught. In vain were the runs in the cornfield set with loops of every varying sizes to fit the head of the leveret or the fully developed buck. They even tried bolting a hare along its own particular run, which had been carefully wired at an inconspicuous spot. Still in vain—the animal kept to the run until within about ten yards of the wire, when it darted off at right angles.

At last they took their troubles, and one of the wires, to the camp, and laying them at the feet of their mentor, implored guidance.

Hugh examined the wire.

"You certainly have the right material," he said; "this flexible copper wire is the best to use, and the only thing wrong is that it is too bright. Here are some of the snares that I use. You will notice that they are carefully smoked, so that the glitter of the metal will not betray their presence.

"By the way, boys," he continued, "I am sorry to say that I must leave Heron Marshes to-morrow. I found a letter from my mother at the post office this morning saying that some relatives have invited themselves to stay with us, and that I must come home to help to entertain them. It is a nuisance, as I looked forward to another few weeks' freedom from the restraints of civilisation, but I am afraid there is no getting out of it."

The boys' faces fell.

"Oh, dear," sighed Crusoe, "I am sorry. We shall miss you dreadfully. It has been such a pleasure for us to come up to the camp every day."

"Perhaps next year we will have a few more poaching expeditions together," said Hugh. "I am sure Hegarty would be glad."

"I suppose you will take him with you?" insinuated Cleo suggestively.

Leslie laughed outright at the palpable hint.

"My dear Cleo," he replied, "ask me for

anything in my possession bar Hegarty and it is yours. Hegarty I could not part with."

[illegible]

Did you mean that, Hugh?" asked Crusoe.

Hugh nodded.

"You have always refused to allow us to accompany you at night," resumed Crusoe, "and we should be glad if you would let us come just once, so that we can learn how you snare and net."

"You young reprobates!" laughed Hugh. "Well, as I made a promise, I suppose I shall have to fulfil it, so I shall set some wires this evening. To admit of your getting back in time for dinner, we must put them down a bit earlier than is usual, and then, if you will be at the bend above the mill by 11 P.M., I will show you how to depopulate a rabbit warren. I don't like the idea of interfering with your sleep, but still, as you trapped me into a promise, I must carry it out."

The chiming of the church bells was softly stealing over the marshes as they started for the scene of operations, Hugh carrying half a dozen wires carefully wrapped in dock leaves.

"You set your snares right enough," he said, "but spoiled your chances by handling them. It is astonishing how quickly animals scent human beings. I have read of a rhinoceros, guided by the smell, charging a hunter two miles away; and I have had hares wind myself at three hundred yards."

When they arrived at the extremity of a cornfield on the boundaries of the Heron Court and Southbrook properties, Hugh, after sending Hegarty round the field to make certain that there were no watchers, led the way beside the fence. Coming to a run he signed to the boys to stand a little way back and observe his movements. A tussock of long grass was growing beside the run a few yards from the hedge, and behind this he drove in the peg to which the snare was attached. Donning an old pair of gloves he picked up a handful of earth and rubbed it between his fingers before handling the wires; then, standing back as far as possible, he fixed the little cleft stick which holds the wire in position and, carefully calculating the height of the loop, left it suspended directly across the run.

Five snares were set in this fashion at different openings, and as they paddled back to the camp Hugh observed, "I shall be greatly surprised if I don't find at least two hares to-morrow morning—when, of course, I shall take up all the wires, in case a keeper comes along and finds them. The secret of successful poaching is to avoid suspicion, and although I kill enough game for my needs in this district every year, I don't believe there is a keeper who suspects that he loses a bird or a hare.

"Reverting to snaring," he continued, "you must take exactly the same precautions with rabbits; the only difference being that hares carry their heads much higher, and the top of the loop must be about seven inches from the ground—with rabbits, four and a half is enough."

The cold, pale moon was shedding a silvery light over the park as the backwoodsmen pushed aside the flap of the tent and cautiously stole forth. Truth to tell, the beauty of the scene evoked no responsive chord in the breasts of the hunters, who were apprehensive that the clear rays might betray their movements to a wandering keeper or a belated servant.

"We must snake through the trees," whispered Cleo, "and then dart for the shadow of the park wall."

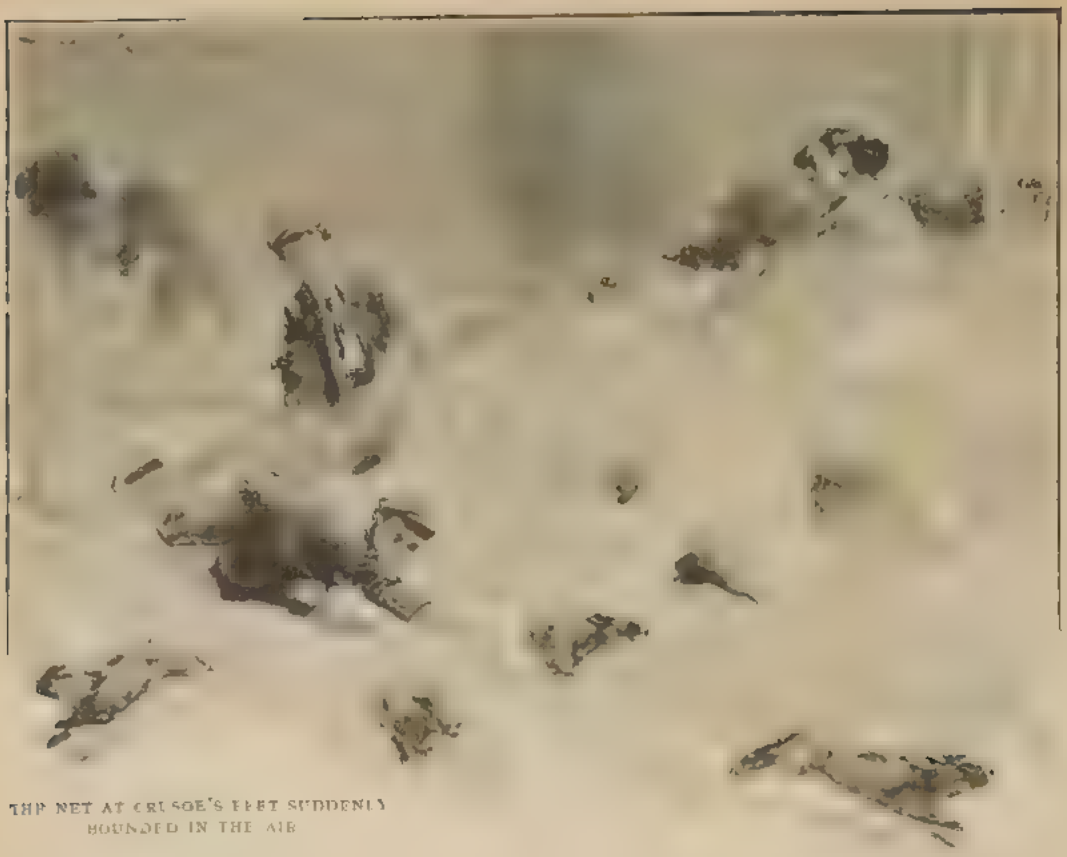
Stealing from tree to tree, crawling on all fours to simulate the movements of an animal, sinking to the ground when the loud *flap, flap* of a wood-pigeon's wings told that their progress was not so noiseless as they hoped; and, in fine, bringing into play all the ruses and deceptions practised by the wily redskin, the pair at length reached the wall, and in its impenetrable shadow quickly arrived at the sheltering wood which extended to the river.

"Well up to time," said Hugh in a low voice, as he emerged from the shadow of a willow-tree. "We will make for the burrows at the other side of the park and help ourselves to a few of Parker's rabbits. It is an ideal night for netting."

Proceeding in the shadow afforded by the wall they encircled the park and, in a short time, arrived at the warren which had been the scene of the snaring operations that had aroused Parker's ridicule. The boys were filled with unholy delight at the prospect of getting even with their enemy.

"When a rabbit bolts," whispered Leslie, as he handed them a bundle of nets, "fix another net immediately. It can't escape, but the others will if you wait to kill it."

He lightly placed nets over three holes at the end of the warren and, taking a can out of his pocket, sprinkled paraffin down the remainder, leaving only the netted holes untouched. Selecting the burrow furthest to



THE NET AT CRUSOE'S FEET SUDDENLY BOUNDED IN THE AIR

windward he crouched beside it, covering his head and shoulders with his coat. The boys heard the faint sound of a striking match, and a minute or two afterwards an acrid, pungent smoke came rolling out of the holes.

They instantly took up their positions ready to pounce on the unfortunate denizens.

"Look out, Crusoe!" interjected Hugh, as the net at Crusoe's feet suddenly bounded in the air and rolled over and over as the rabbit tried to disentangle itself. So excited was the boy, however, that he forgot the injunction to net the hole, and springing on the struggling animal he proceeded to break its neck in the approved fashion, until recalled by the stern admonition, "Net the hole!"

The fun grew fast and furious: the rabbits bursting through the holes and gyrating like Catherine wheels in their efforts to free themselves; and so impetuous was their rush that, despite the efforts of the three, at least a dozen escaped for every one captured. At length Hugh cried, "Enough," and on counting up they found that they had accounted for ten rabbits.

Talking over the expedition next day Hugh explained that rabbits have an intense aversion to paraffin, and will not face a hole where it has been sprinkled.

"What was the stuff you burned that made that beastly smell?" asked Cleo.

"Oh! that was simply cotton-wool impregnated with a mixture of cayenne pepper, gunpowder, and sulphur, and the stench of that combination is calculated to make any animal desirous of changing its quarters in a hurry.

"Poacher Dick," he continued, "put me up to this and all the other dodges I know."

"What a knowing old chap he must be!" said Cleo.

"He is an absolute master in the art of poaching," returned Hugh. "I have known him take a pheasant from a covert that was actually guarded at the time by six keepers. It is really a story worth hearing, if you care to listen."

The boys eagerly signified their willingness.

"The neighbouring estate to my mother's," began Hugh, "is owned by Sir Percy Sholto,

...ng strictly preserved, is garrisoned by an army of one head and three under-keepers. Like myself, Dick does not believe in taking unnecessary risks, and had left the Sholto property severely alone, until Cameron—the head-keeper—twitted him on his poaching proclivities one day in a local tavern.

"'Ye know better than to try ony of yer poachin' tricks in the Sholto covers, mon Dick,' he said, with a coarse laugh. 'Ah ken ye would find yerself in front of the bailie next mornin'.'"

"Dick only smiled as he peacefully smoked his pipe, but the loafers present, mistaking his silence for timidity, started in to chaff him unmercifully

"'Ha'e ye ever poached ony o' Donal's burrds, Dick?' asked one, with a sly wink at Cameron

"'Nae fear,' said the latter, 'Berwick gaol is too nigh the Sholto covers to please Poacher Dick'

"Dick looked up as he was filling his pipe

"'I'll tell ye what, Donal',' he said, 'I'll lay ye drinks a' round that I take a pheasant from under yer verra nose t'morrow nicht and ye won't catch me'

"'Done! Ye just try it, ma chiel!' laughed Cameron

"The following night the customers were finishing their 'wee drappies' preparatory to leaving, when the door opened and in walked Dick

"'Hoots! mon Dick,' laughed one, 'ye'd better keep awa' frae Donal' Cameron's covers the nicht. Ah ken he has twa o' Mackenzie's men as well as his ain three waitin' for ye'

"'Donal' will hae a wasted nicht as far as I'm concerned,' returned Dick; 'he will no find me in his covers'

"'What! Dick,' exclaimed another reproachfully, 'hae ye given Donal' best after a'?'

'Dick swallowed his dram with a quiet smile, and turning to the publican said dryly, as he pulled a pheasant out of his pocket, 'Angus! when Donal' Cameron comes ben for his dram t'morrow will ye juist gie him this burrd wi' ma compliments, an' tell him that he will find a main handful of feathers under the rowan-tree at the head o' the brae?'

"When Cameron called next morning the pheasant was handed over and Dick's message delivered without losing any of its simple force. Accompanied by the publican the keeper made his way to the rowan-tree, where, sure enough, they found indications which left no room for doubt that the bird had been killed there on the previous night. Vowing vengeance on Dick, Cameron went back to the tavern to liquidate his debt, but he never afterwards dared Poacher Dick to enter his coverts

"He told me the whole tale afterwards You must know that Dick has naturally a very inventive mind, which, in things relating to poaching, amounts almost to genius. To the trigger of an old muzzle loader he had fitted the works of a clock in such a way that it could be set to go off at any given time, and early in the day, whilst the keepers were at dinner, he had stolen into the coverts and hidden the gun, after pointing the hand to nine.

"Cameron had distributed his men round the coverts, and, as it happened, had given instructions that the men who first sighted Dick was to fire off his gun, when the others were to close in on the spot, so as to prevent any chance of his escape About nine o'clock the report of a gun was heard from the far side of the woods, and in less than a minute every keeper was running his hardest in the direction of the sound.

"When the last one had disappeared, Dick quietly got out of the ditch where he had been concealed and made his way into the nearest wood. Pheasants are very fond of roosting on the lower branches, and Dick, who is unequalled as a still hunter, found no difficulty in approaching a sleeping bird. Slipping his hand along the branch he seized it by the legs, and almost before the watchers had arranged their forces round the covert from which the gun had resounded, he was on his way to the tavern with the pheasant in his pocket!"

'Another trick of his in still hunting may interest you This is for birds that roost out of reach. He fastens a horse hair noose to a long stick, and, arrived under a tree, makes a slight noise, which awakens the pheasant. It lifts up its head, over which the noose is immediately dropped, and before any keeper whose attention may be attracted by the flapping of wings can get to the spot, Dick is safely away

'Pheasants," Hugh resumed, "are very fond of flying in a ride between two coverts, and Dick, knowing this peculiarity, fixes a net across the ride before sending his dog into the neighbouring corn-field. The birds come skimming over the hedge, bang into the net and half an hour afterwards Dick might be seen two miles away, wandering aimlessly along and looking as if he had never seen a pheasant in his life!

"It always amuses me in this country," he continued with a laugh, "to see the faith keepers have in bushed fields. They stick a few twigs and brambles in the stubble with the firm belief that the poacher who could not the ground has yet to be born—but Dick and myself have taken many a covey from bushed stubble. Partridges will run a long way before rising if they are not hustled, and after stretching the net across the field with Dick at one end and myself at the other, the [illegible] slowly runs the birds into the net which we immediately drop on them.

SLIPPING HIS HAND ALONG THE BRANCH HE SEIZED IT BY THE LEGS

CHAPTER VI

THE sun had not yet made its appearance when the door of the head keeper's cottage opened, and Parker, after that keen glance at the clouds which is the first unconscious act of every man whose work lies in the field, set off on his rounds with a thick stick under his arm.

It was not often that the head-keeper turned out so early, but the big shoot was close at hand, and, as he would be called upon to give an account of his stewardship if there were an appreciable shortage in the head of game killed, it behoved Parker to see for himself that the birds were confined as much as possible, to their coverts and the hares not allowed to wander too far afield.

Prospects this year were distinctly favourable. The clutches had been strong and healthy, and although vermin may have accounted for a few brace, the number of furred and feathered robbers nailed to the old wooden barn in Coombe Copse showed that the depredations could not have been very heavy. He had also seen that the families of the couple of vixens which had their quarters in his coverts had been kept supplied with rabbits, so there was not much mischief to be apprehended on that score. Your true keeper has no conscience where the well-being of his charge is concerned, and if a few dog foxes had mysteriously disappeared during the season, nobody, of course, would dream of associating the head-keeper with such a diabolical crime!

It was with reason, therefore, that Parker looked forward to a record bag: the losses

incidental to breeding had been comparatively slight, and, of course, in coverts so strictly preserved as those of Heron Court, poaching was altogether out of the question. Some years before one of the young village bloods had taken it into his head to help himself to a pheasant or two, but so dire had been the retribution at the hands of the head-keeper that it had served ever since as a warning of what might be expected by anybody with a taste for illegal sport.

Parker could have taken his oath that he knew every head of game under his charge, but he quite forgot that in such well stocked preserves a score of birds, more or less, could not possibly have been missed.

He was given *carte blanche* as to the order in which the coverts were to be shot, and, knowing the names of the gentlemen invited, he debated in his own mind as he walked along the position to be allotted to each. This was a question that involved no little anxiety. The best guns had, of course, to be placed in the best positions, because on their markmanship depended the head of game killed, but then, on the other hand, there was the question of tips to be considered.

"There's Sir Alfred," cogitated the keeper, "'e don't count because 'e *will* 'ave the worst place—anyway, there is no tip. Then that there Colonel Finley! 'E is the best shot of the crowd, so 'e'll 'ave to get the best station but if he gives I 'alf a-suvrin it's as much as ever. Then there is Mr. Meyer, the stock broker! Now, 'e *is* a gentleman, 'e is! A bob an 'ead 'e gives me for what 'e kills - worth a fi' pun note, that is. 'E gets a good place, anyway—next the Colonel, and likely as not I might be able to shove some of the Colonel's birds in with his lot!"

Having satisfactorily arranged the guns Parker stepped out briskly towards Braggens Wood, and was just entering the covert when his attention was caught by an object in the field about fifty yards down the hedge.

"Looks like a pheasant," he muttered, turning his steps in that direction. "Now, what could 'ave killed he? A darned stoat, I'll be bound—a fox would have carried un away. I'll give it to Hayes when I sees un—a-telling me that there warn't no vermin in the woods!"

Thus apostrophising the unfortunate under-keeper, Parker approached the bird, which was lying on its back with its wings outstretched and its legs in the air. Within a few yards of the pheasant he suddenly stopped, and an expression of amazed incredulity overspread his features, whilst he gazed at the bird as if he were mesmerised.

For the moment Sir Alfred Robinson's head-keeper was absolutely dumb-stricken at the audacity of the outrage; the next, the picturesque language pouring from his lips showed that his tongue had recovered its normal vigour. It only ceased when the thought struck him that, perhaps, the poacher might be returning for his quarry.

Looking hastily round he made a bee-line for the hedge, and securing an uncomfortable hiding place, secreted himself in the ditch.

"'E'll come along betwixt now and breakfuss time, and won't I let un have it!" thought Parker, as he gripped his cudgel with a feeling of pleasure at the punishment in store for the unfortunate poacher. "A month in chokey 'e'll 'ave if swearing'll do it!"

A quarter of an hour slipped by; half an hour; an hour, and yet no poacher the keeper motionless as one of the wild creatures themselves, whilst his mind rapidly ran over the list of the possible perpetrators of the outrage.

"If Bert Frampton 'adn't gone for a soldier I should 'ave said it was 'e," he thought "More'n likely it be one of the 'ands down to Varmer Brambles. That there Bob Reeks, I'll warrant! I often do see he loiterin' about the fields of an a'ternoon."

A second hour passed by, and as the pangs of hunger made themselves felt, the keeper's wrath gradually accumulated until he was really beside himself with rage, and it would certainly have gone hard with the unfortunate Bob Reeks if he had shown himself just then.

"'E means to leave un till to-night," Parker muttered, as he crawled out of the ditch "I'll go to my breakfuss and come back with Hayes."

The under keeper was sitting by the fire talking to Mrs. Parker when the head-keeper came in to his belated meal, and at the sight of his subordinate, Parker's wrath suddenly exploded

"Nice sort of keeper you be!" he roared at the astonished Hayes. "Lettin' poachers take birds from under your nose! What's *that?*" he shouted, as he caught sight of a hare lying on the floor by the under-keeper's chair

"I found he in a wire up to Fir Grove—" began Hayes, when he was suddenly interrupted by an outburst of scorching, pitiless invective from his superior

Exhausted at length, Parker dropped heavily into a chair and gulped his breakfast in huge mouthfuls, whilst Hayes, hardly

daring to breathe sat uncomfortably on the rim of his seat until his chief had taken the edge off his appetite

His appetite stayed, Parker turned to his under keeper and demanded brusquely, "Where did you find un?"

"Up Fir Grove; in the meadow by the wheat field"

"Who wired un?"

"I dunno

schemes which would put Bob Reeks into his power.

Arrived at the hedge at the other side of which the bird had been snared, Parker said, "Get up the bank and look over."

Hayes did so.

"See un?" growled the keeper.

Hayes craned his head from side to side

"Can't you see un?" demanded Parker

WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF THE PHEASANT HE SUDDENLY STOPPED

"I do! it be that there Bob Reeks down to Varmer Brambles Let un wait till I catch un though"

Hayes's face showed the disbelief that he did not dare to express, and to change the conversation he inquired, "What did 'e mean by saying as birds was poached under my nose?

"Wot I said!" returned Parker brusquely "Come along o' me up Braggens and I'll show e a pheasant as Bob Reeks snared last night

Conversation languished as the pair made a *détour* to approach the bird from the covert, Hayes afraid to say anything which might give rise to a further exhibition of temper and Parker, stalking moodily along, revolving

No!" replied Hayes.

Parker, expressing his opinion of Hayes's eyesight in forcible language, angrily climbed the fence and looked over. There was no pheasant to be seen

Jumping down, he hurried to the gate, and followed by the wondering Hayes, hastened to the spot where the bird had been snared There was not even a solitary feather to show that the fell outrage had been committed

For the third time that beautiful autumn morning the voice of Sir Alfred Robinson's head-keeper rose and fell in sweeping objurgation

There was little good to be derived from

the slight evidence afforded by the bruised grass and the hole made by the snare peg, so the pair walked along by the fence, keenly eyeing every "run" in case there might be more snares lying about. Turning into Coombe Copse they struck through the trees, intending to search the hedge that ran by Mr Bramble's corn field, which was a favourite feeding-ground for both the birds and ground game.

Parker was leading as they entered the wood striding along in grim silence and thinking out plans for the capture of the poachers when suddenly his eye was caught by a heap of feathers under a stunted oak and with an inarticulate expression, he pointed to it.

"Looks like a fox's doin'," hazarded Hayes.

Parker turned on him with crushing sarcasm.

"Did 'e ever know a fox climb a tree?" he inquired scathingly, as he pointed to a few tell-tale feathers stuck in the branches about eight feet from the ground. "That be Bob Reeks' doin'!"

It would have been a difficult thing to find a more worried man than Sir Alfred Robinson's head-keeper during the following week. Not once during that terrible seven days did he take his clothes off; out at all hours day and night guarding the coverts and visiting the watchers, and yet, every morning, there was weighty evidence to show that the poachers had been at work. Did they watch one range of woods, a heap of feathers in another showed where a pheasant had met its fate; and if they guarded all the coverts, the absence of hares from the meadows showed that they had been disturbed.

In vain did Parker exercise a personal surveillance over the movements of every labourer whose work brought him anywhere in the neighbourhood of the coverts, and especially were Bob Reeks' peregrinations scrutinised with suspicious eyes. Watched he ever so closely, however, not once could Parker catch a glimpse of the poachers nor, what was even more important, could he fathom the methods employed.

The continued strain left its mark on the man's physical appearance; great hollow circles formed round his eyes and his face assumed that haggard, gaunt appearance that comes from want of sleep. Nor was it without effect in his naturally hasty temper; his unfortunate subordinates trembled in their shoes whenever he appeared in sight and his long suffering wife found life more than usually trying during that terrible week.

Jealously he tried to compute the probable loss. Like most good keepers he could tell almost to a brace the number of birds to be found in a given covert; but with such extensive preserves he could not be certain if any were missing, and his fears magnified the numbers considerably.

When, therefore, Hayes came running up in a state of excitement with the information that he had found a snare in a "run" near Coombe Copse, Parker set to work to carry out an old, old ruse for the capture of the culprit. A hare was quickly procured and its neck fixed in the noose so as to appear as if it had been snared, whilst Parker, Hayes, and a watcher concealed themselves close by.

At eight o'clock Bob Reeks led his team into the adjacent field and began to plough. His cheery words of command to the team rang out as he approached the hedge, and turning when he reached the "headland," he paused for a moment to note with approval the mathematical straightness of the furrow across the field. Casually glancing over the low hedge, Bob's eye was caught by an object in the field about fifty yards away.

'Looks like an 'are," quoth he, and, prompted by that curiosity which has ever been the bane of mankind, he entered the field.

Scarcely had he touched the animal, however, when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, whilst a gruff voice growled in his ear, "I've caught you at last, Bob! You come along o' me before the squire!"

In vain Bob protested his innocence, swearing that he only came into the field to see what was wrong with the hare. A scoffing laugh was the only reply vouchsafed by his captors, and the horses being sent back to Farmer Brambles in charge of the watcher, Bob was marched off between Hayes and Parker, vowing his entire ignorance of poaching every step of the way.

Sir Alfred Robinson was one of those landowners of the old school who take a personal interest in the well being of every man on their estates, and, therefore, one of his first duties on arriving home after a week's absence, was to call at the woodman's cottage and inquire about the man's leg which the woodman had had the misfortune to cut rather badly some weeks before.

"Well, Bolton, how is the leg going on?"

Bolton touched his hat.

'It be nearly all right now, sur,' he replied, 'The doctor do say as I shall be fit to go to work in another week.'

"I am glad to hear it," returned the squire.

kindly. "We must find some light task to keep you employed until such time as it is perfectly well."

"Thank'ee, sur." And, as his master turned to leave, after placing a tangible memento of his visit upon the table, Bolton added, "I be terrible much obliged to 'ee, sur, for the pheasants and the hares and the rabbits you do send I every day. I tells Master Ralph as how it do take me and the missus and the little uns all our time to eat un."

"Oh!" replied Sir Alfred slowly, "it is Master Ralph who brings them to you?"

"Yes, sur; 'im and t'other young gentleman. And they says as how you gav orders that I wasn't to mention it, but my missus she says, 'You thank the master, Bolton, the next time you sees un!'"

Musing on the acts of charity that he had been credited with, Sir Alfred slowly returned home, noticing, as he passed the mill, the departure of the backwoodsmen for the marshes

As he approached the Court he was met by a groom with the information that Parker wanted to speak to him in the gun-room

He opened the door to find Bob Reeks sitting on a bench, with Parker and Hayes on either side

The head-keeper instantly opened the ball; relating that poaching had been going on for some time, that he had all along suspected the prisoner, and only this morning had caught him red-handed in the act of taking a hare out of a wire

Hayes corroborated his superior's evidence, and in answer to Sir Alfred's request, "Now, what have you to say to this, Reeks?" the unfortunate Bob reiterated his entire innocence of the charge and swore that he had never set a snare in his life, and that he had intended taking the hare to the keeper, whereat Parker gave vent to a sardonic chuckle.

"Hayes," said Sir Alfred, "go and tell the cook that I want to speak to her immediately.

"Cook," he said, as that dame entered the room, "I am afraid you are not treating my son and his friend very well lately."

"'Taint my fault, sur," she replied in an agitated voice with more than a suspicion of tears in it. "Master Ralph do say as how they be livin' the Simple Life, and he won't let me give him nothin' but bread and vegetables every mornin'."

The squire put his hand in his pocket and drew out five shillings, which he handed to the astonished Bob

"Go back to your work, Reeks," he said, "and the next time you see any game snared call the keeper before you interfere with it"

Bob touched his hat as he left the room, whilst the no less amazed keepers looked at each other, refusing to believe the evidence of their ears.

"Parker," continued Sir Alfred, "I think I know the poachers. Come with me."

He led them to the couple of tents which served the backwoodsmen as bedroom and kitchen.

Opening the flap of the former, he motioned to the keepers to enter. The waterproof sheets and blankets were neatly folded, but suspended from the pole was a varied assortment of wires, nets, spears and bows.

"Now," said Sir Alfred, "I think we will look at the kitchen."

Here everything was in picturesque confusion. Dirty saucepans, plates and dishes littered the floor, which was strewn with wreckage of every description, but the first things that caught Parker's eye as he entered were a brace of pheasants, a hare, and a couple of rabbits hanging from a cross bar.

Sir Alfred pointed to a couple of sacks in the rear of the tent.

"Take them out, Hayes," he said, "and let us see what they contain."

Hayes opened a sack, and diving his hand in, brought forth a bundle of feathers, whilst Parker disgorged a pile of hare and rabbit skins from the other

Sir Alfred looked at the evidence for a moment in silence.

"I think, Parker," he remarked at length, "it is just as well that the boys are going back to school the day after to-morrow."

Hayes, mindful of the squire's presence, looked at his superior in horrified expectancy of an outburst, but, mercifully, Parker's feelings were too deeply moved for words.

THE END.

BROWN'S BIKE

BY C.B.D

SOME people are naturally inventive. Brown is like that; he simply can't help inventing things. He once made a motor bicycle that he said was far in advance of anything yet built.

When it was practically finished, he was longing to take it out and try it, but unfortunately he sprained his left hand, and had perforce to postpone the trial trip. He therefore hailed with delight the appearance of his chum Jones.

"My dear chap," he cried, "you're the very man I wanted to see. Shove your bike up against the wall and come round to the yard. I want to show you my new motor-bike. No," he went on, in answer to a question from Jones, "it's nothing ve[illegible] thanks, but I gave it a nasty wrench [illegible] day. It's all the more annoying because I wanted to take out the bike to-day."

When they entered the yard Brown waved his right arm dramatically.

"What do you think of her?" he asked proudly.

"My goodness!" said Jones, in an awe-struck tone. "What a fearsome-looking monster!"

Across the yard, leaning against the wall, was the cause of his astonishment

"I simply love it," said Brown, patting the great tank, "and I'll tell you all about it. I had fat tyres fitted, to carry the weight, and she weighs the best part of five hundred-weight as you see her now, full up with petrol, oil, and water. You will have noticed that the cylinders are water-cooled. (Jones hadn't, but he didn't say so.) The gear-box contains eight speeds, all actuated by one lever placed conveniently at the driver's right hand. To save trouble, I have combined the throttle control on the same lever. The wheel base is eight feet exactly. And now tell me what you think of her," he concluded

Jones looked at the huge affair with his head on one side, as he said, "You know, Brown, I think it looks too heavy and much too fast for the roads about here, with all their blind corners and things. What is her power?"

The inventor smiled.

"About thirty," he said, "but I should be inclined to call it forty really, and as for speed, well, given a clear road, I would guarantee her to do eighty miles in the hour! I *do* want to see how she goes." Then he added suddenly, "I suppose you wouldn't like to take her down the road and back, Jones?"

Jones, in an enthusiastic and unguarded moment, said he would

Brown simply beamed

"Good man!" he exclaimed "It's awfully good of you, you know. L[illegible] shove her into the road"

His animated manner gave courage to his friend, who had already repented of his promise

By dint of much hard work they pushed the heavy machine out into the road, where poor Jones, whose heart began to fail him, pointed out several matters he hadn't thought of in the security of the yard.

"But er Brown, I don't see any brakes!" he faltered.

"No, I know. She hasn't got any; I haven't fixed 'em yet. When you wish to stop, though, all that you have to do is to raise the lever, and she comes gently to rest."

"But look here. Suppose it comes round a corner too sharply and skids. What then?"

Brown brushed aside all objections

"Skid!" he retorted, "why she *can't*. She's fitted with my patent 'anti-skid.' I'll

show you how it works. Let her lean over your side and you'll see. She's a bit heavy, but you can hold her up easily enough."

Jones, who had been holding the machine for the last five minutes, was quite aware of its weight

As it slowly canted over, an arrangement like a miniature plough appeared from under the gear-box and touched the ground. On model I shall alter that That's the magneto by your foot. Are you quite ready?" Then, struck by a sudden thought, he added suspiciously, "I say, you're not frightened, are you?"

Jones laughed uneasily.

"Frightened! I should think not!" he said untruthfully

"Are you right? Oh! I am so sorry,

"WHAT A FEARSOME LOOKING MONSTER!"

the bicycle being placed in a vertical position again, the anti skid sprang out of sight

"You see," said Brown eagerly, "I've thought of everything. The seat is very comfortable, and the what's that?—the speed lever looks flimsy? Well, yes, perhaps it is—a bit. It's only a temporary one, but if you are careful you won't come to any harm. Here is the petrol tap. I know it is right up in the front, but in the finished

Jones," said Brown, his face one broad grin, "but I forgot that there is a stand fixed under the gear-box, so you needn't have held it all this time"

As he spoke, he pressed a spring and two levers, which effectually held the machine up, fell to the ground

Jones stretched his aching arms and said unkind things to himself about Brown's memory.

After a few minutes, Jones, feeling like a

lamb being led to the slaughter, professed himself ready and sat down in the comfortable seat. Brown came up to the side of the huge machine and explained one or two things.

"You see, old man, how easy it is to start the engine. All that needs to be done is to pull up this strap by the seat—so. And there you are," he added, as he pulled it up.

The machine seemed to leap into the air for a moment, then she settled down to one continuous roar, as of half a dozen maxim guns firing at once. Brown yelled his final instructions into Jones' ear.

"Push the lever slowly downward," he observed. "The clutch will go in, and as you gather speed the stand will lift from the ground. Don't let her get too fast, and remember to pull the lever up to the top when you get to within about a hundred feet of the gate. There is a brick in the road close to the gate, so don't run over it. Now are you right? Then let her go!"

Jones nodded, his heart thumping loudly as he pushed the lever down.

To his great surprise, there was little if any shock as he started off down the road at about ten miles an hour. His steering was rather wobbly; once he nearly ditched his huge mount, but by the time he came to a standstill he was highly pleased with the bike and himself, though he was rather shaky about the knees.

He descended from the throbbing machine and wiped his face. Then, with a "do-or-die" look on his features, he slowly pushed the bike round and climbed into the seat. This time his pace was just under the legal limit as he sailed along, raising the dust in clouds.

On pulling up, he was most enthusiastic.

"Brown, it's grand! She goes as smoothly as anything. If there was a longer stretch of road, I'd have put in the top gear, but I daren't on a short one like this. My word!" he went on grinning, "didn't I raise the dust, though! I've got a lot in my eyes. You might lend me your goggles and a coat, for my coat will be white if I run her any more."

Brown fetched the desired articles, and Jones felt like an old motorist as he donned them. Once more mounting the seat of the monster he grasped the wheel, and pushing the lever down, started gently off.

This time the demon of speed took possession of him, and he travelled down the road at a greater pace than was safe, considering what a short distance it was to the gate. He seemed to arrive in no time and he felt hurriedly for the lever.

At the moment his fingers closed upon it to pull it up he swerved a little and bumped over the brick. The immediate effect was to cause him to push the combined clutch and speed-lever *down* to its lowest point; when the lever broke.

"That's done it!" cried Jones, as the machine fairly hurled itself at the gate.

Gripping the wheel tightly, he headed his roaring monster for the middle of the road, and with a crash he was speeding along a level stretch of road, the air full of flying timber. A few hundred feet and he raced on to the main road at something not far short of sixty miles an hour.

Our unhappy and, it must be confessed, extremely frightened friend, was trying hard to think, as he tore gaily along at the speed of an express train, how many miles he would cover, bar accidents, while the petrol lasted. He mapped out in his mind the best and least inhabited roads, with only two villages to be negotiated. If he could manage to keep going round in a circle of about twenty or thirty miles until the petrol gave out, all would be well.

As he swung off the main road and saw a very steep hill in front, he smiled grimly as he remembered he had had to dismount from his own bicycle, and walk. But now —

The motor monster never looked at the one in six gradient, but flew up so that the hill seemed to fall away beneath him, and his heart nearly stopped beating when he looked down on the other side! All Jones' craving for speed was entirely satisfied by the rapidity with which he reached the bottom of the hill.

Some way ahead was a motor van, going in the same direction as himself. Luckily for our friend, there was a yard's space on the off side of the road, but as he steered past the van, he was horrified to see that just in front two tramps were walking along side by side.

There was no help for it, so he slid between them like a streak of greased lightning. . . . Afterwards, one of them declared that he turned exactly seven and a half somersaults and covered fifteen yards in something under four seconds!

A farm labourer, hoeing in the fields, hearing the noise, left his work and scrambled up to the hedge at the corner of the road. Here was one of them dratted motorists, going too fast, as usual! What a chance to take his number! So he leant well over and shook his fist.

AS JONES, FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, RATTLED THROUGH THE VILLAGE, THE PEOPLE FLED LIKE RABBITS

W. T. TWELL

Jones prepared for the worst!

A corner like this at the speed he was going! He leant sideways, twisted the wheel round and trusted to luck. He gave a gasp as the wheels started to slip across the road, but very much to his relief Brown's plough arrangement worked like a charm, stopping the skidding of the wheels at once and plastering the face of the open-mouthed yokel with about a square yard of mother earth (or dust).

The rustic made a most dramatic exit!

The one policeman of the little village of Dulston, a red-faced, elderly man and somewhat portly, was slowly wending his way homeward, when he heard in the far distance a loud and rapidly increasing noise.

He stopped short, looked behind him, and mopped his forehead, for it was a hot day. Although a man of personal courage, he had a horror of motors, and could not rid himself of a desire to climb the hedge when on a narrow road, and a fast car speeding towards him.

Therefore, on this occasion, with his mind full of a recent accident in which a man had been run down by a car, he looked round to see if by chance there was a gate or gap in the hedge by which he might get out of the way. But no. Gate there was none, and the thick hedge grew right down to the narrow road.

He had never heard such a noise. If it should be a runaway car! Visions of himself stretched in the dust—a gory huddle—inquests, burials. Ugh! He could almost

feel the wheels running over his neck. He tore at his collar, panic got the better of him and he ran -ran as he had never run before.

Oh! if he could only reach the village!

The few people about at that time were astonished to see their fat limb of the law ra[illegible] through Dulston High Street at a pace that they had never thought him capable of, and stepping out like a well-bred horse, till he shot through the open door of the "Frolicsome Farmer," colliding with the genial landlord in the passage, much to the detriment of that worthy.

Jones was shaking with laughter at seeing the sprinting powers of the elderly policeman, as he roared into the High Street and across into a narrow turning opposite the "White Horse." But his smile swiftly changed to a look of horror when he found the street full of pigs!

One animal, squeaking in a most blood-curdling fashion, was propelled with violence over the roof of a cottage into the arms of the astonished tenant, who was digging in the garden. The other pigs scattered and fled in various directions, the yokel in charge being firmly under the impression that an earthquake had occurred.

After skying the pig, Jones went tearing down lanes, up hills and round corners at breakneck speed, but, to his joy, caused no damage to speak of, except a regular trail of dead fowls.

When he got to the main road by Brown's house, there was the proud inventor, watch in hand. As Jones swept by at seventy miles an hour he yelled out "First lap!"

Jones tore up the hill again and streaked down the other side, but saw no sign of the tramps. This time Dulston was fairly full. People stood about in excited groups and discussed the strange event. The policeman had a large and admiring circle to listen to his highly-coloured description of his flight along the road. When a bystander suggested that perhaps he had been frightened, he treated the idea with scorn.

"Bill Jennings," he said, solemnly, "you know I wasn't. D'you think I'd run from a motor-car! When I sees the hold haffair coming herlong araising clouds of dust, I says to myself, I says, 'Joe, my boy, this 'ere motorist is agoing too fast and some of the kiddies in the village'll get killed.' And so I just runs herlong to warn 'em, and when I gets 'ere I sees there's no one about, so I just pops into the 'Farmer' to tell Smith about it."

While he was holding forth, a throbbing sound was carried on the wind, so somebody called out, "'Urry up, Joe. 'Ere 'e comes again. Run and warn the kids!"

The corpulent policeman didn't need any encouragement to run, for, pale with fright, he bolted across the road to the "Farmer."

As Jones, for the second time that day, rattled through the village, the people fled like rabbits. Village No. 2 was negotiated in safety, and as the machine raced onwards Jones fancied that it faltered a little on a hill. If only the petrol *would* give out!

On rounding a corner in the usual style - that is, with great pieces of road flying about, having been dug out by the anti-skid—Jones was horrified to see a carriage and pair in the middle of the thoroughfare. Almost at the same moment as its occupants observed him, he shot by on the near side, ripping off the carriage mudguard and about a square yard of paint. The tank of the bike received a slight dent, but that was all.

A little further on and he was sure of it now -the machine *was* slowing up. All the same, he was doing at least forty miles an hour as he swung on to the main road and down the quarter-mile to Brown's house.

Horrors! The road was completely blocked by two large hay-carts passing one another, with the men asleep on top, as usual. The only way was to take the gate at the other end of the private road.

Possibly the impact caused him to swerve. Anyway, swerve he did, went slap through the hedge, and tore wildly across the meadow. There was the stump of a tree in the way; the front wheel hit it fair and square, and Jones took a bee line for the moon. The machine turned a complete somersault and alighted right side up, then jumped straight into the air and hurled itself bodily through the side of Brown's glass-house.

Jones found his friend bending over him. "Thank goodness you aren't killed!" he said, anxiously.

Jones sat up wearily and held his head in his hands. "I'll be all right in a few minutes. What's happened to the bike?"

The inventor shook his head sadly.

"Broken—smashed to pieces, and so is the glass house. . . . Never mind, old man, I'll build a bigger, better and faster machine one of these days"

"Daresay you will," said Jones, as he limped painfully towards the house, "but you won't get *me* to ride the rotten thing!"

PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET

By E. H. D. SEWELL

THE MIDDLE CRICKET GROUND AT UPPINGHAM SCHOOL

SECOND ARTICLE

Brighton College

AT Brighton College the arrangements for net practice and so forth are much the same as elsewhere, but as regards methods in coaching, Mr A. H Belcher kindly informs me

"We always insist as the first essential that the weight of the body should be carried on the right leg, as likely to give more freedom of movement—though I know that on this point opinions differ. We also believe in teaching first strong forward play—a theory probably due to the fact that our wickets are usually very fast

"We find three very general faults with young batsmen, which it is extremely difficult to eradicate. (1) They find it very hard to prevent the left arm doing too much work, and pulling the bat across the body. They can't keep the left arm away from the side (2) Bat and leg usually tend to come forward too far apart from one another result, crooked bat (3) A general tendency for the right leg to retire towards square leg in back play

"I believe nothing can cure these very common faults but constant net practice with decent, steady bowlers, and, above all good practice wickets (which unfortunately we don't always get here). We have tried mechanical contrivances to cure fault (3), but I don't think they are any good

"With reference to bowling, I don't think this can be taught as batting can It needs more natural aptitude All one can do is to keep one's eye on one's bowler at the nets see that they always take trouble and drop a hint here and there

At this college, too, there would seem to be rather more systematic fielding practice than at most others. Mr. Belcher himself gives the first team and likely youngsters half an hour on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Boys want less fielding practice than men do, because they are better able, for physical reasons, to get down to the ball as well as to see it in the air, but, at the same time fielding, especially catching, should be much more systematically practised than it is

Rossall School

At Rossall School, for example, my friend Mr J. F. Marsh has fielding practice every evening. He also has the advantage of a covered wicket during the Lent term, where, when the light suits and there is time he begins to get the cricket muscles of the half-dozen or so old colours into trim. Otherwise the game at Rossall is learnt much as it is at Haileybury, where the "Colt's Net" is an institution, and at Sherborne, where, also, the Colt's Net serves a most useful purpose for all under sixteen, and where games on a league system for all who are not in the First or Second XI. or at the Colt's Net and in which fielding receives very special attention, are very keenly fought by the youngsters and the six "colours" who pick the sides and coach them during the matches.

Sherborne School

A great feature at Sherborne is the challenge cup competition for the best fielding XI The boys field for a quarter

of an hour to two masters' batting, and the cup goes, presumably on points, for general smartness and efficiency. A capital scheme this, well worthy of imitation. It is match fielding after all, that is required, and not the mere catching of a ball hit gently after the striker himself has tossed it up. From such a hit the ball comes quite differently to the fieldsman to what it does when hit from bowling at the usual distance. As Mr E G T Simey truly says of Sherborne cricket, "Every one in the school has an equal and fair chance of shining at the game"

C. O'D. CAREY,
Cricket Captain, Sherborne School

OUNDLE

At Oundle the chief idea is that for school cricket to flourish great care must be taken in instructing, not only those actually in the teams and just below them, but the younger boys who are the material for the future

For the carrying out of this scheme it is necessary to have many workers, and these workers are to be found in the senior fellows of the school who are interested in, and have a fair knowledge of, cricket

There is, of course, a first class professional, who is well up in cricket affairs of the moment, and who is able to impart his knowledge of the game to others The first games, which include both First and Second XIs, are coached by him. The whole school plays cricket, and there are altogether some fourteen games

Now, this is a very commendable practice, and though of course the youngsters are looked after everywhere, it seems to me that their care is not quite such a set purpose as at this Northants home of sound athletics

A. J. WILSON,
Cricket Captain, Charterhouse

CHARTERHOUSE

So many fine players have come from Godalming that an account of the methods obtaining there deserves full treatment. So here goes

"If a new boy comes to Charterhouse with a reputation from his preparatory school, the captain of his house, of course, keeps a close watch on his progress, and if satisfied that he shows signs of promise, recommends him to the captain of the School XI. for a weekly net at the First XI. nets. After half term the First XI. nets are reserved for junior members of the school who have shown some merit in their own games or who have had a reputation from their private school. At these nets there are competent professionals. An unpromising new boy has for his first two years to look out for himself. If he is fond of the game he can get a net any day he is not playing in a match, as there are twelve nets to which he can go. These nets, which are often nearly empty, are under the charge of an experienced professional, who has discovered by his untiring energies talent in many an apparently unpromising performer.

'After the boy has been at the school for about two years he probably, unless he is beyond all hope, gets what is called a 'Club' net

'Put briefly: the eleven houses are divided into four clubs three of three houses each and one of two houses The club captain, *i.e.*, the senior member of the club after the members of the First Second, and Third XI., gives out weekly nets. Here again there are experienced coaches. The next step is the First game or, as it is said, 'to be on Green' Here there are first class professionals all day

"The only other thing which is worthy of mention, and which, perhaps is most important, is a club called by the undignified name of 'Mamars' This club is controlled by one master, assisted by one or two others These masters, with unflagging zeal and

perseverance, watch the junior Carthusians at their games, and any sign of merit is rewarded by a net on Maniac ground. The privileged individual who obtains this honour receives the undivided attention of the Maniac officials, and often a place in the under-sixteen XI., and, more often still, a place in one of the Maniac matches, which occur almost every Wednesday and Saturday, *versus* neighbouring villages or clubs in the vicinity. Both small and big, young and old, have an opportunity to play in these matches.

"Somehow or another, there is very little coaching of the younger Carthusian by the elder, which, in my opinion, is a deplorable thing. However, all things considered, we have no reason to complain of lack of opportunity or lack of competent coaches."

Thus A. P. Wilson, this year's Charterhouse captain, to whom many thanks.

Cricket in Scottish Schools

Anxious to obtain a local opinion to account for the absence of any startling products from the chief Scottish schools, I besought it from a well-known player of my acquaintance, one who played several times for his university and who would, if available, do good things for any county team in England, and here is his reply:

"The reasons for the badness of the cricket are these: (1) The weather and the wickets. You cannot teach a boy to play the ordinary forward stroke, beloved of the English public school, on a ground where the ball jumps up and looks at him. Again, it is far too cold, and no one can enjoy fielding with cold hands. (2) All the boys have played golf from their cradles and developed a cross-bat shot, which is very hard to eradicate. Also, golf makes them like to be as far off the ball as possible, and this makes them move away at cricket. (3) No good cricket to watch. (4) No national tradition or keenness for the game.

"There has been no really good Scottish school bat since I have been up here, except G. Turner, of Fettes, a brother of A. J. The bowling isn't bad at all. Last year at Edinburgh Academy there was as good a bowling side as I have seen anywhere in a school team."

Photo [*Foster*

MR. B. I. PEEL,
A master at Edinburgh Academy.

Bedford

It seems to me that the lack of really good men from Scottish schools, as from Bedford Grammar School, is partly due to the same cause, and that "Rugger."

At Bedford the river has always been a drawback to cricket, because, of the eight hundred and fifty odd boys, about five hundred are day-boys, and there are such a lot of sisters and cousins who look so awfully well on the river, that—well, it's an old story. I know in my time some of the chaps who "went in for boating" might have become useful afterwards on Brighton beach for all they looked like rowing men, but as for a thwart in a 'Varsity boat or one at Henley, their chance wasn't worth thinking about. One or two could play cricket a bit, though. But let Mr. R. W. Rice, who is one of the greatest cricket enthusiasts I have ever had the joy of knowing, speak for himself:

"In criticising Bedford cricket, one has to remember that it is in no sense a school game—*i.e.*, a very small part of our athletic activities go into it. An extremely low games subscription hampers us all round. Very few masters give their time to the field in the summer term. Rowing takes away

some boys; though in a school of our size there is plenty of room for the oarsman and the cricketer. But a bad old custom permits all boys, except those in the upper games, to go to the baths on half-holidays, and the field sees nothing of them after 4 o'clock. This practice has been more encouraged of late years, and has been most disastrous in its influence on the school cricket as a whole. Practically, therefore, few boys play cricket seriously unless they are really keen on it. The result is that our field of selection for the XI. is very limited; and if many 'old colours' leave in any given year we often find—*e.g.*, in 1907—that we cannot fill their places in a single season. On the other hand, since only the enthusiastic cricketer really sticks to the game, the slacker—though alas! not unknown—generally betakes himself elsewhere.

"Coaching at the first and second nets is in the hands of a couple of professionals and two masters. These two nets make up the first game. There are also two games for older boys and a 'colts' game for boys under fifteen. In these, occasional use of nets is allowed. Besides these, there are form and boarding house games in which coaching is given with more or less regularity according to the keenness of the masters taking them. The boarding house games, however, are useless for serious cricket. House matches, senior and junior, are played on the knock-out system.

"Wickets at the nets and on the first level are extremely good, being practically never fiery in the driest weather and nearly always playing easily even after rain. A real bowler's wicket is seldom seen in a normal summer.

"The coaching problems are two: to teach boys to bowl on the billiard-table and to bat on any wicket that helps the ball. The school of late years has been very seldom beaten at home, but the batting is apt to break down on the slower and more difficult wickets at Dulwich and St Paul's, where the ball wants watching.

"Though, for the reasons given above, Bedford cricket is not as consistently good as it might be, it is nearly always far better than its critics allow. But we all know the ways of the pavilion critic." The man with experience of first-class cricket spoke there!

It is not a tradition at Bedford, as at many other schools, to make huge scores, but in recent years much has been done to mend this error. F. G. Brooks, when he left, was a potential test match cricketer. Had his lines been cast elsewhere than a little further than the "back o' beyont" in Rhodesia, he would have been among the considered, if not the chosen, for the last tour in Australia. Than Freddie Brooks, no better schoolboy bat, not excepting R. H. Spooner, has been seen since Jackson and MacLaren.

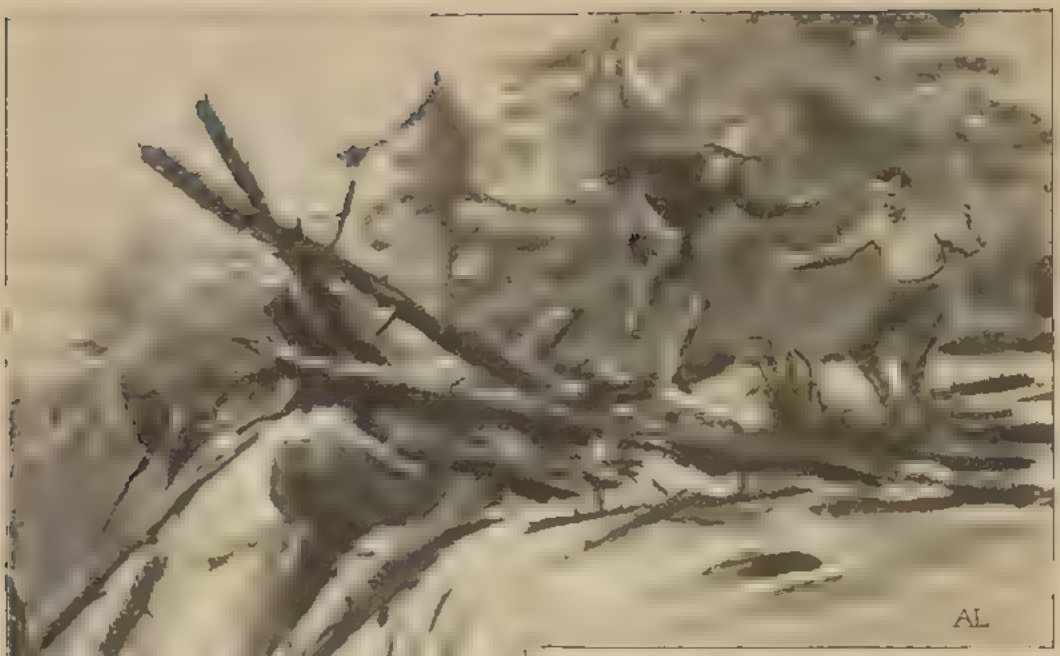
"Rugger" *v.* Cricket.

Mr. Rice does not quite agree with me on the score of Rugger in its relation to cricket. In fact, he says I am wrong. Many will agree with him, I am sure, and though I have no right to suppose that he has not gone into the matter thoroughly, the fact remains that scarcely a Rugby football playing school can point to a Test match cricketer of their own. Marlborough and Bedford Modern School at once crop up in this connection on account of R. H Spooner and A. O. Jones, while St. Paul's claim R. O. Schwarz. A. N. Hornby was at Harrow, which has only these past two seasons taken up the Rugby game as one of its winter recreations. S. M. J. Woods was at Brighton, which still plays Soccer, I am sorry to say. A. G. Steel was, of course, at Marlborough, but did he play Rugger? And the same query applies to P. F. Warner at Rugby School.

While the Rugby game can claim only its few, Soccer or no football at all, by which I do not wish to be understood that Soccer is "no football at all!"—claims very many. To wit, Jackson, MacLaren, Fry, *et hoc genus omne*, which, they tell me is the dead language for all those sort of chaps. Hirst was once a bouncing three-quarter, and Trumper and Cotter have both scored tries, while A. E. Stoddart as a Rugby International was as famous as he was as a Test cricketer

Whether or no there is anything in my theory that "Rugger" in some mysterious way is a let and a hindrance to cricket, the fact remains that in the Test match honours list the Soccer schools beat those that play Rugby hollow.

Of course, there are Blues and County men galore who are good Rugger men, but the tip-top class seems almost beyond the reach of the man the winter of whose boyhood was spent in mastering the mysteries of "heeling," "working the gap," "the inside pass," "scrum formation" and all the other little worries which go to make up the best winter game ever seen.



BIG MAC

An Episode of the Canadian Backwoods

By JOHN MACKIE

Illustrated by A. Lehany

JUMP, you fules [illegible]! It's your only [illegible] and beat the air with a clenched right fist [illegible] men who with himself had gone to [illegible]

It was on a tributary of the Upper Gatineau, Quebec; the time was early spring, and "the gang" was driving logs—a sporting and a risky game, if ever there was one. Cruel black centre rocks fretted the surface of the ice-cold river, and great thirty- and forty-foot sticks of pine and spruce grazing them would leap into the air for sixty feet and more, like monster missiles of destruction. Sometimes these logs would hit a rock fair and square, when there would be a crash like the crack of doom, and a giant of the forest would be telescoped into something resembling a paint-brush.

It was about the tail of the drive and thousands of logs had successfully shot the [illegible] eat falls some two or three hundred yards lower down—but there had been a little glut where the stream took a turn, and Big Mac had given the order to release it.

"Call yourselves lumbermen!" he had cried when he saw a momentary hesitation amongst them.

A big Frenchman, named Antoine, with a red tuque on his curly head, shrugged his shoulders and said, " Pardon, m'sieur, *mais* the falls you forget. It is easy to go on these logs -to get off again it is another thing. So ? "

" Hoots ! " cried Big Mac, and snatching a hooked lever from the hands of the nearest man, he waded into the current, leaped on to a log, ran along it like a cat by means of his spiked or " corked " boots, and with his great skill and strength was soon freeing the glut.

But he was not alone. Antoine with a laugh had reached the logs nearly as soon as the boss.

" Here goes a third fool," cried an Irishman named O'Reilly, and then a good-looking young French Canadian called St. Arnaud, who up till now had hung back, seemed suddenly to make up his mind, and made a dash for the glut also.

The men on the bank watched the four intrepid ones anxiously as they stood on the bobbing, whirling logs and levered the glut free. The falls were perilously near, so that an error of judgment or a moment's hesitation in making for the shore again when the piled-up timber was swept into the maelstrom would mean the end of all things for them

Big Mac, with his twenty years of experience and native caution, had cried to the others to make for the shore. To do him justice he had been farthest from it and he had shouted his warning before he had moved to save himself But his three companions, either because they underestimated the danger, or owing to some inexplicable bravado, did not respond as quickly as they might have done. When they did so it was too late.

The glut of logs was caught up as by some invisible hand, and whirled out into the race. Antoine seemed to be the first to realise his position. He sprang from his crazy foothold into the ice-cold current. His red tuque bobbed to the surface and he was seen swimming for the shore. Then a couple of logs drifted between him and safety, and he dived like an otter. A minute later he reappeared. He struck out like the giant he was, and then some of the drivers waded in waist-deep, hooked him with their peevies, and pulled him out just as his limbs stiffened with cramp

" Jump, comrades—jump ! It's your only chance ! " chorused a score of throats

But O'Reilly and St. Arnaud knew it was too late, and turned to face the death that menaced. To many on the shore the whole dreadful scene partook of the nature of a nightmare.

As, surely and swiftly, the piled up logs reached the brink of the Great Falls, strong men turned away sick with horror, while many good Catholics crossed themselves and prayed. The two most concerned stood as if they knew nothing mattered now, and that they might as well meet the end like men. A moment more and they would be shot into the sickening depths below.

Then a great hoarse shout went up as the loose raft struck against some sharp-pointed rocks that cut the water like knives some twenty yards or so from the brink of the cataract.

A hundred voices uttered a hundred different cries as the piled up logs smashed and bunched up with the impact. The two men were seen to jump into the air to save themselves, and then to make for the logs farthest from the brink

Well it was they did so, for most of the great sticks went over the falls, and then the men on the banks saw that some half-dozen logs had jammed across those jagged rocks, and that on these lay O Reilly and St. Arnaud. They could not stand upright now. They lay flat on their faces with outstretched arms and legs, to prevent themselves being shaken off that perilous heaving platform

' Quick and get the warps and man the bateau," cried Big Mac. He hurried off himself to lend a hand.

The men ran as they had never run in their lives, and eager hands laid hold of a warping hawser several hundred feet in length, and dragged it to a spot commanding the falls

They made fast the bateau, or pointed boat, to one end of the great rope, and dropped it down stream. How that cockle-shell of a thing danced about on the boiling, surging surface ! Strong arms paid out the hawser, and Big Mac shouted out his commands in a voice of thunder. Nearer and nearer to the two apparently doomed ones came the bateau, and hope began to take the place of despair.

" Canny there, lads," cried Big Mac " Wi' God's help we'll save them yet "

Then a great moan from the very hearts of the lookers-on, as they saw a whirling

pine-root strike and crash down upon the frail boat. Next moment it was crumpled up into something unrecognisable and drifted down to and over the falls

They pulled the hawser back again with the ring-bolt attached to it. How terrible those two white faces that followed them about with such an agony of appeal in them

"Get the punt, and it maun be manned this time!" cried Big Mac

And then, as if it were an after-thought —"and I'm thinkin' I'll gang mysel'."

A hoarse cheer arose from the men of all nationalities as the boss said that, for they knew very well that what they had just witnessed was as likely as not to occur again. There were those there who would not have hesitated to take Big Mac's place, but every one knew that when once the boss said he would do a thing, it was no use trying to prevent him

And there was another thing that those from Gatineau knew, which filled them with a strange and almost irresistible desire to see how it would affect the human drama which they were witnessing. St. Arnaud was the successful rival of Big Mac in the affections of Marie Deschambeault, one of the prettiest girls in Frontenac. They all knew that until St. Arnaud had come amongst them, Mac had been first favourite, but the French-Canadian was the younger man, with, moreover, all that native grace which rough Mac lacked, so how could things be different! There were those in that crowd who gauged Mac by their own bushel, and who thought that now was his hour of triumph; but there were others, again, who knew him better.

THEY SAW A WHIRLIN PINE ROOT CRASH DOWN UPON THE FRAIL BOAT

They made fast their frail last hope to the end of the hawser, and Big Mac jumped into it. With him he took a couple of paddles. He was one of the undemonstrative sort, so all he said when they crowded round him was, "Let her go!"

'He'll never reach them!" cried a driver. "Look how that boiling pot is tossing him about. He's bound to be swamped."

"Yes, there he goes." "No, no, he'll never do it." "By George, he's through!" "Hurrah!" and a hundred different cries went up from the excited throng.

The lookers-on saw Big Mac, paddle in hand, save the boat from capsizing again and again by his deft and powerful strokes. Whatever he felt, he seemed coolness personified then.

"He's reached them!" cried some one, fairly quivering with excitement. "But the punt won't hold the three. Now, who stays behind?"

The situation was reminiscent of the story of "The Lady and the Tiger." Which of the two men would Big Mac take back with him from the stranded logs? It was very obvious indeed that that cockle-shell of a boat would not [illegible] made sure that Big Mac would return, for it wanted skill and an arm like his in order to make certain that the return journey against the stream would be accomplished at all. Would he bring O'Reilly with him or the man who was known to have robbed him of that which they might safely conclude had been the most cherished desire of his life?

They all knew that whatever he did he would still be hailed as a man who had done an [illegible] onlookers knew was that whether [illegible] probability perish, for already the froth and drift was making a dam across the brink of the cataract, and it must eventually, by reason of the ever-increasing pressure, force the whole jam over the falls

The boat reached the logs. There seemed a moment's unaccountable delay: the onlookers held their breath. Then at the same moment as O'Reilly was seen to rise cautiously and creep into the little boat, Big Mac stepped on to the logs. But the punt would safely carry two. Why did not St. Arnaud seize his opportunity?

When Big Mac was seen to catch the French-Canadian by the jersey, and with his great strength force the seemingly unwilling man into the boat, those spectators who did not at that moment suffer from a swelling at their throats, cheered frenziedly

And then they relapsed into silence as they pulled the punt back against the stream, for the situation was still a critical one. Every moment it seemed as if that cockle-shell of a boat must be swamped, but wonderful luck was surely theirs. After a heart-sickening fifteen minutes, the boat was pulled ashore.

But while the rescue was in progress and to those who looked on, rather than to those being rescued, it seemed an eternity—Big Mac lay on the logs and saw his chances of ultimate salvation momentarily becoming smaller and smaller. A great mass of foam, ice and drift had become heaped up against his insecure resting-place, and any moment might see the whole carried over those terrible falls

The moment the boat reached the shore, St. Arnaud almost pushed O'Reilly over the side

"Pay out again, comrades!" he cried, and next moment he was on his way back to the logs.

Ten minutes more, and not a moment too soon, Big Mac was in the boat. Those who manned the hawser pulled on it as hard as they dared, for just then the jam gave indications of breaking [illegible] ice, and *débris* buckled upwards [illegible]

When Big Mac and St. Arnaud were pulled into safety, there was not a man on the banks of the Gatineau who could raise a cheer. Their hearts were too full for that

When the boss stepped ashore, he went on with his work again as if nothing had happened to interrupt it. As for St. Arnaud, it must have been that rumour—as it usually does—had enlarged upon his successes with the fair Marie, for after a brief visit paid to Frontenac he left for the far North West

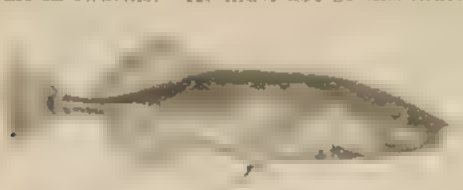
But there were those again who declared that St. Arnaud gave up his heart's treasure to the man who had risked his life for him.

Who can say?

Naturalists Corner

Conducted by
EDWARD STEELS.

Aquarium Matters.—P. J. Randall (Hanwell) There is no difficulty in keeping Smooth Newts with Gold-fish, if, as this correspondent suggests, an island is provided for the newts What he refers to as the Nine spined Stickleback is more generally called the Ten-spined Stickleback (*Gasterosteus pungitius*), familiarly known to boys as the "Tinker," owing to the black wedding dress of the male It is by no means rare in this country, only it must be sought in streams and rivers rather than in ponds, where the three-spined species is so plentiful. Like the Red-throat, the Tinker occurs in swarms. He must not be introduced



TEN SPINED STICKLEBACK

to the Goldfish, because, if possible he is even more pugnacious than his three spined relative —D. E Haslam Maswell Hill also wishes to know if Gold fish and Sticklebacks can be kept in the same vessel, and his query is sufficiently answered above A second question from D. E H. refers to suitable aquatic plants for the aquarium. One of the best is the Water Thyme or Canadian Pond weed (*Anacharis alsinastrum*), which may be found in almost any pond. It grows vigorously without soil, and the minute creatures that live among its leaves and shoots provide food for the fishes

Flowering of Yew Chas. Brown (Pimlico) was on the Downs near Box Hill in March, and saw clouds of yellow dust blowing out of the yew trees. He wonders what could have been the cause That is easily explained. As in the case of many other trees, the flowers that yield pollen, or fertilising dust are produced by different individuals or different branches from those that bear seed producing flowers, and the pollen has to be carried from one to the other by the wind The yellow dust my correspondent observed was the pollen of the Yew. If he had examined the undersides of the twigs he would have seen great numbers of the little globular flowers which produced it A similar phenomenon may be witnessed by shaking the catkins of hazel, poplar, alder, and oak; also in the pines

Greenfinch. Gertie Bromley has a Greenfinch, but is uncertain whether she is giving it proper food She gives it "hemp and sunflower seeds, also seeds from a packet made up by the dealer from whom I bought the bird. Sometimes I give it a little cabbage" The greenfinch is a general seed eater, and a mixture would be far better for it than making hemp and sunflower its principal food. Wheat will also be appreciated, and the bird is very fond of the 'berries' of hawthorn and wild rose ("hips and haws" when ripe Groundsel and watercress will, I think, prove more acceptable than cabbage, unless the latter is taken from the tenderer heart-leaves

Abnormal Ash leaves, &c.—J. L. Harnaman (Corwen) sends me two kinds of Ash-leaf from the same tree -one normal, the other with all the leaflets much enlarged and the terminal leaflet greatly so, whilst the teeth along the margins are also highly developed. I should say the abnormal one had been produced by a stem that had been cut down in coppicing, and that the ordinary leaf had been produced later on one of the new shoots. When a tree has been treated in this way the roots are left intact, and their activity being sufficient to supply a tree, there is an excess of vitality in the stump which at first finds vent in the production of leaves of abnormal size. After coppice has been cut in the autumn, the spring growths of many species exhibit these enlarged leaves; and I have seen enormous examples in the cases of oak, beech, alder, and hazel. The buttercup sent is the Lesser Spearwort (*Ranunculus flammula*. *R. gramineus* mentioned in the elder Hooker's "Flora" was only stated to have been found in Wales in the latter part

of the eighteenth century; but I believe the specimen was never seen by any of the authorities, and the alleged discovery was never confirmed. It is not given in more modern books, because botanists of to-day doubt whether that species ever has been found in the British Isles.

Diseased Pigeons. I am not acquainted with the trouble that has befallen O. E. Williams' (Halesowen) pigeons, which have developed swellings on the neck and are unable to fly. He does not say what breed of pigeons his are; but I know that Pouters are subject to an abnormal distension of the crop through gorging—possibly it is that. The course recommended is to put the bird into a small box where its crop can be supported on a pad of straw. Food is withheld for a day or two, which gives the crop a chance of emptying itself into the stomach.

Names of Flowers.—Colin Wise (Crowhurst, Sussex) sends me for identification a couple of dried plants, which he acknowledges to be rather poor specimens. That is the truth, and the leaves and flowers are so pressed together that it is not easy to say what they are. No. 1 appears to be the Common Groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*), and No. 2, the Ragwort (*Senecio jacobæa*). It is really not worth while drying plants in this manner. Before pressing, the leaves, and every lobe of the leaf, should be carefully spread out flat; and the flowers so arranged that at least one of them shall show all its parts. Until care is taken at this stage the dried specimens will be worthless. Part XII. of "Wild Flowers Month by Month" can be obtained from the publishers (Frederick Warne and Co.), or any local bookseller will supply it to order.

Botanical Book.—"Tussilago" (Greenwich) "picked up a book containing illustrations of the Linnean Orders of British Plants from I. to V., with engravings of each of the species dealt with. It is by Richard Deakin, M.D." Do I know of the publication, and can I put him in the way of getting the remaining parts of the work? I have seen the work "Tussilago" refers to, but cannot say I know it. Its correct title is: "Florigraphia Britannica; or Engravings and Descriptions of the Flowering Plants and Ferns of Britain." It is complete in four volumes, and was issued in parts between 1841 and 1848. I have no doubt it would be easier to get a complete set than the missing portions; but the best plan to adopt would be to advertise for the latter in the "Books Wanted" pages of the *Publishers' Circular*, which is seen by all second-hand booksellers. Works of that period based on the Linnean System have little value to-day, as the system has been discarded and the Natural System is now followed in all modern books. As illustrations only the plates would be practically valuable for identification, but this value is minimised by closely related species being widely separated under the Linnean arrangement, and therefore not easily comparable. I know Briggs' "Flora of Plymouth," which my correspondent mentions. My West-country work was carried out much farther west.

A Useful "Annual."—From Mr. Wm. Ward, of Didsbury, I have received the "Fur Fanciers' Annual" for 1908 (Price 3*d*.), in which there is a good deal of interesting information for those who keep rabbits, cavies, mice or cats, with particulars concerning the various clubs and societies devoted to these pets respectively. We had several inquiries for this annual last year, perhaps those interested will at once make a note of the name and address of the publisher and so save themselves the trouble of writing to us for them two or three months hence.

BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Drawn by Thomas Dowley.

Sick Rat.—Marjorie Shelton (Olney) has a tame rat that never seems well and is constantly breaking out into sores. I am afraid this is not due, as M. S. supposes, to improper feeding, but to some complaint. I do not think it is a case for treating the sores; the best thing to do would be to have the rat killed. Marjorie may not agree with me, but the creature is probably [illegible] likely to recover.

By HERBERT HAYENS

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

SYNOPSIS

CROMWELL, as his life draws to its close is greatly harassed by his enemies, the most dangerous of whom is Miles Brotherton, who is known to be in constant communication with Prince Cha . . \ gorous measures are taken to lay this man by the heels, and in the course of one attempt, which very nearly proves successful, Owen Williams a young fellow attached to Cromwell's staff discovers that one of Brotherton's confederates is Bevis Mordaunt, an old friend, for whose sister moreover he has a great regard. Cromwell sternly upbraids Williams for letting Brotherton slip, and orders him off to Bristol to make another attempt. It is discovered that Brotherton has taken refuge in a country hous near Bristol, and a detachment of troopers under Sergeant Belton, who is joined by Williams, surrounds the house. After stabbing to death two of the troopers, Brotherton escapes in a ship but is followed in another ship by Owen Williams. Both vessels are driven ashore in a gale. Williams, flung into the sea, loses consciousness

CHAPTER IX

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

IT was a strange and wonderful sensation when, my eyes opening, I once more beheld the light. My brain was dull and numb, but, in some mysterious manner, I experienced a feeling of satisfied pleasure and comfort. Whether hours or days passed I knew not, but by degrees the consciousness of living forced itself upon me; and there finally came a time when I began to feel some interest in my surroundings

I was lying in bed in a small, poorly furnished room. In one corner were several fishing implements, and a pair of heavy wading boots At frequent intervals, a woman, entering noiselessly, approached my bed and fed me as carefully as if I had been a little child Then with deft hands she made me more comfortable, and went out again without speaking a word. She was often assisted by a short, grizzled man whose handling was almost as tender and skilful as hers

At length, to my keen delight, a day arrived when, with a little help, I was able to dress myself, and to walk about the room for a short while. I wished to ask some questions of the grizzled man, but he refused to talk until my strength had become somewhat greater.

Another week passed, and I went downstairs. The house was a poor one, and the various articles lying about showed that my host gained his living from the sea. He was, as a matter of fact, a fisherman, and was in consequence often away from home, especially at night

The story which, in response to my pressing inquiries, he related, was very simple. On the night of the wreck the fishermen were busy preparing for getting afloat, when without the slightest warning the hurricane broke upon them in all its fury. It was the worst storm that he or any of his mates ever remembered.

Before their eyes the *Henrietta* and *Mary Ann* were cast upon the rocks. All through the hours of darkness and far into the day they searched the shore. Various pieces of wreckage and several dead bodies were cast up, but of living persons three alone, including myself, showed signs of life, and of these one died in a few minutes.

Now, my mind being full of Miles Brotherton, as soon as the fisherman had made an end of his story, I asked him to which vessel the second man belonged.

"The *Henrietta*," was the reply.

"Is he still in the village?"

"No, your honour, he went away a week ago

"What did he call himself?"

"Adam Goodson, a native of Pill, a place near Bristol"

"Art certain he was a sailor?"

"He looked like one, and was dressed in the clothes of a sea-faring man. He knew all

about the *Henrietta*, and said he had sailed in her since the end of the war

"Tell me what he was like," I said.

"He was a good inch, perhaps two, taller than myself," the fisherman answered knitting his brows in the effort to remember. "His hair was black once upon a time, but 'tis mostly grey now. He carries little flesh, and is tough and wiry, and broad-shouldered; a sailor for certain, your honour, or I'm no judge of one."

"And he has left the village? Dost know where he was going?"

"Back to Bristol to find another ship."

I had one more question to ask before finishing with the subject. "Did they find the body of one not dressed as a sailor?"

"No," he answered promptly, "all the men we buried were sailors."

And then I felt assured that the wild storm had freed the Lord Protector from his most deadly and determined enemy.

As the days went by and I became able to take short walks outside the house I made the acquaintance of others in the village, who one and all declared the rescued man to have been a sailor.

"He knew the ropes as well as ever a man in the place!" said the fisherman to whose house he had been carried. "Had been to the Indies in his time, he told me, and to a many more outlandish parts."

As for the *Henrietta's* passenger, his body had not come ashore, which was not surprising as most of the victims, after being cruelly battered by the rocks, had been swept out to sea, disfigured and unrecognisable. Every day made it appear more probable that Miles Brotherton was dead, and I drew a deep breath of relief. With this maker of mischief out of the way, perhaps Bevis would be more likely to listen to reason.

With each succeeding day my strength increased, until at length I could walk about freely, and endure a certain amount of fatigue. My mind, too, grew more alert, and I began to long to return to the outer world.

For this fishing village was a tiny world to itself. Little news drifted to it, and even yet its simple inhabitants only dimly comprehended the important changes that had taken place in the kingdom. Life for them was summed up in the success or failure of their fishing ventures.

They were scrupulously honest folk, and my host had carefully preserved the purse of gold that had lain inside my doublet. I endeavoured to press the half of this upon him and his good wife, but he would accept no more than three or four pieces, and even those he took in a shamefaced manner, as if guilty of some unworthy action.

We had, it appears, run ashore on the Devon coast, and my host, learning of my desire to be gone, had proposed guiding me across country to some place where I might find a coasting-vessel bound for London. This seemed a good plan, as, except to obtain possession of my horse, it was useless returning to Bristol. So, having paid a visit of farewell to my new friends, I started on my journey.

Fortunately the fisherman had procured a cart, for my limbs were still weak, but my heart beat with joy and exultation. I was returning, not indeed with Miles Brotherton, but at least with the tidings of his death, and my welcome at Whitehall was assured.

Even now I laugh at the thought of the night when, escorted by an officer of the guard, I presented myself before Cromwell's astonished gaze.

There had been a conference of officers, several of whom had already departed. Lambert, Fiennes, and a few others remained to accompany the Lord Protector to the supper-room, and they were all crossing the hall together, Cromwell engaged in familiar conversation with Lord Fiennes.

On seeing me the look of good humour vanished from his face, which became hard, stern, and suspicious. And, indeed, my appearance contrasted strikingly with that of his courtiers. I carried a sailor's cap in my hand, my clothes were frayed, shabby, and not over sweet-smelling, my hair was tangled, and my face grimy with fo'c'sle dirt.

"Whom hast thou here?" his Highness demanded sharply; but before the officer could reply I burst forth eagerly, "'Tis I, Owen Williams, my lord!"

Then a great and wonderful change came over that man of iron, and as long as life lasts I shall remember the look of tenderness that lit up those rugged features. I had not guessed that Cromwell could appear so like a woman. He left my Lord Fiennes, and there, before all that glittering throng, laid his hand affectionately upon my shoulder.

"Owen!" said he, "dear lad! Now, may the Lord be praised for His great and abounding mercy! I had thought thee dead, Owen. Hast been very near death?" and he gazed searchingly into my face.

"I have been shipwrecked, your Highness."

"The Lord hath watched over thee!" he

SUDDENLY A BULLET WHIZZED PAST HIM MISSING HIS HEAD BY BARELY AN INCH

exclaimed reverently. "His hand hath saved thee from the raging waters."

The others had fallen back a few paces, leaving us two together.

Cromwell's hand still resting on my shoulder, in a few rapid sentences I described the chase of the *Henrietta*, and the terrible storm that had hurled the two stout boats to destruction.

"But thou art free of Brotherton, my lord!" I concluded exultantly. "He can work thee no more mischief; his body lieth full many a fathom deep in the sea, and his spirit hath gone to its Maker."

"The Lord in His mercy hath compassed me about!" exclaimed the Protector gravely. "Though, even yet," he added, "the thorn hath not been removed from my side. Hath done valiantly, lad, and I thank thee!" At which he raised his voice so that all might hear. "Now to thy room," he continued, "for thou art in need of rest. To-morrow Master Thurloe will make many things known to thee."

He departed with a smile on his face, while I stood hot and flushed at the honour he had done me. 'Twas a trifling matter to risk death for such a reward!

The news of my return soon spread, and I had barely washed and changed my apparel when the Secretary, overwhelmed with bewilderment, bustled into my room.

"Owen, lad!" he cried, betrayed into unusual excitement. "Owen returned from the dead!"

"Sit you down, Master Thurloe," I laughed, "and shalt have the whole business from beginning to end."

He listened with deep attention to the story of my adventures, but when I came to the account of Brotherton's death he shook his head.

"Read that," said he, producing a scrap of dirty paper on which, in small neat characters, I read the words:

Next time, my Lord Protector, I shall miss thee not.

CHAPTER X.

THE LONELY HOUSE

I GAZED at the Secretary wonderingly

"Miles Brotherton and thy Adam Goodson are one and the same person," said he slowly, "and our work is still to do

"What makes thee think Brotherton is alive?" I asked.

"He hath again attempted the Protector's life"

"Again!" I echoed, scarcely grasping the full significance of the words.

"Aye," he returned, "and in his own grounds at Hampton Court. Two days later, this note was discovered amongst a batch of petitions. I begin to think, Owen, 'tis either this man's life or the Protector's."

"But Hampton Court!' I cried in amaze, "how did he get within the grounds?"

"'Tis a puzzle, truly. 'Tis likely a traitor is in our midst"

"Did none try to capture him?"

"He was seen by none. Cromwell was riding with Fleetwood and Fiennes, trying the pates of a fresh beast—ye know how he delighteth in horse-flesh—and had cantered on ahead of his suite. Suddenly a bullet whizzed past him, missing his head by barely an inch, and embedding itself in the trunk of a tree

"But the guards?"

"They galloped up on hearing the shot fired, and spread over the grounds but failed to discover the villain; though how he escaped is a mystery. Within a few minutes every avenue was blocked. Crafty as a fox is this Brotherton," Thurloe concluded, and I, remembering his movements at Headleigh Court, did not cavil at the statement

The whole affair seemed incredible, though 'twas common enough talk, then and now

The Secretary resumed: "'Tis only this note tells he hath been in London He must be well supplied with funds, for 'tis certain he hath bribed some of our men heavily."

Thurloe seemed greatly perturbed. He paced the room restlessly, frowning and muttering nervously to himself.

"'Tis a matter of life and death," he exclaimed presently. "Cromwell will never be safe as long as Brotherton lives."

Now, I confess, this remark both angered and humiliated me. That a famous soldier like Oliver Cromwell, Lord-Protector of England, should trouble himself on account of an ordinary trooper, did not fit in with my ideas

But my patron was far from being the man of Naseby and Worcester. The burthen had become too heavy for his shoulders; he was harassed and wearied and beset by doubts; his supreme confidence in the Divine nature of his mission had begun to weaken, and he was suffering grievous bodily pain. Unknown to all, save a very few, the seeds of death were already planted in that iron frame.

"Where is Sergeant Belton?" I asked after a pause.

"In command of a search party, but he hath drawn every covert blank," and, bidding me seek my bed, the Secretary took his departure with a troubled sigh

Several weeks had passed with no unusual happening when our quiet was broken in a very startling and unexpected manner 'Twas on a Friday, I remember, and after the morning audience the Lord Protector bade me hold myself in readiness to attend him to Hampton Court, whither he was in the habit of repairing for a brief rest from his harassing position.

He had performed his duties with his usual diligence, but his face was drawn as if by pain, and indeed Secretary Thurloe told me he had been in agony all through the night.

The evening was gloomy and cheerless when we set out, though no rain fell. I had selected a dozen troopers as an escort, half of whom rode in front of the coach and the rest with Eli Belton in the rear. I placed myself on the left-hand side by the door, in case his Highness needed me

We had covered half the distance, and had arrived at a lonely part of the country There was but one house in sight, built just where the road turned sharply to the left 'Twas an ancient building, partly dismantled, and fast falling into ruin. No one dwelt there, and indeed it had the appearance of having been empty for years

The coach was proceeding at a slow pace, the road being uphill, and we were riding rather carelessly, since none had any notion of danger. The horses, turning the corner, brought the coach in line with the house, when suddenly there was a deafening report, and a bullet whistled past, carrying away the driver's hat

For the space of a second, perhaps, we all remained motionless as statues, being dumfounded by the unexpectedness of the incident; then the sergeant, darting forward, pulled up by my side

Almost at the same instant a second bullet struck one of the horses in the shoulder, and the animal, smarting with pain, rushed off at

headlong speed, carrying its companion with it

'Surround the coach!" I cried to the troopers, and, flinging myself to the ground, ran into the building

"To the right!" shouted the sergeant, who had followed closely. "The shot came from the right."

The door was fastened; we smashed it open with one tremendous blow and ran inside. A huge pistol, still smokin lay on the window ledge, but the apartment appeared to be empty. A second glance, however, showed us a man lying huddled up in a corner and I ran across to him

His face was white, save where the blood from a wound in his head had trickled over it, and he was unconscious. Stooping down, I spoke to him loudly, but he returned no answer, nor indeed did he give any sign of having heard me

'Stunned by a blow from the butt end of a pistol!' exclaimed the sergeant tersely. "Let him lie. Quick, the real villain will escape."

There was no time to waste. Returning to the passage, we entered the room to the left—it was empty. We ran breathlessly up the crazy stairs; the top part of the house was untenanted, too Down again we went, into the cellars across the yard to the stables and outbuildings, but without meeting a living soul. The whole place was desolate and deserted

A low wall separated the garden from a barren field, and at some half mile's distance stretched a thick wood.

"The horses!" cried Belton "He will be hiding in the wood."

We jumped into our saddles, cleared the wall, and, racing across the open at breakneck speed, reached the wood. Even from a distance it had seemed fairly dense, but a nearer view showed how futile would be any search

The wood was of considerable size, and the trees grew so close together that we forced our

DENLY THERE WAS A DEAFENING REPORT

animals even a short distance into it with difficulty. I gazed at the sergeant in dismay

'Waste of time to search here!" I said curtly. "'Tis exasperating, sergeant, but 'twere best to return to the house and learn what we can from the other man"

To this he assented reluctantly, but 'twas the only course open. He who had fired the shots had without doubt made good his escape,

nor was there the slightest chance of our capturing him.

Returning quickly, we dismounted, and fastening our horses, re-entered the room. It was bare of furniture; the floor was covered with dirt; the walls were damp and bare, and part of the flooring of the chamber above had fallen through.

The wounded man lay where we had left him, and showed no sign of life; but the sergeant discovered an old well in the yard and bringing some water in his pot hat, bathed the wound and washed the blood from the man's face.

The fellow was dressed as a citizen, but his clothes were poor and almost threadbare. He appeared to be between thirty and forty years of age, tall of figure, but thin and ill-nourished. The splash of the cold water revived him somewhat; he opened his eyes and looked at us, first in terror, then in perplexity.

"Who did this?" Belton asked brusquely, pointing to the wound

The man shuddered and closed his eyes, as if unwilling to answer.

"Come," said the sergeant roughly, "I give thee two minutes; an thou hast not answered then I'll string thee to the first tree I find. Make your choice."

He spoke brutally, and perhaps would have carried out his threat, for he was in evil temper. The fellow winced, as if cut with a whip, and once more a look of terror overspread his face

"He will kill me," he said faintly

"His name, or I ll e'en save him the trouble; one more or less of your kind in the world s of little consequence Choose, now!" and he stooped to raise the unhappy wretch in his arms

"Spare me!" he almost shrieked. "I'll tell everything."

"The name," said the sergeant—"what's the villain's name?"

"He calls himself Goodson."

"I care naught for what he calls himself; I want his real name. Speak now: was t Brotherton who struck thee?"

"It was," came the reply, so faintly that the sound barely reached us.

The sergeant gave way to a fresh transport of rage. 'Once more he had been flouted and beaten by this cunning knave, and the smart of the disgrace was unbearable

"Where does Brotherton hide? Fear not; put him in our hands and save thyself. 'Tis thy life or his, but make the choice quickly. Wilt guide us to his hiding-place?"

"I cannot walk."

"A surgeon shall see to thy hurt; 'tis no great matter. For the last time, wilt hang or guide us?"

A terrible struggle was going on in the rascal's mind, but Belton spoke so sternly and looked so grim that at last he declared himself willing to do as we wished.

"'Tis thy best plan," grunted the sergeant. "Master Wilhams, I'll leave thee here and ride on to Hampton. Keep thy pistol beside thee, and go not to sleep; thou may'st have need of thy wits."

From the window I watched him gallop off at full speed, and then, returning to our prisoner, I fell to thinking over what had passed. "If this fellow be Miles Brotherton's ally," I thought, "why hath Brotherton left him here to be taken?"

Plainly the two had quarrelled; but why? What had happened in the house before our arrival? I gazed curiously at the wounded man. The bathing and the cool water had revived him, and 'twas plain his hurt was not so serious as we had supposed

By degrees I induced him to answer a few questions. There was a deal of falsehood in his story, and he kept back many things, but by careful sifting I managed to gather something of the truth.

His name -or one of his names, for he was a thorough paced knave -was Comstock, and he was one of Brotherton's willing tools. But at this desperate enterprise his heart had failed him, and at the last moment he had begged Brotherton to forego his purpose.

His terror was so apparent, and his hand shook so much when he held the pistol, that the bolder villain lost his temper. Seizing the weapon, he struck his accomplice a heavy blow and flung him into a corner of the room, calling him a cur and a milksop.

Concerning the outrage in the grounds of Hampton Court, he either knew naught, or would reveal naught

Night had closed in when the tramp of hoofs and the rattle of wheels sounded outside, and in a few minutes the sergeant entered, carrying a lantern and accompanied by a surgeon.

'Marry!" cried the latter, "it wasn't worth while dragging me out for this! A pen'orth of sticking plaster is all that's needed." He bound up the wound deftly, gave the man a cordial, and set him on his feet

"A coach!" said he contemptuously, "let thine own legs carry thee!'

However, we assisted him to the carriage,

[illegible] rode ahead

"I wonder," observed my comrade thoughtfully [illegible]

"An he has," said I, "he is far less crafty than I reckoned him. Didst see Cromwell?"

"Aye, and am in no hurry to see him again unless I have Brotherton with me."

CHAPTER XI

ON THE TRAIL

THE journey to London passed without incident and once inside the town the sergeant stopped the coach and curtly ordered Comstock to alight.

"Shouldst be rested now," said he, "and the coach is a hindrance. Get up in front of me and lead us straight to the house."

The luckless rogue clambered to his seat in such ungainly fashion [illegible] to provoke a roar of merriment among the troopers, and the coachman having been instructed to take the carriage to Whitehall we resumed our journey.

For my own part, I fully believed we were beginning another wild goose chase. Knowing that Comstock must fall into our hands, it was scarcely credible that so crafty a rascal as Brotherton would return to his lair.

However, we rode [illegible] streets, until at last our guide halted. Few [illegible] surprising speediness.

[illegible] teeth were chattering, and his whole body was a-quiver with terror.

[illegible] house is at the farther end, close to the river."

WITH A TREMENDOUS CRASH THE DOOR GAVE WAY

[illegible] We will dismount, and thou shalt lead us to it.

[illegible] no more pity than a wild beast. For the love

of heaven do not force me to accompany thee."

Hast thy choice;" returned Belton, "come with us or hang here—we've rope at hand—but keep us not waiting."

The man moved forward, tottering and swaying so much that he could hardly keep his footing. His breath came in short, thick gasps; he turned his head from side to side convulsively, as if fearing that at any moment swift death would leap upon him from out the darkness

Comstock stopped at the last building. The house was in total darkness, and no sound came from it. In perfect silence the sergeant posted his men, some in the narrow street itself, some at the side close to the water's edge, while others he sent round to the back with orders to seize all who attempted to pass.

One man, a great fellow named Whiston, who had arms like the legs of an ox, he directed to stand beside him.

"We won't trouble any one to open the door," he said in a whisper. "Keep close to that jelly-fish, Master Williams. Art ready? One, two, three!"

With a tremendous crash the door gave way, and we ran into the passage, the sergeant seizing Comstock by the shoulder and bidding him lead the way.

"To the back,' whispered the terrified wretch, and thither we rushed in a body. The door of the room was locked, but Whiston broke the fastening and the sergeant darted in.

"A light!" he cried, "bring a light!" and a trooper came forward with a flaring torch.

The sergeant uttered a cry of disappointment—the room was empty! Leaving a trooper on guard, he turned away to search the other portions of the building

In a front room we found the owner of the house and his wife, half dressed, very pale and trembling, and gazing in affright at the armed men pouring in upon them. We questioned them closely and rigorously, and they, as well as terror permitted, related all they knew.

The information, though interesting in its way, rendered us little service. The man occupying the back room, they said, was Samuel Peters, a sailor, and therefore often away from home. He was a quiet, inoffensive person, no brawler, but beyond that they could tell us little, having asked [naught of [his business.

That the worthy couple were speaking truth even Belton, furious as he was, believed, and there was nothing for it but to retire beaten once more.

First, however, we returned to the deserted apartment, and searching it thoroughly, found little to reward our labour. Two pistols—one clumsy and almost useless—a short dagger, keen of edge and having a dull brownish stain on the blade, a bent sword cast aside as useless, two or three wigs of different colours, and various suits of clothes were all we discovered, except a small, heavily-clasped iron box, of which the sergeant himself took charge, thinking it might contain papers which would be useful to the Secretary.

Now, although I said little on the subject, this fresh outrage caused me both alarm and indignation, and I felt quite as eager as the sergeant to capture Brotherton. He had begun to haunt me; he lived with me every hour of the day and a good part of the night. Everything that was said or done brought him before me vividly; even a chance expression made me think of him and his doings.

"I must capture him," I said to myself over and over again. I formed a hundred plans, a hundred resolutions, and rejected them all; but it was impossible to remain idle, and at length I determined that, happen what might, I would make another search.

"Where will you seek him first?" asked Thurloe on hearing my purpose.

"At Bristol. He hath friends there among the cavaliers. 'Tis a convenient place for shipping, and within easy reach of France. Even though he be not there, depend on't I shall learn news of him."

At first he endeavoured to dissuade me, and before giving his consent made a condition against which I fought in vain

"Craft must be met with craft," said he. "You are known in Bristol, and will be recognised. Brotherton will learn of thy arrival, and 'thou'lt spread thy nets in vain. Must go in disguise."

Now, foolishly, perhaps, but quite wholeheartedly, I hated this plan -it seemed to smack of cowardice. Yet Master Thurloe was a prudent man, and perhaps he was right. It cost me an effort to obey his instructions, but, this point once settled, my preparations went on apace.

Saying I should have need of money, he furnished me with a full purse, bought me a gay outfit, including a flowing wig and a cavalier's hat with a long feather stuck jauntily in it, and procured a set of furniture for my

horse of which Charles Stuart himself need not have been ashamed.

"Now, Master Williams," said he, "have the greatest care of thyself. 'Tis a desperate venture, and I let thee go only with the utmost misgiving. Miles Brotherton will show no mercy."

"I shall expect none," said I, remembering the two troopers slain so ruthlessly at Headleigh Court, "and shall show none. 'Twill be a duel to the death, Master Thurloe, but I am not without hope of proving the victor."

He accompanied me to the gate, wishing me good luck and offering much sound advice And so, with his words of cheer ringing in my ears, I rode off, conscious that I was going into deadly peril, yet little dreaming of what would happen before I next pased through the gates of Whitehall.

CHAPTER XII.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

WHETHER, but for a very commonplace mishap, events would have taken the turn they did, 'tis idle now to discuss; but certain 'tis that, owing to my horse casting a shoe, my life was placed in grave peril.

The accident occurred some miles from Bath, and the delay occasioned by the necessity of finding a farrier, determined me to stay for the night at that place rather than push on to Bristol, as I had intended.

A homely looking hostelry on the outskirts of the city attracted my attention. It was small, but very clean—from the outside at least—and it had plenty of stabling. An elderly man came to the door as I dismounted, and led the way to the back of the building.

There were three or four animals in the stable, but he placed my horse in a comfortable stall with plenty of clean bedding, rubbed the creature down—he was as likely as not an old trooper himself—and gave it a good feed.

"Is the house full?" I asked, having satisfied myself that the animal had been attended to properly

"No, your honour; there beant anybody a-staying the night as I knows on. There be nobody inside but two gentlemen putting up for an hour or two."

The travellers being about to sit down to their meal when I entered the parlour, one suggested that I should join them. To a hungry man the table appeared very tempting. A cold sirloin, a plump fowl, roasted to a turn, an uncut loaf of white bread, and a rich cheese were not to be despised by one who had ridden for hours without breaking his fast. I accepted the invitation cordially, and took a seat at the table.

It was not until my hunger was partially satisfied that I began to take any particular notice of my new acquaintances, who were still busily engaged in eating and drinking. He who had invited me to join them was tall and rather stout. There was nothing out of the ordinary in his appearance, but he bore the marks of a good liver, and he applied himself at frequent intervals to the tankard of ale standing at his elbow.

His companion was a truculent-looking rascal, and it occurred to me that I was not looking on his face for the first time. His eyes were shifty and cunning, his mouth was cruel, while his tanned skin showed that his life was passed in the open air. He had large hands, and it was easily seen that he was tough and wiry.

Where had I met him before? I cudgelled my memory, but without success. He was certainly not a stranger, and yet I could recall nothing concerning him. Like his companion, he was plainly dressed, and they were both, apparently, unarmed.

The tall man was the first to finish, and then he began to talk, asking if I had come from London, and what was the news there. He was still laying siege to the tankard, and his face was uncomfortably flushed.

Now, I had no wish for conversation, but since 'twould have been discourteous not to answer, I replied to his questions, though briefly enough. And then it was I noticed a very peculiar thing.

At the sound of my voice, the man with the shifty eyes shot at me a searching but furtive glance, looking down again quickly, his face expressing at first intense curiosity, then wonder, and finally certainty.

Who could he be? He was evidently not only surprised, but ill at ease. He moved his chair back, so that the light should not fall on his face, and joined in the conversation only with the object of checking his comrade's rather reckless remarks

"A plague on thy whisperings!" exclaimed the tall fellow irritably. "'Tis 'Have a care' here, and 'Have a care' there, till a man can't e'en open his mouth! Art feared of old Noll's shadow?" and he applied himself again to the tankard.

He wiped his mouth with the cuff of his coat, and went on, "A fig for the Huntingdon butcher! I warrant there are as good men in the country as he, eh, your honour?"

A TOAST, YOUR [illegible]

I felt like taking him by the throat and pitching him through the window, but a tavern brawl did not suit my purpose, so I remained silent.

But he would not have done. "A toast, your honour!" he cried, "will not refuse a toast to the prettiest man in three kingdoms or out of them! Here's to Charles Stuart, and may Beelzebub take all his foes!"

"Nay," I replied, still controlling my temper, "I have drunk enough."

"Art afraid of Noll?" he asked.

"No more than of thee," I said, at which he laughed approvingly, called me the prince of good fellows, as if I had paid him a great compliment, and insisted on shaking my hand.

At every word his companion was growing more and more restless and ill at ease and at length, though still keeping himself as much as possible in the shadow, he rose noisily from his seat.

"Come," he exclaimed with a show of good humour, "'tis time for us to pay our reckoning and move. The night grows late."

"What matter?" asked the other lazily, "we are comfortable here, and the landlord can find us a bed. The morning will be time enough to start."

The shorter man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Hast forgotten?" he rasped out. "We are behind as 'tis. Unless we push on quickly we shall be too late for our business."

"Business!" echoed the other in bewilderment, as if he had heard of it now for the first time; then a gleam of intelligence lit up his eyes, and he said briskly, "True, must push on; had forgotten the need for haste. Yet 'tis ill leaving such good company."

They called the landlord, asked that their horses should be saddled, paid their score, and bidding me good night, passed out of the room.

Now, the incident was so strange that for

the rest of the evening I could think of nothing else. The tall man did not interest me; all my thoughts were fixed on his comrade. I felt a vague uneasiness for which I could find no satisfactory reason. After all, there was really naught to warrant any cause for apprehension

The short man's face was faintly familiar, but so were scores of others. In the second place, he had recognised my voice, and had no wish to attract attention to himself. He was, for some reason, afraid of becoming known, and had purposely hurried his departure.

"Pshaw!" said I to myself, "'tis some footpad that hath brought himself within reach of the law. Hath seen me at Whitehall, no doubt"

Yet I could not help feeling that the explanation was unsatisfactory, since he had recognised me, not by my face, but by my voice. However, I was tired by my day's journey, and since he had gone I resolved to dismiss him from my mind and to go to bed.

But first I asked my host a few questions concerning the departed guests. They were strangers in the neighbourhood, he said; chance travellers, passing through the town, who had stopped for an hour's rest. He believed they had come from London, but 'twas hard to say; certain 'twas, however, that they were bound for Bristol.

"Sturdy knaves, your honour," he concluded, "who wouldn't scruple to snatch a purse or cut a throat, as an opportunity offered. There be heaps o' that sort going through to Bristol just now."

"Odd," said I, "since the town's quiet. 'Tis naught to me, however!" and, requesting to be called early, I proceeded to my room

The chamber was low in the ceiling but of fair size and spotlessly clean. The sheets were snowy white, and I got between them with a delicious feeling of comfort. More from habit than from any expectation of danger, I had placed my pistol on the chair close at hand, and my sword within easy reach.

I must have fallen asleep almost immediately, but I slept lightly and uneasily, waking up once or twice with my head full of the stranger whom I had met in the parlour of the inn. It was utter foolishness, and yet, though chiding myself for my folly, I could not get rid of the idea that some peril threatened me.

"'Twould make the sergeant curl his lip," I muttered, thoroughly ashamed of my nervousness, and I resolved to think no more of the matter. Lying back, I again slept, but without the ghost of a dream to trouble me.

Now, to account for what next happened is altogether beyond my power. I was, as I have said, sleeping soundly, my brain completely at rest, when I wakened suddenly to full consciousness of danger. What it was I knew not, yet I felt certain of being very near to death

I lay quite still, except that I had the presence of mind to continue breathing naturally and evenly, and strained my eyes in an endeavour to look through the darkness. I could not distinguish the door, but it occurred to me, for the first time, that the fastenings on it were of the flimsiest description.

Had it been opened? I saw naught and heard no sound, yet felt I was no longer alone. On this point I had not the slightest evidence, yet, curiously enough, I had no doubt that some one had entered the room.

My bitterest enemy hath never called me coward; but for the next few seconds—seconds that seemed like eternity—I lay in a very agony of fear. My limbs were paralysed; only my brain remained alert, and it was full of the wildest imaginings. Against a definite peril I could have been resolute; 'twas the hideous uncertainty that worked me up to the pitch of terror.

Death was coming to me through the darkness! In what form? By what means? My hair was damp, the sweat poured down my face, I could barely refrain from crying aloud. Yet in spite of the long-drawn agony I contrived to lie still, to continue my natural breathing, to listen with straining ears for the slightest sound, to gaze under down-drawn eyelids into the darkness.

I dared not attempt to secure my weapons, lest the movement should bring destruction upon me. I could only watch and wait—wait for what might happen. And the horror of it was that I did not in the least understand the nature of the peril.

CHAPTER XIII

IN SEARCH OF BROTHERTON

THE whole truth came upon me with startling suddenness. A creak of the boards, the stealthy rising of a shadowy figure, the gleam of a long knife, explained everything. I could have laughed aloud in sheer relief. My fear vanished like mist dispelled by the morning sun. I was myself again, and ready to play my part in the coming tragedy.

The man—for, after all, the peril came from

a flesh-and-blood enemy—was beside me, his arm upraised. He was considering how best to drive his weapon home. He had no thought, I warrant, of failure, for 'tis as easy to kill a sleeping man as to deceive a friend who trusts you.

In an instant my plan was formed. My right arm rested on the outside of the coverlet, and I lay on my side, my face toward the stranger. With a swift movement I flung myself free of the clothes, and, clenching my fist, struck him full between the eyes.

The blow was no light one, and the weight and the unexpectedness of it caused him to stagger. The next moment I had leaped at his throat, and we went crashing to the ground together, the knife slipping through his open fingers.

The struggle lasted only a short time, but I hope never to go through such an ordeal again. My opponent had the strength of a bull, and, against his tough doublet and pieces of mail, my bare hands were powerless. 'Twas a desperate affair, preventing him from reaching the knife, and beyond that I could do nothing

We rolled over, I undermost, with his huge hands clutching at my throat Tighter and ever tighter he pressed, until it seemed as if he would squeeze the last breath from my body. I fought and struggled like a wild thing, but with lessening strength at every second. Once I forced him to relax his hold, but the relief lasted only for an instant; the terrible fingers closed round again, and I felt that all my strength was oozing away.

A minute or two more must have ended the conflict, when suddenly my assailant jumped to his feet, bounded across the room, flung open the door and rushed out on to the landing. A confusion of noises reached me—the shouts of men, cries of surprise and fear, the thud of a falling body, the smashing of woodwork, the report, apparently from a distance, of a pistol shot, and then the clatter of hoofs.

Soon people were in the room, the first to come in being the landlord, his usually ruddy cheeks now ghastly pale.

"'Tis naught," I gasped. "Bring some wine; shall be none the worse in a few minutes."

The wine being brought, I made an effort to swallow some. 'Twas a painful process, but the liquor warmed me and I felt stronger.

"Didst catch him?" I asked presently, though conscious the question was a foolish one

"No," he answered wrathfully, "he was too quick for me, and his mate fired at us through the open window. Hadst better not talk, lad; try to rest. Will leave thee the light. Fear naught; we shall not to bed again."

He went away with the servants, and I lay in a half-dazed condition, unable to think clearly of what had happened.

The sun was streaming into the room when I at length arose. I dressed myself slowly, for my head ached, and the pain in my throat was agonising, although I had suffered no serious injury. The knife lay where it had fallen, and, picking it up, I gazed at it curiously. But for the mysterious warning that had wakened me, 'twould have been sticking in my heart.

Going downstairs, I forced myself to take some breakfast. While eating I gathered from the landlord that the man who had assailed me bore a strong resemblance to one of those who had supped with me

Having paid my reckoning, I resumed my journey in a thoughtful mood. What was the mystery surrounding this attack? Who was my assailant? With what object had he sought my death?

Now, except as a member of Cromwell's household, I had no enemy save Miles Brotherton, who had never seen me, or, at least, I had never seen him distinctly. Yet I could not rid my mind of the idea that the incident was in some way connected with him, and in that case my position had become more perilous

It was mid day when I reached Bristol. I took up my quarters on the north side of the river, at a house called the "Welch Harp." 'Twas a low-roofed, rambling, rather dirty place, but close to the shipping, and I had a notion that the neighbourhood was a likely haunt for Brotherton and his associates

As soon as dusk fell I wrapped myself in my cloak and proceeded to the Castle, choosing a roundabout route in order to throw off any one who might be dogging my steps.

The Governor read the note which Master Thurloe had written, but was unable to give me any help. The town was perfectly quiet, he declared, the influential cavaliers having long since abandoned all idea of placing young Charles Stuart on the throne. As for Miles Brotherton, 'twas impossible that he could be hiding in the city.

He was very polite and courteous, but, whether he resented interference from outside or not, and he probably did, 'twas plain I could count little on his co-operation. The

only result of the visit was my meeting with Mark Forrester, one of the Secretary's spies.

He was a brisk, alert man of medium height, and strongly built. He had a full red face with a perpetual smile lurking round the corners of his mouth. He offered his services cheerfully, but, when I had told him my tale, shook his head at the notion of Brotherton being in Bristol

"No, no, your honour," said he, "thou'rt on the wrong scent. Am well acquainted with the man, and if he be here he's in mighty close hiding. Depend on't, that after that last affair on the road to Hampton Court, he left the country. Just now I should say he's closeted with young Charles Stuart, getting a fresh supply of funds."

I gave him as close and particular a description as possible of the two men I had encountered at the inn, and he nodded vehemently during my recital. "'Twill show me what to look for," he said. "And now, your honour, I'll go with thee as far as the [illegible]"

But this I would not allow, saying, "I must learn to take care of myself, and I may as well begin at once. Besides, 'tis early yet to fear danger. As likely as not the rascals know not that I am here."

Forrester shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "As thou wilt," he said; "but should thy dead body be found by the Watch in the morning, Master Thurloe cannot blame me."

"Wilt find I'm not so easy killed!" I said laughing, and rising from my seat.

The night was late when I left the house, and during the greater part of the walk to the inn I met scarcely a person.

I strode along rapidly, yet with care, for the spy's alarm had not been without effect, though I felt ashamed to own it even to myself There was naturally a certain amount of peril in the task I had set myself, and the ugly incident near Bath had increased it, but I thought it unlikely that anything serious would occur the very first night of my arrival.

"Brotherton has to learn the story first, and then to form his plans," I said to myself, "and besides, he must needs think of his own skin."

The "Welch Harp" was in darkness, and I was about to hammer at the door, when a sudden sound caused me to turn swiftly, my hand on my sword

For a moment my heart seemed to stand still, and then, with a cry of anger, I ran back. From a recess in the wall which I had just passed protruded a pistol, levelled directly at my head. The man who held it was completely hidden, and but for the metal of the barrel I should have been killed without knowing what hurt me.

Even as it was, my escape was a narrow one. The sudden leap upset the fellow's aim, the bullet whistled past me, and the next instant I was upon him. With a brutal exclamation he flung the smoking weapon at me; it missed my face by a hair's breadth, but struck my shoulder; then he darted off.

Smarting with pain, I ran after him, but in a few minutes the darkness swallowed him up, and I stood breathless in the deserted street. I returned to the inn slowly. The report of the pistol had awakened the host, who, coming down, opened the door for me.

"Art hurt?" he asked "What hath happened?"

"A mistake that was like to cost me dear," I answered jauntily. "Some fool of a footpad imagined I had a fat purse, and bade me stand and deliver. Must have been new to his trade!" and I finished with a laugh.

In actual truth, I felt it no laughing matter. The fight of which Forrester had spoken had begun in earnest. The darkness had prevented me from getting a view of my assailant, but there could be no doubt it was the same rascal that had attempted my life at Bath.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

A WEEK had passed since my arrival in [illegible] in his sleuth-hound way, and had succeeded—by what means I know not, for he was chary of speech concerning his own particular methods—in tracking to their lair the men whom I had met at the Bath tavern This he told me when I was visiting him at his rooms on the seventh night of my stay in the city

"And now, your honour," said he, "we have but to watch this place where the rogues nest, and we shall of a surety put a hand on Brotherton. 'Tis but a matter of time. Meanwhile, have a care of thyself. Patience, caution, and thou shalt return with a bright face to Whitehall!"

I set out for my lodging with a heart as light as my step, after receiving his news, for, indeed, I was loth to face Cromwell again with ill tidings. Trap this Brotherton, and once more should I bask in my Lord Protector's favour.

Other things, too, I pondered on my way home. By dint of careful questioning here and there I had learned that Bevis Mordaunt and his sister were still the guests of Sir Salter Pyne Little was said of them, and I hoped that they had abandoned their bitter opposition to the Lord Protector But I had my doubts of Bevis. He was ever too impulsive and hard to hold—and I knew well what would eventually befall him were he to continue to pit his puny strength against the iron man at Whitehall, for, disease stricken as he was, Cromwell remained still the sole and unquestioned master of the country

I was, as I say, brooding over these matters on my way home, and I entered the "Welch Harp" with a slow and thoughtful step The roysterers had all departed, and most of the inmates were abed; but a fire burned cheerily in the kitchen grate, and by it sat a man who had just finished his supper

WITH A BRUTAL EXCLAMATION, HE [illegible]

Oh [illegible] ing up as I glanced in at [illegible] these part[illegible] for thee[illegible]

The [illegible] I went over [illegible] astonishment that he laughed out[illegible]

"What art doing here?" I exclaimed. "Hath aught happened? Hast any news? Hath the Lord——"

He placed a finger on my lips. "No names," said he quietly. "Sit down by the fire, where we can talk at our ease. No need to ask if the bird be netted!"

"None," I answered, rather chagrined by the question, "but the net is spread, and I am not without hopes. But what brings thee here? Hast come to see me?"

"Am glad to see thee, Master Owen, but my business was with the Governor in the first place." And he lowered his voice. "A storm's brewing here, and there be those in London who can read the signs."

"A storm! The Governor believes all to be quiet."

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "He will discover his mistake soon but no word to any one. A parcel of madcap boys are in communication with Charles Stuart, and have arranged for a general rising. 'Twill be the last hereabouts, I reckon."

"Is our man mixed up in it?"

"Have heard naught of him, and that's one reason why thou hast my company. Hast managed aught?"

Speaking very softly, I related my adventures since leaving Whitehall, and explained what Forrester had accomplished.

"Hast had a rough time, lad! Pity I wasn't with thee at Bath. Canst not give even a guess at the rogue's name?"

I shook my head.

"What like was he?"

I gave him a description of the short, truculent man who had attacked me, and the sergeant's eyes twinkled as I proceeded When I had made an end he broke into a laugh.

"What is't?" I asked "Hast a strange turn of humour, methinks!"

"Will tell thee in a day or two, dear lad; mayhap to morrow. As for Brotherton, one thing's certain, lad; should he be in the city and we fail to capture him, I'll not return to London. Dost remember what Cromwell said to thee once?"

"Marry do I, and have no wish to hear't again."

"Hath said it to me, and more at the end on't," and the sergeant's head drooped.

He worshipped the Protector blindly, and a reproach from his idol was more bitter to him than all the waters of Marah. There was that in his face which told me that, if the Fates did but set him and his enemy face to face, one of the two would surely die

Presently he glanced up again, saying, "Will see thee in the morning, Master Owen. Am for bed now; have covered many miles since daybreak."

I went to my own chamber and undressed slowly, thinking over my comrade's startling information concerning the projected rising. 'Twas a mad venture, without a chance of success, but the madder the prank the more likely was Bevis to be mixed up in it. And the sergeant had hinted very ominously at what would happen when the revolt was crushed.

My nerves were all a-quiver with fear for my friend, and yet I could not even warn him. The secret was not mine, and to betray it would be disloyal to Cromwell. For hours I lay trying to discover some loop hole out of the miserable business, and trying in vain. Had it been possible to foresee the future, I think I should have prayed that Brotherton might pass his sword through my heart.

I went downstairs next morning heavy-eyed, and found Belton already at breakfast.

"Am going to visit thy friend," he said cheerfully, when the servant had left the room, "and to see what can be done."

I offered to join him, but to this he would not agree.

"Better keep to thy room, lad; shalt be in at the death, never fear."

'Twas useless to plead or argue, so at last I let him go, and prepared to wait for his return with what patience I could muster. But, indeed, the patience wasn't worth mention, for what with thinking of Bevis and his sister, and of Miles Brotherton, my nerves were on the rack all day.

'Twas getting dusk when Belton returned from his quest. He sat down wearily.

"Have had a busy day, lad, and little at the end on't. Have made one discovery, though, but 'tis worth naught. I guessed it last night.'

"And that?" I asked eagerly.

"Have learned who 'twas mishandled thee at Bath. Hast a poor memory for faces, Master Owen. Guess now: I'll give thee a lead. Dost remember the first time we let Brotherton slip through our fingers?"

"'Tis plain now!" I cried, without waiting for more. "The rogue's Tom of Tutbury."

"Aye, I wonder thou couldst not tell by his huge hands."

"Then depend on't," said I, jumping up excitedly, "that Brotherton's in Bristol."

"'Tis likely enow, but the fox keeps close in his earth."

There was one question a-top of my tongue, but I said nothing till the sergeant had eaten his supper; then I asked anxiously, "Hast heard aught more of the proposed rising?"

"'Tis ended before it begins," he answered with a chuckle. "Have opened the Governor's eyes, and the hot-heads will be safely behind lock and key ere morning. 'Twas the stupidest venture. Charles Stuart was to land here in disguise, and the rebels had formed some shadowy plans to surprise the Castle. But the Governor hath a list of the names"

"And one is Bevis Mordaunt's!" I thought, and longed to rush away to Headleigh Court to warn the headstrong lad of his danger. Never, surely, was man placed in such a miserable position!

'Twas idle dwelling upon it, however, so, putting the subject from me, I asked my comrade where he had left Forrester.

"We parted in the forenoon. He hath gone to watch his trap. The Lord send that he fail not"

Belton fell into an attitude of musing, but presently started to his feet, exclaiming, "'Tis of no use, lad; I must be stirring. The Governor makes his haul to night, and should Brotherton not be caught now he will be miles away by morning. Must make another search of it"

"Then I come with thee!" I said. "Nay, no words, an thou lovest me. By thy own showing, 'tis neck or naught, and at least I can do no harm."

"As thou wilt, lad," he answered affectionately. "'Tis odd how I hear Cromwell's voice! Hath been ringing in my ears all evening"

"Hast been brooding," I exclaimed cheerfully, not liking to see his melancholy. "Art ready? Let's go, then."

Before he could reply there came a tapping at the door, the handle was turned gently, and Forrester entered. His eyes twinkled brightly, the smile on his face was broader than ever, and he looked like one who brought good news.

"Art in luck, sergeant," he cried, addressing my comrade; "our man is caged, and we have but to secure him."

There was something of pathos in the eager look that spread over Belton's face. "Art sure, Mark?" he asked wistfully; "art very sure? Methinks 'twill kill me to fail again."

"We can't fail!" returned Forrester stoutly, and I could have fairly hugged him for his confidence. "He went into the house not a quarter of an hour since. 'Tis just a matter of plucking ripe fruit, man. E'en if he be gone, 'twill be out of one trap into another, for my fellows will keep track of him."

"Bless thee for thy comforting words, Mark," the sergeant cried. "I could not face Cromwell without him. Hast thy pistols loaded, lad? And thy sword ready? Come, then, before he's on the wing! 'Tis time we settled old scores, Master Owen!"

He was himself again, cheerful and alert, but his eyes glittered sternly, and his lips were set and firm. Even Forrester looked amazed at the change in him.

Leaving the inn, we proceeded quickly along the street to the corner of the bridge, where I got a great fright. Two men stood talking together, and by the flare of a torch I saw that one was the cavalier who had acted as my second in the duel with Salter Pyne at the "Black Bull."

I pulled up my cloak hastily, though I feared not quick enough, for he started and stared at me, and made as if to speak. But I turned my head, and brushing past in a vast hurry, slipped away into the darkness.

'Twas a gloomy night, but there seemed to be an unusual stir in the streets, though that perhaps was but the outcome of my highly-strung nerves, for I was all a-fire with excitement. It seemed almost incredible that the man who had baffled us so long should be within our reach at last!

At the corner of the dingy square we were joined by the two watchers who, in a whisper, informed us that Brotherton was still within the house

"Good!" muttered the sergeant. And, standing well back in the shadow of the buildings, we awaited his instructions

(To be continued)

THE STAMPS OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN

BRIEFLY, the history of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg Schwerin may be summed up as follows: Mecklenburg was made a Duchy in 1348; it was divided into Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg Strelitz in 1701; adopted a Constitution in 1755; joined the Confederation of the Rhine in 1808; became a Grand Duchy in 1815; joined the Germanic Confederation in 1815; abolished serfdom in 1820; sided with Prussia in the war with Austria in 1866; joined the North German Confederation in 1868, and was incorporated in the German Empire in 1871. The Duchy has the Baltic Sea for its northern boundary, and has a population of 607,835.

Its Philatelic History

Its stamps are few, and peculiar and expensive. They commence with a low value stamp (divisible into four lower values), and two higher values of a somewhat similar design, but of the size of unsevered four of the low value. The philatelic history of the Grand Duchy began in 1856 and ended in 1868, when it joined the North German Confederation

1856.—Three values, or, counting the divisible stamp, four values. Design: head of a buffalo, the arms of Mecklenburg in a

square framework, inscribed "Freimarke" in the upper label, "Schillinge" in the lower, "Mecklenb." on the left and "Schwerin" on the right, with numerals of value in all four corners. The 1 Schilling, or, as it is described in our catalogues, ¼ Schilling, was composed of four miniature ¼ schilling stamps which could be used unsevered as a 1 schilling stamp, or as four separate ¼ schilling stamps. The stamps were printed at the Prussian Government Printing Offices in Berlin and were issued imperforate.

Imperforate.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
¼ sch., red	70 0	10 0
[illegible]ow	1 0	2 6
[illegible] bl	20 0	10 0

1864. One value. Design unchanged, but rouletted around and between the four miniature stamps to render them more convenient for separate use. This rouletted variety is extremely scarce

Rouletted.

	Unused.	Used
¼ sch., red	£15	£5

1864.—Two values. Design as before, but with the centre of the ¼ schilling cleared of the dotted background, and the colour of the 5 sch. changed from blue to bistre. Rouletted.

Rouletted.

	Unused. s. d.	Used s. d.
¼ sch., red.	3 0	3 0
5 sch., bistre	18 0	16 0

1866. One value. Design: same as the 3 sch. and 5 sch. of the first issue. This stamp was first issued in violet and then changed to blue-grey. Rouletted.

Rouletted.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
2 sch., violet	27 6	15 0
2 sch., blue-grey	17 6	90 0

THE STAMPS OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ

The history of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg Strelitz runs on all fours with that of the larger Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which it adjoins. It has a population of 102,628.

Its Philatelic History

The philatelic history of the smaller Grand Duchy is confined to one issue of five values, all but the two highest values being very expensive. It ceased to issue stamps when it joined the North German Confederation

1864. Five values. Design: the arms of the Duchy embossed in colour. The ½ sgr., ⅓ sgr., and 1 sch. were of the same design, and the 1 sgr., 2 sgr. and 3 sgr of the same type The stamps were printed at the Prussian Government Printing Works at Berlin and were issued rouletted

Rouletted.

	Unused.	Used.
	£ s. d.	
½ sgr. orange	12 0	£8
⅓ sgr. green	6 0	£6
1 sch. violet	20 0	—

	Unused.	Used.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 sgr. rose	10 0	30 0
2 sgr. blue	2 0	50 0
3 sgr. bistre	1 0	60 0

THE STAMPS OF OLDENBURG

Oldenburg is another Grand Duchy of Northern Germany. It faces the North Sea and has a population of 398 500. Oldenburg was ruled by counts in the eleventh century It passed under the rule of Denmark in 1667; was made a Duchy in 1777; joined the Confederation of the Rhine in 1808; was annexed to France in 1810; regained its independence in 1813; entered the Germanic Confederation in 1815; took the rank of a Grand Duchy in 1829; espoused the cause of Prussia against Austria in 1866; joined the North German Confederation in 1866 and was incorporated in the German Empire in 1871.

Its Philatelic History

The stamps of Oldenburg hold a very high place in the estimation of specialists in the issues of Europe. The issues are not many, but they abound in specialist varieties, due to the fact that the stamps were reproduced by the lithographic process. The general collector, however, may safely ignore lithographic flaws The first stamp was issued in 1852, then followed a change of currency from thalers to groschen in 1859, printed in black on coloured papers. In 1861 coloured papers were abandoned in favour of coloured inks, and, in 1862, lithographic printing was superseded by a series embossed in colour.

1852.—Three values. Design: numerals of value on a shield surmounted by the Grand Ducal arms and coronet, and surrounded by scrolls, inscribed with the value and the name of the Duchy. The stamps were lithographed in black ink on coloured papers, and were issued imperforate.

Imperforate.

	Unused.	Used.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
⅓ thaler black on [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] yellow paper	30 0 0	

1859. Four values. Design: the Grand Ducal arms on a shield surmounted by a coronet, all enclosed in an oval, with "Oldenburg" in a scroll above and the value in words below. This series was lithographed as before in black on coloured papers. The currency was changed from thalers to groschen

Imperforate.

	Unused.	Used.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
½ gr., black on [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 gr., black on [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

1861.—Six values. Design: same as in the last issue, but printed in coloured inks instead of on coloured papers.

Imperforate.

	Unused. s. d.		Used s. d.
½ gr. [illegible]	25 0	..	150 0
[illegible]	50 0	..	50 0
[illegible]	45 0	..	45 0
1 gr. [illegible]	40 0	..	6 6
2 [illegible]	70 0	..	30 0
3 [illegible]	80 0	..	30 0

1862.—Five values. Design: the arms of the Grand Duchy surmounted by a coronet, enclosed in an oval with "Oldenburg" in the upper part of the enclosing oval band, and the words of value in the lower part, and numeral of value at each side. The stamps were embossed in colour and were issued rouletted. The colours were changed to conform to those adopted by the German-Austrian Postal Union.

Rouletted.

	Unused. s. d.		Used s. d.
½ gr., green	6 0	..	10 0
½ gr., orange	10 0	..	10 0
1 gr., rose	10 0	..	0 0
2 gr., blue	25 0	..	3 0
3 gr., brown	30 0	..	5 0

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name
Address , Age

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work

[illegible] not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper

[illegible] compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper

Address envelopes as follows: Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C

All competitions should reach us by June 18

The results will be published in the August number.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful [illegible]

No. 1.—"*Hidden Books.*"—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures representing the names of well-known books. Write the name under each picture, fill in your own name, age class, and address, tear out the page and post to us. Prizes: Two Guinea Cameras, manufactured by W. Butcher and Sons Ltd. (See Prizes page)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"*Dress Reform.*"—Have you any ideas on the subject of modern dress? If so, send a sketch, either of a man or woman, boy or girl, in what you consider an ideal dress. We are willing to give all the latitude possible in this competition, and competitors may submit designs of outdoor, indoor, evening, athletic, &c., costumes. The prizes will consist of goods to the value of £1 from the catalogue of John Piggott, Ltd.

Class I. . . No age limit
Class II. . : Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 3.—"*Open Letter to Cricket Captains.*"—Most of you are interested in your county team, so if you are in any way dissatisfied with the manner in which it is handled by the skipper, write an open letter, not exceeding 400 words, giving him some good plain advice from the point of view of a spectator who knows something about cricket, knows the capacities of the men, and has suggestions to offer. The prize will be a Gradidge "Imperial Driver" (see Prizes page) or goods to equal value. No age limit

No. 4.—"*Photographic Competition.*"—Send a photograph depicting some branch of outdoor life occupation, sport, or pastime. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Two "Ticka" Watch pocket Cameras, manufactured by Houghton's Ltd. (See Prizes page)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—"*Pictorial Competition.*"—Ten Shillings will be paid for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings for every other sketch that we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our August, September, and October numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. *The "jokes" must not be copied from other papers.* We should also be pleased to consider sketches of a serious nature. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 6.—"*Public School Notes.*"—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph, not exceeding 200 words, dealing with public school life. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for each paragraph used.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions In their case the time limit is extended to August 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial June Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

Hear all Sides

Disraeli's Maiden Speech.

IN your Editorial in the May number I noticed with surprise the casual remark that "Disraeli made such a hash of his maiden effort that the other members actually jeered at him."

Perhaps you will allow me to correct this statement for the benefit of any who may have read of Disraeli's maiden speech for the first time in your pages

It would be more correct to say that some of the "other members" designedly jeered at him to prevent his being heard at all. The "other members" were the Radicals and Repealers, led by O'Connell, with whom Disraeli had had a quarrel some years previously.

The speech in question had such merit that Sir Robert Peel, the leader of Disraeli, thought it very creditable, and prophesied that more would be heard of Disraeli

"ATTONITUS.

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Morning Work v. Night.

("NIGHT" FOR ME, SAYS H. S. TOY.)

THIS is a subject on which there are undoubtedly many opinions. We have heard some of them, but what about the student? What has he to say? By "student" I do not now mean "genius."

Students, thinkers, and intellectual beings say, "Getting up early is not consistent with the best mental work"! This may seem a startling statement, but it is true nevertheless

It is generally admitted that the mind is better able to tackle its work in the evening than in the morning. Men at the 'Varsities do the greater part of their reading in the small hours of the night. It is also admitted that any person, intellectual or otherwise, requires a certain amount of sleep. From these admissions it follows that if a person regularly stays up to work when other people are in bed, he must also stay in bed when other people are up and doing. Hence the ground for the conclusion that getting up early is not consistent with the best mental work.

There are two students of my acquaintance, one of whom does a good deal of his work in the evenings, and the other a corresponding amount in the mornings. Experience shows that the evening student, besides doing as much as his companion, and quite as thoroughly, gets through his work in considerably less time—and that, says Franklin, "is the stuff life is made of" The evening student referred to does not work at night because he wishes to have "the extra half-hour in bed in the morning," nor because he is afraid of "disorganising the household" by appearing either before or at sunrise

One of your contributors said something to the effect that "getting up early every morning makes a person fitter." Yes. But fitter for what? Mere animal labour, mere mechanical work, such as copying or addressing envelopes? Granted. But not so with the student, who can best "make hay while the moon shines

My opinion on early rising is that every one should rise at the time that suits him best—not necessarily the time that he *likes* best, but the time that best suits his work. In considering this question, we should remember not merely the saying, "'Tis the early bird that catches the worm," but also its converse, "'Tis the early worm that gets caught!"—H. S. Toy

A "Morning" Advocate.

ALTHOUGH much has already been said on the [illegible] I do not think it has yet been considered from the "swotting," or study, point of view. At the present day, most of us younger folks have some studying to do, more or less. Now, it must be confessed that very few do their studying, or any of it, in the morning. Almost all believe in "burning the midnight oil." Yet the advantages of studying in the morning, rather than at night, are many. Of course, it is studying until late at night, when one ought to be in bed, that is here meant.

First, take the question of light. In the morning, one gets far more daylight than at night, taken all the year round. This, it is clear, must be a great saving to the eyes. Many people have spoilt their eye-sight by ignoring this fact. With due apologies and respect, I'll eat my hat if that isn't how the Old Fag came to have his goggles. Again, one's mind is fresher in the morning than at night. Consequently, one learns more, and learns it better, during the time devoted to the task.

There is no need to state at length how much healthier, in a general sense, it is to rise early This has been well ventilated already by others. Any one with any common sense can see how much better it is to retire about 10.30 P.M. or so, instead of at midnight or later, and rise about 6 A.M instead of at the latest possible moment to be in time for the day's duties.

It must not be expected that any one can get the full benefit of this plan at the first trial, especially if accustomed to studying late. One would only begin to feel the good of it in a week or so, for different habits are not broken and formed in a single day. As with most good things, a little perseverance is necessary.

I need not remind the intelligent readers of THE CAPTAIN that many of our greatest men have been early risers, and done their best work in the early mornings, -Sir Walter Scott and Sir Isaac Pitman, to instance two only. If the readers of THE CAPTAIN would emulate these great men, they should at least give this plan a good fair trial, and they certainly will not be disappointed in the result. Much more might be said in favour of early rising, but there is scarcely need, for most will now admit its advantages. JAMES VALENTINE.

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More and More Exactness.

BEING a constant reader of your highly treasured magazine, I now take the liberty of writing to ask you if the term "seventeen knots per hour" is correct? I think that it should simply be "seventeen knots." I noticed this while reading about the King's new yacht in the April "Latest" pages. In your issue for last June you have what I consider the correct statement, when referring to the then latest submarine, which you said was "capable of a speed of fifteen knots.

I also think that the statement "fifteen nautical miles per hour" is correct, and that statement without the "per hour" would be incomplete. The word "knot" is, as I suppose you have already heard, derived from the old style of timing a vessel when on her trial runs, and is the term applied to the distance a boat runs in a certain time. The word therefore denotes time, as well as distance, so that the "per hour" should be omitted.

DAVID NICOLSON.

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First Aid.

I QUITE agree with W. H. M., who wrote on this subject in the March number of THE CAPTAIN. It is truly astonishing how little the average person knows of first aid work

It was only the other day when a friend of mine saw a poor fellow drop a heavy telephone box cover on to his hand, thus smashing two of his fingers. He at once fainted, and, although a crowd had already collected, nobody seemed to know what to do. After a time, however, a policeman came along and bound up the wound.

This man was compelled to lie, fainting, in a London street for quite fifteen minutes, simply because other people were ignorant of the most elementary principles of ambulance work! J. W. COX.

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Concerning Anti-*Englishmen.*

THERE are very many better qualified to criticise, yet I feel unable to pass over such unfair remarks as those contained in the article "Concerning Englishmen," by R. van Eeghen, which appeared in the May number.

Might I ask the author (who appears to be suffering from a well-deserved snub, administered by one of those "retired captains or gentlemen" he refers to) if he has ever read any of the books he criticises? For although Mr. Henty did not, perhaps, possess the same power of creating character as other writers

of fiction, yet his literary efforts are far from being the "plotless trash" which our friend describes them to be

As Mr Henty so often states in the preface of his books, his chief endeavours were directed not so much towards writing fiction, as towards teaching boys history in a form interesting and acceptable to them; and I think many young men will be with me when I say that I learnt far more history by reading Mr Henty's tales than I ever had crammed into me at school

May I also remind Mr. van Eeghen that, although he speaks of the "impossibilities" of Messrs. Henty and Co.'s books, yet the favourite French boys' author, Jules Verne wrote many stories founded on the most absurd theories, and more "impossible" than any Mr Henty ever thought of writing? In addition, Jules Verne has held Englishmen up to ridicule in nearly all his books—in doing which he would have found a kindred spirit in Mr. van Eeghen.

Such a statement as that an English boy "leaves home and country with the very firm idea in his head that he personally is superior to two or more Frenchmen, about four Germans, an indefinite number of Russians &c.," is very absurd. Although after England's long series of victories over Napoleon in the early part of last century, an Englishman was popularly supposed to be the *equal* of two Frenchmen, I have never come across anything to justify the latter part of the statement the nearest approach being that after Blake's victory over van Tromp, popular opinion magnified an Englishman into being equal to four *Dutchmen* The average English boy, however, has enough common sense to realise when these well-worn traditions might have applied.

Although the earth was not made for England, Englishmen have "made" more of the earth than any other nation in history, including that to which our friend belongs but we should not have done this without great confidence in our own powers or, as Mr. van Eeghen describes it, "being the most conceited nation on the face of the earth."

Again, to laugh at "an apparition in chess board knickerbockers," seems to show that a little knowledge of other customs, methods manners (!), clothes, habits, &c. &c., would be beneficial even to those French Canadians, according to Mr. van Eeghen, so despised of Englishmen.

The article cannot be described as a criticism. It is, rather, a senseless tirade against a patriotic English gentleman (and one who, by reason of his stirring life as soldier and war-correspondent, was far more fitted to write healthy books for boys than is our friend to criticise him) upon whom all English boys who read his tales looked as their friend, and whom nothing would have hurt more than to hear it said by any one (however unimportant he might be) that he "had done more to endanger the Empire than—many statesmen."

In conclusion, if the article had been written by any one with a claim to recognition I should hope that Mr. G. Manville Fenn (to whose "Life of Henty" I would refer Mr. van Eeghen) would take up his pen in defence of one who, I believe, was his friend But as it is, I think and hope that all right minded readers of THE CAPTAIN who have enjoyed Mr. Henty's literature, will treat Mr. van Eeghen's effusion with the contempt it deserves

BERNARD G. T. HAWKES.

The Public School Boy—A Protest.

I feel bound to write and protest against a statement made by Mr P. G. Wodehouse in his serial, "The Lost Lambs" (May CAPTAIN, page 159). He speaks of the "passionate fondness for his school which every boy is popularly supposed to have and which really is implanted in about one in every thousand."

May I be allowed to quote, as examples of this phenomenon, a few CAPTAIN characters who, I believe are fairly representative of the Public School Boy? I should say that J. [illegible]s and "Sir Billy" in "Tales of Greyfriars" Kennedy and Fenn in "The Head of Kay's" (Mr. Wodehouse's own story), Phil Bourne in "Acton's Feud," Sheen in "The White Feather," and many others whom space will not permit me to recount, were all imbued with something far stronger than a "liking" for their respective schools

Of course, very few English boys worthy of the name wear their hearts on their sleeves. If I were urged as Mr. Wodehouse facetiously suggests, to "Play up for the old school . . . the dear old school! The old place you love so!" I should certainly feel "ill." Not that I do not love my school, but because I should object to the fact being advertised in so boisterous a manner. Boys are seldom demonstrative but I fancy that few public school boys leave their "Alma Mater" without feelings of something more lasting than the [illegible] which Mr. Wodehouse calls "being sorry" That, also, is the opinion of most Old Boys of my acquaintance.

Speaking as the Head Prefect of my school,

I should say that there is hardly a boy in the Sixth Form who has not the "passionate fondness" for his school which I am proud to say I have. I am sorry if we are exceptional in this respect, but I cannot believe that Mr. Wodehouse's opinions are held by the majority of public school boys or Captainites.

There are more Adairs in the school world than Mr. Wodehouse seems to think. We fellows are not all such shining lights as the captain of Sedleigh, but although we may not always appear to act up to it, we have still a deep-seated love for our Alma Mater which neither lapse of time nor change of customs will ever obliterate. E. A. P.

The Advantages of the Civil Service.

I MUST confess to a feeling of pleasure at [illegible] May issue, as I agree with him that you were somewhat too severe in condemning the Service wholesale.

May I be allowed to amplify some of Mr. Pavey's generalities?

Obviously, in the first place, the Civil Service is a very wide term, embracing, as it does, all grades from a Letter Sorter to a First Division Clerk.

But for the purposes of the readers of THE CAPTAIN, we are mostly concerned with those boys who have had what is generally known as a "liberal" education at a grammar or public school and for these the opportunities narrow themselves down considerably. From the number of candidates at the examination mentioned by Mr. Pavey, I should judge it to be either an Excise or Second Division Clerkship.

Assuming it to be the latter let us glance at the position. Say a boy succeeds in passing at eighteen, the limit age being twenty, he starts at a salary of £70 per annum, rising by regular increments to £250, and upon recommendation to £350, contingent, of course upon good conduct and application to the duties assigned to him. Moreover, after a certain number of years he may, if intelligent above the ordinary, or possessing special qualifications in a particular direction, be selected for a Senior Clerkship with reasonable likelihood of attaining £800 or £900 per annum.

Supposing, even, he does not meet with this good fortune, his position is by no means bad. In most cases the hours are short (from 10 to 5; in some branches from 10 to 4); the work is, if responsible, not arduous; his position is a certainty, his society status by no means bad, his holidays good; and the prospect of a pension is always before him.

Now turn for a moment to the First Class Clerkships—still, be it remembered, the Civil Service. These are mostly gained by men who have had a brilliant, or at least good, career at the University, usually Oxford or Cambridge and the competition is exceedingly keen, whilst the examination is of the widest and most searching character. Let us assume for a moment that a young man succeeds in obtaining one of these positions at the age of twenty-three, the limits being twenty two to twenty four. He has the option of two courses, viz., either to remain in England as a First Class Clerk, or to enter the Service of the Government in India.

In the first instance his salary would start at £150 per annum—in a few offices, such as the Treasury, £200—and rise without any exertion on his part to £1000, given good health, of course, whilst any abnormal talent cannot fail to meet with suitable reward. When it is remembered that in the India Office alone there are eight Secretaries getting £1200 per annum each, the possibilities of advancement may be gathered.

If he selects the Indian Civil Service, he would be sent to Oxford for a period to learn Oriental languages and Indian Law, and upon passing an exam. in these subjects would be drafted to India at a commencing salary of about £300 per annum, with an alluring prospect of rising to a Judgeship if he selects the judicial branch, or the Lieutenant Governorship of a Province, in many cases larger than England, with an annual salary of £5000 or over, and most liberal leave allowances.

These brief notes of three branches of the Civil Service will, I think, bear out what Mr. Pavey has asserted—*i.e.*, that the Civil Service opens out a really good prospect to an educated boy; in fact, a far better prospect than would be the case in most other vocations.

CHARLES REED.

LOWNDES'S IDEA. The Story of a Naval Paperchase

By T. T. JEANS

Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER

I MUST confess that we midshipmen in the *Orlando's* gunroom were rather rotters at games, but that was no reason why the flagship midshipmen should give themselves such tremendous airs. They pretended that they were much too good to play us, and were such conceited asses that we jolly well hated them and were always longing for a chance to take them down a peg.

A chance did come along during the summer cruise round Japan, and whilst the fleet was anchored at Hakodate.

Now, you must know that at Hakodatè each ship used to take it in turn to give a paperchase ashore, choose a stiff line of country—the stiffer the better—provide hares and give a "tea" at the finish. Twice a week forty or fifty of us hired ponies and followed the hares across country, scrambling over banks and ditches, up-hill and down-hill, and generally finishing up with a mile or two along the sandy beach at racing speed.

Those who were first "home" were of course jolly proud of themselves, but we *Orlando* mids were always failing off or being run away with so seldom reached the finish before tea was nearly over, and would be greeted with jeers from the flagship mids and shouts of "Here comes the Fall-off Brigade," or some rot like that, when we did at last, straggle in, covered with mud.

This of course made us simply furious.

One night, whilst we were at dinner, a general signal was brought down to the gunroom and the signalman read it aloud: "The Admiral will give a paperchase on Thursday. Start at the Racecourse, 2.30 P.M. Finish at the Sulphur Baths. He will give a cup for competition among the midshipmen of the fleet."

"Now's your chance, my budding Mazeppas," added the sub-lieutenant.

Afterwards Lowndes said, "We simply *must* win that cup!" Lowndes was our senior midshipman, a tall, lanky chap who would willingly have broken his neck if that would have won the cup for the *Orlando*.

We talked and talked and suggested any number of schemes till long after we had turned into our hammocks, but there seemed absolutely no chance for us.

Suddenly we heard Lowndes chuckling. He had evidently hit upon some good dodge, and presently the yarn was passed from hammock to hammock and every one simply yelled with delight, till a lieutenant, outside whose cabin we slung, ordered us to stop our jabber.

When I say "every one" I mean every one except "Daisy," for he hadn't to be told, and his squeaky voice kept appealing, "I say, you fellows, tell a chap; I say, you're awfully mean," and each time we other brutes simply stuffed our blankets into our mouths and nearly exploded.

Daisy was the tiniest midshipman in the whole fleet; when you saw him strutting about in his sea-boots he looked exactly like puss-in-boots, and he used to get mad and fly at us when we purred and meaowed round him.

He was quite a good chap, but, for one thing, he couldn't keep a secret, and, for another, though he was full of pluck, what he did had to be done on the spot or his pluck would ooze down into his boots.

You will see later how this came in.

Next day, directly after church, Lowndes and Hoskyns (another mid) and myself (Lawson is my name) went ashore, jumped into rickshaws and rushed up to Tamachito's stables.

Tamachito had a big grey pony—the terror of the place—which was a splendid animal and very fast and all right when he was alone, but directly he knew there was a paperchase and got among other ponies, he was so fractious that he could only be managed by a heavy-weight. He used to lose his head directly, plunge and kick and bolt till he'd tired himself out, so that when it came to the racing at the finish he was nowhere.

Well, we hired him for a week, and each day one or other of us took him for a gentle ride to try and make him forget all about paperchases—and also to prevent other people riding him, for we could not trust Tamachito.

Then came Thursday afternoon.

I don't know how we got through morning school, we were so excited, but it was not till then that Lowndes asked Daisy to go ashore with him and get ponies. This was a great honour for Daisy, and he was as keen as mustard, and, as he had no riding-breeches he clapped a pair of service gaiters over his flannel trousers and came ashore with us directly after lunch.

Lowndes brought a haversack with him, and Hoskyns and I winked at each other when we saw it.

The idea was taking shape!

Lowndes rode away on the Grey, and we

other three hired ponies and took them on the beach and "marked time" till two o'clock

Then we went to look for Lowndes, and as, of course, we had arranged it all, did not take long to find him. He had put the Grey in a small stable-yard near the Racecourse, and we sent Daisy in to "look for him" whilst we stayed outside grinning.

When they came out again, ten minutes later, they had changed horses, and Daisy was riding the Grey, looking nervous but very determined.

By this time the road was crowded with fellows going to the meet, and, of course, the Grey knew at once that he was out for a paper chase, so began playing the idiot, squealing and kicking and trying to get his head free and bolt, though he could not do that because Lowndes had a rope hooked to his bridle and held him.

Just then the admiral and the flag-captain trotted past.

We heard the former say, as we took our caps off, "Plucky youngster that to ride the Grey. What ship?"

The Flag-Captain answered, "*Orlando*, sir."

Daisy heard, too, and blushed with pleasure—he is very conceited

When we reached the Racecourse we were joined by nine other *Orlando* mids, but Lowndes would not let them stay near us because it upset the Grey's temper.

Some of the flagship mids had started their silly cry about the "Fall-off Brigade," and wanted to know if we had hired a rickshaw to bring the cup home. This nearly upset Lowndes s temper and made Daisy fearfully angry, which was a good thing.

Now I may as well tell you our plans.

We three—Lowndes with his rope of course—were to escort Daisy, while the others had to act as scouts, scattering whenever the trail was lost and waving a piece of red bunting directly they had found paper. It was my job and Hoskyns's to look out for their signals.

Presently the hares cantered away with their bags of paper; fifteen minutes went by, the Admiral gave the signal to start, and every one galloped after them—except we four.

The Grey was wild with excitement, and we, too, were impatient. But Lowndes said, "No hurry," waited till the rest were several fields away and then, holding the rope short in his hand, cantered beside the Grey, after them

We thought Lowndes rather stupid to start so far behind, but he knew his business, and we soon picked up everybody at a difficult "check."

Then Hoskyns saw the red bunting wave to the left, near a wood; we turned the Grey towards it, found our scout and the paper, and were away before half the field had found it.

We went on like this for four or five miles, going slowly, but gaining at the checks because our scouts were so good.

But presently we came out into very rough country, with banks and ditches, so Lowndes had to let go of the Grey, imploring Daisy to try and hold him in. As it was very up-hill he didn't exactly bolt, but we could hardly keep up.

Then we came to the top at a very high bank with ditches on either side. The Grey saw it, pricked up his ears, simply flew over it and disappeared, whilst our three ponies absolutely refused.

How we got over I don't know—I know that I fell and my pony too—but when we did at last find ourselves on the other side there was no sign of the Grey, and if he had followed the others he must have bolted down a terribly steep place and into a small wood at the bottom.

"If the Grey falls Daisy will be killed," Hoskyns groaned, "and we shall be had up for murder."

"And lose the cup," Lowndes added sorrowfully.

There was only one thing to be done—to follow as fast as we could and trust to one of the scouts catching him or to his bringing up at a check among the other ponies.

We simply tore down that hill, rushed through the wood, expecting every minute to see Daisy's brains sticking to a branch, out into the open, on to a road, and there we caught sight of one of our mids hauling his pony out of a ditch.

"Daisy is on ahead," he yelled as he saw us, and we cheered and galloped on. How we longed for a check! But there was none for miles, and we passed several others who told us that Daisy was in front, so we whacked our ponies all the faster.

As we galloped through a small village we saw our Paymaster, who'd walked out to watch the fun

"Has Daisy gone by, sir?" we asked, pulling up.

"No, no; I've been here a quarter of an hour."

That was a facer, if you like! What had become of him? We felt wretched.

We turned our ponies and went back, not knowing quite what to do, when from a stable-yard on the left we heard a horse squealing and men shouting, and before we had time to say "knife" half a dozen Japs burst out, dragging the Grey, kicking and backing and

squealing, but with Daisy still on his back, though he looked pretty well played out.

Lowndes had him by his bridle in a moment, hooked on the rope, and we shouted with joy.

We were now a long way in the rear.

"Never mind," Lowndes yelled, as we galloped through the village again, "there is bound to be a five minutes 'stand easy' soon to give us all a breather before the race home"

So there was, and very soon we came up with the rest of the field, who had dismounted to rest their ponies.

We jumped off, too, all except Daisy, who said he "didn't want to," and looked at Lowndes

In a minute every one began mounting again, and we knew that the real tussle was to come at last.

Lowndes said, "I know the country now; the hares will make for the sea, near that clump of trees over there, and then there will be a two-mile gallop along the sands to the Sulphur Baths"

But we also knew that, half-way along the sands, a small river ran into the sea, and that though it was quite shallow the Grey would never face it.

Lowndes therefore ordered us all -and six of us had turned up by this time, besides himself and Daisy —to make straight for the river mouth.

"I'll look after the Grey till we get to the sea, and when I send him along the beach you all *must* prevent him from bolting inland when he comes to the river."

The pony was still as fresh as paint, for, you see, Daisy could not have weighed more than seven stone, and if the Grey would only face the river, would have a good chance of winning, though there were several flagship mids whose ponies were still fresh, and who looked confident of gaining the cup for their ship.

We reached the mouth of the river all right and waited there.

Presently several riders streamed out from behind that clump of trees which Lowndes had pointed out, and came racing along the sands towards us.

"The Grey is fifth," some one shouted, and so he was, not far behind the others, and with Daisy swinging from side to side in the

THE GREY SIMPLY FLEW OVER IT

saddle. We were so excited we couldn't speak

Splash! Splash! In went a flagship mid and one from another ship, side by side, and galloped through; the third pony chucked his rider into the water, the fourth took it gallantly, and then came the Grey—simply flying along

We saw his ears go back, he dug his fore feet into the sand, Daisy flopped on to his neck and he would have been away, inland, in a moment but we *had* to stop him, and did so too, though Hosky is and another mid, who

HALF A DOZEN JAR [illegible] AND SQUEALING,
[illegible]

managed to catch his reins, were dragged several yards on their backs.

We closed round him, led him through the water, whacked him over the stern, yelled to Daisy to "buck up"—he looked nearly dead—and away he went towards the Sulphur Baths, a mile further along the beach, though by this time he was two hundred yards or more behind the leaders.

Seven or eight more mids had galloped past whilst we were catching the Grey, but Lowndes, coming up, shouted, "He'll do it yet," and we all followed as fast as we could

We saw that the Grey was gaining on the leaders, but they were all in a bunch when they disappeared near the finish, and when we rode up there was no Daisy and no Grey to be seen

"Who's won?" we shouted.

"The Grey," some one told us.

How we did cheer!

"Won by ten yards, but didn't stop; Daisy couldn't hold him," we also learned

Hardly had we dismounted before we heard a squealing and kicking; every one rushed to left and right, and the Grey came wedging his way among our ponies and stopped still.

The Admiral walked up, smiling.

"You've won my cup, youngster," he said, "and very pluckily, too!"

Daisy just opened his mouth and looked silly. He was as white as a sheet, and his knees were bare and bleeding.

"Jump off, my lad, and have some tea," added the Admiral, and Daisy not taking any notice, the Flag-Captain said sharply, "Dismount, boy!"

"Please, sir, I can't, sir!" squeaked Daisy.

You should have heard every one yell!

We had forgotten all about it, but Lowndes quickly *undid the straps*, and Daisy simply fell off and couldn't stand. He had to be taken back in a rickshaw, was a week on the sick list, and Lowndes was given an awful ragging for doing such a dangerous thing, though, as he said, "I should never have thought of it if the Sub-Lieutenant hadn't mentioned Mazeppa!"

The Admiral sent the cup over next day. The flagship mids were frightfully sick about it, and pretended that we hadn't played the game.

But that was all tommy rot. Don't you think so?

SOME INN SIGNS

THERE are in various parts of England some rather peculiar signs attached to hotels and inns, and could we get at the local histories of the places containing these houses they would give us some most interesting sidelights upon the history of our country. For instance, it is stated as a fact well authenticated that the late Earl of Beaconsfield when he was courting his "ladye-love" used to sleep at "The Cow and Snuffers" at Llandaff. Seeing that he was on a peaceful errand, it would probably have been more in keeping had he slept at "The Angel." But one well-known hotel of that name is at Bury St. Edmunds, the capital of West Suffolk. Possibly it was to watch over the famous old abbey of that town that "The Angel" was built. But neither of the above seem quite to touch such a sign as "Hark up to Glory," which is situated in Nobie Street, Bolton, Lancs. Whether it was by the money spent therein glory would be reached, we are not told. But the following sign is very suggestive: "The Gate Hangs Well." The house to which it belongs is in Farlow Parish, Shropshire; but the pith is in the two lines painted under the sign:

The gate hangs well and hinders none;
If you've got no money you must pass on.

Another one at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, reads, "The Case is Altered," reminding one of the story of the farmer and the squire. There is at Deane, in Lancashire, the sign "Live and Let Live," but how either is to be done is not stated. Connected with inns one occasionally comes across peculiar names of "mine hosts." Here are three such. The "King's Arms" at Ludlow, Salop, used to be kept by a man named John By-the-Way; while Thomas By-the-Way kept "The Cross" at the top of Titterstone Clee Hill. It is also asserted as a well-known fact that one time, not so many years ago, an hotel-keeper in Melton Mowbray (of the celebrated pork pie fame) boasted the patronymic of Penny-Shilling. There are many other peculiar signs, but, not to be too tedious, let me take you about six miles west of Norwich, and we will wind up at Mulbarton "World's End." A. A. K

[I was myself struck by the quaintness of the sign, "The Case is Altered," when driving with a [illegible] years ago. A very quaint sign may be seen in a Dorset village—"The Quiet Woman [illegible] with her head in her hands!—O.F.]

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club, to which anybody who is a regular purchaser of THE CAPTAIN may belong. Contributions should be kept quite short. Drawings [illegible] must [illegible] board in [illegible] ink. CAPTAIN [illegible] are [illegible] used in other parts of the Magazine. Prizes consisting of [illegible] to be selected from the [illegible] mentioned in the "Competition Results" page are awarded for all contributions used.

More Cricket Finds of 1907.

SURELY Mr. Goepel [illegible] the new men who showed [illegible] County cricket last year. Perhaps he only intended [illegible] one or two examples [illegible] might not [illegible] recruit who [illegible] wickets [illegible] average of [illegible] Hitch of Surrey, with only twenty-six wickets at a cost of twenty-seven runs each? Again, [illegible] Woolley, one of the Kent colts of 1906, who had a batting average of twenty-eight and [illegible] took a few wickets [illegible] everything as well as H[illegible] the Lancashire man who [illegible] an average of but nineteen. Then there are, of course, those two Essex men, [illegible] and S. P. Meston, the former a colt who did very well for his first year, scoring as many as 564 runs; while the latter, though hardly new to County cricket, having appeared for Gloucestershire in 1906, played well enough for the county in his first season to get a fairly regular place in the team. Yorkshire, like Surrey and Lancashire, have found both a new batsman and a new bowler in Bates and Newstead respectively, the latter getting twenty-one wickets for only thirteen runs each, and thus being second only to Haigh in the county bowling averages. These and those named by Mr. Goepel make but a few of the promising new men found in 1907, and apparently there is every prospect of a lot more being discovered this season.

WALTER ASHLEY.

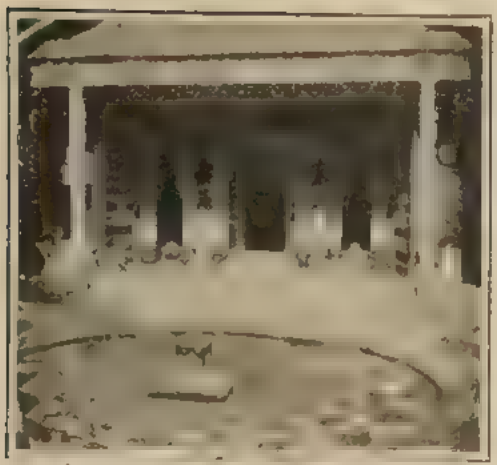
A WHIT MONDAY [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] a'wearin' them yachtin' t[illegible] [illegible] 'cept as other silly fools d[illegible]s it!"

His First Whiff.

HIS mother sent him to the shop
To fetch some goods—a sundry lot.
"Now don't forget," said she;
"I've told you what you've got to fetch."
(His thoughts were on a cigarette.)
[illegible]
[illegible] was to get
(But on that smoke his mind was set;
It filled his heart with glee);



The Greek Theatre at Bradfield College, where the *Antigone* was played last summer.

Photo. by J. F. D. Tutt

A pound of rice, a reel of thread,
An ounce of spice, a loaf of bread,
A pint of milk, a box of pills
"I'm sure I'll think of that" he said
"At least I'll try," said he
When out of sight, that fag he sought
But to those goods scarce gave a thought
"I'll try and think," says he
An ounce of rice, a pound of spice,
A loaf of thread, a reel of bread,
A box of milk, a pint of pills
"What is the matter with my head?
I'll try again," said he
Now, I'll go back with all these goods—
A reel of rice, a box of spice,
A pint of beer, an ounce of bread
A loaf of milk, a pound of pills
"Oh! dear, I think I'm nearly dead,
I'll try again," said he
A loaf of rice, a reel of spice,
A pint of bread, a pound of thread,
An ounce of pills, a pint of silk
"I nearly got it then," he said
"I'll try once more," says he
A reel of thread, a pound of rice
An ounce of spice, a loaf of bread,
A pint of milk, a box of pills—
"Hurrah! I've got it now," he said
"No more I'll try," says he.
"I'll hurry back, I am so hot,
As near as nothing I forgot
Just one more puff," says he.
"I think I'll go home by the woods
Perhaps 'twill clear my head,"
But to the shop he never went
As back again his steps he bent—
Those goods he quite forgot.

When he got home, alas! alack!
His empty bag upon his back—
That's done it—that last puff.

THOMAS STEENSON.

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Coincidence or ——?

I WAS speaking to a foreign gentleman [illegible] tion something led him to remark that April 2 was a day of omen in his family.

I was extremely interested; for April 2 is also of historic interest in *our* family. You see, April 2 is my natal day!

I asked my friend for further particulars, which were readily given.

His grandfather was a Danish sea-captain, and fought against Great Britain in the Battle of the Baltic. His ship was sunk, and he was taken prisoner by Nelson on April 2, 1801. His father died on April 2, 1906; and on April 2, 1908, he concluded a very important business transaction

The fact that each of these events occurred on April 2 gave him the idea that the date had some special significance for his family

I wonder if any Captainites could give parallel cases? If they could—and if the "Old Fag" will permit—I would like to hear of such cases through the medium of these pages. I think the subject would prove to be an interesting one.

ROBERT J. WRIGHT.

"SHAM" CASTLE, BATH

Built many years ago as an addition to the scenery
Only the front walls exist

Photo by Cecil S. Mason

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

That Five-Pound Note!—This recent competition did not produce anything very brilliant. Gold red gold—generally acts as a spur to the imagination, but this time, as my sporting contemporaries would say, Red Gold ran unplaced. Readers were asked to say how they would spend £5 in a week. Strange what ideas they have as to how far £5 will go! Miss Kathleen Wilson, in an elegant poem, reviewed the matter philosophically, as thus:

How would I spend a five-pound note?
A hundred fancies fill my brain,
And then, like moths, take wing again,
And onward float

To fill my house with lovely flowers
Now in the week they'd fade and die
And leave me naught but memory
Of fragrant hours

To visit theatres and plays?
Or spend the week in lands abroad?
The cheque would such a choice afford
Of happy days

I greet these fancies with a smile
They all depart as they have come
And only make my mind their home
A little while

This charitable note runs through many of the "attempts" submitted. The £5 it seems must not be spent on oneself. For instance, Miss Wilson is bent on philanthropy. Her elegant poem continues

But here's a fancy come to stay,—
I'd take a little city child
And in the meadows turn him wild
The livelong day.

I'd pay for fares and board and keep,
For butter, honey, eggs [illegible]
To grant him of his [illegible]
A little peep.

There in the sunny fields at length
Such roses in his cheeks there'd grow
As would outdo all buds that blow
In beauteous strength.

And now the cheque is cashed and paid,
The week has reached its final hour
My money surely buys a flower
That cannot fade?

The proposal does credit to Miss Wilson's goodness of heart, but surely the train fares, honey, cream and everything wouldn't come to *half* £5 for one child!

A Number of competitors proposed to spend the amount on gardening. A good idea, if not a very exciting one. Five pounds on gardening takes a little spending in a week, and so one competitor proposes to "rent a plot of good garden ground at about £1 10s. per annum, and pay the rent in advance." This, you see, leaves £3 10s. unaccounted for. But wait—you know not our gardener. "Lime and manure to improve the ground would cost about 10s. A jobbing gardener to help me for a few days with the digging would charge 7s. 6d. The rose and fruit trees I should plant would come to 18s., seed potatoes to 5s., vegetable and flower seeds to £1, while extra tools I should require would cost 9s. 6d."—and bang goes the fiver!

"The Painful Duty"!—"Many things," declares George Grafton Hopkins, "may be done with this sum, but if I was given the painful duty of spending it in a single week, I think I would go for a cycle tour with a friend."—George is a thoughtful lad, for he observes that his £5 would enable him to *treat* a friend to a week's holiday. The idea does you credit, George, and I hope some well-to-do uncle or aunt—the sort we read about in CAPTAIN stories—will supply

you with the necessary, seeing that our competition [illegible] hasn't seen fit to do so.

Miss Phyllis Dacre yes, like you, just for a moment I rubbed my eyes . . . and then I caught sight of the "c"—is also of the friend-treating persuasion, but she would

TAKE A COTTAGE

she knows of letting at 12*s*. the week, and invite *three* friends. As Miss Phyllis has rented this cottage, she knows all about it, bless her nineteen-year-old heart! and so she knows—which I don't—that paraffin for a week costs ninepence. Coals would run her into three bob, food into £1 12*s*. (English meat, I hope, dear!), milk five bob, railway fares £1 16*s*., and

EMERGENCIES, 11*s*. 3*d*.

This last seems to me a very good name. Let me suggest it to the seaside landlady. It covers a lot.

E. S. Roden pays us a back handed compliment. If he had £5 given to him to spend in a week, he says, he would send £1 to the O. F.'s money-box; he would buy himself a small gun-metal watch which he has had his eye on for some time, price £1 1*s*.; and then he would send a copy of this magazine to (mark this!) *eighty different friends and relations* who do not take in THE CAPTAIN. This would run him into £2 16*s*. 8*d*., and the balance of 2*s*. 4*d*. he would deposit in his missionary box. "All this being done," concludes Edward, "I think I should feel I had spent my five pounds in a very profitable way." And so do I.

Very touching is the following letter from a clergyman's daughter: "There are nine of us, and my father is rector of a tiny village. We have lived here for the last eight years, and my three youngest sisters and brother have only once during that time been away for a change. My mother also needs a rest and change of air, and for some time it has been my ambition to be able to help her and the four youngest to go to the seaside this summer."—This ought to be read by the many people who scoffingly suggest that men go into the Church "to get a living." Now, as touching this letter, it I [illegible]

One competitor maps out a trip up the Scottish coast, and remarks at the end of the essay, "£5 is not very much—£50 would have been much better"! Another competitor has taken as a guide an ancient tract called, "How Paul's Penny Became a Pound," and proposes to spend the five-pound note on a trip to Paris, to make money by writing articles about that trip, with the proceeds of the article money to breed toy dogs, with the capital accruing from that remunerative pursuit to furnish a cottage at the seaside, and gradually to take more cottages until the original £5 has become £500!

But the quaintest little essay comes from Master Stephen Fry, son of the celebrated batsman. We reproduce this amusing trifle.

Dear Sir,
This is my answer to what I should do with £5 [illegible]
[illegible]
so I should see that they grew more flowers, [illegible]
[illegible] the end of another year I should hope to get another £5.
Yours truly
Stephen Fry

Certainly it would appear that Master Fry has inherited much of his father's business sagacity. Still, even without the £5 Master Fry will be able to let his spring flowers "grow a bit long-storked" and do a little deal with the seeds therefrom.

Do Ghosts Exist?—I gather from an account in the *Portmuthian* of a debate held at Portsmouth Grammar School on this subject, that those who believed in ghosts went into the subject very thoroughly and with due earnestness, while those who were opposed to the idea of ghosts being real seemed to have relied more or less on empty chaff. In place of reasonable argument against the existence of ghosts, one speaker said that they [illegible] the result of

indigestion or of living in a very old house. Another, who must have been very young indeed, remarked that there was no originality about ghosts, as they always clanked chains and behaved in the same manner—whereas anybody who has gone into the matter knows that ghosts are of very varied kinds and do many different things. A debate is useless unless the speakers tackle the subject put up for discussion with a certain amount of seriousness. Humour is all very well, but, after all, it is only light relief, and counts for little. Any one can make fun of ghosts and raise a laugh with some hackneyed joke about clanking chains. But this does not disprove the existence of ghosts.

THE REV. NATHANIEL WOODARD, D.C.L.

If we believe in the spiritual world, there is no reason why we should not believe in ghosts. And as for proofs, there are many well-authenticated ghost stories which cannot be explained away by any scientific arguments of the most ingenious kind. Hard-headed people who did not suffer from indigestion, and who had not been previously warned, have been suddenly confronted by an apparition so closely resembling a human form that they have actually taken it to be a real person. This has occurred over and over again. And you will remember Shakespeare's solemn words, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The truth of the matter is that spirit-forms *do* appear to the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. As to why they do so, we can offer no explanation. I think myself that it is absurd to snap one's fingers at and dismiss with a jest supernatural occurrences to which scores of credible witnesses have attested. The day will come when these things will be revealed to us. Meanwhile, it is not wise to endeavour to anticipate that day by holding spiritual *séances* and seeking to get into communication with the "other" world.

The "Hurst Johnian."—Congratulations to this excellent little magazine, one of the most readable school periodicals we have come across, on attaining its five hundredth number. The frontispiece, appropriately enough, consists of an excellent portrait of the Rev. Canon Woodard, Founder of the Woodard Schools, viz., Hurstpierpoint, Ardingly, and Lancing. A number of distinguished Old Boys have been whipped up and asked for contributions, and the result is a quantity of most interesting reading matter, the chief contributor being the Rev. S. Baring Gould, with an amusing short story.

"Sedleigh" School.—I have received an indignant letter from a member of Sedbergh School, stating that the writer and his friends are most annoyed because Mike Jackson, the hero of "The Lost Lambs," is allowed to utter derogatory remarks about the school he is sent to, called "Sedleigh," evidently, according to my correspondent, meant to be Sedbergh.

need hardly say that Mr. Wodehouse meant no disrespect to Sedbergh when he put disrespectful remarks about "Sedleigh" into his hero's mouth. There is, of course, a similarity between the two names, but it is very difficult to find a name for a school which does not resemble that of some existing scholastic establishment. Choose what name you will, it will suggest some well known school.

Moreover, my correspondent wrote his letter too soon, for Mr. Wodehouse makes Mike eventually find Sedleigh to be a good sporting example of the smaller public school—and by no means a place to be held cheap.

"England Team *v.* A. O. Jones's XI." The following is the team chosen by our readers in this competition. The names are placed in order of merit, as decided by the votes each received.

(1) Hirst.
(2) Hayward.
(3) C. B. Fry.
(4) Lilley.
(5) Tyldesley.
(6) G. L. Jessop.
(7) K. S. Ranjitsinjhi.
(8) R. E. Foster.
(9) Arnold
(10) P. F. Warner.
(11) Hon. F. S. Jackson (Captain)

Upwards of seventy names were submitted altogether. Hayward ran Hirst very close for first place. The next three on the list after Mr. Jackson were respectively Hallam, Wass, and Mr. Knox.

Public School Notes.—We are making a beginning with these notes this month, and believe that this feature will grow and prosper. Those we start with are not particularly coruscating, but they are thoroughly readable, and they are of special interest in letting one school know what another is doing. Please don't forget that we pay half a crown for each paragraph used, and that all kinds of intelligence likely to interest the public school world will be very welcome.

The Latest "Howlers."—A. Watson sends the following howlers, which occurred recently in a general knowledge paper set at his school:

An alibi is a song that mothers sing to send their children to sleep.

Ham is bacon with bread-crumbs on.

The chief clause of Magna Carta was that no freeman was hanged more than once for the same offence.

Druce was King of Scotland.

Compare "ill": ill, iller, dead.

Mixed Metaphor.—According to a lady correspondent, the following remarkable example of mixed metaphor occurred in a speech made at an indignation meeting of Brighton ratepayers held some time ago:

"Come out from your lonely furrows, and scotch once for all this vampire of apathy. . . . Oh! had I only the tongue of an Apollos . . . to galvanise you into interest." He trusted that they would keep their powder dry. . . . "Stand shoulder to shoulder in the battle, and show the Brighton Town Council that . . . this agitation is not a lambent flame and the heart of Brighton is nearly broken. . . . Let the Brighton Town Council know that the lion has been roused from his lair, and the handwriting of the ratepayers is now upon the wall."

"Pictor Ignotus" finds fault with the Competition Editor for advising artists to execute their work either in line or wash, not a combination of both. The reason the Competition Editor said this was to prevent competitors sending in line drawings with a bit of Indian ink wash here and there, as the proper way to indicate where a "tint" is to be put on a line drawing is to shade the parts with a blue pencil. With regard to wash drawings proper, these can be executed in body-colour, or Indian ink, or, as Mr. Whitwell sometimes prepares his work, in Indian ink, pencil and pen combined. Some artists, however, prefer to work in pencil with just a little wash, while others work in body-colour entirely. It is purely a matter of choice, so long as the artist makes his picture suitable for reproduction in pure line with tint, or by the half-tone process.

Seaside Camps for London Working Boys. There is no enterprise conducted on behalf of poor lads so admirable in its way as these Seaside Camps. During the summer they enable hundreds of deserving lads to enjoy a holiday under the most favourable conditions. I mentioned last autumn that I had seen the Camp at Bexhill, and I saw the boys play a cricket match in which they proved victorious against a team composed of boy visitors to Bexhill. People who have got some spare cash, and wish to help on this excellent work, should send a cheque to Mr. F. Abel Bloxham, London Diocesan Council for the Welfare of Lads, 23 Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C. I notice from the Council's annual report that collections on behalf of the Camps are made in certain public schools a practice to be heartily commended.

School Sports Results. I append the results of this year's sports which have come to hand:

BEDFORD MODERN SCHOOL.

Mile.—F. Williamson, 5 min. 20 sec.
Half-Mile.—G. T. Liffen, 2 min. 17 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—C. C. Stafford, 1 min.
100 Yards.—H. W. Evans, 10½ sec.
High Jump.—G. N. Allen, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—H. J. Birch, 18 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—E. L. Ricketts, 84 yds.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. L. Williams, 4 min. 50⅘ sec.*
Half Mile.—W. L. Williams, 2 min. 13⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—E. C. C. Hamblin, 56⅕ sec.
100 Yards.—E. C. C. Hamblin, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—J. Elliott, 18⅕ sec.
High Jump.—E. C. C. Hamblin, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—P. M. W. Williams, 18 ft. 6 in.

DULWICH COLLEGE.

Mile.—F. H. Broad, 5 min. 13⅘ sec.
Half Mile. [illegible]
Quarter-Mile. [illegible]
[illegible]
High Jump.—C. M. Keddie, 5 ft.
Long Jump.—F. W. Willson, 18 ft. 6 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. M. Keddie, 101 yds. 1 ft.
Weight.—J. C. Firth, 31 ft. 4½ in.

HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.

Mile.—Geen, 5 min. 1 sec.
Half Mile.—Shackle, 2 min. 13⅘ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Gotto, 55 sec.
100 Yards.—Gotto, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—Shackle, 17 sec.
High Jump.—Wimbush and Rountree, 4 ft. 8½ in.
Long Jump.—Gotto, 18 ft. 11 in.
Cricket Ball.—Evans, 83 yds. 8½ in.
Weight.—Gotto, 30 ft. 6 in.

LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Mile.—G. H. Houlton, 5 min. 8 sec.
Half Mile.—J. M. Williamson, 2 min. 15 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—T. A. Walker, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—E. A. Salter, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—H. M. C. Hosegood, 19½ sec.
High Jump.—C. Pinkham, 5 ft. 2½ in.
Long Jump.—R. W. Adam, 18 ft. 6 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. Pinkham, 81 yds. 2 ft. 8 in.
Weight.—A. H. Holman, 27 ft. 1½ in.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

Mile.—Sharp, 4 min. 53⅘ sec.
Half-Mile.—Baird, 2 min. 13⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Marlow, 56⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—Harding, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—Thompson, 19 sec.
High Jump.—Clarket, 5 ft. 1½ in.
Long Jump.—Godfrey, 19 ft. 4 in.
Cricket Ball.—Lee, 98 yds. 5 in.
Weight.—Graham, 30 ft. 8 in.

MILL HILL SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. L. Hartridge, 5 min. 22⅗ sec.
Half-Mile.—E. Higham, 2 min. 18⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—H. H. Smith, 59⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—H. H. Smith, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—T. W. Lloyd, 20⅗ sec.

* School record

High Jump.—J. E. Dexter, 5 ft. 1½ in.
Long Jump.—[illegible]
Cricket Ball.—T. W. Lloyd, 80 yds.

OAKHAM SCHOOL.

Mile.—H. G. C. Ellwood, 5 min. 27 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—R. S. Matkin, 58 sec.
100 Yards.—E. F. Pickering-Clarke, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—J. H. Jerwood, 19⅗ sec.
[illegible]
Long Jump.—E. F. Pickering-Clarke, 17 ft. 10 in.

PORTSMOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Half-Mile.—A. A. Bestic, 2 min. 29⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—A. A. Bestic, 59⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—A. A. Bestic, 10⅗ sec.*
Hurdles.—L. S. Dawe, 19 sec.
High Jump, P. L. Dubuis, 4 ft. 10½ in.
Long Jump.—A. A. Bestic, 17 ft. 2 in.
Cricket Ball.—A. M. Harrington, 99 yds. 1 ft.

READING SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. G. Haynes, 5 min. 3⅗ sec.
Half Mile.—G. S. A. Scott, 2 min. 11⅗ sec.
Quarter Mile.—W. H. Pike, 56⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—W. H. Pike, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—W. H. Pike, 17⅗ sec.
High Jump.—N. M. Heanley, 4 ft. 9½ in.
Long Jump.—E. J. Mecey, 7 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. D. Balding, 87 yds.
Weight.—E. J. Mecey, 29 ft. 6½ in.

REPTON SCHOOL.

Mile.—A. Clark, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half Mile.—A. Clark, 2 min. 18⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—A. C. Kirby, 57⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—A. C. Kirby, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—J. H. G. Lang, 20⅗ sec.
High Jump.—H. A. Dixon and L. R. Bewley, 4 ft. 8⅗ in.
Long Jump.—C. Law, 17 ft. 11 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. G. Phillips, 83 yds.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL, HARPENDEN.

Mile.—Huckett I., 5 min. 19⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Goddard I., 1 min.
100 Yards.—Parkes, 12⅗ sec.
High Jump.—Goddard I. and Walker, 4 ft. 4 in.
Long Jump.—Huckett I., 17 ft. 10 in.
Cricket Ball.—Huckett I., 78 yds. 1 ft.

SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—Atkinson I., 5 min. 3⅗ sec.
Half Mile.—Atkinson I., 2 min. 20⅗ sec.
Quarter Mile.—Johnstone I., 60⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—Heap, 12 sec.
Hurdles.—Darwell, 19⅗ sec.
High Jump.—Lockhart and Darwell, 4 ft. 11½ in.
Long Jump.—Lockhart, 18 ft. 2 in.
Cricket Ball.—Jones, 101 yds. 2 ft.
Weight.—Sawyer, 27 ft. 10 in.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

Mile.—H. G. Burridge, 4 min. 52 sec.
Half Mile.—H. G. Burridge, 2 min. 1 sec.*
Quarter-Mile.—D. H. Field, 56⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—F. G. Black, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—D. M. Field, 16⅗ sec.
High Jump.—S. F. M. Ferguson, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—S. F. M. Ferguson, 19 ft. 10½ in.
Cricket Ball.—D. H. Field, 103 yds. 1 ft. 5 in.
Weight.—H. R. Whittal, 29 ft. 4 in.

* School record

WHITGIFT GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Half Mile.—A. E. Neales, 2 min. 24⅗ sec.
Quarter Mile.—E. H. Morris, 61 sec.
100 Yards.—E. H. Morris, 11⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—L. Carr, 19 sec.
High Jump.—V. S. Bowater, 4 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—E. H. Morris, 16 ft. 4 in.
Cricket Ball.—E. H. Morris, 96 yds. 1 ft.

NELSON COLLEGE (New Zealand).

Mile.—K. Worley, 5 min. 6 sec.
Half Mile.—Usher, 2 min. 18 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Alexander, 54⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—Newton, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—Phillips, 21 sec.
High Jump.—Moore, 5 ft. [illegible] in.
Long Jump.—Moore, 18 ft. 4 in.

ROSEWORTHY COLLEGE (South Australia).

Mile.—G. Wells, 5 min. 15⅘ sec.
Quarter Mile.—J. A. Horrocks, 59¼ sec.
100 Yards.—J. A. Horrocks, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—W. R. Fairweather, 16⅗ sec.
High Jump.—E. J. Clarke, 5 ft. 2⅗ in.
Long Jump.—M. O. Weste, 20 ft. 4 in.
Cricket Ball.—S. A. Brown, 104 yds. 2 ft.
Weight.—R. G. Williams, 30 ft.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE (Toronto, Canada).

Mile.—W. T. Willison, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-Mile.—H. W. Barwick, 2 min. 15 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—F. J. Mulqueen, 57½ sec.
100 Yards.—F. J. Mulqueen, 10⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—H. Clarkson, 19⅗ sec.
High Jump.—A. C. Rowswell, 5 ft. 1⅗ in.
Long Jump.—J. R. De Gruchy, 16 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—H. M. Dawson, 92 yds. 4 in.
Weight.—F. D. Brown, 35 ft. 2 in.

WAITAKI BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL
(Oamaru, New Zealand).

Mile.—MacIntyre, 5 min. 3⅗ sec.
Half Mile.—A. Hudson, 2 min. 8⅗ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—J. Orbell, 58 sec.
100 Yards.—C. Molloy, 11 sec.
High Jump.—N. Whitton, 5 ft.
Long Jump.—G. Mathias, 18 ft. 11 in.
Cricket Ball.—Carter, 97 yds.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Secretary" is the secretary of a factory girls' club and tells me that one of the members was rendered most indignant by the conclusion of Mr. Arthur Stanley's story "How Clemart Got Back to Town." You will remember that when Clemart and his lady friend are parting at St. Pancras, they hear a number of factory girls singing the chorus to their song, "I'm going back to Father." The factory young lady in question designates the passage as "snobbish," and demands that THE CAPTAIN be removed from the list of periodicals subscribed to by the club.—I do not think that any reasonable person would complain of the cockney dialect attributed by Mr. Stanley to these girls, as there is no doubt that many factory girls talk and sing broad cockney. If this factory girls' club is going to remove from its reading-room every periodical which makes a little joke about factory girls, it will soon be deprived of many interesting publications.

"Anglais."—As you have not given me any reason to suppose that you will not get on well in the seed trade, I can only venture an opinion that you will get on very well in it. You are certainly starting excellently by learning French and German on the spot. I do not know much about seeds, but as people *must* plant seeds every spring I suppose the trade will always flourish. When money is scarce—say, during war time—it is the trade in luxuries that naturally languishes. I hope you will send me a few seeds for my window-boxes when you have started work.

R. L. K. sends a poetical effusion in which he runs through the list of popular magazines and ends up with the following gratifying verse:

> But ah! for me there's only one,
> The dear old mag. I'm wrapt in,
> The bright, the breezy, beautiful,
> Exhilarating CAPTAIN.

It is a curious thing that, as far as we know, there is no absolutely correct rhyme for "Captain." "Wrapt in" seems to be the nearest that any of our poets can get.

"Hammil."—I am not sufficiently conversant with the books of the day to give you a list of modern novels which you ought to read. There is no author writing now that everybody makes a point of reading—we are waiting for a great novelist to appear. Unfortunately, Kipling doesn't write novels or I should have to alter that sentence. Possibly, if you addressed a polite letter to the Editor of the *Book Monthly*, 14 Tavistock Street,

MOTORIST (*who has knocked down a pedestrian*): "I hope I haven't hurt you much, my poor fellow?"

THE POOR FELLOW (*cheerfully*): "Oh, no! Only two or three ribs smashed. Surely you must be a beginner?"

London, W.C., and enclosed a stamped envelope, you would receive a list such as you require.

"Truda."—Forty degrees below zero, that is, 72° of frost (writes our scientific expert, Mr Archibald Williams), is by no means a record. In Alaska the thermometer sinks at times to 50° below zero. In his "Furthest North," Nansen the famous Arctic explorer, writes, "With the thermometer [illegible] below zero, in his shirt and trousers to read the thermometer on deck." Hansen, another of his crew, is elsewhere stated to have faced, in even lighter apparel 40° below zero! On occasion the thermometer stood at 54° below zero! I believe that the Antarctic cold endured by Captain R. F. Scott's Antarctic expedition, 1901-1902, in the *Discovery*, was even worse, for temperatures are so low near the South Pole that they preclude the growth of vegetation found in the Arctic regions in equal latitudes. Provided that the air be dry and calm, the effects of low temperatures on the body are greatly mitigated. A Canadian lumberman will work with his jacket off in 50 or more degrees of frost, while an Englishman may shiver, in spite of his top coat, though the mercury has not fallen to freezing-point; it depends so largely on local conditions. Some disease bacilli are peculiarly hardy, coming up smiling, so to speak, after being frozen in liquid air which has a temperature of 360° below zero! With regard to the first part of your question: the Fahrenheit scale is used for ordinary, and the Centigrade for some scientific, purposes in Canada as in this country.

PATIENT: "Can you extract a tooth painlessly for me?"

DENTIST: "Yes, but if you have gas it will cost you more."

PATIENT: "Well, I will call again earlier and have daylight."

W. H. M.—I would certainly publish a serial story about a great day school, such as the City of London, Dulwich, Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, Manchester Grammar School, or King Edward's, Birmingham, if I could get a good one. As a matter of fact, I put the idea quite recently to Mr. Wodehouse. I can only echo your eloquent sentence, "Oh! for a master hand to paint a picture of the throbbing life of a day school, to paint it in words that would be lasting, vivid and true!"

Employment in Canada. Jim Richards confirms what other readers have said about conditions of employment in Canada. "Two of my friends," he says, "first-class workmen, have just returned from that country after having had a most sickening time there for eleven months. They told me that hundreds of farmers were coming down from the North-west Territories to look for work. How the Salvation Army people manage, if this statement is true, I don't know."

What is an Orphan?—W Strachan wishes to know why Mr. Brew Molohan makes Hugh Leslie, in "The Ways that are Wild," tell Crusoe and Cleo that he is an orphan and the only son of a widow. How can he be an orphan if his mother is living? my correspondent asks. Master Strachan is evidently not aware that a boy who has lost his father is entitled to be described as an orphan, and is [illegible] for admission to an orphanage.

"Alisterius Insanus" writes, "I am going in for banking. If when my time is out I get a post abroad, should I accept it or stay in the mother country?" We are of opinion that a fellow who can ask such an absurd question will, long before he can secure a post abroad, have been put into very safe keeping—quite in keeping, in fact, with his *nom-de-plume*.

Joan Douglas.—As you cannot learn German because it tries your eyes, you will no doubt find Esperanto a good help. As to whether the language is likely to be of use to you, I must leave you to judge of that yourself. You can obtain all the arguments in favour of it from the Secretary, British Esperanto Association, 13 Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.

A Hundred South African Readers send by one of their number a postcard congratulating us on the way in which "Green of Greyhouse" was wound up. When we showed the card to the author, his blushes would have ignited a cigarette. The book will be out soon after this number appears. "Pinker" contributes a new ballad to it, entitled "Before You Went Away, My Love."

"The Captain" in Toronto.—Harold S. Patten writes: "The good old CAPTAIN is becoming much better known here and highly popular. When I first came to Toronto, about five years ago, there were only one or two places where it could be purchased, but now every bookseller of any account rejoices in its ready sale."

F. S. Phillips.—It is curious that I did not notice, in the April "Stamp Collector," that a Portuguese stamp was underlined "The Nurse of History" instead of "The *Muse* of History." Will stamp collectors kindly note this correction?

H Anderson.—I am afraid my criticism will sear your tender heart, but you really have a long way to go before you will write good verse. To succeed, one must have something new to say nowadays, when there are so many poets in the field, and not only that, but a new way of saying it.

Claude Stephenson.—I appreciate your remarks very much. You are not in the least wasting my time by telling me about your splendid Liverpool University. Cannot you send me a short page or half-page article about it? In time I hope to deal with it more fully

Walter Ashley.—The triangular cricket contest proposed by Lord Hawke and others is, in my opinion, unnecessary. The present arrangements for international trials of strength are quite satisfactory, and there is no reason why we should alter them

"An Idealist" suggests that we should have a number of THE CAPTAIN composed entirely of contributions by readers. Such a number would no doubt greatly interest the people who wrote the contributions, but I fear that the great body of readers would not like it at all, at all

M Blaustein.—You are quite right to give up smoking, especially cigarettes. When you do smoke, keep to a pipe. Cigarettes irritate the throat and coat the lungs with a kind of fine soot. Poetry not quite of the laureate order

Roy Sacha.—We want something out of the way in the shape of photographs. Certainly send

PHRENOLOGIST. "Yes, Madam, your boy is undoubtedly a boy with a noble ambition, and will go down to posterity as one of the greatest men of his day. Tell me, my boy, what would you like to be?"

LITTLE BOY. "A milkman!"

a "CAPTAIN Club" essay about your life in Colorado.

W B (Bendigo).—Thanks for the cutting, which we used in last month's "Latest." **Gerald E. Mathews,** 63 Bramley Street, Coventry, would be glad to exchange postcards with readers living abroad *only*. **"Captainite"**—It is one of the most difficult things in the world to write good [illegible] my boy. **"White Fire."**—I have read your letter carefully, my dear young lady, and made a note of your favourite writers. **L. Speller.**—[illegible] for tickets, sorry couldn't get them

"Captain' Club Contributions."—We cannot undertake as a matter of course to criticise or acknowledge essays, poems, sketches and photographs submitted for these pages. Such as are accepted appear in course of time; when stamped envelopes are not enclosed for their return, rejected contributions are destroyed

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: "One of the Rising Generation," L. H Sutton, G T. Fraser, S. R. Alston, Muriel Applegate, A. D Grove, "Regent Street" Ernest Dartnall, F. C. McComb, "Impala," W. M., A. B. Trewman, E. Greig, W. Hope, A. Watson, J. F. D Tutt, H Schmutz, C. W. G., C. W. S. Marcon, M. A. B. [illegible] M. Corfield, M. E. Thomson, L. O. Van Sertina

THE OLD FAG.

"Captain" Badges may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch, 2 with a stud to be worn on the lapel of the coat, and 3 with a small ring, as a watch chain pendant When applying, please state which kind you require and address all letters to Badge Department The Captain, 8 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W C. The badge may also be had in silver for Two Shillings, styles 1 and 3 only.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I "England Team v. A. O. Jones's XI."

Age limit: Twenty one

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT BY H. GRADIDGE AND SONS: J. N. Alexander, Edmonstone House, Haileybury College, Hertford

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. F. Archer, 223 Ebury Street, London, S.W.; J. T. Melville, 254 Bath Street, Glasgow

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Wright, Leonard H. Allen, W. A. Surfleet, F. S. Jackson, Charles Danziger, E. G. Wellesley, C. P. Flowerdew Lowson, F. J. Bendle, Cecil L. B. Whall, Ronald Richards, T. S. Smith, H. J. Soppitt, John A. Line, H. C. S. Walker, H. A. Rogers, Thomas Anderson, D. H. Prosser, W. M. Inman, W. Ashley, Grahame McKay, F. [illegible] Wilkinson, Ewan Milne, A. D. Marshall, Wallace Woodall, Leslie G. Markham, T. L. Christ, Boldre Hill, J. G. Vautier, H. J. Inston, James Rivett, Harold C. Pyper, T. F. Allen, T. J. Bennett, R. W. Strugnell, P. H. Calver, A. E. Foster, L. Slade, J. English, G. F. Ball, H. Frampton, N. C. Walker, E. Warren, W. Rhodes, F. C. McComb, I. Bloom, W. Elliston, C. D. P. Stein, S. C. Adams, W. Eite, E. Harvey, R. M. Robertson, W. J. A. Davis, C. Allcock, H. Rogill, D. Batstone, V. S. Edwards, G. M. Gregory, Jnr., C. Ryder, A. Allan, J. D. Whiteman, K. W. Hamilton, W. E. Cooper, T. F. G. Taylor, A. Campbell, L. S. Dumbell, H. Lamb, B. A. Woodmansee, G. S. Watson, A. D. Mansell, James Garvin, J. Garrard, D. C. Hoon, A. R. Preston, H. Bristol, R. A. Farmer, Alfred Mallaner.

No. II. "Pictorial Competition."

No age limit

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: Thomas E. Simon, 8 Magdala Street, Old Trafford, Manchester

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Beeton, H. R. Clifton, Fred R. Jelley, A. C. Trobear, J. Dunn, Fred Terr, Winifred Porter, Douglas N. Went, R. M. Robertson, S. Wooger, David L. Gulchuck, G. W. Bailey, E. Clark, Robert D. Smith, Joseph Taylor

No. III.—"Handwriting Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM CATALOGUE OF F. H. AYRES, LTD.: G. W. Bailey, 396 Attercliffe Road, Sheffield

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frank H. Senior, 129 Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Selby, Evelyn Byrde, Alec. T. C. Warbey, H. Anglin, F. L. Christie, Sydney B. Wood, Maud Shepherdson, Lorenzo Robinson, Constance H. Greaves, Ernest Neels, T. H. Robinson, Charles Allcock, S. R. Hill, C. H. Letchure

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Robert P. Trueblood, 32 Hampden Road, Sale (Cheshire)

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Archie Young, "Dalveen," New Abbey Road, Dumfries

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. A. Tree, C. Cameron, Ivin Schatz, A. Whitelaw, A. J. Simons, C. G. Lewis, G. H. Brindley, L. Anthony, C. A. Price, R. J. Carless, I. Bloom, W. A. Owen, W. Westworth, W. B. Neilson, A. G. Pollard, S. A. L. Harris, F. T. Atkinson, G. F. Bourne, G. E. Hughes, F. M. Maddox

CLASS III. Age limit: Twelve

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Muriel Sutherland, 38 Cranmer Road, Forest Gate, London, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Archie Brown, 12 Charles Avenue, Whitley Bay

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. C. Keble, N. V. Boulton, W. W. Kilgour, E. Tomkins, N. Kimber, Roy Sisson, C. Blakeman, R. Fagan, A. Wilson, Frederick C. Walton, G. Buchan, Molly Martley, Eric Wood, William C. Fyche, H. Abrahams.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five)

WINNER OF HOUGHTON'S "FLORA" CAMERA: A. L. Pentelow, 7 [illegible]sleaford Road, Boston, Lincs

[illegible] The Midlands, Wyld's Lane, Worcester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. E. Bastable, E. Randle Neels, Will Alstrom, Frances Pitt, O. T. Beardmore, Mabel Walker, F. C. Warburton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: C. Cullis, 27 Christchurch Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: T. P. H. White, 35 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N.W. James Silcox, 25 Mar[illegible]d London Road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. P. Gleeson, Donald H. Smith, E. R. H. Beaman, S. C. Peacock, Spencer Silver, D. Keith Johnston, R. McKay, W. G. Coates, R. J. Bertram, A. S. Gemmell, W. P. Jepson, F. Grimsley, W. H. Payton, F. C. Hamlyn.

No. V.—"Illumination Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOURS BY GEORGE ROWNEY AND CO.: E. M. Caruthers-Little, Pitchcombe House, near Stroud

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: S. Woolger, 7 Coventry Street, Brighton

HONOURABLE MENTION: James [illegible] Matthew, Hugh Campbell, Alex Coutts, James M'Kay, W. T. Bradley Chambers, J. W. Wardell, Charles Underhill, D. Gladys Ghey, D. S. Wilson, Tom Middleton, George E. Hughes, Elsie Schwers

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Bernard Shaw, 15 White's Terrace, Manningham, Bradford

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Stanger, 6 Hale Road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Olive Bilderbeck, Beeton Smith, Mary [illegible] Tolady, Wilfred Storey, J. W. Pearson, A. W. Baldwin, Leonard Claridge, B. Tanner, T. C. Barltrop, Max Pethick, Helen I. Lamb, Tom Gaffikan, C. J. Brooks, F. C. Hamlyn, Eric Bradley, Harry Murray.

No. VI.—"Public School Notes."

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: "Scio."

HONOURABLE MENTION: "Loctdus suis" [illegible] biensis," "Patriot," "Aquila," "N. C. O.," [illegible] "Private," "Alleynian."

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(February)

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (I.) Gottlieb Bell, 59 Chaussée Road, Castries, St. Lucia, B.W.I., (II.) J. H. Bishop, Yorkley House, Firmount Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, (V. Harold V. Lewis, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada

HONOURABLE MENTION: (I.) Stephen de Sousa (Singapore), N. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), Sydney A. Metcalfe (Canada), Stanley R. Alston (Australia), D. L. Price (Cape Town), M. J. Hutton (Canada), A. O'Connor (Canada), C. G. Damant (South Africa); (II.) Cyril Cecchi (Australia), K. C. Burness (Canada), John Mangin (Canada), Kenneth McDonald (Australia), Horace H. Greenfield (Canada), S. A. Metcalfe, Gottlieb Bell, G. N. Cross, Transvaal, F. St. C. de B. Jewell (India); (V.) H. F. Collier (Canada), S. R. Robertson (Buenos Aires), L. Gnardinger (Canada), A. S. Webb (Australia), H. S. Patton (Canada), L. A. Cunningham Brown (Jamaica).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Cox's Cough-Drops," "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Gold Rat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The Head of Kay's," "The White Feather," "The Duffer," "The Life Adventurous" (John Mackie).

Comments on the April Competitions.

No. I.—A very heavily contested competition. Several competitors sent correct lists, and a large number had only one mistake. The team selected as published in the "Editorial."

No. II.—Several drawings were disqualified for being copies or bearing unoriginal jokes.

No. III.—A very popular competition that called for careful adjudication, so many were the excellent specimens of handwriting submitted.

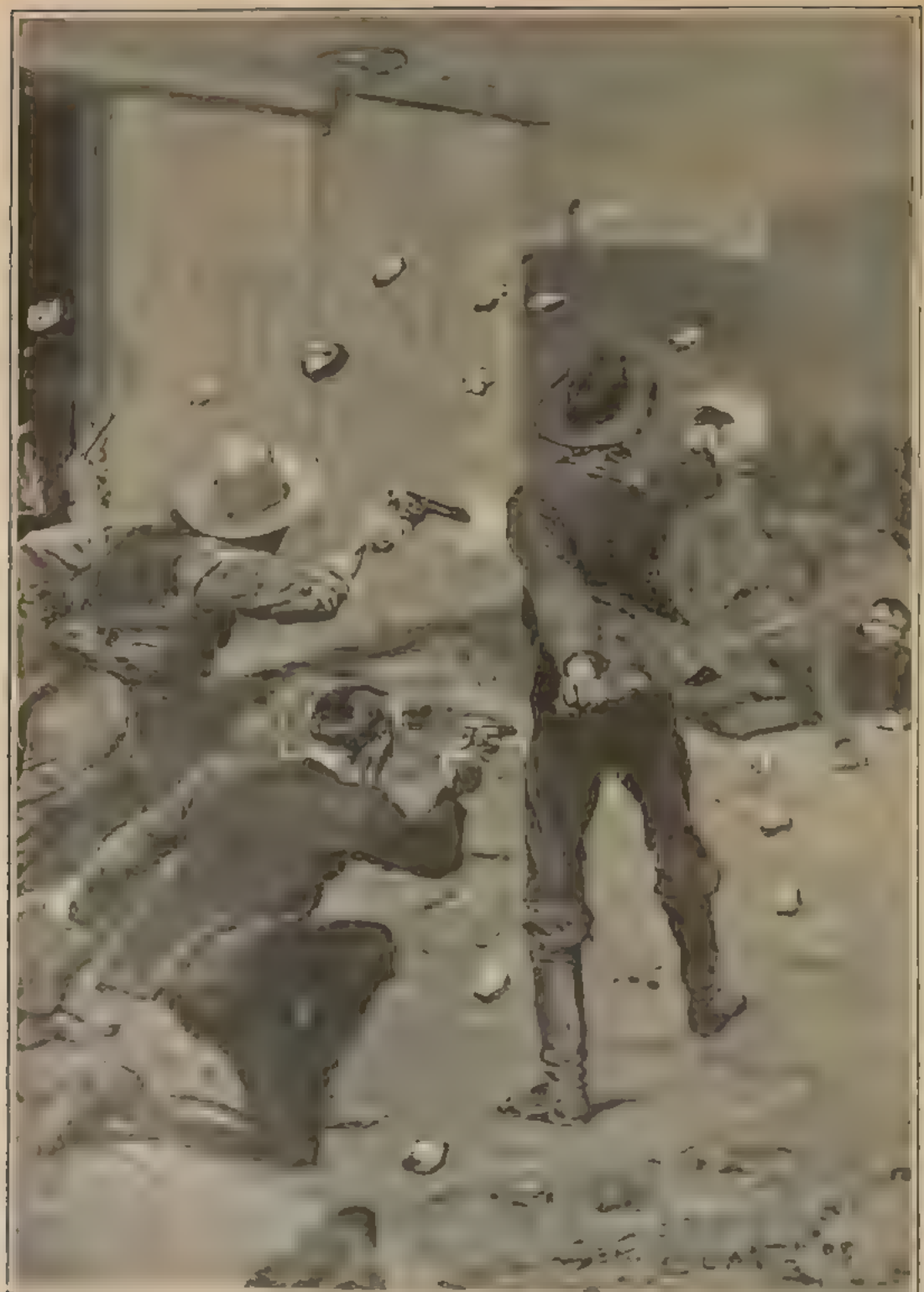
No. IV.—A number of good character studies were sent in, chiefly of the "oldest inhabitant" variety, and good all-round workmanship was evidenced in many entries.

No. V.—A high standard was reached by the illuminated texts entered, and those competitors receiving prizes, &c., are to be complimented on their tasteful combinations of design and colour.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. [illegible], where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

SONS OF THE SEA-SAW



A VOLLEY OF FLINT STONES ANSWERED THE SECOND SPITTING FIRE OF BULLETS

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIX JULY, 1908 No. 112

THE TRAIN PIRATES

By FRANCIS MARLOWE

No. I.—THE FREIGHT PATROL

I

WHEN it is understood that the stake for which John Fletcher, President of the Sunset Railway Company was preparing to wage war amounted to £25,000 annually, it will convey some idea of the confidence he had in the brains and pluck of his nephew and assistant, Jack Fletcher.

"I've got the toughest job for you that a man ever tackled Jack, and I want you to take hold of it with both hands and not let go till you've pulled it through or have to come to me and say you are beaten."

Jack's alert attention showed how intensely this preface interested him.

"I don't know," continued the president, "if you have learned sufficient about the line yet to know that it has been losing large sums of money every year through robberies from our freight cars. Our losses in this direction have been increasing every year Last year's robberies cost us over one hundred and twenty five thousand dollars. The line can't stand it and it's got to stop. Your job is to stop it. Take a week to go into the matter and make your plans, and then come to me and tell me what you want in the way of men or money."

Jack Fletcher drew a long breath and his eyes gleamed with excitement as his uncle ceased speaking. He had heard something about these freight robberies and the organised desperate gangs of thieves that were responsible for them. He realised the dangerous nature of the enterprise he was asked to embark on and take full charge of, but this, instead of deterring him from accepting, made a strong appeal to his adventurous nature. Eager words of thanks rose to his lips, but the magnitude, importance and risks of the task he was set steadied his enthusiasm and restrained his tongue.

"I'll be glad to take the job, sir," he said gravely, "and I'll do the best I can with it."

"You've got the spirit it needs," said the president, "but I warn you that it's no kid-glove business, and you'll need all your nerves and brain to tackle it. There are about three hundred thieves, men and boys, with about half a dozen women, making a living by stealing our freight. They're clever and desperate and will put up a stiff fight. They've made a kind of wholesale business of it now, and even work by daylight as well as at night. At first they were content to steal such things as shoes, clothing and provisions, but they've got so bold lately that they use waggons, trucks and even boats to carry off their spoil. They will steal beds, household furniture of every kind, pianos, motor-cars, machinery, and metal of any description. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to hear they'd carried off a train one of these days. If one of our watchmen or the train-men happens across a gang of them at work it means little or nothing to the thieves—a blow on the head or a shove under a passing train prevents alarm and discovery."

Jack Fletcher listened thoughtfully to this description of the freight pirates' methods. He knew it was not exaggerated, and that the president was making no attempt to magnify the difficulties he would have to fight against. He knew that a freight car was the easiest thing in the world

to loot. Of necessity the freight was run on to outlying switches of the line where the tracks were lonely and the houses in the neighbourhood mostly low tenement dwellings inhabited by people with little respect for the law. It was useless to have locks on the cars, for the keys could be easily duplicated, and the twisted wire with which the doors were secured would offer no more than a second's resistance to a steel bar or jemmy.

"Your watchmen aren't much use, sir," Jack remarked.

"Absolutely useless, Jack," answered the president. "We've had more cars looted since we put them on than ever before. Of course, the watchmen are old; they are veteran railwaymen who are not fit for any other work, but we hoped that they'd serve to give the alarm to the police if they found thieves tampering with the freight. They might have been useful enough if we could have depended on the police, but nearly every policeman on duty develops a curious habit of being at the other end of his beat whenever a valuable car is being 'ripped.' I won't say they are bought—you can just judge for yourself."

"Will you allow me to take any one I need to help me in this matter?" asked Jack when the Chief had concluded.

"Just say whom you want and you can have him," was the brisk reply. "If there's any man in the company's service that you think will be useful, let me have his name and I'll arrange that he is to take his orders from you. Come to me again at the end of the week, and, as I said, you can have whatever men or money you want. I've just got the report of the amount we've paid this year for losses from freight cars, and I feel very sore about it, so you can't please me better than by getting busy at once."

Jack Fletcher rose to his feet.

"I'm ready," he said; "but I want you to let me have Sullivan, the driver of 'The Limited.'"

The Chief lifted his eyebrows as though the request surprised him a little; then he took a slip of paper and rapidly wrote a few words.

"Give this to Sullivan," he said, handing Jack the slip of paper. "He's a good man, and I can't easily spare him, but if you want him you must have him."

II

Driver Sullivan was at the roundhouse. "The Limited" was due to start within the hour, and Sullivan was smoking in the cab of his engine while his stoker was busy with the fires. The crack driver was a tall, powerfully built man of about thirty-five, with a shock head of black hair and a bushy beard. He viewed life lightly and had a strong sense of humour, so that to those who only knew him casually he was a careless, happy-go-lucky Irishman. Underneath that bushy beard, however, was a firm, strong chin which bespoke determination and pluck that only awaited occasion to make itself felt.

At the sight of Jack Fletcher making his way towards him, the Irishman took his pipe from his mouth and jumped from his engine with a grin of welcome.

"You are going to lose your job, Sullivan!" said Jack, at the same moment handing the driver the slip of paper that the Chief had signed.

Sullivan, who was just replacing his pipe in his mouth, checked the action at Jack's words, and his teeth clicked together viciously. His eyes, ordinarily twinkling with good humour, glowed like sparks of fire.

"What's that you say?" he snapped out fiercely. "By the piper——"

"Don't snarl like that, Sullivan," said Jack, with a quiet smile. "Just read what the Chief has to say to you."

Sullivan, still with a stormy brow, looked at the paper he held in his hand.

"'Richards is to take out the Limited,'" he repeated in a puzzled manner. "and the Chief says I'm to take my orders from you. What does it mean anyhow, Master Jack?"

"It means that the Chief has asked me to clean up the freight pirates and that I want you to help me."

Sullivan fingered his beard thoughtfully.

"There's nothing I'd like better," he said slowly. "I hate to leave the Limited, but Richards is a good man and maybe he can run it all right."

"You'll help me, then, Sullivan?" asked Jack, who had been watching the driver anxiously.

"There's my hand on it," replied Sullivan heartily, "but, by the piper, Master Jack, it's a tough job you've taken on."

"We'll try and pull it through, Sullivan," replied Jack.

"And, by the piper, we'll do it!" cried the driver with conviction.

"Meet me at the office, then, in two hours," said Jack, "and we'll talk the thing over."

On the fifth morning after the Chief

had declared war on the freight thieves, Jack Fletcher walked into headquarters with all his plans ready.

"I want quarters for twenty men and a guarantee of twenty thousand dollars to pay them for a year."

With this blunt announcement Jack almost succeeded in startling the Sunset president.

"Say that again," said the Chief. "I suppose it means something."

Jack smiled and repeated his words.

"You see," he continued, "I can't think of any other way to deal with the business. Our present watchmen are too old to be any [illegible] I intend to raise a freight patrol. If you'll sanction it we'll have a 'force' of our own that will cut down your losses in short order."

The Chief considered the proposition silently for a few moments. Suddenly he [illegible] decisively: "You can have ten thousand dollars and try your patrol for six months."

"About their quarters?" said Jack.

"You have the men ready?"

Jack nodded.

"Board them somewhere in town for a day or two, and I'll have quarters fixed up for them by the beginning of the week."

It had been a difficult task to pick the right kind of men for the patrol, but Jack Fletcher had faced it confidently. He knew the breed of man he wanted, and meant to get it if he had to rake all America for it. A good deal more was required to qualify a man for the freight patrol than was demanded of the ordinary special policeman. The men Jack Fletcher sought for and found were men who were used to facing emergencies without losing nerve. They were able to take care of themselves on and off moving trains, capable of holding off the attack of half a dozen men in a lonely aisle of cars with assistance far away, and equal to long hours of duty without loss of vigour or alertness. Other qualities that Jack demanded of them were that they should be first-rate pistol shots—sure of being able to hit a man just where they wanted to, for their business was to disable, not kill; they had to be able to hop on to a line of moving freight, grab a thief if they found one, throw him off, jump after him, and never leave him until he was lodged in a police station. Above all they had to be honest; that was a most essential quality, for the patrol would be little use if its members could be bought to be blind and deaf while valuable cars were being "ripped," or if they could be induced to fail to identify prisoners on the day of trial.

Jack Fletcher had picked out his twenty men within a week. Eight of them were young college athletes, classmates of his own who had proved their mettle on the football field and who were attracted to the employment he offered them by its adventurous possibilities. Of the rest, Sullivan had introduced three whom he vouched for; three others had been cowboys, four were once soldiers, and the remaining two were recruited from the police force. All of them were young and lusty and had proved their courage.

The Sunset president duly provided quarters for the patrol, and at the end of their first week of duty the men found themselves comfortably housed close to the railway headquarters. They were at liberty to spend their off duty hours in any fashion they chose, but so as to make their quarters as attractive as possible to them they were furnished with a gymnasium, a library, a billiard room and a smoking room. A man's salary on joining the patrol was seventy five dollars a month. Jack Fletcher explained to all of them that at the end of six months, if the patrol was to be permanent, the salary of every man still on the force would be raised to one hundred dollars a month.

"If there's any man who doesn't deserve the raise," said Jack, "he'll get out. We won't want him."

III.

It was arranged that they were to work in three eight-hour shifts; the ten men to take night duty at 8 P.M. to be relieved by five of their comrades at four A.M., who would in turn be relieved at noon by the remaining five men of the patrol. Jack assigned to Sullivan the duty of night inspector and himself undertook to act as roundsman during the day.

It was due to a suggestion from Sullivan that the freight patrol opened its campaign against the train pirates in a pitched battle that gave the guerilla forces of lawlessness their first hint of a new order of things, and set in motion all the force and cunning at their command in a long series of desperate attempts to defeat and overthrow the resolute little band of men that Jack Fletcher had organised.

Sullivan was like a smouldering torch.

A breath was sufficient to fan his martial spirit into a flame, and the preparations for waging war against the train thieves had roused him to fighting pitch.

"Let's give the dirty thieves a touch of our quality," he exclaimed one night as Jack was on the point of starting the ten night men for their duty and dismissing the others. "I hear there's some valuable freight in the south side yards, and as the robbers are always busy there, it'll be a fine bait for them. We can turn up in full force and give them a lesson they'll not forget in a hurry."

Jack thought the plan a good one, but thought it as well to sound his men before agreeing to it. Sullivan's eyes lighted up with pleasure as he heard their hearty agreement to the suggestion.

"Good boys!" he cried, "you're the stuff for this business. By the piper, I'm proud of ye!"

Looking over his recruits and noting the keen, adventurous spirit that shone in their faces, Jack Fletcher felt that he could not have selected men better suited for his purpose. They wore no uniform; each was dressed according to his individual taste, but carried a cartridge belt buckled round his waist and a heavy Colt's revolver in his hip pocket. Their skill as marksmen was one of the chief reasons why they had been picked for the patrol. Jack referred to this now in his final instructions to them.

"Remember," he insisted, "that you do not shoot to kill. Hit the legs when you can, but never a vital part; I don't want any of you held for manslaughter or murder."

After a short consultation with Sullivan, Jack decided to avail himself of a stratagem that would enable the patrol to get to the south side freight yards without revealing their presence to the thieves. Sullivan hit on the scheme.

"What's the matter with hiding ourselves in empty freight cars?" asked the Irish driver. "We can go out to Hopedale, get two empty cars hitched on to some freight, and have the whole lot run into the south side yards. It'll give the buckoes a bit of a surprise when we open up on them."

Jack thought this advice so good that he promptly acted on it, and within an hour the patrol was ambushed in two covered trucks that, in company with three cars of inanimate freight, were being leisurely hauled towards the south side yard.

The south side freight yards of the Sunset line were in the most desolate part of Montreal. About a hundred yards from their eastern boundary, which was a ten-foot wall, there were about forty low-class tenement houses that had a male criminal population of close on fifty. These men formed the nucleus of the most determined gang of the train-robbing fraternity. Their chief was a clever thief known as Black Michaels, who found an able lieutenant in his son, "Spike" Michaels. Black Michaels had been three times charged with freight robberies, but, curiously, on each occasion the charge had broken down through the failure of a policeman to identify him as a thief who had been seen to steal freight. Black Michaels had been since heard openly to boast that he could always buy enough influence to keep him out of prison. It was Jack Fletcher's pet hope that he would succeed in catching Black Michaels red-handed and testing the worth of this boast.

To the west of the freight switches no houses were in view. Waste land, dotted here and there with rubbish heaps and brick piles, stretched as far as the eye could see. At all seasons of the year this was a locality to be avoided by the lonely wayfarer who had anything to lose, but in winter it was especially dangerous, for through it passed all the criminal tramps who were beating their way to Montreal in search of winter quarters. The freight losses here were greater than on any other part of the Sunset system, for in addition to regular gangs of thieves there were hundreds of independent operators who, on their way to the city, levied tribute on the cars.

It was at this sore spot, then, that the freight patrol was to make its first venture against the train pirates.

IV.

When the freight cars bearing the ambushed patrol had been switched on to a siding, and the engine uncoupled, to go snorting and puffing back on Hopedale, two watchmen, who had been sitting half asleep over a coke fire, rose lazily to their feet and strolled towards the newly arrived freight to make a casual inspection of it.

"Nothing special there," said one of the men, turning to get back to the fire.

His companion muttered a reply and lumbered along beside him.

Jack Fletcher had taken the precaution to have the cars that bore human freight left with their doors partly open, so that there

would be no betraying rattle when he and his men wished to get out. He had caught the glow of the watchmen's fire as the cars were hauled past it. He had heard the watchmen approach and was now listening to their receding footsteps

All was quiet in the siding at last. It was clear that if the train thieves had planned a raid that night, their operations had not yet commenced

Jack, thinking it safe to reconnoitre swung himself cautiously and silently from the car. He made sure that his movements could not be seen by the watchmen, and then he stepped along to the next car and found Sullivan peering through the doorway and anxiously awaiting permission to join him

Sullivan answered his beckoning hand by springing lightly down beside him. The other men had been warned not to leave the c[illegible] until a signal agreed upon had been given. Blank disappointment at the stillness of the siding was written on Sullivan's face, and the ex-driver would have given vent to his feelings in words but for Jack's warning gesture

"We can't expect them to fall into our hands like ripe fruit from a tree," whispered the young leader

HE HAD LAID HIS HAND ON O[illegible] THEM AND THE NEXT MOMENT WAS BR[illegible]

It's early too, bedad!" replied Sullivan more hopefully

Together they surveyed the situation, moving stealthily in the shadow of the cars Luckily they were on the side of the trucks that faced towards the waste land, otherwise they might have been seen from the upper windows of the tenements, for although the moon was occasionally obscured by heavy clouds, its light in the intervals was almost too bright to suit Jack's purpose

Taking advantage of the gloomy patches Jack and Sullivan at last made a complete

inspection of the siding. They found that there were already half a dozen fully loaded cars on the line ahead of the cars that had conveyed them there. In addition to these there were five cars on another switch between them and the ten-foot wall. On one of the open trucks, carefully packed and covered to shelter it from the weather, was a very valuable motor-car.

"There's a car-load of sewing machines somewhere here," whispered Sullivan, "and another car full of electric fittings. I've been making a few inquiries to-day."

Jack nodded thoughtfully. There was clearly sufficiently valuable booty to lure the thieves abroad that night, and he had no doubt that they would make a raid on the siding before the night was over.

"We must get our men hidden by the other line of cars, Sullivan," he said quietly.

With this in view the two leaders returned to their starting-point, and by the favour of an obliging cloud-bank that kept the moon hidden for five minutes, Jack very shortly had the patrol disposed on either side of the cars nearest to the ten-foot wall. Every man's hand was on his revolver, but there was not a sign or a sound that would have led a casual observer to suppose that there was a soul in the siding beyond the two sleepy watchmen.

Perhaps three minutes had passed since

HIS RIGHT FIST MET SULLIVAN'S CHIN WITH A CRASH.

these preparations were completed when the ears of the silent watchers caught the sound of hurrying footsteps. A shout from one of the watchmen by the fire followed. There was a confused murmur of voices, a sudden cry from the protesting watchman, a shrill whistle, and then a jeering laugh.

Jack Fletcher and Sullivan, who were lying side by side between two cars had watched the whole business through the wheels of a car. Four men, one a powerful-looking, swarthy ruffian with a fierce black moustache, had started to make their way towards the freight cars. One of the watchmen had lurched to his feet and interposed. The men moved ahead without heeding his protest; he had laid his hand on one of them and the next moment was brutally struck down.

"That's 'Spike' Michaels that struck him," interjected Sullivan, who was only kept where he was by Jack's restraining hand. "Black Michaels is the big chap."

As the watchman fell, his companion blew a shrill alarm on his whistle. The jeering laugh that followed showed how little the wanderers feared interference from the police, and without troubling to prevent him from whistling again they passed the watchman and continued their progress towards the cars.

"I've got him covered," muttered Sullivan. "Will I shoot?" His revolver was pointing straight at Black Michaels.

"Not a shot till I give the word," answered Jack; "they haven't touched the cars yet. Wait for me here." And he slipped away from Sullivan's side.

As Black Michaels got abreast of the first truck he put his fingers to his lips and blew a peculiar mellow whistle. Instantly, and plainly in answer to his signal, a swarm of men and boys appeared on the top of the ten foot wall. Several rope ladders were flung over, and by the help of these many of the older men reached the siding. The others, to the number of about twenty-five, swung by their hands and dropped. Meanwhile there was a rumble of wheels by the side of the tracks, and before the last of the gang of thieves had dropped from the wall two heavy carts, each pulled by a pair of horses, drew up on the waste land beside the tracks.

A succession of blows and the rattling of bars a moment later told that the doors of many freight cars had been attacked. The moon, that for a full minute had been hidden, shone out again in all her power, and, as though this were a signal waited for, the rolling fire of a score of revolvers spat out.

The freight patrol had fired its first volley. Of the horde of thieves about a dozen fell howling dismally, while the others, though unwounded, yelled with sudden terror. A mad rush—a retreat in horrible disorder—was stopped by the voice of Black Michaels, ringing out like a rifle-shot.

Every sound man of the thieves stopped and stooped. When they rose, each one of them had a handful of sharp flints from the road-bed of the siding.

Jack Fletcher, who had again reached Sullivan's side, jumped from the shadow of the cars, followed by the Irishman and every man of the patrol. A volley of flint stones answered the second spitting fire of bullets. A heavy stone hit Jack on the head; his thick cap saved his life, but the blow felled him. Sullivan from the tail of his eye saw who threw the stone. It was "Spike" Michaels. With a howl of rage the Irishman fired his third shot. He aimed at Spike's legs, but the little thief saw the gun pointed at him and dived for the shelter of a truck; the bullet hit him in the chest, and he crawled under the truck and died.

Besides Jack Fletcher, two men of the patrol had dropped before the stones. Fifteen of the train pirates were accounted for by the bullets, but none killed except Spike Michaels.

"Capture Black Michaels!" gasped Jack Fletcher as Sullivan knelt beside him.

Happy to find that Jack was better than he had dared to hope, Sullivan, in a cross-fire of bullets and stones, sprang forward. Black Michaels had found his son and was lifting him in his arms when Sullivan reached him. He pressed the body to him with his left arm and his right fist met Sullivan's chin with such a crash that the driver went down like a felled ox. He rose to his feet with a furious grunt two seconds later, but Black Michaels and his burden were in one of the two heavy carts, and the horses were racing at full speed across the waste land.

Next Month—"ON THE MILK TRAIN"

PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET

By E. H. D. SEWELL

ETON V. HARROW AT LORD'S—AN INTERVAL

MODELS TO WATCH

THIS month I am going to give you some tips about men you should watch whenever you get a chance.

Photo.] HAYWARD

A good model of all-round-the-wicket play

Timing.

First, as to the all-important necessity of good timing. Timing is the whole essence of the cricketer's contract. Whether batsman, bowler, or fieldsman, timing is the secret of success, as it is in all walks of life. The general who times his attacks well wins the battle just as certainly as the burglar who cracks his crib at the proper time beats the policeman. A motor driven by a man with a keen sense of timing can go half as fast again in a crowded place with safety. Most street accidents are the result of bad judgment in timing. So that as the necessity therefore does not exist solely in cricket, but in almost everything else we do, we should all be better cricketers than we are. The reason we are not is because we have not all got the "eye" for games, and another because, granting we have got the "eye," we have not got the knowledge of how to use our hands and feet in the best way in which to give that "eye" full scope. This can only be obtained by studious adherence to the precepts of a good coach, backed up by intelligent observation of how the most successful men manage their hands and feet. Keenness on the game will do the rest.

As an instance of what I mean I may quote my own case—because then I can say what I like without fear of getting my head punched. While playing a great deal of cricket in India, and getting a fair number of runs, I was painfully conscious of the fact that whatever defects or excellences there may have been in my play, there was one there for a certainty. And that was an utter inability to cut, except by the

occasional accident which enables each one of us to do the unexpected every now and then. Try as I would, off the left leg or off the right, I could never make sure of the stroke which occasional success warranted me in believing to be within my powers. I did not solve the problem until I came back again to England, when two batsmen F. S. Jackson and Carpenter, gave me the secret. In cutting, both keep the right elbow well away from the body! I had been slashing away for years without systematically doing this. I at once took to it, and cutting, as compared with what had had to answer for that excellent portion of the batsman's art in my "game" became as easy as falling off a log. That is, from my point of view. It may not—the elbow well away theory—suit every one. It suits me, so I stick to it, and am glad to say I have made point sit up now and again and given third man "no earthly," simply by observing how the two players named effected one of the finest of their many fine strokes by trying whether I could not do the same

Watch the "Cracks"

So I suggest that, wherever possible during August, all players keen to get on at this game should go and see as much of the very best batting as they can. And when there, watch each ball and how the great man whoever he may be, plays it, or, better put *shapes* to play it. That is the point after all. For whether your Fry or Hayward or Tyldesley, Spooner or Quaife plays the ball is not a thing that matters here. We want to know how he gets ready to do so—for each ball—and this requires very close watching indeed. As a model for foot work I would pick Quaife almost before any one. For one thing, he is so easy in all he does. And what he does is correct to the last muscular movement. I do not ask young public school boys to imitate his rate of scoring (not that slower and fifty times less interesting players to watch have not played in first-class cricket), but I advise them to see how he plays, as he never plays an unsound stroke

Hayward is another equally good model of all-round-the-wicket play. Spooner is more of a natural wristy type of player, and Tyldesley dangerous to follow wholeheartedly by any but the born forcing player, as he makes so many risky strokes which, perfectly safe to a man with his gifts, are sudden death to a schoolboy, and not worthy of imitation until the latter is well on in the twenties in years. But whatever observation of methods is made must be of the very strictest and most serious type. The concentration necessary to the solution of a mathematical problem is no greater than that required in this matter. You cannot learn the game without treating it seriously.

R. H. SPOONER
A natural wristy type of player
Photo, Foster

But, after all, timing is largely a gift Good musicians ought to be good cricketers or, rather, I should put it the other way round I suppose. Many

Good Cricketers are good Waltzers

and fond of dancing. Timing again. You wonder how it is the little man can hit so hard. Timing again. V. T. Hill's century in the 'Varsity match was the talk of the town as much because of the force of the hitting as because of the pace of the scoring

QUAIFE
A model for footwork
Photo, Foster

His brother E. T., who was in the 10th Hussars, and with whom I played a lot in India, was a thin bit of a chap, but none of us could hit harder. There isn't very much of Tyldesley but he can hit.

I am not sufficiently up in dynamics to make pretence of an explanation as to what timing in itself is, but I take it that the striking of the ball at the most favourable moment with the full force of the blade *i.e.*, when it is at its highest speed, explains in a rough and ready way what timing really is

To be accurate in timing it stands to reason you must be standing in the right place for the particular stroke. That is what is meant by footwork. For example you would not expect to be able to cut a ball when standing in the right position for a leg-glance. It is evident that if you are standing in the right position for a particular stroke you have a better chance of making it. If you knew what ball was coming, and the bowler could bowl just the ball you wanted, you would never—the human factor apart—get out. The whole argument as between bat and ball is that the striker does not know what is coming and has so little time in which to get into position for the right stroke when he *does* know, or thinks he knows, what is coming. That is why the very simple ball often gets out the too-clever bat. Simply because he thought it was something else, and played beautifully at that something else. This is why the coach of the young idea so repeatedly—if he is wise—insists upon the youngster not making up his mind until the ball has left the bowler's hand.

Cricket and Character.

This is one reason why a really fast bowler is more dangerous than a slow, and why cricket is such a brilliant school for the cultivation of quickness of decision and self resource. The batsman is alone—against

TYLDESLEY
A player of the forcing type.
Photo, Foster

the world. He has to decide for himself six times an over—which lasts from 1 min. 10 secs. to the 2 mins. 35 secs. which is the duration of an over from N. A. Knox, the slowest in time, fastest in pace bowler of the day. It follows that all the chances are against the batsman's opinion, if made before the ball has left the bowler's hand, being the correct one. Thus you see, you, O Smiter, who say to yourself, "I'm going to off-drive this for four," while the bowler is running up, how terribly you handicap yourself. Should the ball be one for a glance to leg or a hook-stroke you have to think all over again, and put the curb on that left leg which was about to step out for the off-driven four, and shorten your handle for the hook stroke. All ofwhich trouble you might have saved yourself by obedience to that golden rule of batting: "Wait until the ball is bowled."

But what about bowling? Aye! there's the rub. Too much, far too much attention is paid to batting in our public schools nowadays—with the natural result. Our schools have not produced an amateur bowler worthy of mention in the same class as A. G. Steel, F. S. Jackson or C. J. Kortright, since the advent of the last two, about seventeen years ago. For which reason the occasional moderately good bowler who does play in big cricket has his abilities magnified altogether beyond his deserts and finds his way into company really far above him. The best bowler of recent years from a public school is

NAPIER
A bowler to watch
[Photo. Topical

G. G. NAPIER,

of Cambridge and Middlesex, a bowler who has not yet been allowed to take his proper place in the world of cricket. A beautiful action, a most consistent length with a splendid off-break, a going-away ball and change of pace, Napier is a model for the youngsters of the present day. He has done finer performances against good batting under hard wicket conditions than any one else. He is a bowler who is very fair to his field, and does not ask too much of them by over-doing variety and firing off six different types of ball per over—a trick which deceives no batsman of intelligence. I class him promptly next to the famous men I have mentioned, but he is not a batsman. The wickets he has had to bowl on are probably, on the whole, better than the average of the pitches they played on, and this is nothing in his favour.

Have any of my schoolboy readers ever tried bowling the half-ball? For hiding a change of pace there is no grip like it. It is all a matter of grip. When bowling the plain straight fast ball you deliver it with the whole of the ball between your hand and the batsman, and the back of the bowling hand, just before letting go of the ball, towards the bowling screen. To bowl the half-ball: Hold only half of the ball, avoiding as much as possible touching the seam at all. In the act of delivery half the ball is facing cover-point, the other half is in your grip, and the back of your bowling hand may be seen by mid-on, if his eye is as quick as that of a camera. Virtually you bowl *only half* the ball to the batsman—*i.e.*, you, as it were, give momentum to only half the ball, which in a way slips out of the hand. At first the grip appears quite inadequate to enable you to bowl the ball at all, but a little practice gets over that. Remember, nobody could bowl the googlie at one time In bowling this ball do not in the least alter action. Fire away full speed as for the plain straight fast ball, and the mere fact of your bowling only half the ball will cause it to reach the batsman at a much slower pace *without alteration of action*. The ever famous Australian F. R. Spofforth constantly deceived the batsman by making use of this grip. The fact that you will not bowl one straight or a good length in the first six you try should not be allowed to stand in your way. It is quite as easy a ball to pitch a length as is a swerved ball, and properly

bowled is more likely to be deadly, because straight.

The Slow Bowler's "End."

A last word about bowling. Why spend all your practice-time "over the wicket"? Round the wicket is very good fun, and no more difficult. If more difficult, all the more reason you should try it. Every now and then a quite round arm ball pitched plumb straight is very well worth trying, and is not difficult to bowl.

Now for the cynosure of every youthful eye — the school captain. If you have a slow bowler and put him on at the end where the boundary is shortest, you may catch it from the school coach or be appropriately criticised in the school magazine but you will be doing not half a bad thing all the same. Especially when a hitter first comes in. Let him try to pulverise your slow bowler in the first over if he can. It's very likely he may do so before the over is ended in the dressing room! Not half enough enterprise is shown by captains—and not only school ones—as a rule. Slow bowlers are put on with a huge field behind them and four men [illegible] can be caught

Very scarce are the men who can hit over 100 yards, and if your slow bowler is on at the short end with an 80 to 90 yards' boundary it doesn't matter whether the batsman hits 91 or 130 yards—it is still a four. If, on the other hand, he is on at the long end and his fields are 100-110 yards from the bat (these distances of course proportionately less in school cricket), the batsman knows the field can run about a bit and sometimes get to a high ball pitching 30 yards away, so he won't risk the big hit. If the slow stuff is on with a tempting 80 to 90 yards' boundary behind him, it is much more likely the hitter, especially the notorious big hitter, will choose the wrong ball in his haste. Try it. Only, your slow bowler must be a sportsman—he will then take the knocking about, if it comes, in better grace.

In this manner all sorts of reasonable experiments are well worth trying. The captain who proceeds along

Stereotyped Lines

will never make much of a hit in the cricket world. It is all very well to do so when he happens to have a good eleven under him and is not troubled by having to vary the *personnel* thereof week after week. But when, as must happen, things are not going well, variety is a great thing, and departure from the regular road a step which may fairly be taken and the captain not held up to the mockery of his fellows for doing it. But after all to be able to captain well is a gift. Many men who have played the game for years have no idea of how to manage a team, not only when out in the field, but also in the matter of order of going in. And they do not fail for want of solid thought and trying to do the correct thing.

A Cricket Conundrum.

Why are there no close relations' in the Worcester eleven?

Because the nearest are "Foster" brothers

"Edwardian."

A WALK OVER THE MOOR.

By a GameKeeper.

Sketches by Charles Tressider

FOR lovers of Nature who have little chance of seeing Nature at her best, this little article may prove of interest, and also to those who have the good fortune to visit the moors on or after the "Twelfth."

After a week of dark, misty weather, it was necessary that I should take a walk round "the hill" to see what had been going on during the time the mist had been lying. To the experienced eye many things are to be seen.

So, this fine June morning, accompanied by a friend, and also by a retriever, we set off up the hill. The air is sharp, as there has been a slight touch of frost, but it makes a brisk walk up the face of the hill not unpleasant. A walk of about twenty minutes takes us as far up the hill as we intend to go, so we have a breather, and enjoy a fine view of the sun rising over the distant hill-tops (it is about 4.30 A.M.)

With the rising of the sun the air gets a little warmer, and the birds on the moor are heralding the opening of another day. Some blackgame fly across the glen to their favourite feeding ground on the neighbouring hill. There is a peewit making great swoops at the dog, but the dog, being used to them, pays little heed. There are young ones about, and the old birds follow us for some distance, then leave us.

There is the curlew, too, sailing about overhead, every now and then uttering his melancholy cry. They have mostly all young birds, these moor-fowl, so they are very watchful over them, flying off and crying at the slightest sound of approaching danger.

As we go along we come to a deep gully, on one side of which, in a point of heather, a kestrel's nest is usually found every year. But laying their eggs is about as far as they ever get, as hawks are not wanted on a moor, especially when young grouse are about.

Hares rise here and there, also an occasional bunny. Puss hops along for a bit, sits up and looks at you for a moment, then away again. These hares are not the fine big brown hares, but the "blue" or mountain hare, and they change their colour to pure white during the winter. Away on the further ridge we see the shepherd sending down his sheep to the burnsides, where they graze till afternoon, then to be driven back to the heights again.

Whir r r r, goes a grouse from among our feet—a narrow shave; on looking close, we see her nest, with four eggs, under the shelter of a "bush" of heather. This is a second nest, the first probably having been destroyed by vermin. The cock sits on a knowe (knoll) not far away kok kok kok-ing but flies off as his mate passes him. They don't go far off, however, and return shortly after we are away.

We will keep to the sheep-tracks now, as it won't do to disturb the sitting birds, which only stir abroad twice daily for feeding and drinking (morning and evening).

Crossing a patch of bent, we raise a golden plover. She goes away fluttering over the ground, trailing her wings—anything to draw you away from her young.

Now we will cut across to where a dead sheep lies, as there is a trap set at its head for a hoody (hooded crow). As we approach from above, we can see him lying trapped at the head of the sheep, having paid the penalty. When all other baits fail, nothing beats a dead sheep with the eyes still in it, as a hoody loves to pick the eyes out of a dead sheep, or, if a lamb, the tongue. A pair of hoodies allowed on a moor are very destructive, as they will hunt the ground like a brace of setters, and very few nests escape them, unless they are very well concealed.

THE CURLEW SAILING ABOUT OVERHEAD.

But what is this before us? A lot of feathers scattered among the heather. Mr. Fox's work this time. He has stalked and lifted a sitting grouse from off her nest – probably her second and has left five eggs, three of them broken. The broken eggs show the young birds in them quite distinctly; two or three days more would have seen them hatched.

Reynard has a litter of cubs on some of these far-away hills, as he very seldom kills near home. A little farther on we see where he has killed a hare, but there is no sign of the body lying about, so he has probably carried it home too. A very cunning gentleman is Reynard, but he will pay for his misdeeds one of these days!

As we cut across the moor, we come to a line of butts, nine in number, and built of turf. Great varieties of empty cartridge cases lie about, showing that the gentlemen who occupied them last year had good sport.

Mark! A snipe! A wisp he goes, twirling and twisting, but no gun is raised at him. Time enough for that yet.

The piece of ground we are now nearing is composed of fine young heather, and grouse rise here and there from their feeding ground. The dog raises another cock grouse, who cries in alarm, and the hen rises, fluttering over the ground, trying to draw us away from her young brood. But away they go, too; four young birds, almost full grown. This is all that has been left of a brood, probably containing seven to nine young birds, after two days' snow, during the middle of May.

Up in that wood on the hillside the cuckoo is calling, and the ring-ousel flies here and there, uttering his noisy call, chip, chip, chip—chip, chip, chip. Little mountain linnets leave their cunning wee nests, with their dark-coloured eggs, on our approach. They are practically the only small bird that nests about the high ground of the moors.

Croak, croak! Look up towards the sky and what do you see? A pair of ravens on the hunt for their morning meal, and away in the distance can be seen a kestrel hovering. He is as still as if he was suspended from the sky. Then, down he drops like a stone, and away with something in his claws, probably a mouse or a mole.

But it is nearing breakfast time, and we will strike homewards down the burnside. From here one has a fine view of a cottage, our destination, among some trees lying at the foot of the hill, in a lovely little glen. The smoke of the peat is rising in the air, for there is no coal up in this glen.

As we follow down the burnside, the little

HE HAS LIFTED A SITTING GROUSE FROM OFF HER NEST

trout dart here and there out of sight, but perhaps they won't be so sharp some fine morning when somebody turns up with his rod and a tempting cast of flies.

There, in that steep heathery bank, was where a pair of sparrow-hawks had their nest, with five pretty eggs in it. But they are gone now. First one and then the other was trapped at the nest, so nothing is to be seen but the empty nest and one or two feathers from off the birds while fluttering in the trap.

A variety of smaller birds may be seen now about the waterside, dippers darting here and there, two pied wagtails and, rarer still, a yellow wagtail. Sandpipers fly about from stone to stone, and what was that that dived into the water so swiftly and yet so silently? A big water rat that was out taking the benefit of the morning sun.

The little black faced lambs are playing about the hill-side like so many children, and it is very amusing and interesting to watch them in the evening, racing about from point to point for hours at a stretch.

On reaching the bottom of the burn we raise a redshank from some rushes. Cutting across a low shoulder of the hill, we disturb another pair of grouse from among the heather, followed by a lovely covey of nine young birds in good forward condition. It is a very pleasant sight for a keeper, after having seen so many coveys that have been sadly thinned out. Young grouse are very hardy birds, but it is next to impossible for birds two or three days old to live through a whole day's snow-storm followed by a hard night's frost, or to survive three weeks of wet weather.

We are nearly home now, but will have to nail up the dead hoody on the vermin pole, where are already a variety of vermin—stoats, weasels, hedgehog heads, hooded crows, hawks, and a raven. They are better hanging there than causing destruction all over the moor.

One of these stoats was got in the middle of a rather bold piece of work, at least on her part. Being in company with the shepherd one afternoon, we saw a rather peculiar sight. It was a grouse seemingly sliding down a sheep track on its back. We could not understand it till we ran down; and, as we came near it, out jumped a stoat from under the grouse, and ran into a broken bit of a bank. Not having my gun, I couldn't shoot it. However, with the aid of the shepherd's stick we dug the stoat out and as it bolted, one of the collies worried it. It seems that the stoat had had her teeth fastened in the neck of the grouse and was trailing it down the path on its back.

So, our morning walk being finished, we make tracks for breakfast, and are soon busy at it with an appetite that a certain American millionaire would envy.

A VARIETY [illegible]

THE LOST LAMBS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SYNOPSIS

After the Easter holidays Mike Jackson has every reason to suppose that he will be made Captain of cricket at Wrykyn School, but much to his distress on account of a succession of bad reports, his father removes him to a public school of a much smaller type named Sedleigh. On the first day of term he gets to Sedleigh rather early, and falls in with a whimsical fellow calling himself "Psmith," who has been removed from Eton for a similar reason. They feel like "lost lambs" in this strange new place, and, resenting their removal to Sedleigh, from the first adopt a defiant and independent attitude. Mike for instance, tells Adair the Sedleigh cricket captain that he doesn't play cricket, and, moreover, doesn't want to. His antecedents, however, become known to a few of the seniors in his house, who, keeping the secret, prevail upon him to consent to play for the House v. Downing's on mid term day. Mike makes 103. Adair then asks him to play for the school in its next match, but Mike coldly declines. Jellicoe, a dormitory companion, owes some money to a publican in the neighbourhood, and fancies he will be exposed if the money isn't paid by a certain Saturday night. As, owing to an injury, Jellicoe cannot go himself, Mike breaks out of the school late at night performs the errand on his bicycle—which he has to procure from a shed by the pavilion—and on returning, is climbing back to his room by way of a water-pipe when he is hailed abruptly from below.

CHAPTER XVI

PURSUIT

THESE things are Life's Little Difficulties. One can never tell precisely how one will act in a sudden emergency. The right thing for Mike to have done at this crisis was to have ignored the voice, carried on up the water-pipe, and through the study window, and gone to bed. It was extremely unlikely that anybody could have recognised him at night against the dark background of the house. The position then would have been that somebody in Mr. Outwood's house had been seen breaking in after lights-out; but it would have been very difficult for the authorities to have narrowed the search down any further than that. There were thirty-four boys in Outwood's, of whom about fourteen were much the same size and build as Mike.

The suddenness, however, of the call caused

Mike to lose his head. He made the strategic error of sliding rapidly down the pipe, and running.

There were two gates to Mr. Outwood's front garden. The carriage drive ran in a semicircle, of which the house was the centre. It was from the right-hand gate, nearest to Mr. Downing's house, that the voice had come, and, as Mike came to the ground, he saw a stout figure galloping towards him from that direction. He bolted like a rabbit for the other gate. As he did so, his pursuer again gave tongue.

"Oo-oo-oo yer!" was the exact remark.

Whereby Mike recognised him as the school sergeant. "Oo-oo-oo yer!" was that militant gentleman's habitual way of beginning a conversation

With this knowledge, Mike felt easier in his mind. Sergeant Collard was a man of many fine qualities (notably a talent for what he was wont to call "spott'n," a mysterious gift which he exercised on the rifle range), but he could not run. There had been a time in his hot youth when he had sprinted like an untamed mustang in pursuit of volatile Pathans in Indian hill wars, but Time, increasing his girth, had taken from him the taste for such exercise. When he moved now it was at a stately walk The fact that he ran to-night showed how the excitement of the chase had entered into his blood.

"Oo-oo-oo yer!" he shouted again, as Mike, passing through the gate, turned into the road that led to the school. Mike's attentive ear noted that the bright speech was a shade more puffily delivered this time. He began to feel that this was not such bad fun after all. He would have liked to be in bed, but, if that was out of the question, this was certainly the next best thing

He ran on, taking things easily, with the sergeant panting in his wake, till he reached the entrance to the school grounds. He dashed in and took cover behind a tree.

Presently the sergeant turned the corner, going badly and evidently cured of a good deal of the fever of the chase Mike heard him toil on for a few yards and then stop A sound of panting was borne to him.

Then the sound of footsteps returning, this time at a walk. They passed the gate and went on down the road.

The pursuer had given the thing up.

Mike waited for several minutes behind his tree. His programme now was simple. He would give Sergeant Collard about half an hour in case the latter took it into his head to "guard home" by waiting at the gate. Then he would trot softly back, shoot up the water-pipe once more, and so to bed. It had just struck a quarter to something—twelve, he supposed—on the school clock. He would wait till a quarter past.

Meanwhile, there was nothing to be gained from lurking behind a tree He left his cover, and started to stroll in the direction of the pavilion. Having arrived there, he sat on the steps, looking out on to the cricket field.

His thoughts were miles away, at Wrykyn, when he was recalled to Sedleigh by the sound of somebody running. Focussing his gaze, he saw a dim figure moving rapidly across the cricket field straight for him.

His first impression, that he had been seen and followed, disappeared as the runner, instead of making for the pavilion, turned aside, and stopped at the door of the bicycle shed. Like Mike, he was evidently possessed of a key, for Mike heard it grate in the lock. At this point he left the pavilion and hailed his fellow rambler by night in a cautious undertone

The other appeared startled.

"Who the dickens is that?" he asked. "Is that you, Jackson?"

Mike recognised Adair's voice. The last person he would have expected to meet at midnight obviously on the point of going for a bicycle ride.

"What are you doing out here, Jackson?"

"What are you, if it comes to that?"

Adair was lighting his lamp.

"I'm going for the doctor. One of the chaps in our house is bad."

"Oh!"

"What are you doing out here?"

"Just been for a stroll."

"Hadn't you better be getting back?"

"Plenty of time"

"I suppose you think you're doing something tremendously brave and dashing?"

"Hadn't you better be going to the doctor?"

"If you want to know what I think —"

"I don't. So long"

Mike turned away, whistling between his teeth. After a moment's pause, Adair rode off Mike saw his light pass across the field and through the gate. The school clock struck the quarter.

It seemed to Mike that Sergeant Collard, even if he had started to wait for him at the house, would not keep up the vigil for more than half an hour. He would be safe now in trying for home again.

He walked in that direction

Now it happened that Mr. Downing, aroused from his first sleep by the news, conveyed to

him by Adair, that MacPhee, one of the junior members of Adair's dormitory, was groaning and exhibiting other symptoms of acute illness, was disturbed in his mind. Most house masters feel uneasy in the event of illness in their houses, and Mr. Downing was apt to get jumpy beyond the ordinary on such occasions. All that was wrong with MacPhee, as a matter of fact, was a very fair stomach-ache, the direct and legitimate result of eating six buns, half a cocoa-nut, three doughnuts, two ices, an apple, and a pound of cherries, and washing the lot down with tea. But Mr. Downing saw in his attack the beginnings of some deadly scourge which would sweep through and decimate the house. He had despatched Adair for the doctor, and, after spending a few minutes prowling restlessly about his room, was now standing at his front gate, waiting for Adair's return.

It came about, therefore, that Mike, sprinting lightly in the direction of home and safety, had his already shaken nerves further maltreated by being hailed, at a range of about two yards, with a cry of, "Is that you, Adair?" The next moment Mr. Downing emerged from his gate.

Mike stood not upon the order of his going. He was off like an arrow a flying figure of Guilt. Mr. Downing, after the first surprise, seemed to grasp the situation. Ejaculating at intervals the words, "Who is that? Stop! Who is that? Stop!" he flashed after the much enduring Wrykinian at an extremely creditable rate of speed. Mr. Downing was by way of being a sprinter. He had won handicap events at College sports at Oxford, and, if Mike had not got such a good start, the race might have been over in the first fifty yards. As it was, that victim of Fate, going well, kept ahead. At the entrance to the school grounds he led by a dozen yards. The procession passed into the field, Mike heading, as before, for the pavilion

As they raced across the soft turf, an idea occurred to Mike, which he was accustomed in after years to attribute to genius, the one flash of it which had ever illumined his life

It was this

One of Mr. Downing's first acts, on starting the Fire Brigade at Sedleigh, had been to institute an alarm bell. It had been rubbed into the school officially—in speeches from the dais—by the headmaster, and unofficially—in earnest private conversations—by Mr. Downing, that at the sound of this bell, at whatever hour of day or night, every member of the school must leave his house in the quickest possible way, and make for the open. The bell might mean that the school was on fire, or it might mean that one of the houses was on fire. In any case, the school had its orders—to get out into the open at once.

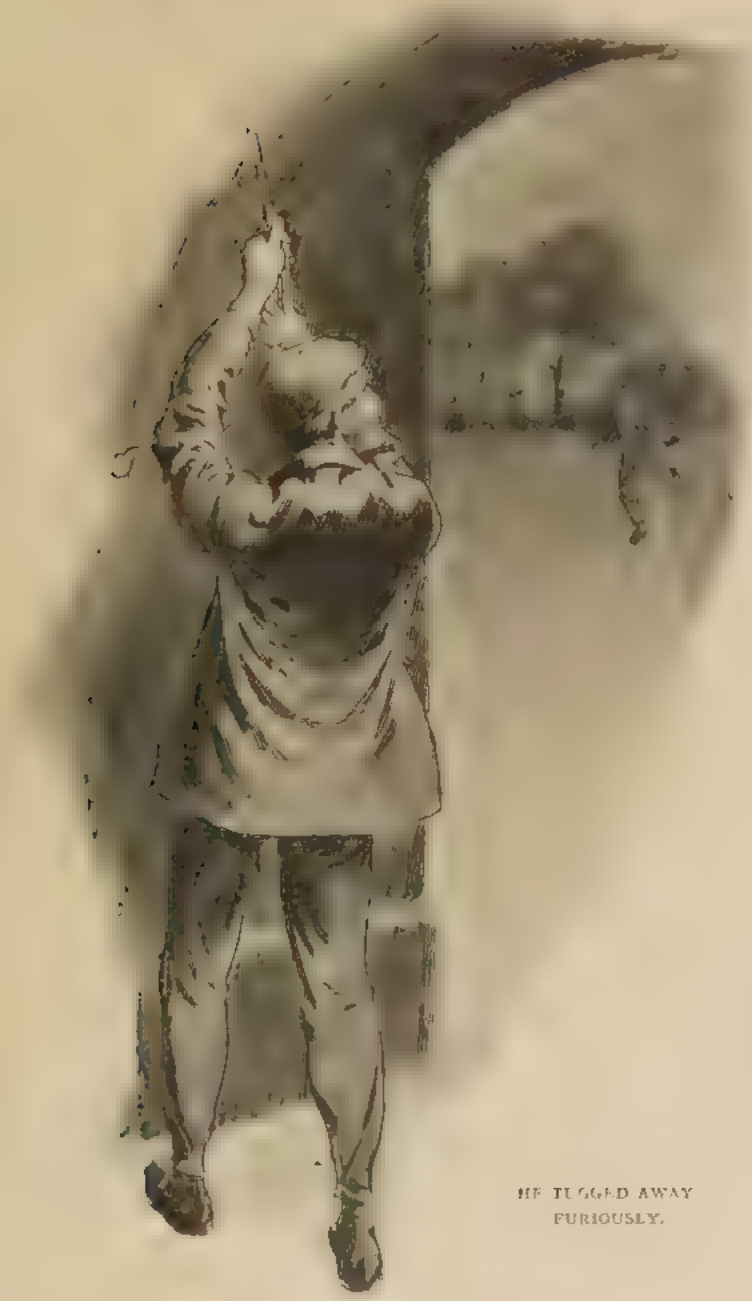
Nor must it be supposed that the school was without practice at this feat. Every now and then a notice would be found posted up on the board to the effect that there would be fire drill during the dinner hour that day. Sometimes the performance was bright and interesting, as on the occasion when Mr. Downing, marshalling the brigade at his front gate, had said, "My house is supposed to be on fire. Now let's do a record!" which the Brigade, headed by Stone and Robinson, obligingly did. They fastened the hose to the hydrant, smashed a window on the ground floor (Mr. Downing having retired for a moment to talk with the headmaster), and poured a stream of water into the room. When Mr. Downing was at liberty to turn his attention to the matter, he found that the room selected was his private study, most of the light furniture of which was floating on a miniature lake. That episode had rather discouraged his passion for realism, and fire drill since then had taken the form, for the most part, of "practising escaping." This was done by means of canvas shoots, kept in the dormitories. At the sound of the bell the prefect of the dormitory would heave one end of the shoot out of window, the other end being fastened to the sill. He would then go down it himself, using his elbows as a brake. Then the second man would follow his example, and these two, standing below, would hold the end of the shoot so that the rest of the dormitory could fly rapidly down it without injury, except to their digestions.

After the first novelty of the thing had worn off, the school had taken a rooted dislike to fire drill. It was a matter for self-congratulation among them that Mr. Downing had never been able to induce the head-master to allow the alarm bell to be sounded for fire drill at night. The head-master, a man who had his views on the amount of sleep necessary for the growing boy, had drawn the line at night operations. "Sufficient unto the day" had been the gist of his reply. If the alarm bell were to ring at night when there was no fire, the school might mistake a genuine alarm of fire for a bogus one, and refuse to hurry themselves.

So Mr. Downing had had to be content with day drill.

The alarm bell hung in the archway leading into the school grounds. The end of the rope, when not in use, was fastened to a hook half way up the wall.

Mike, as he raced over the cricket field, made



HE TUGGED AWAY FURIOUSLY.

up his mind in a flash that his only chance of getting out of this tangle was to shake his pursuer off for a space of time long enough to enable him to get to the rope and tug it. Then the school would come out. He would mix with them, and in the subsequent confusion get back to bed unnoticed.

The task was easier than it would have seemed at the beginning of the chase. Mr. Downing, owing to the two facts that he was not in the strictest training, and that it is only an Alfred Shrubb who can run for any length of time at top speed shouting "Who is that? Stop! Who is that? Stop!" was beginning to feel distressed. There were bellows to mend in the Downing camp Mike perceived this, and forced the pace. He rounded the pavilion ten yards to the good Then, heading for the gate, he put all he knew into one last sprint. Mr. Downing was not equal to the effort. He worked gamely for a few strides, then fell behind. When Mike reached the gate, a good forty yards separated them

As far as Mike could judge—he was not in a condition to make nice calculations—he had about four seconds in which to get busy with that bell rope.

Probably nobody has ever crammed more energetic work into four seconds than he did then

The night was as still as only an English summer night can be, and the first clang of the clapper sounded like a million iron girders falling from a height on to a sheet of tin. He tugged away furiously, with an eye on the now rapidly advancing and loudly shouting figure of the housemaster

And from the darkened house beyond there came a gradually swelling hum, as if a vast hive of bees had been disturbed

The school was awake.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DECORATION OF SAMMY

SMITH leaned against the mantelpiece in the senior day-room at Outwood since Mike's innings against Downing the Lost Lambs had been received as brothers

by that centre of disorder, so that even Spiller was compelled to look on the hatchet as buried—and gave his views on the events of the preceding night, or, rather, of that morning, for it was nearer one than twelve when peace had once more fallen on the school.

"Nothing that happens in this luny-bin," said Psmith, "has power to surprise me now. There was a time when I might have thought it a little unusual to have to leave the house through a canvas shoot at one o'clock in the morning, but I suppose it's quite the regular thing here. Old school tradition, &c. Men leave the school, and find that they've got so accustomed to jumping out of window that they look on it as a sort of affectation to go out by the door. I suppose none of you merchants can give me any idea when the next knockabout entertainment of this kind is likely to take place?"

"I wonder who rang that bell!" said Stone "Jolly sporting idea."

"I believe it was Downing himself. If it was, I hope he's satisfied."

Jellicoe, who was appearing in society supported by a stick, looked meaningly at Mike, and giggled, receiving in answer a stony stare. Mike had informed Jellicoe of the details of his interview with Mr. Barley at the "White Boar," and Jellicoe, after a momentary splutter of wrath against the practical joker, was now in a particularly light-hearted mood. He hobbled about, giggling at nothing and at peace with all the world.

"It was a stirring scene," said Psmith. "The agility with which Comrade Jellicoe boosted himself down the shoot was a triumph of mind over matter. He seemed to forget his ankle It was the nearest thing to a Boneless Acrobatic Wonder that I have ever seen."

"I was in a beastly funk, I can tell you.'

Stone gurgled

"So was I," he said "for a bit Then, when I saw that it was all a rag, I began to look about for ways of doing the thing really well. I emptied about six jugs of water on a gang of kids under my window.'

"I rushed into Downing's, and ragged some of the beds," said Robinson

"It was an invigorating time," said Psmith "A sort of pageant. I was particularly struck with the way some of the bright lads caught hold of the idea. There was no skimping. Some of the kids, to my certain knowledge, went down the shoot a dozen times. There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. I saw them come down, rush upstairs, and be saved again, time after time. The thing became chronic with them. I should say Comrade Downing ought to be satisfied with the high state of efficiency to which he has brought us. At any rate, I hope——"

There was a sound of hurried footsteps outside the door, and Sharpe, a member of the senior day-room, burst excitedly in. He seemed amused.

"I say, have you chaps seen Sammy?"

"Seen who?" said Stone. "Sammy? Why?"

"You'll know in a second. He's just outside. Here, Sammy, Sammy, Sammy! Sam! Sam!"

A bark and a patter of feet outside.

"Come on, Sammy. Good dog."

There was a moment's silence. Then a great yell of laughter burst forth. Even Psmith's massive calm was shattered. As for Jellicoe, he sobbed in a corner.

Sammy's beautiful white coat was almost entirely concealed by a thick covering of bright red paint. His head, with the exception of the ears, was untouched, and his serious, friendly eyes seemed to emphasise the weirdness of his appearance. He stood in the doorway, barking and wagging his tail, plainly puzzled at his reception. He was a popular dog, and was always well received when he visited any of the houses, but he had never before met with enthusiasm like this

"Good old Sammy!"

"What on earth's been happening to him?"

"Who did it?"

Sharpe, the introducer, had no views on the matter

"I found him outside Downing's, with a crowd round him. Everybody seems to have seen him. I wonder who on earth has gone and mucked him up like that!"

Mike was the first to show any sympathy for the maltreated animal.

"Poor old Sammy," he said, kneeling on the floor beside the victim, and scratching him under the ear. "What a beastly shame! It'll take hours to wash all that off him, and he'll hate it."

"It seems to me," said Psmith, regarding Sammy dispassionately through his eyeglass, "that it's not a case for mere washing. They'll either have to skin him bodily, or leave the thing to time. Time, the Great Healer. In a year or two he'll fade to a delicate pink. I don't see why you shouldn't have a pink bull-terrier. It would lend a touch of distinction to the place. Crowds would come in excursion trains to see him. By charging a small fee you might make him self-supporting. I think I'll suggest it to Comrade Downing."

"There'll be a row about this," said Stone.

"Rows are rather sport when you're not mixed up in them," said Robinson philosophically. "There'll be another if we don't start off for chapel soon. It's a quarter to."

There was a general move. Mike was the last to leave the room. As he was going, Jellicoe stopped him. Jellicoe was staying in that Sunday, owing to his ankle.

"I say," said Jellicoe, "I just wanted to thank you again about that——"

"Oh, that's all right."

"No, but it really was awfully decent of you. You might have got into a frightful row. Were you nearly caught?"

"Jolly nearly."

"It *was* you who rang the bell, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was. But for goodness' sake don't go gassing about it, or somebody will get to hear who oughtn't to, and I shall be sacked.'

"All right. But, I say, you *are* a chap!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I mean about Sammy, you know. It's a jolly good score off old Downing. He'll be frightfully sick."

"Sammy!" cried Mike. "My good man, you don't think I did that, do you? What absolute rot! I never touched the poor brute

"Oh, all right," said Jellicoe. "But I wasn't going to tell any one, of course.

'What do you mean?'

"You *are* a chap!" giggled Jellicoe

Mike walked to chapel rather thoughtfully

"WHO—," SHOUTED MR. DOWNING, "WHO HAS DONE THIS?"

CHAPTER XVIII

MR. DOWNING ON THE

JELLICOE was just one moment, the moment in which, on going down to the junior day-room of his house to quell an unseemly disturbance, he was boisterously greeted by a vermilion

bull terrier, when Mr. Downing was seized with a hideous fear lest he had lost his senses. Glaring down at the crimson animal that was pawing at his knees, he clutched at his reason for one second as a drowning man clutches at a lifebelt.

Then the happy laughter of the young onlookers reassured him.

"Who——" he shouted, "WHO has done this?"

"Please, sir, we don't know," shrilled the chorus.

"Please, sir, he came in like that."

"Please, sir, we were sitting here when he suddenly ran in, all red."

A voice from the crowd: "Look at old Sammy!"

The situation was impossible. There was nothing to be done. He could not find out by verbal inquiry who had painted the dog. The possibility of Sammy being painted red during the night had never occurred to Mr. Downing, and now that the thing had happened he had no scheme of action. As Psmith would have said, he had confused the unusual with the impossible, and the result was that he was taken by surprise.

While he was pondering on this the situation was rendered still more difficult by Sammy, who, taking advantage of the door being open, escaped and rushed into the road, thus publishing his condition to all and sundry. You can hush up a painted dog while it confines itself to your own premises, but once it has mixed with the great public this becomes out of the question. Sammy's state advanced from a private trouble into a row. Mr. Downing's next move was in the same direction that Sammy had taken, only, instead of running about the road, he went straight to the head-master.

The Head, who had had to leave his house in the small hours in his pyjamas and a dressing-gown, was not in the best of tempers. He had a cold in the head, and also a rooted conviction that Mr. Downing, in spite of his strict orders, had rung the bell himself on the previous night in order to test the efficiency of the school in saving themselves in the event of fire. He received the housemaster frostily, but thawed as the latter related the events which had led up to the ringing of the bell

"Dear me!" he said, deeply interested "One of the boys at the school, you think?'

"I am certain of it," said Mr. Downing.

"Was he wearing a school cap?"

"He was bare-headed. A boy who breaks out of his house at night would hardly run the risk of wearing a distinguishing cap."

"No, no, I suppose not. A big boy, you say?"

"Very big."

"You did not see his face?"

"It was dark and he never looked back—he was in front of me all the time"

"Dear me!"

"There is another matter——"

'Yes?"

"This boy, whoever he was, had done something before he rang the bell—he had painted my dog Sampson red."

The head-master's eyes protruded from their sockets. "He—he—*what*, Mr. Downing?"

"He painted my dog red -bright red." Mr. Downing was too angry to see anything humorous in the incident. Since the previous night he had been wounded in his tenderest feelings. His Fire Brigade system had been most shamefully abused by being turned into a mere instrument in the hands of a malefactor for escaping justice, and his dog had been held up to ridicule to all the world. He did not want to smile, he wanted revenge.

The head-master, on the other hand, did want to smile. It was not his dog, he could look on the affair with an unbiassed eye, and to him there was something ludicrous in a white dog suddenly appearing as a red dog.

"It is a scandalous thing!" said Mr. Downing.

"Quite so! Quite so!" said the head-master hastily. "I shall punish the boy who did it most severely. I will speak to the school in the Hall after chapel."

Which he did, but without result. A cordial invitation to the criminal to come forward and be executed was received in wooden silence by the school, with the exception of Johnson III, of Outwood's, who, suddenly reminded of Sammy's appearance by the head-master's words, broke into a wild screech of laughter, and was instantly awarded two hundred lines.

The school filed out of the Hall to their various lunches, and Mr. Downing was left with the conviction that, if he wanted the criminal discovered, he would have to discover him for himself

The great thing in affairs of this kind is to get a good start, and Fate, feeling perhaps that it had been a little hard upon Mr. Downing, gave him a most magnificent start. Instead of having to hunt for a needle in a haystack, he found himself in a moment in the position of being set to find it in a mere truss of straw.

It was Mr. Outwood who helped him. Sergeant Collard had waylaid the archæological expert on his way to chapel, and informed him

that at close on twelve the night before he had observed a youth, unidentified, attempting to get into his house *via* the water-pipe. Mr. Outwood, whose thoughts were occupied with apses and plinths, not to mention cromlechs, at the time, thanked the sergeant with absent-minded politeness and passed on. Later he remembered the fact *à propos* of some reflections on the subject of burglars in mediæval England, and passed it on to Mr. Downing as they walked back to lunch.

"Then the boy was in your house!" exclaimed Mr. Downing.

"Not actually in, as far as I understand. I gather from the Sergeant that he interrupted him before —"

"I mean he must have been one of the boys in your house."

"But what was he doing out at that hour?"

"He had broken out."

"Impossible, I think. Oh yes, quite impossible! I went round the dormitories as usual at eleven o'clock last night, and all the boys were asleep—all of them."

Mr. Downing was not listening. He was in a state of suppressed excitement and exultation which made it hard for him to attend to his colleague's slow utterances. He had a clue! Now that the search had narrowed itself down to Outwood's house, the rest was comparatively easy. Perhaps Sergeant Collard had actually recognised the boy. On reflection he dismissed this as unlikely, for the sergeant would scarcely have kept a thing like that to himself; but he might very well have seen more of him than he, Downing, had seen. It was only with an effort that he could keep himself from rushing to the sergeant then and there, and leaving the house lunch to look after itself. He resolved to go the moment that meal was at an end.

Sunday lunch at a public school house is probably one of the longest functions in existence. It drags its slow length along like a a languid snake, but it finishes in time. In due course Mr. Downing, after sitting still and eyeing with acute dislike everybody who asked for a second helping, found himself at liberty.

Regardless of the claims of digestion, he rushed forth on the trail.

Sergeant Collard lived with his wife and a family of unknown dimensions in the lodge at the school front gate. Dinner was just over when Mr. Downing arrived, as a blind man could have told.

The sergeant received his visitor with dignity, ejecting the family, who were torpid after roast beef and resented having to move, in order to ensure privacy.

Having requested his host to smoke, which the latter was about to do unasked, Mr. Downing stated his case.

"Mr. Outwood," he said, "tells me that last night, sergeant, you saw a boy endeavouring to enter his house."

The sergeant blew a cloud of smoke. "Oo oo-oo, yer," he said; "I did, sir—spotted 'im, I did. Feeflee good at spottin', I am, sir. Dook of Connaught, he used to say, 'E'ere comes Sergeant Collard,' he used to say, 'e's feeflee good at spottin'."

"What did you do?"

"Do? Oo-oo-oo! I shouts 'Oo-oo-oo yer, yer young monkey, what yer doin' there?'"

"But 'e was off in a flash, and I doubles after 'im prompt."

"But you didn't catch him?"

"No, sir," admitted the sergeant reluctantly.

"Did you catch sight of his face, sergeant?"

"No, sir, 'e was doublin' away in the opposite direction."

"Did you notice anything at all about his appearance?"

"'E was a long young chap, sir, with a pair of legs on him—feeflee fast 'e run, sir. Oo-oo-oo, feeflee!"

"You noticed nothing else?"

"'E wasn't wearing no cap of any sort, sir."

"Ah!"

"Bare-'eaded, sir," added the sergeant, rubbing the point in.

"It was undoubtedly the same boy, undoubtedly! I wish you could have caught a glimpse of his face, sergeant."

"So do I, sir."

"You would not be able to recognise him again if you saw him, you think?"

"Oo-oo-oo! Wouldn't go so far as to say that, sir, 'cos yer see, I'm feeflee good at spottin', but it was a dark night."

Mr. Downing rose to go.

"Well," he said, "the search is now considerably narrowed down, considerably! It is certain that the boy was one of the boys in Mr. Outwood's house."

"Young monkeys!" interjected the sergeant helpfully.

"Good afternoon, sergeant."

"Good-afternoon to you, sir."

"Pray do not move, sergeant."

The sergeant had not shown the slightest inclination of doing anything of the kind.

"I will find my way out. Very hot to-day, is it not?"

"Feeflee warm, sir, weather's goin' to break—workin' up for thunder."

"I hope not. The school plays the M.C.C. on Wednesday, and it would be a pity if rain were to spoil our first fixture with them. Good afternoon."

And Mr. Downing went out into the baking sunlight, while Sergeant Collard, having requested Mrs. Collard to take the children out for a walk at once, and furthermore to give young Ernie a clip side of the 'ead if he persisted in making so much noise, put a handkerchief over his face, rested his feet on the table, and slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SLEUTH-HOUND

FOR the Doctor Watsons of this world, as opposed to the Sherlock Holmeses, success in the province of detective work must always be, to a very large extent, the result of luck. Sherlock Holmes can extract a clue from a wisp of straw or a flake of cigar-ash. But Doctor Watson has got to have it taken out for him, and dusted, and exhibited clearly, with a label attached.

The average man is a Doctor Watson. We are wont to scoff in a patronising manner at that humble follower of the great investigator, but, as a matter of fact, we should have been just as dull ourselves. We should not even have risen to the modest level of a Scotland Yard Bungler. We should simply have hung around, saying: "My dear Holmes, how——?" and all the rest of it, just as the downtrodden medico did.

It is not often that the ordinary person has any need to see what he can do in the way of detection. He gets along very comfortably in the humdrum round of life without having to measure footprints and smile quiet, tight-lipped smiles. But if ever the emergency does arise, he thinks naturally of Sherlock Holmes, and his methods.

Mr. Downing had read all the Holmes stories with great attention, and had thought many times what an incompetent ass Doctor Watson was; but, now that he had started to handle his own first case, he was compelled to admit that there was a good deal to be said in extenuation of Watson's inability to unravel tangles. It certainly was uncommonly hard, he thought, as he paced the cricket field after leaving Sergeant Collard, to detect anybody, unless you knew who had really done the crime. As he brooded over the case in hand, his sympathy for Dr. Watson increased with every minute, and he began to feel a certain resentment against Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It was all very well for Sir Arthur to be so shrewd and infallible about tracing a mystery to its source, but he knew perfectly well who had done the thing before he started!

Now that he began really to look into this matter of the alarm bell and the painting of Sammy, the conviction was creeping over him that the problem was more difficult than a casual observer might imagine. He had got as far as finding that his quarry of the previous night was a boy in Mr. Outwood's house, but how was he to get any farther? That was the thing. There were, of course, only a limited number of boys in Mr. Outwood's house as tall as the one he had pursued; but even if there had been only one other, it would have complicated matters. If you go to a boy and say, "Either you or Jones were out of your house last night at twelve o'clock," the boy does not reply, "Sir, I cannot tell a lie—*I* was out of my house last night at twelve o'clock." He simply assumes the animated expression of a stuffed fish, and leaves the next move to you. It is practically Stale Mate.

All these things passed through Mr. Downing's mind as he walked up and down the cricket field that afternoon.

What he wanted was a clue. But it is so hard for the novice to tell what is a clue and what isn't. Probably, if he only knew, there were clues lying all over the place, shouting to him to pick them up.

What with the oppressive heat of the day and the fatigue of hard thinking, Mr. Downing was working up for a brain storm, when Fate once more intervened, this time in the shape of Riglett, a junior member of his house.

Riglett slunk up in the shamefaced way peculiar to some boys, even when they have done nothing wrong, and, having capped Mr. Downing with the air of one who has been caught in the act of doing something particularly shady, requested that he might be allowed to fetch his bicycle from the shed.

"Your bicycle?" snapped Mr. Downing. Much thinking had made him irritable. "What do you want with your bicycle?"

Riglett shuffled, stood first on his left foot, then on his right, blushed, and finally remarked, as if it were not so much a sound reason as a sort of feeble excuse for the low and blackguardly fact that he wanted his bicycle, that he had got leave for tea that afternoon.

Then Mr. Downing remembered. Riglett had an aunt resident about three miles from the school, whom he was accustomed to visit

occasionally on Sunday afternoons during the term.

He felt for his bunch of keys, and made his way to the shed, [illegible] at an interval of two yards. [illegible]

Mr. Downing [illegible] on the floor was the Clue!

A clue that even Dr. Watson could not have overlooked.

Mr. Downing saw it, but did not immediately recognise it for what it was. What he saw at first was not a Clue, but just a mess. He had a tidy soul and abhorred messes. And this was a particularly messy mess. The greater part of the flooring in the neighbourhood of the door was a sea of red paint. The tin from which it had flowed was lying on its side in the middle of the shed. The air was full of the pungent scent

"Pah!" said Mr. Downing

Then suddenly, beneath the disguise of the mess, he saw the clue. A footmark! No less. A crimson footmark on the grey concrete!

Riglett who had been waiting patiently two yards away now coughed plaintively. The sound recalled Mr. Downing to mundane matters.

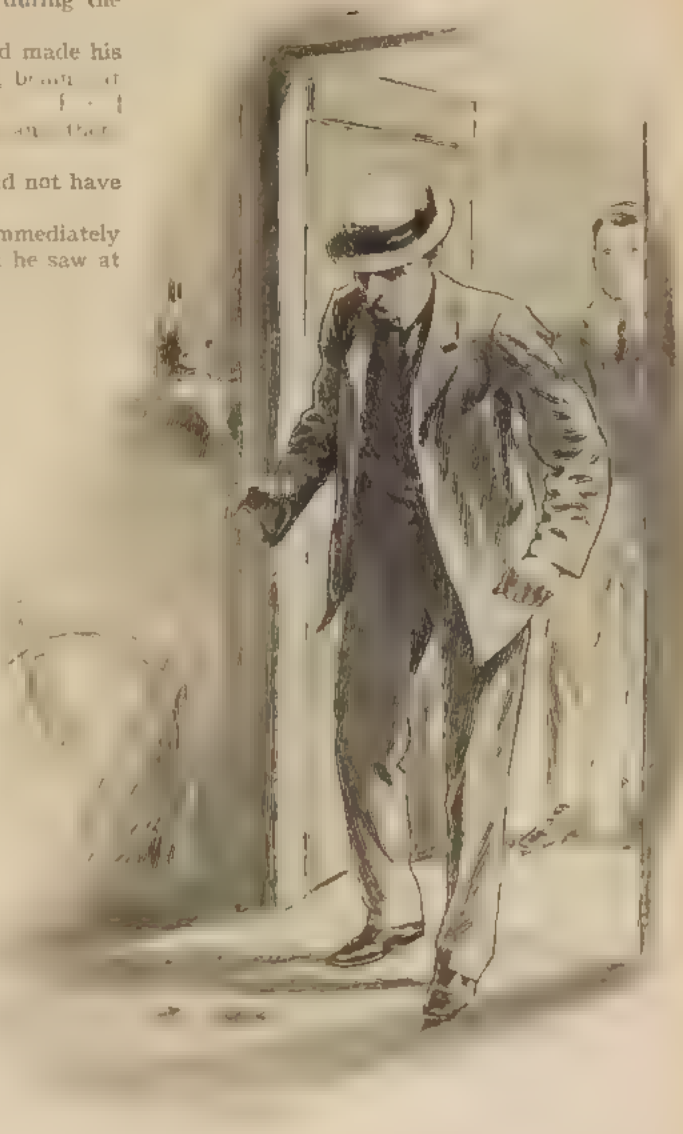
"Get your bicycle, Riglett," he said, "and be careful where you tread. Somebody has upset a pot of paint on the floor."

Riglett, walking delicately through dry places, extracted his bicycle from the rack and presently departed to gladden the heart of his aunt, leaving Mr. Downing, his brain fizzing with the enthusiasm of the detective, to lock the door and resume his perambulation of the cricket field.

Give Dr. Watson a fair start, and he is a demon at the game. Mr. Downing's brain was now working with a rapidity and clearness which a professional sleuth might have envied

Paint. Red paint. Obviously the same paint with which Sammy had been decorated. A footmark. Whose foot-mark? Plainly that of the criminal who had done the deed of decoration.

Yoicks!



THERE ON THE FLOOR WAS THE CLUE!

There were two things, however, to be considered. Your careful detective must consider everything. In the first place, the paint might have been upset by the ground-man. It was the ground-man's paint. He had been giving a fresh coating to the wood-work in front of the pavilion scoring-box at the conclusion of yesterday's match. (A labour of love which was the direct outcome of the enthusiasm for work which Adair had instilled into him.) In that case the foot mark might be his

Note one: Interview the ground-man on this point.

In the second place Adair might have upset the tin and trodden in its contents when he went to get his bicycle in order to fetch the doctor for the suffering MacPhee. This was the more probable of the two contingencies, for it would have been dark in the shed when Adair went into it.

Note two: Interview Adair as to whether he found, on returning to the house, that there was paint on his boots.

Things were moving

He resolved to take Adair first. He could get the ground-man's address from him.

Passing by the trees under whose shade Mike and Psmith and Dunster had watched the match on the previous day, he came upon the head of his house in a deck-chair reading a book. A summer Sunday afternoon is the time for reading in deck-chairs.

"Oh, Adair," he said. "No, don't get up. I merely wished to ask you if you found any paint on your boots when you returned to the house last night?"

"Paint, sir?" Adair was plainly puzzled His book had been interesting, and had driven the Sammy incident out of his head.

"I see somebody has spilt some paint on the floor of the bicycle shed. You did not do that, I suppose, when you went to fetch your bicycle?"

"No, sir."

"It is spilt all over the floor. I wondered whether you had happened to tread in it. But you say you found no paint on your boots this morning?"

"No, sir, my bicycle is always quite near the door of the shed. I didn't go into the shed at all."

"I see. Quite so. Thank you, Adair. Oh, by the way, Adair, where does Markby live?"

"I forget the name of his cottage, sir, but I could show you in a second. It's one of those cottages just past the school gates, on the right as you turn out into the road. There are three in a row. His is the first you come to. There's a barn just before you get to them."

"Thank you. I shall be able to find them. I should like to speak to Markby for a moment on a small matter."

A sharp walk took him to the cottages Adair had mentioned. He rapped at the door of the first, and the ground-man came out in his shirt sleeves, blinking as if he had just woke up, as was indeed the case.

Oh, Markby!"

"Sir?"

'You remember that you were painting the scoring-box in the pavilion last night after the match?"

"Yes, sir. It wanted a lick of paint bad. The young gentlemen will scramble about and get through the window. Makes it look shabby, sir. So I thought I'd better give it a coating so as to look ship-shape when the Marylebone come down."

"Just so. An excellent idea. Tell me, Markby, what did you do with the pot of paint when you had finished?"

"Put it in the bicycle shed, sir."

"On the floor?"

"On the floor, sir? No. On the shelf at the far end, with the can of whitening what I use for marking out the wickets, sir."

"Of course, yes. Quite so. Just as I thought."

"Do you want it, sir?"

"No, thank you, Markby, no, thank you. The fact is, somebody who had no business to do so has moved the pot of paint from the shelf to the floor, with the result that it has been kicked over, and spilt. You had better get some more to-morrow. Thank you, Markby. That is all I wished to know."

Mr. Downing walked back to the school thoroughly excited. He was hot on the scent now. The only other possible theories had been tested and successfully exploded. The thing had become simple to a degree. All he had to do was to go to Mr. Outwood's house—the idea of searching a fellow master's house did not appear to him at all a delicate task; somehow one grew unconsciously to feel that Mr. Outwood did not really exist as a man capable of resenting liberties—find the paint-splashed boot, ascertain its owner, and denounce him to the head-master. Picture, Blue Fire and "God Save the King" by the full strength of the company. There could be no doubt that a paint splashed boot must be in Mr. Outwood's house somewhere. A boy cannot tread in a pool of paint without showing some signs of having done so. It was Sunday, too, so that the boot would not yet have been cleaned. Yoicks! Also Tally-ho! This really was beginning to be something like business.

Regardless of the heat, the sleuth-hound hurried across to Outwood's as fast as he could walk

CHAPTER XX.

A CHECK.

THE only two members of the house not out in the grounds when he arrived were Mike and Psmith. They were standing on the gravel drive in front of the boys' en-

trance. Mike had a deck-chair in one hand and a book in the other. Psmith—for even the greatest minds will sometimes unbend—was playing diabolo. That is to say, he was trying without success to raise the spool from the ground.

"There's a kid in France," said Mike disparagingly, as the bobbin rolled off the string for the fourth time, "who can do it three thousand seven hundred and something times."

Psmith smoothed a crease out of his waistcoat and tried again. He had just succeeded in getting the thing to spin when Mr Downing arrived. The sound of his footsteps disturbed Psmith and brought the effort to nothing.

"Enough of this spoolery," said he, flinging the sticks through the open window of the senior day-room. "I was an ass ever to try it. The philosophical mind needs complete repose in its hours of leisure. Hullo!"

He stared after the sleuth hound, who had just entered the house.

"What the dickens," said Mike, "does he mean by bargeing in as if he'd bought the place?"

"Comrade Downing looks pleased with himself. What brings him round in this direction, I wonder! Still, no matter. The few articles which he may sneak from our study are of inconsiderable value. He is welcome to them. Do you feel inclined to wait awhile till I have fetched a chair and book?"

"I'll be going on. I shall be under the trees at the far end of the ground."

"'Tis well. I will be with you in about two ticks."

Mike walked on towards the field, and Psmith, strolling upstairs to fetch his novel, found Mr. Downing standing in the passage with the air of one who has lost his bearings.

"A warm afternoon, sir," murmured Psmith courteously, as he passed.

"Er—Smith!"

"Sir?"

"I—er—wish to go round the dormitories."

It was Psmith's guiding rule in life never to be surprised at anything, so he merely inclined his head gracefully, and said nothing.

"I should be glad if you would fetch the keys and show me where the rooms are.

"With acute pleasure, sir," said Psmith. "Or shall I fetch Mr. Outwood, sir?"

"Do as I tell you, Smith," snapped Mr. Downing.

Psmith said no more, but went down to the matron's room. The matron being out, he abstracted the bunch of keys from her table and rejoined the master.

"Shall I lead the way, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Downing nodded.

"Here, sir," said Psmith, opening a door, "we have Barnes' dormitory. An airy room, constructed on the soundest hygienic principles. Each boy, I understand, has quite a considerable number of cubic feet of air all to himself. It is Mr. Outwood's boast that no boy has ever asked for a cubic foot of air in vain. He argues justly——"

He broke off abruptly and began to watch the other's manœuvres in silence. Mr. Downing was peering rapidly beneath each bed in turn.

"Are you looking for Barnes, sir? inquired Psmith politely. "I think he's out in the field."

Mr. Downing rose, having examined the last bed, crimson in the face with the exercise.

"Show me the next dormitory, Smith," he said, panting slightly.

"This," said Psmith, opening the next door and sinking his voice to an awed whisper, "is where *I* sleep!"

Mr. Downing glanced swiftly beneath the three beds.

"Excuse me, sir," said Psmith, "but are we chasing anything?"

"Be good enough, Smith," said Mr. Downing with asperity, "to keep your remarks to yourself."

"I was only wondering, sir. Shall I show you the next in order?"

"Certainly."

They moved on up the passage.

Drawing blank at the last dormitory, Mr. Downing paused, baffled. Psmith waited patiently by. An idea struck the master.

"The studies, Smith," he cried.

"Aha!" said Psmith. "I beg your pardon, sir. The observation escaped me unawares. The frenzy of the chase is beginning to enter into my blood. Here we have——"

Mr. Downing stopped short.

"Is this impertinence studied, Smith?"

"Ferguson's study, sir? No, sir. That's further down the passage. This is Barnes'."

Mr. Downing looked at him closely. Psmith's face was wooden in its gravity. The master snorted suspiciously, then moved on.

"Whose is this?" he asked, rapping a door.

"This, sir, is mine and Jackson's."

"What! Have you a study? You are low down in the school for it."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Outwood gave it us rather as a testimonial to our general worth than to our proficiency in school work."

Mr Downing raked the room with a keen eye. The absence of bars from the window attracted his attention.

"Have you no bars to your windows here, such as there are in my house?"

"There appears to be no bar, sir," said Psmith, putting up his eyeglass.

Mr. Downing was leaning out of the window.

"A lovely view, is it not, sir?" said Psmith. "The trees, the field, the distant hills——"

Mr. Downing suddenly started. His eye had been caught by the water-pipe at the side of the window. The boy whom Sergeant Collard had seen climbing the pipe must have been making for this study.

He spun round and met Psmith's blandly inquiring gaze. He looked at Psmith carefully for a moment. No. The boy he had chased last night had not been Psmith. That exquisite's figure and general appearance were unmistakable, even in the dusk.

"Whom did you say you shared this study with, Smith?"

"Jackson, sir. The cricketer."

"Never mind about his cricket, Smith," said Mr. Downing with irritation.

"No, sir."

"He is the only other occupant of the room?"

"Yes, sir"

"Nobody else comes into it?"

"If they do, they go out extremely quickly, sir."

"Ah! Thank you, Smith."

"Not at all, sir."

Mr. Downing pondered. Jackson! The boy bore him a grudge. The boy was precisely the sort of boy to revenge himself by painting the dog Sammy. And, gadzooks! the boy whom he had pursued last night had been just about Jackson's size and build!

Mr. Downing was as firmly convinced at that moment that Mike's had been the hand to wield the paint brush as he had ever been of anything in his life.

"Smith!" he said excitedly.

"On the spot, sir," said Psmith affably.

"Where are Jackson's boots?"

There are moments when the giddy excitement of being right on the trail causes the amateur (or Watsonian) detective to be incautious. Such a moment came to Mr. Downing then. If he had been wise, he would have achieved his object, the getting a glimpse of Mike's boots, by a devious and snaky route. As it was, he rushed straight on.

"His boots, sir? He has them on. I noticed them as he went out just now."

"Where is the pair he wore yesterday?"

"Where are the boots of yester-year?" murmured Psmith to himself. "I should say at a venture, sir, that they would be in the basket downstairs. Edmund, our genial knife-and-boot boy, collects them, I believe, at early dawn."

"Would they have been cleaned yet?"

"If I know Edmund, sir—no."

"Smith," said Mr. Downing, trembling with excitement, "go and bring that basket to me here."

Psmith's brain was working rapidly as he went downstairs. What exactly was at the back of the sleuth's mind, prompting these manœuvres, he did not know. But that there was something, and that that something was directed in a hostile manner against Mike, probably in connection with last night's wild happenings, he was certain. Psmith had noticed, on leaving his bed at the sound of the alarm bell, that he and Jellicoe were alone in the room. That might mean that Mike had gone out through the door when the bell sounded, or it might mean that he had been out all the time. It began to look as if the latter solution were the correct one.

He staggered back with the basket, painfully conscious the while that it was creasing his waistcoat, and dumped it down on the study floor. Mr. Downing stooped eagerly over it. Psmith leaned against the wall, and straightened out the damaged garment.

"We have here, sir," he said, "a fair selection of our various bootings."

Mr. Downing looked up.

"You dropped none of the boots on your way up, Smith?"

"Not one, sir. It was a fine performance."

Mr. Downing uttered a grunt of satisfaction, and bent once more to his task. Boots flew about the room. Mr. Downing knelt on the floor beside the basket, and dug like a terrier at a rat-hole.

At last he made a dive, and, with an exclamation of triumph, rose to his feet. In his hand he held a boot.

"Put those back again, Smith," he said.

The ex-Etonian, wearing an expression such as a martyr might have worn on being told off for the stake, began to pick up the scattered footgear, whistling softly the tune of "I do all the dirty work," as he did so.

"That's the lot, sir," he said, rising.

"Ah. Now come across with me to the head-master's house. Leave the basket here. You can carry it back when you return."

"Shall I put back that boot, sir?"

"Certainly not. I shall take this with me, of course."

"Shall I carry it, sir?"

Mr. Downing reflected.

"Yes, Smith," he said. "I think it would be best."

It occurred to him that the spectacle of a housemaster wandering abroad on the public highway, carrying a dirty boot, might be a trifle undignified. You never knew whom you might meet on Sunday afternoon.

Psmith took the boot, and doing so, understood what before had puzzled him.

Across the toe of the boot was a broad splash of red paint.

He knew nothing, of course, of the upset tin in the bicycle shed; but when a housemaster's dog has been painted red in the night, and when, on the following day, the housemaster goes about in search of a paint-splashed boot, one puts two and two together. Psmith looked at the name inside the boot. It was "Brown, boot-maker, Bridgnorth." Bridgnorth was only a few miles from his own home and Mike's. Undoubtedly it was Mike's boot.

"Can you tell me whose boot that is?" asked Mr. Downing.

Psmith looked at it again.

"No, sir. I can't say the little chap's familiar to me."

"Come with me, then."

Mr. Downing left the room. After a moment Psmith followed him.

The head-master was in his garden. Thither Mr. Downing made his way, the boot-bearing Psmith in close attendance.

The Head listened to the amateur detective's statement with interest.

"Indeed?" he said, when Mr. Downing had finished. "Indeed? Dear me! It certainly seems— It is a curiously well-connected thread of evidence. You are certain that there was red paint on this boot you discovered in Mr. Outwood's house?"

"I have it with me. I brought it on purpose to show to you. Smith!"

"Sir?"

"You have the boot?"

"Ah," said the headmaster, putting on a pair of pince-nez, "now let me look at— This, you say, is the—? Just so. Just so. Just . . . But, er, Mr. Downing, it may be that I have not examined this boot with sufficient care, but - Can *you* point out to me exactly where this paint is that you speak of?"

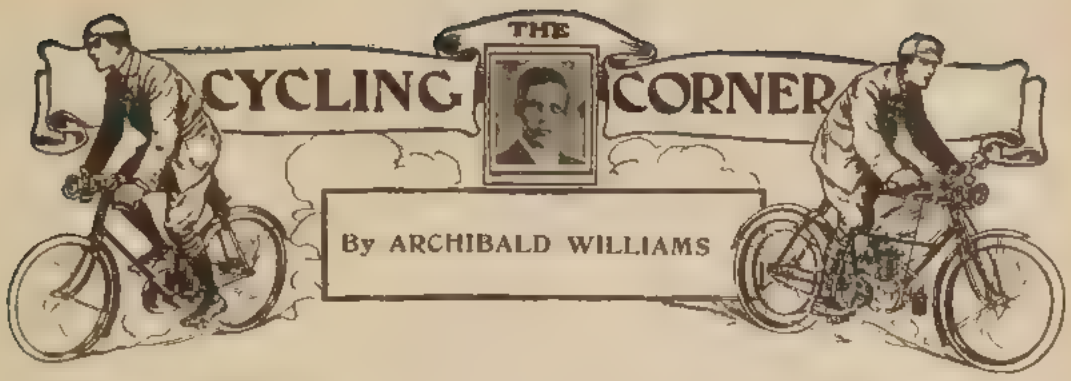
Mr. Downing stood staring at the boot with a wild, fixed stare. Of any suspicion of paint, red or otherwise, it was absolutely and entirely innocent.

HE STAGGERED BACK WITH THE BASKET

(To be continued.)

A CYCLING STORY WITHOUT WORDS

MORAL: NEVER BUY A CYCLE UNTIL YOU CAN RIDE IT PROPERLY.



PEDALS: PUNCTURES: MAP-MAKING

A Word about Pedals

IT fell to my lot not long ago to watch a cyclist making desperate endeavours to unscrew the stump of a pedal pin broken off short in the crank. He exerted several horse-power, I should imagine, in his efforts to get a move on the spanner; he became hot and somewhat cross; and then, in the interests of humanity, I thought it about time to suggest that he was trying to unscrew the pin (it was the left one) in the wrong direction. This advice being somewhat coldly received, with a teach-your-grandmother expression, I asked him whether he were aware of the fact that the left pin is usually given a left-handed thread, and the right pin a right-handed thread, so that in each case the friction of the pedals may tend to screw the pin *in*.

Most screws are right handed, that is to say, they screw *in* when turned in the direction that the hands of a clock move. A left-handed screw comes *out* if revolved in that direction.

So, if you have occasion to remove your left pedal you must do the opposite of what your experience with, say, carpenters' screws inclines you to do. In cases where the pedal pins have a cut in their ends for a screw driver, instead of a "flat" for a spanner, and the pedal is on the side of the crank furthest from the operator, a left handed screw is loosened by turning it in the anti-clockwise direction, and *vice versa* with a right-handed screw. Some manufacturers mark their pedal spindles at the end with an arrow, or the letters R.H. or L.H., as the case may be.

If you have occasion to order a pedal by post remember to mention which side of the machine it is for.

FIG. 1.—A cheap form of pedal, with ball races unprotected at the crank end. The arrows indicate the openings through which grit can enter.

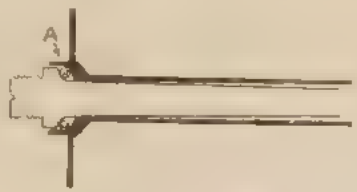


FIG. 2.—A good class pedal. You will notice that in this instance the balls are well protected by the collar A, which all but touches the boss on the pedal pin.

Inferior Pedals.

Don't be persuaded into buying cheap pedals. Pedals should be of the best quality obtainable as on them falls the hardest work, and they are the most exposed to dirt and grit of all the frictional parts of the cycle. A dealer offered me some half crown pedals a while back, but as the balls in the bearings at the crank end were plainly visible, and that meant that grit would have an absolutely free entrance, I should have thought them dear at sixpence. The two diagrams, Figs. 1 and 2, will explain better than words what are good and bad types of pedals.

A Neat Little Spanner.

Fig. 3 draws your attention to a type of spanner that has made its appearance lately. It is known as the B.S.A. Patent Spanner, and is noteworthy because it does not contain the [illegible]erating little screw collar found in most screw-spanners. The back of the shank has cut in it a number of fine serrations which mesh with a like series on the inside of the back of the sliding jaw. The serrations are so close together that adjustment may be made to the hundredth of

an inch, which is quite accurate enough for all practical purposes. Normally the two sets of serrations are kept in mesh by a spring. To release and adjust the sliding jaw to the nut it

Fig. 3.—The B.S.A. quick-adjusting spanner. To adjust to a nut simply slide the loose jaw along with the thumb. The grip is automatic.

is only necessary to apply the thumb to the moving jaw (as shown in the illustration) and slide it up or down until the correct position is attained for gripping the nut firmly. A spanner of cycle size costs 2*s.* 9*d.* I should imagine that the new type will save a good many knuckles from being barked.

Marking the Tube.

As an aid to replacing a tube properly in its cover, free of twists, I recommend the following tip. When the tube is new, stretch it round two supports so as to keep it taut and flat, and mark the edges with indelible purple pencil. This will give you two lines, one or other of which will be visible when the tube is inserted into its cover. Any twist in the tube will be betrayed by the distortion of the line, and you will know which way to turn the tube to get it straight.

Finding a Puncture.

The "old hand" seldom requires to use the troublesome and messy bucket of water to discover a puncture. Only when the leak is a very minute one does the "wet" method become necessary. Inflate the tube until it shows signs of bulging and, if the atmosphere is still and your surroundings are quiet, stretch length after length of the tube and listen hard. A hissing will probably be heard when you strike the puncture. If the tube be now revolved you can locate the trouble still more closely, as the sound will diminish when the puncture is away from you, and increase as the tube is turned to bring the hole on the near side.

Perhaps the hole may be a very small one or neighbouring noises too great to allow an escape to be audible. In which case you resort to the services of another sense, that of touch. Hold the tube near the cheek, stretch it as before, bit by bit, and revolve it. Sooner or later you will feel a slight draught on the skin, and the rest of the business is easy enough. The tip of the tongue being more sensitive than the cheeks, this should be used in obstinate cases. Avoid the bucket of water wherever possible. Immersion of the tube does it no harm—but good, in fact—yet unless the rubber be allowed to dry thoroughly there is danger of its sticking to the inside of the cover. Furthermore, the water trick is generally a slow method.

A Spare Cable.

I should advise every user of a cable-operated change-speed hub to carry a spare cable with ends all ready fitted for attachment to the lever and hub chain. The cost is slight, but the convenience of being so provided will be fully appreciated by any one who has the misfortune to snap a cable. The replacement may be made in a few minutes, and perhaps will save several miles of pedalling on the lowest gear to the nearest repairer, who, even if he has cable in stock, may take a considerable time over the fitting of it to the terminals. A "spare" coils up into a very small space.

Three-Speed Hubs.

Some years ago, when the change-speed hub was in its infancy, and there was only one three-speed on the market, I prophesied that, in spite of anything that the two-speeders might say, the day would come when the public would plump for a three-speed in preference to a two-speed gear. Several persons wrote to me explaining why, in their opinion, a two-speed did all that the cyclist required, and the third speed was therefore a superfluity. Well, I wonder what they would say to-day, now that the two-speed has had to take a very back seat. Looking through the advertisement columns of a widely read cycling journal I find that three pages are devoted to the merits of the three-speed, whereas the two-speed has but one sixth of a page to urge its claims. This shows plainly enough which way the wind is blowing.

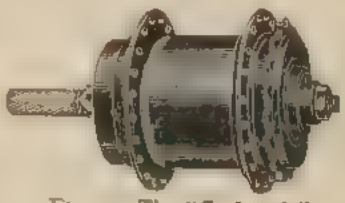


Fig. 4.—The "Seabrook" three-speed hub.

The Seabrook Hub (three-speed), Fig. 4, is making a bid for popular favour. I won't go so far as to say

that it is the best on the market, as change-speed hubs have arrived at the stage when there isn't a best, but I can assure anybody who possesses one of these devices that he or she has got a good thing. One commendable feature of the gear is that the free-wheel and chain-sprocket are separable for the hub itself, so that any standard free-wheel with any desired number of teeth may be fitted to suit the customer's fancy.

The Speed of a Wheel.

It is a fact that the top of a rolling wheel moves faster through space than the bottom, and in the case of a cycle travels faster than the machine frame. I have proved this to several people in various ways—one by showing them the photograph of a cycle in which the wheels appear distorted into a somewhat oval shape, owing to the different speeds of their parts. The other night, as I was cycling home through a heavy shower and the mud and water flew freely forward from my front wheel in the lamplight, I suddenly thought, "Why! here's proof enough! If the top of the wheel were not travelling faster than the machine, how could it throw the mud ahead like this?"

Eureka! I should think that this proof ought to satisfy anybody.

Amateur Map Making

Familiarity breeds contempt, and frequent cycling over the same roads makes them uninteresting. I expect that a good many of my readers have slacked off in their cycling because all the rides in the neighbourhood are "stale." Well, here is a suggestion which may be of some value to those who like "rides with an object" It is, to take a turn at amateur map-making. The only things required are a cyclometer, to record distances, and a compass to give direction. Get a friend to plan out a circular ride for you of, say, twenty-five miles. It is best that some one else should do the planning, as if you do it yourself you may remember too much. Then, with your cyclometer-fitted cycle, compass, and a note-book you sally forth, and record changes of direction, distances between point and point, and features of the road.

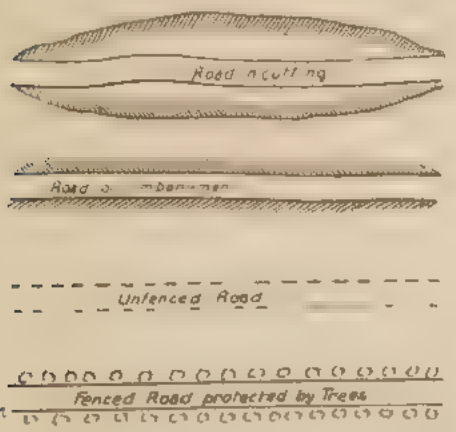


Fig. 5.—Some conventional signs to denote where a road runs through a cutting; is on an embankment; is unfenced; or is sheltered by trees.

In Fig. 5 I give some of the conventional signs used in the Ordnance Survey maps, to denote cuttings, embankments, fenced and unfenced (that is, usually, hedgeless) roads. Where a road is protected on one or both sides by trees you might indicate this by circles.

Having completed your ride, draw out the map in accordance with your notes, and then compare it with the cycling map that you already possess. It will be interesting to you to see how near you have got to correctness. I think that nobody would be any the worse for a spell of this kind of occupation, as it will strengthen the habit of observing things.

If you think that my suggestion would require for its fulfilment rather more hard work than you care about, you might at least measure distances and enter them on your purchased maps, and write beside the roads notes as to their quality. By the time that you have filled in a map or two in this way, and you wake up to the fact that you have gathered a lot of useful information, you should begin to feel quite keen

It is advisable to test your cyclometer beforehand by milestones to make sure that it records accurately. As a rule these little counters behave very well, but now and then one comes across a specimen which tells anything but the truth.

That Free Wheel.

A correspondent writes that when he is cycling "the pedals sort of give way occasionally, and shoot forward half a stroke or so without any resistance." Wants to know what's wrong. I should imagine that the free-wheel has got a bit bunged up with dirt, and the ratchet pawls miss the notches at times. The free-wheel is a thing that doesn't receive its due amount of attention at the hands of many riders. Once a month or so it should be well cleaned by squirting petrol or paraffin through the lubrication holes, well drained, and oiled with a proper cycle oil. If so treated it

will last as long as the machine and give no trouble at all. The chief point to bear in mind is, to get the dirt *out* as well as the oil *in*. Oil *plus* dirt form a very efficient abrasive. It is

FIG 6.—A Gamage cycle wall bracket, closed

FIG 7.—The same, open

seldom necessary to take a free-wheel to pieces in order to cure it of the sulks.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Q. H. W."—The best thing for you to do will be to buy a set of good maps (such as the C.T.C. two-miles-to-the-inch series) of the district you will cover, and, if you can afford it, an Inglis Contour Road Book, and study them well. As for the matter of hotels I would refer you to the C.T.C. Handbook, if you are a member of the club (which you ought to be, as you have a taste for touring). I quite agree with you that the cycle camping idea is likely to "catch on," in fact it has caught on already, and if we only have a decent summer for once it will be going very strong indeed by the end of the season. There is no comparison between the economy of the travelling tent and that of the second rate hotel. I have not found that the second rate hostelry is in the end so much cheaper than the first-class, considering the difference in comfort between the two. Private lodgings are often very much cheaper and more comfortable than the second-class hotel, but they are difficult to find when one arrives late in a place at or after night fall, so that one naturally makes for an hotel. If you can get on the track of some suitable lodgings it would be advisable to engage them beforehand and give due notice of your arrival.

Doubtful.—It is difficult for me to say whether your machine is worth re-enamelling, as you give so brief a description of it. If the bearings are all in good order, and the saddle comfortable, the free-wheel is doing its work properly, in short, if the machine is quite satisfactory so far as its mechanism [illegible] of pounds on having it thoroughly overhauled and enamelled. If, however, it shows signs of being worn out, I think that you would be well advised to give it a coating or two of air-dried enamel yourself and keep it as a second string to the new one which you would buy. On occasion it would come in useful. Cycles are so cheap nowadays, while repairs have not decreased in cost proportionately, that I feel a bit chary of advising people to spend much money on an old machine, as they probably could not sell it for much more than the cost of re-enamelling, &c., after it had been furbished up, *unless* it be in first-class order, mechanically, or the purchaser were not very competent to judge what he is buying.

F. Harcourt.—When I have a very stubborn nut to deal with I fix the screw spanner on to it and strike the end of the last smartly with a heavy hammer. That is generally sufficient to start it, though any amount of muscular exertion may have proved fruitless. To remove a screwed-in pedal it is sometimes necessary to grip the flat part of the driver with a screw-spanner and administer the hammer as described above.

Pneumatic.—I shouldn't advise you to try a smaller tyre than 1¾ in. for road-work. A road-racing tyre of this size, with specially thin sides to increase resilience, is the best thing for you. You must, however, be prepared for more trouble with punctures than you have been accustomed to when riding stout roadsters.

B. Ayckbourne. There's nothing to be alarmed about at all, at all. The clicking of the gear is due to an intentional over-running of the internal mechanism, when you revolve the pedals backwards.

A SUNSET EFFECT WHICH GIVES YOUNG SLIMSLEY WHEELER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE ON THE ROAD. MOTORS OR NO MOTORS.

Drawn by Felix Leigh.

The Man in the Light Blue Coat

By A. WALLIS MYERS

Illustrated by H. M. BROCK

I.

"THAT'S your fourth pipe to-night I thought you were in training for the Dowchingham Cup?"

"So I should be," replied Weatherley to the secretary of the Dowchingham Lawn Tennis Club, "if there was a man on the other side of the net worth training for. But young Cotterham—why, it's only by a fluke he's got into the final. I've given him fifteen many a time and knocked his head off. It's true he can volley a bit, but he's awfully erratic. His service is the feeblest stuff I've ever encountered—soft, with a high bound—just the ball to fling down the side line. No; this year I'm not going to train a finger. If I couldn't beat Cotterham with the stem of my pipe I'd be almost ashamed of myself."

The secretary, who had long worshipped at the shrine of the invincible Weatherley, watched the local champion place the lid on his tobacco jar, conscious of the reasonableness which prompted his confidence Cotterham didn't stand an earthly chance, and more was the pity. For if the Dowchingham Cup again went to Weatherley, the present being his third year as holder, the club would have to provide another trophy. Goodness only knew where the funds were coming from. The president of the club, the speculative builder who owned the ground, and for seasons past had been threatening to erect more villas on the courts, frankly stated, when he presented the last cup, that he was tired of decorating Weatherley's sideboard. That pre-eminent player had already captured two of the president's cups outright; if he won a third they would have to look elsewhere for somebody to replace it. If Feltham, who took a set from Weatherley last year—the first the title-holder had ever lost in the club tournament—had not fallen a victim to that wretched golfing craze and withdrawn this summer because the date of the final chanced to clash with a beastly monthly medal, whatever that was, the cup might possibly have left the [illegible] Feltham had stupidly given young Cotterham a "walk-over" in the semi-final, knowing that if he won that round, which was inevitable, he would have to relinquish any prospect of winning the golf medal. Some members were incomprehensible, thought the secretary, as he walked home from Weatherley's diggings. What was a golf medal compared with the Dowchingham Cup and the honour—it was a very remote honour, he admitted—of lowering the champion's colours?

The final was to take place on Saturday. On the previous Wednesday, in one of Dowchingham's most secluded gardens, young Cotterham and his pretty sister were enjoying a "knock-up" on the lawn. Cotterham was a very modest young man. Glad as he would have been to think that he had the slightest chance against Weatherley in the final, he did not pretend to feel elated at the prospect of meeting the "local terror" before the critical gaze of all Dowchingham.

"If only I had a service that could be called at all decent," he said to his sister, as they rested a moment by the net, "I wouldn't so much mind. When I run up to volley I shouldn't look such an abject fool. Weatherley's at his worst—if you can call it worst—against a volleyer. You remember how Feltham hustled him in that first set last year? But then Feltham could send over a lightning ball now and again. With my soft service, Weatherley will pass me every time."

"Cheer up," said Dorothy Cotterham, who was a bright and optimistic young lady, not at all given to look for trouble in advance. "You never know what may happen. Weatherley may be right off his game. You may wind him with one of your smashes at the start. Never say die!"

"Of course I shall have a go at him," replied her brother, "but with that service of mine——"

"NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT," EXCLAIMED THE STRANGER.

He stopped. Dorothy was twirling her racket over her pretty head in a most absurd fashion.

"What on earth are you doing, Dot?" he demanded somewhat impatiently.

"Practising the reverse screw service,' she answered, still swinging her racket round like an Indian club. "I saw some directions illustrated in a magazine the other day. I've just thought of it."

A bright idea had evidently seized the girl. She stopped swinging her racket and came up close to her brother.

"Malcolm, if you could only play the screw service you would beat Weatherley and save the Dowchingham Cup. Uncle saw it played once at Wimbledon. He said it knocked the stuffing out of the English cracks—they couldn't touch it."

"Don't be silly, Dot! How on earth do you think I'm going to learn the screw service in a couple of days? I might as well try to fly."

For answer Dorothy dived into the house, and in a few minutes returned with the copy of a monthly magazine which she flourished excitedly in her brother's face.

"It tells you all about it in here," she exclaimed. "Look! Here are the pictures. That's how you stand—left foot parallel with the line—that's how you hit the ball—that's how it breaks."

But Cotterham only shook his head dubiously.

"All very well in theory, Dot; but not much good my trying to tackle that sort of thing out here. I should only tie myself up into knots. See," and he vainly attempted to imitate one of the positions illustrated on the page, "I can't even start right."

"*Oh yes, you can!*" said a cheery voice at their back; "I'll show you in a couple of shakes."

Cotterham and his sister both swung round. A young, clean-haired giant, clad in flannels and a light blue coat, stood

before them, holding out his hand for Dorothy's racket. Dorothy blushed and drew back; her brother expressed surprise by the perplexed look in his face.

"Don't be frightened," said the stranger laughingly. "I was watching you over the wall from the garden next door. Just come down to spend the day with my aunt. I've played a little tennis, and thought I might be of some service; so I jumped over the fence."

Whoever he was, this handsome young athlete had a most engaging personality. Dorothy thought she had never seen such a frank, open face. As for Cotterham, who stood gapingly by, he shared his sister's admiration for the stranger.

But there was only a moment's pause. Accepting his intrusion as welcome, the giant in the light blue blazer picked up Miss Cotterham's racket from the lawn—it was rather a primitive, under-weighted weapon—seized the first ball that came to hand, and ran to the base line of the court. With one deft twirl of his racket—Dorothy thought she had never seen such graceful execution—the stranger served a ball that swerved in the air and when it hit the ground on the other side of the net broke at least two feet away.

Cotterham could not conceal his exultation.

"What a beautiful screw!" he ejaculated. "I shouldn't like to be playing against you."

"Oh, that's only one kind," said this mysterious server, picking up another ball. "Here's one that breaks the other way," and once more the two astonished spectators saw the ball zigzagging through the air and then going off at a tangent. Cotterham thought of Bosanquet's bowling. His sister, to tell the truth, was more interested in the intruder's little canvas shoes; they were not a bit like the heavy buckskin shoes that Weatherley wore.

"Now I'm going to show you how to do it," exclaimed the stranger, when he had finished his exhibition. He bade Cotterham stand behind him and watch every movement as it was slowly executed.

"Look! The racket is at a much lower level than for the ordinary service, and the arm must be bent. The racket does not hit the ball with a flat face but brushes across it from right to left." He served a ball in the manner he had described. "There! Did you see what happened? The ball spun on its axis to the left, then curved out to the left, then in to the right, continuing this curve after it hit the ground."

Cotterham thought he had a faint idea of the principles employed, but he was sure he couldn't carry them out in practice. But his mentor wouldn't listen to these qualms. Putting the racket that he held in Cotterham's hand, he bade him make the attempt, bearing carefully in mind his instructions. To his infinite surprise, Cotterham succeeded in making the ball swerve in its flight over the net, though the subsequent break was scarcely discernible.

"Why, you're as good as Brookes already!" said the teacher good-naturedly, overlooking the fact that Cotterham in his anxiety had served a glaring foot-fault. "Keep on trying. You'll get a fine screw in half an hour."

Again and again, aided by the stranger's apt directions, Cotterham served, and sure enough, when the tea-bell rang, he had acquired quite a respectable break service. Dorothy was jubilant. "You'll beat Weatherley after all," she said, as her brother was putting on his coat.

"Of course you'll stay to tea!" said Cotterham to his mysterious instructor.

"I should have liked nothing better," he replied, casting a glance in Dorothy's direction; "but my aunt's all alone, and as I am only here for the day I must get back. Good-bye. Practice that serve every day. Now you've got the knack, it won't leave you"—and bowing gaily to Miss Cotterham, for he wore no hat, the young man leapt over the fence and disappeared.

II.

Two days after, the Dowchingham ladies, in their lightest summer frocks, escorted by the members, assembled round the best court of the Dowchingham Club to witness the final of the Dowchingham Cup. The president was there, with his wife—who was to present the prizes, including the cup, when the great match of the season was over. Feltham was there—as luck would have it he had strained his arm getting out of a railway carriage the day before, and could not play for the golf medal after all; so was Miss Cotterham, looking charming in a simple white muslin gown and a black picture hat. Truth to tell, she was a little stiff from her exertions on the home lawn. All yesterday and again that morning she had been returning balls to Malcolm, busy perfecting the screw service.

Weatherley, smoking a cigarette (he had never smoked when he played Feltham in other finals), came on to court in his long blanket coat. The garment was the hall-mark of greatness; no other member of the Dowchingham Club had a blanket coat. Cotterham was looking a little nervous; he had never in his life played before so many people.

Weatherley nonchalantly spun his racket for choice of sides.

"Rough," said the challenger. Rough it was. "I'll serve," was Cotterham's quiet decision.

"He's forgotten that he'll have the sun in his eyes when he serves," said Weatherley to the umpire, as he ceremoniously folded up his blanket coat and placed it under the ladder. "Why didn't he choose the side instead of the service, I wonder!"

As the secretary came down and emptied a box of six brand new balls on the court, Cotterham glanced at his sister. He saw that she was suppressing her excitement with difficulty, and had forgotten to put up her parasol. As he picked up a ball for the preliminary "knock-up," he heard Feltham, seated by her side, say: "Your brother may do as well as I did last year, but he doesn't stand an earthly, I'm afraid."

"Play!" said the umpire, having sharpened his pencil. Weatherley, knowing the soft stuff that Cotterham served, was standing nearly on the service-line. For Feltham's service or for any other fast delivery he stood behind the base-line.

"Fifteen love!" It was the umpire's voice again.

Cotterham had served, the ball had swerved over the net, and on touching the ground had broken clean away from Weatherley's racket. He hadn't even touched it. Instantly there was a rustle among the spectators. Feltham, like everybody else, was astounded; he couldn't even speak. Dorothy was clapping loudly, while to herself she muttered: "That was nearly as good as the Light Blue's."

Weatherley was obviously disconcerted. As the acknowledged champion of the district he had never failed to hit a service before; for the ball to come to him in the shape of an egg and then to break away like a googlie was entirely new to his experience. As he crossed to the next court he dropped his racket nervously—another novelty.

Again Cotterham served and again Weatherley made an impotent effort to return the ball. This time the ball broke clean out of court and in his vain effort to reach it the holder collided with Miss Cotterham.

"Bit of a teazer," said Feltham as the champion picked himself up. "That man can serve."

Cotterham won the first game with four clean aces; as yet there had not been a single rally. They crossed over. The second game also fell to the challenger. Though Weatherley now had the service, his usual serenity had been so upset by the new method of attack that he delivered two double faults and hit two returns softly into the net.

"Three love, Cotterham leads," called out the umpire as the men exchanged courts. Cotterham's screws had once more completely baffled his opponent. The spectators were now in a fever of excitement. Even the ladies who were superintending the tea arrangements left their tables and came to watch the match.

When he had lost the first set by six games to one, Weatherley began to confound Feltham and his golf. At any rate this fearful screw service would have been exploited on Feltham first; he (Weatherley) would have seen something of it and known what to expect. Also, he much regretted he had omitted to train. He remembered the secretary's admonition, his confident retort, the fact that he had even smoked on the way down to the court. Even if he could gain some mastery over these beastly breaks during the next two sets, he felt sure he couldn't last five. Already he felt his heart palpitating; the perspiration was pouring off his face. And Cotterham seemed as cool as a judge! Another thought. How on earth had he learnt this zigzagging service! Why, a week ago he could have sworn that Cotterham served as many faults as he did good balls!

Weatherley called for new balls in the second set. Perhaps an idea was lurking in his mind that the old ones had something to do with his lamentable failure to negotiate the screw service. As the ball-boy was collecting them he picked one up and almost thought he detected an unusual softness about the cover. Tennis players get a notion like that when things are going badly.

But as soon as Cotterham opened his service, the new balls began to play the same tricks, now swerving out of court and causing

Weatherley to move over the "tram-lines" to essay a return, next twisting along the ground like a snake. What a fool those whirling deliveries make me look! the champion thought.

Cotterham was now leading four-one in the second set. Profiting by his opponent's lack of confidence, even when the "rest" was well under way, the challenger ran up to the net whenever he made anything of a length return, and then flung his racket at every ball that came within reach.

"I never knew Malcolm smash so well," said Miss Cotterham to Feltham.

"Yes; he puts plenty of beef into it," was that player's characteristic reply. "But I [illegible] Weatherley, doesn't Weatherley lob? He's shaping like a baby."

"He's letting the fireworks fizzle out," put in Dorothy's neighbour on the other side, who never wavered in his conviction that Weatherley would hold his own in the end.

The last speaker was about right. Weatherley had not held the Dowchingham Cup for eight years without realising the fact that a hustling campaign, to be successful, must be maintained over a long period; long enough, in fact, to ensure victory. Pass the hustler smartly a few times on his wings or toss over his head, and he checks his advance as an act of self-preservation and begins to hover in that fatal danger-zone—the space between the service-line and the base-line. Cotterham was, of course, no general; he had had no experience in tactics; what success he had gained up to the present was due purely to his newly-acquired screw service and his close-quarter volleying, as audacious as it was often flukey.

Nevertheless, the challenger won the second set by six games to four, and the president, who had offered to buy his wife a pair of new gloves if Weatherley was beaten, [illegible]

But the third set had no sooner begun than everybody saw that a change was creeping over the match. Weatherley no longer stood near the service-line to receive Cotterham's screw services. He had retreated a yard or two back and, much more wary, waited until all the "stuff" in the ball had gone before he struck in return. This patience and extra watchfulness soon rewarded him. He found that by hitting low and late he could make a very decent shot, and when Cotterham came scuttling up to the net, hungry for a winning volley, Weatherley was able to pass him neatly down the side lines or across the court. One stroke he found very effective—a slow insidious drop shot that only just grazed the net and fell near the post just out of Cotterham's reach.

"What did I tell you, Miss Cotterham?" exclaimed the champion's loyal supporter. "Weatherley has been playing with him, so far."

Dorothy said nothing, but stared fixedly at the game.

The tables were certainly being turned in a most conclusive manner. Cotterham was quickly losing all his earlier advantage. Not only did his screw service seem to swerve less, but any treachery it possessed was discounted by Weatherley's alertness and his adroit parry. Moreover, the champion had taken to high lobbing, so high indeed that Cotterham jumping up into the air could not touch the ball. Ace after ace went to Weatherley in this way.

"He's tossing awfully well," Miss Cotterham had to admit, as the umpire, his voice showing signs of wear, called "Two sets all."

Both men took a refresher at the umpire's ladder before beginning the final bout. Dorothy, hoping against hope, noticed that Weatherley's drink was stronger than her brother's. Another little sign of encouragement was the free use the champion made of the towel. If Weatherley would only crack up!

But the champion began in great style. He won Cotterham first service game to love, making his screws look comparatively feeble stuff. The next two games he also captured, manfully as the challenger tried to stem the tide

"*Three love. Weatherley wins.*"

"That umpire must have a bet on the match," Dorothy thought. His voice seemed almost triumphant.

As the men crossed over, the champion took another sip at his glass, and again mopped his perspiring brow. It was noticed, too, that he limped slightly as he walked towards the base-line. Was the match going to resolve itself into a question of physical capacity? Cotterham's strength was failing—that was obvious; he never ran up on his service now. But he was the younger and better trained of the two—there was that to be said. And by dropping a few balls short he made Weatherley

attempt to run in—to find that the champion could scarcely move across the court.

"Weatherley's next door to being crocked," was Feltham's comment. "I doubt if he'll last another rally. What a good job, Miss Cotterham, your brother doesn't smoke, and runs with the beagles in the winter."

Dorothy's spirits, though she had admired Weatherley's wonderful recovery,

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED STRUGGLED TO THE NET TO SHAKE HANDS

were rapidly rising. Her brother had now regained the lead, thanks to the hobble's dwindling stamina. But a spurt by Weatherley gave him the tenth game. Five all in the fifth set! It was the match of the century for Dowchingham.

But the end was to come sooner than many supposed. No long sequence of deuce games, with the 'vantage going to the server. Weatherley had absolutely shot his bolt. He could scarcely lift his racket, and crawled about the court like a convalescent out of doors for the first time. The champion finished with a double fault.

Game, set and match to Cotterham!" shouted the umpire, swinging up the cross-bow, that kept [illegible] in his seat.

The pent-up feelings of the spectators let themselves loose in a great cheer. Victor and vanquished struggled to the net to shake hands.

"It was a fight to a finish," Weatherley managed to jerk out as he held out his hand.

"Call it a fight for breath," was Cotterham's gasping response.

"I have no doubt," said the president of the club portentously, after his wife had presented the cup to Cotterham amid the shouts of the onlookers, "that our new champion will find many ready pupils when he deigns to enlighten them on the mysteries of the screw service. I shouldn't be surprised," he added, "if the former holder, who made such a gallant fight, is numbered among them!"

III.

The following week Cotterham was standing on a Tube platform when he saw the words "Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships" posted up on a board. They were to begin the following Monday. The half-crown admission fee rather frightened him, but being now as keen on lawn tennis as Feltham had ever been on golf, he decided to go, and to take Dorothy with him. He knew she would just love it.

So on the day when the champion of the world was to defend his title against the winner of the All-comers' Singles, Cotterham and his sister might have been seen entering the gates of the All England ground two hours before play was timed to begin. They had brought sandwiches with them and sat munching them on one of the forms that surround the centre court. By two o'clock there was not a vacant seat in any of the stands, while behind them was a dense mass of straw-hatted onlookers.

"Puts our little Dowchingham crowd in the shade," said Cotterham to his sister, "doesn't it?"

But Dorothy's eyes were fixed on a flannelled figure that, amid the plaudits of a thousand admirers, was walking to the umpire's chair.

"Malcolm!" she exclaimed, clutching his arm. "Who's *that*?"

"Bless me if it isn't the Light Blue!" replied her brother, jumping up from his seat to get a better view.

And it was—the same thin canvas shoes, the same blazer, the same sunny smile.

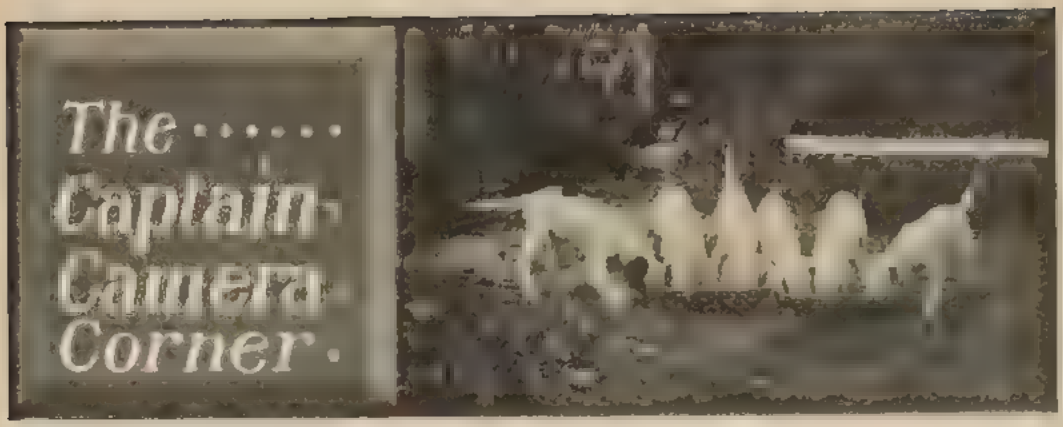
When Julian O'Connor, the great New Zealand expert and master of the screw service, had won a close and strenuous battle against the champion of the world, chiefly by aid of his wonderful break services, there was none in that vast crowd who shouted louder than Cotterham, no lady who clapped her hands more frantically than Dorothy.

Afterwards, when they were seated in the tea-tent, Julian O'Connor, looking none the worse for his fierce encounter, chanced to come in. He recognised them at once, came over and modestly claimed a seat at their table.

"You know you owe me a cup of tea, Miss Cotterham," the new world's champion remarked.

"We owe you the Dowchingham cup, too," said Cotterham, amazing the waiter by the stupendous order he subsequently gave for cakes and strawberries.

A year later Julian O'Connor reappeared to defend his title. At least, in England that was what the newspapers said. Down at Dowchingham they knew better—at least, Dorothy did.



VARNISHING NEGATIVES: STORING NEGATIVES

I HAVE good reason to believe that only a very small percentage of amateur photographers varnish their negatives It is even probable that a good many amateurs have never heard of any such process. There are, however, very good reasons for protecting the film with a thin coating of transparent varnish. In the first place, a varnished negative is immune from the silver stains which are frequently caused by allowing a slightly damp piece of P.O.P. to remain in contact with a negative. Secondly, the varnish is so very hard that it is not scratched nearly so easily as an unvarnished film. Even if it should be scratched a second coating of varnish will put things right. Finally, the varnish is not affected by splashing with water or chemical solutions. Now as I know that what with silver stains, scratches, and splashes my readers have had a good many of their negatives injured, I mean to give a few simple instructions for managing a job which is often "funked" because it sounds messy and difficult.

The varnish is bought ready made. In order to get your hand well in before tackling any negatives that you value, you should select a dozen spoilt plates or useless negatives to experiment on

FIG. 1.—Varnishing a negative. Hold the plate in the left hand, as shown, and pour a small pool of varnish on the centre

How Varnishing is Done.

The first thing is to warm the plate slightly by holding it near a fire or over the flame of a gas-burner or spirit lamp. This is to prevent the varnish cooling too rapidly after pouring

Grip the plate with the thumb and first finger of the left hand as shown in Fig. 1. Pour a small pool of varnish in the centre Tip the plate slightly towards B (Fig. 2). Don't be afraid of the varnish running over the edge.

Next, incline the plate so as to have the edge BC lowest, and C rather lower than B (Fig. 3) The varnish will find its way along BC. Now raise the corner C (Fig. 4), and coax the stuff towards D. Just as it is about to reach the thumb head it off by tilting the plate, and drain it off at A into the bottle (Fig. 5)

The varnish is shown black in the sketches so that its gradual spread may be more easily followed.

The Second Stage

is to heat the plate till it is almost too hot to touch. The varnish spreads evenly and soon begins to set. The plate is then laid flat to cool

It is essential that the varnish should be kept free of dust. Therefore use two bottles,

FIG. 2.—Let the varnish flow to the corner furthest from the hand

FIG. 3.—Tip the plate so that the varnish shall follow the side BC

FIG. 4.—The next stage. Don't let the varnish touch the thumb. Head it off towards A

one to pour the varnish out of and another to receive it after use. The second bottle is provided with a funnel and filter paper. When the varnish has been filtered it is returned to bottle No. 1. In course of time the spirit in the varnish will evaporate and leave the shellac element too thick for use. Thin it by adding a little methylated spirit

A "BEGINNER'S COLUMN

"Ortho," after saying some kind things about the "Camera Corner," writes: "Why shouldn't you reserve, every month, one column of your Corner for lessons for beginners, starting from the most elementary and working through to the higher branches. Many readers, doubtless, will not feel the need of this, but I am of the opinion that by far the greater number are in want of it and would welcome it. You perhaps have done this, however; I don't know, as I have only been taking in THE CAPTAIN for about fourteen months."

This gives me a chance of making a few remarks as to what I consider to be the functions of this Corner. There are on the market a very large number of excellent handbooks telling the beginner what to do and what not to do. I don't profess to add to or enter into competition with these. I think that it may be more generally useful to my readers for me to let every article and, on occasion, every paragraph, stand on its own legs, since each month sees the accession of fresh readers. Furthermore, I personally find series of articles rather a bore—the next one is such a long time coming—and I particularly desire to avoid boring anybody who may think fit to read my monthly remarks. Sometimes I devote the whole of a month's Corner to one subject of particular interest. More generally I rove, throwing out a tip here and a warning there, and anon giving a short description of a new camera or other pieces of photographic apparatus. I fancy that if I indexed all the subjects on which I have touched, at one time or another, in the Camera Corner I should find that I had gone pretty well through those photographic processes that the average amateur concerns himself with.

It may be that my language is a bit mystifying now and then. I can hardly help myself here, when the matter is one of technical terms. Take the word "achromatic," for instance. I perhaps mention "an achromatic lens," and the reader may wonder, "What on earth is an *achromatic* lens?" If he has done time with the piano, he may bethink himself of that horrid invention the chromatic scale without getting much forrader. The fact is, "achromatic" means "achromatic" and I have to use it because we haven't any Anglo-Saxon word that expresses focussing-rays-of-all-

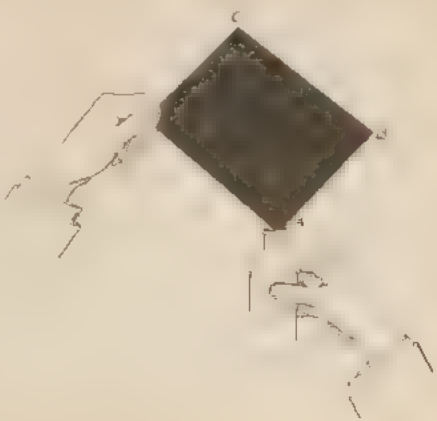


FIG. 5.—Drain off the superfluous varnish

colours-of-the-spectrum-in-the-same-plane. So if you are occasionally stumped by a long-tailed word you should at once try to find out what it means, somehow or another. Ask a photographer of riper years and experience, and he will help you out all right.

Storing Negatives

If you use old plate boxes for storing negatives in, it is advisable to cut **V**-shaped grooves in the sides of the lids, since the natural fit is usually so good that it is a rather troublesome business to remove a lid unless this be done. The subject, names, or numbers should be written plainly on pieces of white paper stuck on the sides of the lid. Stale or spoilt P.O.P. does excellently for labelling: cut it to size, and dip each piece in warm water till the gelatine film is soft and sticky and then apply it to the box. It is better to stand the boxes on edge than to pile them. Any one can then be picked out easily without disarrangement of the others

Always dust a negative carefully before putting it away. This precaution is all the more necessary if you place your negatives in contact, or even separate them by pieces of plain paper. Another caution: never use printed paper in contact with plates or negatives.

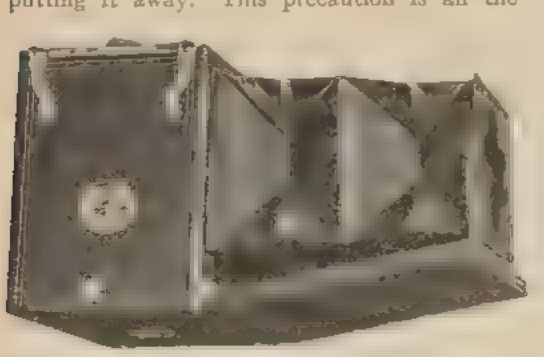


Fig 6. The Kodak Co.'s new "Premograph." A two-guinea reflecting camera. The full-sized image is reflected up on to a ground glass screen fixed in the top of the camera at the bottom of the hood. When the camera is not in use the hood is closed down

A Cheap Reflex Camera

The Kodak Co. are at it again. This time they bring out a cheap form of quarter plate reflecting camera, known as the "Premograph." The reflecting camera "with all refinements" is a very expensive article, far too much so to suit the average purse. The Premograph is a simplified form, sold at the low price of two guineas. It is a fixed-focus camera, fitted with an internal mirror, which is set by the turn of a key to an angle of 45 degrees to the axis of the lens, so as to reflect the image on to a ground-glass screen mounted horizontally in the top of the camera. The screen is the same size as the film, and the image seen on it is of the same dimensions as that which will be reproduced in the negative. You watch the image through a hood on the top of the camera (*see* Fig. 6), and when it is to your liking you give the side key a turn to make the exposure, which may be either instantaneous or "time," as you desire. Judging by the quality of pictures made by this camera which I have seen, I should consider it a very efficient piece of apparatus.

A "Sly" Camera.

"A Captain Reader" writes: "On looking over the Camera pages of this month's (May) Captain I notice that you have a correspondent called "Billy" who wants to know where you can buy a camera with a false lens. I beg to state that Messrs. Watson supply a focal-plane camera made to look like a pair of binoculars. You look through the eye-piece, which is the view finder. The camera takes at right angles to the direction in which you are looking. From my experience I find that it works very satisfactorily"

Answer to Correspondent

"Ortho."—The words "orthochromatic" and "isochromatic" mean practically the same thing as applied to plates and screens. To be exact, I should explain that the literal signification of the first term is "giving correct colours," or, rather, correct grades of colours. That is to say, if an object is light red in nature it will appear of light tone in the negative made with an "ortho" plate, and not dark, as on a plate that is almost insensitive to red rays. On the other hand, a dark blue object would not appear unduly light. "Isochromatic" means "equally sensitive to all colours." As a matter of fact no plate yet made is really isochromatic. The screen is used to shut out or modify the rays at the blue end of the spectrum and favour those at the red end. It should always be used for orthochromatic plates, which differ from ordinary plates in their greater sensitiveness to yellow rays. It is advisable to suit the plate to the subject. Take it as a rule that the slower the plate the better results it will give with a full exposure. Slow plates are much the best for landscapes, still life, etc. The fast plate is necessary for snap-shot work, but not nearly so satisfactory to develop as the "ordinary," as the larger proportion of silver in the film encourages fogging and other troubles. If I were limited to one speed of plate only, I should choose a medium rapid orthochromatic.

A MAN AND A SAXON

By HERBERT WAUGH

Illustrated by Paul Hardy

THIS story that I have to tell is one in the telling of which lies both joy and pain for me, as you, the hearer, will understand when I have told it.

I am Welac, the son of Heogar, of whom you have heard It is likely that you know him to have been a fierce and cruel Saxon, who dearly loved to shed the blood of a foe, and sometimes of a friend. So he was, and so he did; but the last blood that he shed was shed in so noble a cause, and so nobly was it shed, that all those who saw were amazed, and ever afterwards looked upon the deed as a sacred thing, and one fit to serve as a model for the actions of all men.

My father had a violent temper, and a cold manner even to me his son. I was afraid of him only among all men. Heathens as we all were, and loving roughness, we looked on him as a stark man in his softest moments. They say he was not so before my mother died, but that time I cannot remember. I have rested on no bosom but that of the sea. She is my mother, and has reared me a healthy son. This story will show what further part she had in my destiny.

I was strolling idly along the cliff by her side one day, thinking of what had happened in our homestead. Not many days before, a strange man with a long white beard had come boldly and asked to speak with my father. I do not know what he said, but I know that strange things resulted. He made my father a new man. How, I have since learned. He was a teacher of the religion of Christianity. It was long before he converted me, or any others among us, but his success with my father was immediate That day he ceased to make war and to kill, and turned his thoughts to the improving of the land, and the helping of this teacher, who, I may say was soon followed by others of his kind.

These events of not many days before filled my mind as I paced the cliff. And as I walked I chanced to look up, and saw my father before me. He looked on me with kind eyes, and for the first time I felt some of the [illegible] of one's father.

He smiled a little, as if he knew of the change, and said, "What do you think of, my son?"

"I think," I said with some diffidence, "of what has happened here recently."

"It is proper that you should think so," he said, as if he had been expecting my remark. "Have you considered this man's words?"

"Hardly," I replied truthfully.

"Then do so," he advised me. He was silent a little while, and then continued more softly than I had ever heard him speak. "Boy, would you like to meet your mother?"

I knew he was looking at me very keenly, but I dared not meet his eyes.

"The sea is my mother," said I, and glanced across her broad surface.

I afterwards regretted, and to this day I regret that that conversation went no further But it was fated to cease, for as I looked across the sea I saw the sail of a ship very far away.

My father saw it too, and we watched it closely, for a ship seldom came into those waters. That it was a friendly ship we had little doubt, for my father had, as it were, branded this part of the North Sea with his terrible name, and foes knew that if they came they had little chance of getting away again

In course of time the strange craft reached the shore not far from where we stood. The surf bore her into a little creek where she grounded. She was full of men clad for the fight, and they jumped out with cries and clanging of equipments, and, seizing the boat, dragged her further from the water, which was at its height. They had seen us before landing, and now began to climb the side of the cliff, some here and others there.

"They are of our own tribe," said my father, and we stood awaiting their coming.

They reached us quickly

"Hail, brother," cried the foremost.

My father returned his greeting, and they grasped hands. I took it that they were old friends, and afterwards learned that this was so. The rest of them were now gathered round us, and I was filled with admiration, for there was nothing in the world that I admired more than the strength of a man, and here were strong men. It was my one ambition to grow up very strong. On the verge of manhood, as I then was, and coming into my power, I was greatly pleased at the advent of these men, for I knew without being told so, that they were come to fight. For what else will a man come into this land of Britain? To settle upon the land and prosper? No. Unless it be to fight for prosperity. The dwellers on this island are stern foes, foes worth fighting with.

And there was another thing that made me glad. The coming of the strangers would cure my father of his womanish turn of mind. I was getting ashamed of him in my heart. There is something wrong with the man that sickens of the fight. So thought I, Welac.

"What has brought you here, brothers?" said my sire.

"Friend Heogar, that is the first jest from your lips that has ever entered my ears," said the chief stranger. "What do we come for but to fight? What say you, Saxons?"

"Fight!" growled the crowd

I have told the hearer before that my father was a stern man, so I was not amazed when the vein in his brow swelled, and his right arm quivered. And I saw that my father was full of fury. He spoke very quietly.

"With whom will you fight?" said he

"With any one on the other side of these trees," and the newcomer pointed carelessly at the belt of fir trees which ran along all the coast, and before which stood the wind-blown homestead of my father.

"What will you say if I tell you that those folk are my friends?" said my father

The stranger now began to know how the matter stood, and he looked at my father with great contempt.

"You were once a Saxon," he said, speaking plainly, in a way I liked, "but I see that now you are not. What ails you, brother? Does age bring with it fear?"

I saw that my father was trying hard to hold in his rage.

"Grofen," he said, for such was the name of the stranger, "those words near sent you hurtling from the cliff."

"Your words are stronger than your deeds nowadays, brother," said Grofen.

Then my father went pale in the face.

"It shall be my chief business to make you regret that saying," he said.

Now I was more than ever ashamed of my father. Indeed, I felt that I myself could easily have pushed my virgin sword through the neck of him who insulted one of my own blood. The thought must have been betrayed by my countenance, for my sire laid his hand upon my arm and said, "Be still, boy."

Then he spoke to the others in a loud voice: "Since you must know it, brothers, I have sworn allegiance to a God of Kindness of whom you know not; and I say to you, Grofen, and to all of you, that you shall *not* fight against the Welsh, for it is wrong to kill. But to show that I am still as good a man as ever (and I feel a better), I will challenge all of you to excel me in any manly exercise, or deed of skill and strength and nerve. I, Heogar, say it."

Some muttered approval, but Grofen laughed with scorn, and twisted the long hair on his face with one hand.

"Heogar," he sneered, "you are in a wrong mind to-day. To-morrow I will set you to some tasks, and you shall prove those big words."

"So I shall," said Heogar quietly, "the God willing."

Then the strange Saxons turned apart to set up their tents for the night—those that needed tents, for many lay wrapped only in their garments, with the salt-sprayed grass for a pillow and the wail of the wind and moan of the surf for a lullaby, which I think is the best way to sleep, for so do the flowers without any hurt.

When they had gone my father looked at me sadly and said, "What do you think of this, Welac?"

I made no reply, but looked out to sea, because I would not offend him by telling the truth, which was that I thought him a coward. I wondered what else I could think. He *had* been a mighty man, none braver, but this bearded teacher had clearly done him much harm. For, thought I, what is a man born for but to fight?

He sighed and strode away, while I wondered what would happen the next day. My mind was so active on the matter that I was restless in the night, and rose to go out

LEAPING WITH MUCH EFFORT HE TOO LANDED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK.

into the air, but when I reached the threshold I saw my father striding up and down before the homestead. The moon showed him fully. His head seemed bent in thought I thought better of my purpose and went back.

The next day there was a cold wind and no sunlight. I was up early, so that I might miss nothing that would happen. After the morning meal Grofen and his followers could be seen advancing towards the homestead, and Heogar went out to meet them.

"Are you ready?" said Grofen, smiling.

"Yes," said my father.

Then, without more words, for we Saxons do not talk without need, Grofen flung from his shoulders the heavy outer garment of deerskins which he wore, and walked seawards All followed

I must explain to you that this coast was rough, and the sea had worn it into many different shapes. Just near us, a pinnacle of rock rose out of the sea to the same height as the cliff. In between, the space was very sheer and deep, so that any man who fell down would be killed at the moment he reached the bottom, for at high tide the water was never many feet deep. This

rock was crowned with grass, and the distance from its nearest point to the edge of the cliff was as much as sixteen feet.

Grofen carelessly ran to the verge and leaped. He leaped high and gathered his legs beneath him, and went easily onto the grass-crowned rock.

"Follow," he called out, "to show that you are a man and a Saxon, Heogar."

It was not a great leap, and I could have done it easily myself, but my father, though still in his full power, was not so supple as he had been. Grofen was a younger man, and in his legs dwelt that fresh power which a young horse has. It is a freshness that a man loses as the morning loses its dew My father's limbs were like branches of oak Heogar ran to the verge and, leaping with much effort, he too landed on the summit of the rock.

Now I saw that my father was in great danger. It is an easy matter to take a run and to leap sixteen feet, but it is almost impossible to do so without any run to gather force and speed. Heogar must have seen his case, but he gave no sign. The flat summit of the rock was six feet across.

Grofen braced himself, and taking two light steps across the rock he made a great effort and leaped back to the cliff. All that were there acclaimed the feat with clanging of shields.

"Follow," cried Grofen, "and show that you are a man and a Saxon."

Heogar did not speak, but braced himself, and gathered all his great strength and crouched down on the edge of the rock, above the abyss. Then he leaped with all his might and came safe onto the cliff, but with not an inch to spare. There was great acclamation.

I was filled with much admiration for my father then. But why he had ceased to fight, if he still had the bravery, was a thing I could not understand. For, I again thought, what is a man born for but to fight against his enemies? And I could not believe that Heogar had come to love the Welsh!

"This is the second thing that I dare you to do," said Grofen smiling, "to show you are a man and a Saxon." And he flung his heavy sword far up into the air so that it spun round and round very quickly. And as it descended he grasped it by the handle, and received no hurt, which was very skilful.

Heogar straightway drew out his big war-sword, named Gerwyn, which had slain many men, and flung it far up into the air so that it spun round and round very quickly. And as it descended he grasped it by the handle, but not before the blade had given him a long scratch on the arm, from which the blood flowed.

Then I was very proud of my father, Heogar, though I did not understand him.

"This is the third thing," cried Grofen, "which you must do to prove to me and to all my men that you are a man and a Saxon."

After he had said this he ran to the edge of the cliff, and leaped on to the rock, and from there he gave a greater leap—up and out and then down into the high-flown sea where it was deep. Every one that saw that great jump was filled with admiration, but those among us who knew the place were fearful too. For no man can live in the North Sea at the place of Heogar's homestead. There are fierce currents in the water. It was said that the Goddess Wyrd had a dwelling under the cliff there, and those who met her never lived to tell of it

I knew this, and Heogar knew this. He looked across the sea, and at the sky, and at the forest lying dark behind us. Then he looked at the homestead encircled by the ditch, where he had lived many years, and where the songs of the gleeman had risen in the dusk after the fighting Lastly he looked at me, but I was afraid to meet his eyes.

Then he said: "I am a man and a Saxon and a Christian."

After that he ran and leaped onto the high rock, and from there into the sea with a greater leap.

Every man among the followers of Heogar, and among the followers of Grofen, raised aloft his right arm—some holding swords, and some long spears—and a mighty shout went up from all their throats, out over the sea and echoed from the dark trees of the forest to return again to its depths and so die away. For they saw a very brave thing.

The sea was heavy and foam-crested swells rolled toward the land. Each one as it came raised up two swimmers to the sight of the beholders and hid them the next instant in the white-veined hollow behind. It was easy to see what Grofen had the mind to do. He was swimming for a small rock which raised its black head above the sea at the space of about one hundred yards from the cliff. I knew that he would never get there. I have seen great hunting dogs struggle to reach that little black rock and fail in a smoother sea

Heogar, my father, was also in very great

danger. I guessed what he wished to do. He wanted to reach Grofen and shout to him of his peril. Once again I was puzzled by the actions of my father. I could hardly believe that so brave a man could *love* the sworn enemies of his people This was but a passing thought, for the present matter made great claims upon my attention.

Heogar was a strong swimmer. You, the hearer, cannot know how strong without having seen his arm spurn the sea. He seemed to grip the water as if it were solid. He was gaining upon Grofen. Nearer and nearer to each other, and both getting nearer to the rock they strained, until the thing happened that I had expected and dreaded. The strokes of Grofen—long, graceful strokes—suddenly became quicker and shorter, and he made the water splash. He gained no further way to the little rock, but seemed to go round in a small circle, despite all his efforts. The pace of this whirling increased.

"He has seen the face of Wyrd," said I to Hyne the gleeman, who stood near, "and he is doomed."

"Look! Look!" cried Hyne.

I was looking.

My father (how he fought with the unruly waters!) reached out his muscular arm, and, as Grofen was being whirled by on his circular journey, grasped him by the ankle.

Then there was a struggle. Grofen tried with all his might to

HEOGAR FLUNG IT FAR UP INTO THE AIR

be free from the whirlpool, and Heogar, who ran great risks of being drawn in in doing so, dragged with all his power. This was where my father was the better man. He was stronger in the thews and sinews, knew the ways of those waters, and also knew how to take hold of them. I can still remember the look that was on his face as he embraced the currents that swept this way and that. The big vein on his forehead, that once swelled with passion, now swelled with awful effort His lips drew back from his teeth, as those of a thoughtful and calm swimmer never do. Each varying current threw his fair hair this way and that.

The wind was going down, and the sun, for the first time that day, shone out on the sea, and showed how the shadows flickered on their white arms as the muscles jumped.

"He fails! He fails!" cried Hyne the gleeman. "See, they lose! Oh, Thor, oh, Woden, aid him, I beseech you! Aid him who fights with Wyrd of the deadly hand. Ah, no! they win! *They win!*"

A confused murmur passed over the watching crowd that lined the cliff edge. They were winning.

Now they were free from the death trap, and, side by side, Heogar and Grofen swam back. The rays of the sun increased in warmth, as if he were moved to emotion by what he had beheld

When we had all sighed with relief and thought the risks all ended for the two brave men, I saw a thing that made me shudder. Drawing landward was a shadow on the surface of the sea. Soon we could tell that it was a shark. I had sometimes seen a shark there before, and I knew well the furtive manner of the great fish. There was no doubt.

Hyne the gleeman cried out as if himself in bodily danger.

When I began to tell you this tale I said the telling of it would be painful to me. I will tell the rest quickly.

It came on—nearest to Grofen. It went at him. He did not see it. Heogar did. He stopped swimming. Grofen swam on. The fish saw Heogar. The sun shone on its white belly and its terrible mouth. I covered my eyes and turned away.

A half groan shuddered up to us. It was the last of Heogar, my father.

The rest of the day was very confused. I saw the sun still shining. I saw the smoke of the homestead curling up and pausing. I saw grave men leaning motionless upon their long spears. I saw Hyne, very white-faced. I saw Grofen, bearing no expression. And I saw the teacher with the long white beard. His face was full of quiet happiness. He came to me, smiling, and spoke to me

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY

It is [illegible] truth in the saying that if it rains on that day, it will rain on the following forty days and night But, luckily, there is a very big doubt about this.

Bishop of Winchester from 852 to 862, St. Swithin, on his death, was buried [illegible] above his head, and the dews of heaven fall on his grave" About a century [illegible] days from July 15, their purpose was hindered. Hence the rhyme:

St Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain
St Swithin's Day, if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair

J. D. MacDonald.

THE

JUNGFRAU RAILWAY

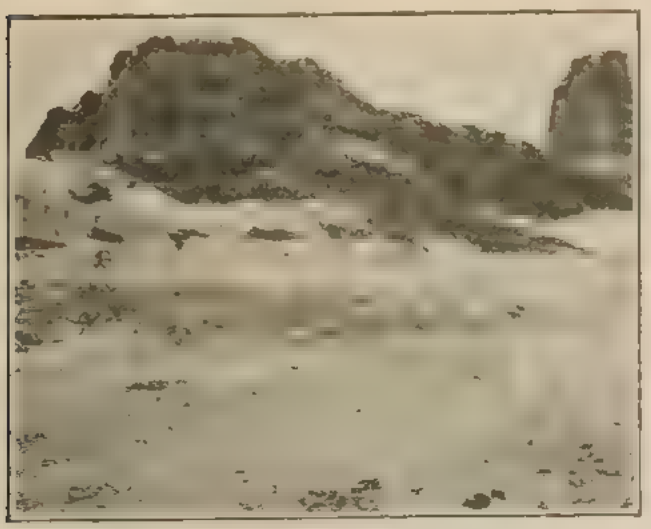
A REMARKABLE ENGINEERING ACHIEVEMENT

Written and Illustrated by

H. G. ARCHER

THE STARTING-POINT OF THE RAILWAY ON THE KLEINE SCHEIDEGG.

UNDOUBTEDLY the Jungfrau Railway is the most remarkable railway in the world, even in its unfinished state. Its projector, Herr Guyer-Zeller, was not an engineer, but a financier. The story goes that he was enjoying a stroll down the mountain path which leads from the Schilthorn to Murren and that in the course of it, with the Jungfrau steadily in front, the inspiration suddenly came to him to scale the majestic peak with a railway. When the bold idea assumed concrete shape all sorts of objections and scruples were raised. Herr Zeller had first to satisfy the Swiss government that neither the mountain scenery would be disfigured, nor the exquisite charm hovering over the Jungfrau range suffer from the incursion of a railway. His plans provided for the line running in a tunnel all the way; not only the line, but the very stations would be tucked inside the mountain, and it would be difficult to find traces of them even by searching with a telescope. He had next to allay hygienic misgivings. Would the health of passengers be injured by the rapid change of atmospheric pressure in conveying them 6000 ft upwards in the course of two hours? Doctors said that all persons except those suffering from organic disease might safely make the trip. So Herr Zeller got his concession — with certain stipulations. He had to undertake that the company would erect and endow a scientific observatory on the summit of the mountain and that climbers should have free access to the little plateau selected as the site of the topmost station.



A VIEW FROM THE EIGER GLACIER, SHOWING THE RAILWAY ENTERING THE BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Store-shops, &c., on left, Rothstock Crag on right

The railway starts from the Little Scheidegg, that fine crest of rocks dotted with green pastures, which links the Eiger Alp with the Wengern. If you go there by the mountain railway from either Grindelwald or Lauterbrunnen you land in full view of the Jungfrau range, comprising the three colossal snow-capped peaks, Eiger (13,040 ft.), Mönch (13,465 ft.), Jungfrau (13,668 ft.), in order from left to right. To reach its goal the line has first to tunnel through the

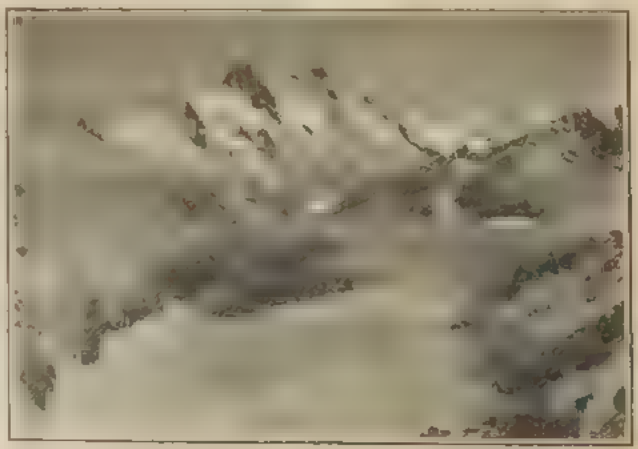
EIGERGLETS HER STATION

precipices and round the shoulders of both the Eiger and Mönch. It would be impossible to build a railway up the Jungfrau keeping to this mountain alone; the ascent must be spread over the range of which the Jungfrau forms the grand climax

For the first mile and a quarter, until the train halts at Eiger Glacier, the line runs in the open, following the crest of the spur that joins the Eiger with the Wengern Alp. The Eiger station is on the margin of the glacier, and time is allowed at this point for passengers to visit the latter. Here it may be noted that the intermediate stations of the Jungfrau railway are not of that secondary importance as are those of most mountain lines. Each unfolds a new panorama; each opens up to science and to the lover of nature a new field of work and interest. A little distance beyond Eiger station the line plunges into the first of a constant succession of tunnels in which stations are formed by galleries hewn out at right angles to the running tunnel and extending to the outward face of the mountain. Therefore, all of the stations above Eiger are merely artificial caverns furnished with huge windows so to speak, which command thrilling views of a diversified nature.

Before entering the tunnel we pass on our left the headquarters of the miners engaged in the works, a range of buildings comprising canteen hospital, and storeshops. The electric current, which propels and heats the trains, bakes the bread, melts the ice to provide drinking water, drives the drills, and fires the dynamite cartridges. For several months in the year the miners are completely cut off from the outside world: but the work progresses faster in winter when the ordinary traffic has ceased.

There are two stations in the magnificent Eiger precipices. The first is Rothstock (8300 ft.). It is an easy walk from here to the bold crag of the Eiger Rothstock, which commands a magnificent panorama of the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau, and a distant one of the Jura chain. At the next station, Eigerwand, three openings have been cut to the face of the mountain, so as to obtain an awe-inspiring view of the Grindelwald valley, 9500 ft. below. Beyond, the line continues to follow the great wall north west of the Eiger until it arrives underneath the Mittelegi glacier. There it describes a wide curve, and passes towards the Eiger ridge, whence it runs in nearly a straight line from north-east to south west up to the Jungfrau. Under the Eiger ridge, the Eismeer station (10 042 ft.), which is the present terminus, is built. As its name implies, the line is by this time in the midst of the region of perpetual snow and ice, and from here the view embraces the whole chain of the Shreckhörner. It is a sheer drop of 150 ft. from the galleries to the Eismeer, and the descent can be made by rope ladder. The stations of Eigerwand and Eismeer are equipped with restaurants, shops, bookstalls, and a few bedrooms



OUTLOOK FROM THE GALLERIES AT EISMEER STATION, SHOWING THE SCHRECKHORNER AND MER DE GLACE.

TRAIN IN RUNNING TUNNEL AT EISMEER STATION.

How slow and laborious is the task of driving the tunnel through the heart of the mountains may be judged from the fact that the work had been in progress seven years when the Eismeer station, three miles distant from the Little Scheidegg, was reached in August 1905 and no further opening has yet taken place The dimensions of the tunnel are only 14 ft in height by 12 ft. in width, but the crystalline rock is so intensely hard that the rate of advance does not average more than 5 ft. per day The next station will be in the Monch, and this will doubtless be one of the greatest favourites with tourists, as it will be the centre of a great glacier panorama. The traveller will see on his right hand the Jungfrau firm, with its magnificent crevasses and on the left the Ewigschwarfeld a vast and only slightly sloping expanse which is almost void of crevasses and where the most inexperienced tourist can move about without danger or difficulty

From the Mönch, continuing in the same direction, the line will dip towards the Jungfrau Joch, which is the site selected for the sixth station at an altitude of 11,142 ft. Here there will be a double series of shafts, extending towards the Bernese and Valais sides of the range respectively. Looking towards the former the traveller will gaze down into the abyss below, where nearly 5000 ft. under his feet, the pastures of the Little Scheidegg lie, while looking towards the latter he will see in all its majesty the formidable and immense Aletsch glacier

Lastly, reascending by the ridge, the completed line will enter the Jungfrau, where it will curve round the uppermost solid block of the mountain, and emerge into daylight on a small plateau, a few hundred feet square, which is free from snow during the summer months. From this level, a perpendicular lift 239 ft. high, with a winding staircase on the outside, will take the traveller to the highest pinnacle of the Jungfrau, 13 668 ft. above the level of the sea. On the view which can there be obtained we do not need to enlarge, for there is not a second mountain in the world which has been, or will be, more famous in this respect. On the completion of the line, which it is anticipated will take place three years hence, the round trip is to cost £2

The railway is operated by means of electric traction on the overhead trolley system. Of course, it is a rack and pinion line, the third or rack rail, with which the pinion underneath the motor-car engages, being laid in the middle of the track. The gradients are, however comparatively gentle, the steepest being 26 per 1000, and it is in order to get the required grade that the line has to run up through the Eiger and Mönch mountains before the Jungfrau itself is pierced. The speed of the trains whether ascending or descending is the same, viz, 8 kilometres per hour on gradients exceed-

EISMEER STATION, LOOKING OUTWARDS SHOWING HOW HOLES IN THE PRECIPICE ARE CONTRIVED TO FORM WINDOWS

ON THE GREAT ALETSCH GLACIER

The track of the proposed "sledge railway" to the Jungfrau Joch would run across this glacier

ing 15 per cent., and 8½ kilometres per hour on those less than 15 per cent. On hygienic grounds such moderate pace is to be preferred, while the time-table is arranged so that each traveller can suit his own convenience in making a longer or shorter stay at the intermediate stations

The Jungfrau railway is a child of our times; it is one of the most remarkable achievements reared by science, human skill, and perseverance Its completion will form another landmark in the progress and development of engineering ingenuity.

The construction of a second railway up the Jungfrau is now contemplated. Whereas the original railway keeps to the Bernese slopes of the range, the starting-point of the second will be Brigue, in the opposite canton of Valais. The plans of the new line provide for two distinct sections. First, a narrow gauge electric rack railway, twelve miles long will extend from Brigue to the Märjelen Lake, at the foot of the Great Aletsch glacier, and at a height of 8000 ft. above sea-level. Secondly, a sledge railway from the Märjelen Lake will pass the Concordia platz, and will attain the Jungfrau Joch, where passengers desirous of reaching the summit will change into the trains of the former railway. This novel form of railway will consist of light wooden sledge carriages, each to seat ten persons, provided with brakes constructed to grip the ice, and propelled by an endless electrically driven steel cable. The speed over the rough surface of the Aletsch glacier will be from 6 ft. to 10 ft. per second, and crevasses which are too large to offer sufficient security will be bridged; otherwise, there will be no "permanent way"

Mr. S[illegible] f[illegible]g that a lot of power is wasted in the ordinary motor car, contrives [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] but before going to the City

Drawn by E. Mitchell.

By HERBERT HAYENS

THE IRON HAND.

Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

SYNOPSIS

CROMWELL, as his life draws to its close, is greatly harassed by his enemies, the most dangerous of whom is Miles Brotherton, who is known to be in constant communication with Prince Charles. Vigorous measures are taken to lay this man by the heels, and in the course of one attempt, which very nearly proves successful, Owen Williams, a young fellow attached to Cromwell's staff, discovers that one of Brotherton's confederates is Bevis Mordaunt, an old friend, for whose sister, moreover, he has a great regard. Cromwell sternly upbraids Williams for letting Brotherton slip and orders him off to Bristol to make another attempt. It is discovered that Brotherton has taken refuge in a country house near Bristol, and a detachment of troopers under Sergeant Belton, who is joined by Williams surrounds the house. After stabbing to death two of the troopers Brotherton succeeds in getting away again. After various adventures, Williams once more finds himself in Bristol on Brotherton's track and while there receives information which leads him to fear that Bevis is mixed up in another plot against Cromwell. Brotherton's hiding place is at length located, and it looks as if his capture were inevitable.

CHAPTER XV

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE

"HAST been watching long?" the sergeant [illegible] Forrester had called Parsons.

"Since just before dusk."

"Dost know Tom of Tutbury?"

"Aye, and the big fellow, Pottleton, with him."

"Are they within?"

"Have been there these two hours, both of 'em. And our man skulked in alone half an hour ago."

"'Tis good hearing!" exclaimed Belton; "only three of them and five of us. We'll go right in and make an end on't. The street door opens easily, and there's but one staircase. Tom of Tutbury is lodged on the top storey, so the rogues have no outlet. Marry, Master Owen, my heart is gay. Listen. We go in one by one, creep up the stairs, and when all are on the landing burst open the door. Is't clear?"

"Aye!" we whispered back.

"Take him alive an' it be possible; if not, dead. There's promotion in it to all of ye."

He crossed the square, and we followed in single file, Forrester being second, and the two watch-dogs bringing up the rear.

We advanced stealthily through the gloom, and now that we had come to the point of the venture I honestly confess my pulse beat more rapidly than usual. I would not have drawn back, but I realised that we were engaged in no child's play.

Tom of Tutbury himself was no mean foe, and doubtless his tall comrade was equally ready with knife and pistol. But beside Brotherton they were but pawns on the board. An old soldier, he had carried his life in his hands for many a year, and now he would be fighting with a halter round his neck.

Cunning as a fox, active as a cat, reckless, daring, and entirely unscrupulous, he was an enemy to be dreaded, and I wondered how many of us would taste the bitterness of death before he came to his end!

The sergeant was at the door; there was a pause of a few minutes, and then he disappeared. The rest of us entered noiselessly into the passage, which was in darkness. There was a room on each side, but no sound came from either, and we reached the staircase without hindrance.

It was a weird procession, and a fitting prelude to the terrible drama about to be played. Even now 'tis hard to recall the memory of that fateful night without a shudder. Up we went, step by step, slowly, painfully, holding our breath, making scarce a creak on the crazy flooring.

We came to a short landing with still more

rooms, but they were dark and silent, and perhaps empty. The sergeant stopped so that we might close up, and whispered to us to be ready. Then he went on again, and we followed in silence. By this time I could feel my heart thumping against my ribs.

There were two rooms at the very top of the house, and a light gleamed through the cracks of one of the doors. The sound of men's voices could be faintly heard—of men apparently in angry altercation.

We clustered together, the sergeant in front. He placed his shoulder against the door, and with one mighty rush burst it open. The next instant we were in the room.

With a swift searching glance I took in the whole of the apartment. It was very spacious and had a lofty ceiling. The window was small, the walls were bare save for a tasseled curtain at one end. There was a bed in the opposite corner, and a heap of wearing apparel—cloaks, hats, and various other garments—on the floor.

A table stood in the middle of the room, and three men sat at it. Tom of Tutbury, Pottleton and Miles Brotherton. A fierce joy surged through me on seeing the villain for the first time. At last the long duel was to be brought to a finish, and the chances were that either he or I had seen his last day on earth.

What followed happened in a moment—so swiftly, indeed, that I had barely time to realise it. Two of the conspirators jumped to their feet with a cry of fear and rage. Brotherton remained seated and uttered no sound. I did not see him do it. I think no one did, but suddenly there came a blinding flash, and the sergeant dropped to the floor.

THERE CAME A BLINDING FLASH, AND THE SERGEANT DROPPED TO THE FLOOR

The sight sent me mad, for I loved him as a brother. With a cry of rage and all sense of fear gone, I sprang forward, but before I could reach him the crafty villain had sent the candles to the ground, and we were in total darkness.

I struck out wildly, but my sword went unresistingly through the air, while a bullet

whizzed past my head. Since my young days I have passed through many exciting adventures, but this was the most terrible time in my life. Shot after shot went crashing through the room; there was another fall, and a man—whether on our side or not could not be told—shrieked in agony, and then all was silent as death.

Noiselessly I retreated to the door, my hand on my sword, firmly resolved that none should pass except over my dead body. The suspense was horrible! I strained my eyes, peering into the darkness; I strained my ears, listening for the least movement that would give some sign of our opponents' whereabouts, but naught was to be seen or heard

Of how long it lasted I am ignorant. The sweat poured down my face, my head burned, my whole body was clammy with fear. For, mind you, though no coward, this waiting for a sudden and violent death from out the still darkness unnerved me.

Presently there was a movement it seemed almost close to me—as if some one, trying to balance himself, had stumbled forward. He recovered instantly, but the noise had attracted attention, and a bullet speeding across the room crashed through the door.

There was a harsh laugh, followed by Forrester's voice crying, "Missed!" and I was glad to be thus assured that he still lived.

Meantime I had noted the spot from which the bullet came, and, taking careful aim, discharged my own pistol. I heard the thud as the bullet struck the wall, and knew that it had gone wide.

Once more we fell to waiting, each one of us wondering what the others were doing. For my part, I could hardly stand still; I wanted to cry out, to throw some mocking taunt at Brotherton, to challenge him to a fair combat. My ears tricked me time and again; I saw numerous figures that had no existence; I felt the clutch of nervous fingers at my throat so forcibly that I well-nigh sobbed with pain.

And suddenly I felt a hand touch my foot, very, very softly. With an effort that cost me much I choked back the cry rising to my lips and remained perfectly rigid. The hand was withdrawn—it had barely touched me—and I began to wonder if my brain had played me false once more.

But the touch, though light, had been distinct, and presently the truth came to me in a flash. Brotherton, the cunning rogue, was creeping stealthily on hands and knees to the door. Finding some one there, he had withdrawn—but how far? What would be the next move?

Plainly, he imagined that his movements had been unnoticed, and even now was planning some scheme of escape. Fortunately, his pistols were empty, but cold steel would serve his purpose equally well. A sudden rush, a plunge with knife or dagger—he knew where to aim—a flinging open of the door, and a wild dash down the stairs would carry him to freedom.

'Twas a desperate situation for me; 'twas rapidly becoming desperate for him. The pistol shots had attracted attention; there was a shuffling of feet on the landing outside, and voices were raised in a confused hubbub.

The inmates of the house had ventured thus far, but the shot through the door had sent them scuttering. Whether they were friends or foes it was impossible to tell, but, reckless of danger, I shouted loudly, "Lights! Bring lights!"

The strain was growing intolerable, and I felt that if the suspense lasted much longer I should go mad.

And on top of it all came the smell of burning. Not a glimmer of light could be seen, but somewhere in the room something was smouldering. I almost wished 'twould burst into blaze, so that we might distinguish our foes and bring the business, one way or another, to an end.

How deadly this fresh peril was we gathered from Tom of Tutbury, who, in an agony of fright, cried: "We are undone! Open the door; the powder will explode!"

We heard him rush frantically across the room, but whether toward or away from the combustible there was no means of discovering.

"Tush!" laughed Mark Forrester, "that trick won't serve. Thou wilt not escape us this time."

"It's no trick!" screamed back Tom; "we've a heap of powder stored here."

"'Tis true!" cried Pottleton. "An' the powder get afire, we shall be blown into eternity."

At least we shall all go together!" retorted Forrester, coolly.

Brotherton made no comment, no sound; but I felt assured that he was girding himself for one final and daring effort. It came without warning—a silent but deadly leap through the air, and the sweep of a knife that, just missing my shoulder, quivered in the woodwork of the door! He was too close for me to use my sword, but I flung my arms round his neck, and the next instant we were engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

CHAPTER XVI

AFTER THE FIGHT

Of what was happening around me I had but the vaguest idea. The death-like silence had given place to frantic cries and shouts, the rattle of feet, the clash of steel. The smell of burning [illegible] there was [illegible] seemed to be extending.

But, in the fearful wrestle with the man whom I believed to be Miles Brotherton, these things counted for naught. My opponent was the lighter, but harder and stronger. And the grip of his hands was like a vice.

We rolled over and over, struggling desperately, first on one then the other on top,

HE WORE AT MY THROAT . . .

but in each case the advantage lasted but a little while. Strange sounds filled the apartment, but we, fighting like wild cats, paid no

heed to them. Brotherton was battling for his life, while I was fully resolved that death alone should make me release my grasp. Never in all my life have I known anything so brutal and savage as this conflict.

But in the midst of it, when my head was splitting with pain, and every muscle of my body ached with agony, a frantic cry of terror rang out: "*Back! Back! The powder!*"

"Up! Up!" gasped my opponent, "or be blown to pieces."

Unhand him! Set the rogue free in order to save my life! I thought of the fallen sergeant and hung on grimly.

The darkness was partly dispelled. Lights gleamed through the open doorway; two strange figures were half dragging, half carrying the sergeant across the room.

Brotherton fought now with the strength and ferocity of a madman. He called loudly for Tom of Tutbury, he tore at my throat, and bit my hand until his teeth met; but still I clung to him.

"Save thyself, Master Williams! He can't e[illegible]. There's not a moment to lose!"

'Twas Mark Forrester's voice, and I acted promptly on the advice. Loosening my hold, I struggled to my feet, weak, dizzy, and tottering; but even in the midst of such terrible odds Brotherton kept his wits. Swift as light he sprang up, and with a sledge hammer blow sent me half stunned to the ground. Then he darted across the room.

It must have been at that instant the crash came. There was a blinding light, a loud roar, the house shook as if 'twere about to topple over. Then a sheet of flame leaped from side to side under the window; the bed was ablaze, the curtains enveloped in flame.

I lay in curious indifference to all, when once more Forrester called, "Master Williams, art there?"

I raised my voice as well as I could in answer, and a moment later he was bending over me.

"Quick!" cried he. "Part of the flooring has given way! Lean on me! Steady, now."

"Brotherton!" I asked faintly, "hast got him?"

"Aye. But no questions now; let's get out of this—'tis awful."

Drawing me swiftly and skilfully to the door, he hurried me down the stairs and into the open. The square was packed by a dense crowd of troopers and citizens, gazing up at the burning house.

Tom of Tutbury and his comrade were lying on the ground, guarded by two soldiers; close by lay the lifeless body of the notorious Brotherton. His face was bruised and discoloured, and the blood oozing from his bared breast showed where Forrester's sword had pierced him.

"Came at me like a fiend, and I slew him," said Mark briefly.

Bending down, I gazed at the man searchingly. "Art sure 'tis he?"

"Aye, your honour, the fox hath been run to earth at last," and though 'tis hard to rejoice at a man's death, the words relieved my mind of a heavy weight.

Parsons had been shot during the struggle, but a surgeon had dressed his wound and spoke hopefully of his recovery. Of the sergeant he seemed not so confident.

Bidding Forrester join me at the inn when his prisoners were disposed of, I assisted to place Belton in a coach. We drove slowly through the crowd of people, whose attention was still absorbed by the burning building, and on reaching the inn carried the wounded man to his bed.

The landlord grumbled at first, but my heart being sore with grief for my friend, I flew into such a passion that he quickly became all deference, bringing us whatever we bade him, and even feigning sympathy with the patient. It is strange how an outburst of passion will obtain from some persons more than can be gained by the greatest civility!

The surgeon stayed till early morning, then [illegible]way, promising to return in a few hours, and the door had barely closed behind him when Forrester arrived.

"'Tis a sad business," said he, glancing at the bed. "Cromwell could better have spared a score of men than Th Belton. And what of thyself? 'Tis a miracle thou'rt alive."

"'Tis so," I agreed. "Can scarce b lieve Brotherton dead. What of the other dogs with him?"

"Have lodged them safely within the Castle. They're in good company, too. Something hath happened in the city, and the Governor hath a number of malignants by the heels."

His words brought the sergeant's information to my mind, and I asked anxiously for the names of the prisoners, only breathing freely on finding that of Bevis Mordaunt was not included.

"Am told 'twas the maddest scheme," he continued. "The hotbloods had arranged for the landing of Charles Stuart, but their folly will cost them dear. 'Twill be the gallows or the plantations. But thou art weary. Go to bed; I'll call thee if need be."

Being utterly spent, I took his advice, and slept for four hours; then, after washing, and eating a hurried breakfast, I returned to the

sick room. The surgeon had just left for the second time, and Forrester was bending over the bed. He held up a finger in warning as I stepped softly to his side.

The sergeant's eyes were open, and filled with a kind of wonder, as if he were trying to recall what had happened. He gazed at Forrester questioningly, and then at me.

"Sergeant," said I, and you may laugh an' you will, but my voice was husky and broken by a sob, "'tis I, Owen Williams."

"Eh, lad," he said faintly, "dear lad!" and once more his eyes closed.

Forrester caught my glance and shook his head sorrowfully, as if he would say, "'Tis useless hoping; better be prepared for what must come."

I could not and would not surrender my hopes. It seemed too cruel that my old comrade should leave me for ever. Presently the hushed silence was broken by the sergeant's voice, quite clear, but pitifully feeble

"Did'st lose him, lad?"

I could have cried aloud for joy at this sign of returning consciousness.

"No, no," I answered. Miles Brotherton will cause no more trouble."

"'Twill be welcome news to the Protector," he responded weakly. "Must send him word, Owen. But what of thyself, lad? Art hurt?"

I shook my head, not trusting myself to speak. Always forgetful of self, always mindful of others! Brave man and true comrade, 'twas hard to watch him lying there so weak and helpless.

"'Twas a clever trick that of putting out the lights," he whispered. "Oh, 'twas a crafty rogue! And now he's before his Maker!"

He remained still for a while after this, but presently whispered my name again.

"Must to Cromwell, lad, and now. Dost hear?"

"Aye; but 'tis cruel to leave thee like this."

His eyes lit up with a beautiful smile, and he stroked my hand with the tender, caressing touch of a woman.

"Have been good comrades, lad; it cheers me to think of that. But Cromwell must be told. Farewell, dear lad, farewell! Good comrades, always good comrades, eh! An' the bugle sound while thou'rt away—why, am an old soldier, and ready to answer."

Now, mind you, though not a man grown, I had come through many adventures and had grown harder than is good for a youth of my age, but this speech hurt me, and womanish tears rose to my eyes.

'Twas a dismal duty to leave him just then, but he smiled at me encouragingly, and again bade me make no delay. So I said farewell, and, with a word to Forrester not to leave him, went to my own chamber.

'Tis a strange thing, and not easily accounted for, though a common enough experience in actual life, that one heavy blow is generally succeeded by another, and so it proved now.

I was making my simple preparations very sorrowfully, when the landlord knocked at the door. He was very red in the face, having mounted the stairs quickly, and he looked flustered and perplexed.

"A visitor to see your honour," said he. "'Tis a lady."

"A lady—to see me! Of what name?"

"She would give no name, your honour. She came in a coach; 'tis waiting outside now. She's thickly veiled and seems to have some great trouble on her mind."

'Twas odd the truth did not occur to me at once, but my thoughts were still with the wounded sergeant, and 'twas a full minute or so before I remembered Elizabeth. Then in a flash I understood the reason for the visit. Bevis was one of the young hotheads caught in the Governor's net, and was now lodged within the Castle.

"Poor girl," I said to myself, "poor girl; 'twill break her heart!" Aloud, I asked the landlord where he had left her.

"In the parlour, your honour."

"Hark'ee," said I, "take care no one interrupts us, or 'twill be the worse for thee."

"Will see to't," he answered in a surly tone, and led the way downstairs.

My heart beat violently as I stood outside the door, having no courage to enter. What could I say or do? I'd have given my right hand freely to have saved her this grief, and yet was powerless.

Truly the black ox trod heavily on my feet that morning! The sergeant lay grievously wounded, my friend was lodged in prison, and the girl whom I loved better than any one on earth had come to beg aid that 'twas impossible to give!

I forced back the groan that rose to my lips, and, turning the handle of the door softly, entered the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HOPELESS ERRAND.

As my heart had foretold, the visitor to the "Welch Harp" was none other than Mistress Mordaunt, but such a Mistress Mordaunt as I had never before seen. She had

drawn aside her veil, and her face frightened me. 'Twas haggard and wan, and her beautiful eyes were underlined by heavy black marks. She gazed at me appealingly, but did not speak; indeed, she seemed not to have the power. My heart went out to the poor girl standing there, a pathetic figure, absorbed in her grief.

"Elizabeth," I said, "Elizabeth, what is't? What hath happened? Sit down," and I forced her gently into a chair.

Never had I seen so wonderful a change in a human being. Hitherto hard as adamant and imperious as a queen, the girl had now broken down completely. Her pride was entirely gone, and she clutched at my hand like a child.

"'Tis of Bevis you would speak," I said. "Hath some harm befallen him?"

She did not reply for a moment, being engaged in forcing back her tears, and I held her hand, waiting patiently.

"Bevis is a prisoner in the Castle," she at length said in a broken voice. "He was dragged from Hadleigh Court in the middle of the night."

"Was he in the plot for bringing over Charles Stuart?"

"Aye," she answered with a touch of her old imperiousness, "but 'twas I forced him to't. I laughed at his fears, and taunted him with being a coward; and now Cromwell will have his life!"

"Nay, his Highness is not so bloodthirsty After all, 'twas but a piece of boyish folly Naught serious could have come on't."

"Cromwell will hang him, Owen; I'm certain of it. And there's none to speak for us but thyself. Am ashamed to ask a favour of thee——"

"Hush!" I said, interrupting her, "there can be no question of favour from me to thee Dost remember the old days, Elizabeth, when we played together in my father's grounds? Owen Williams did thy bidding then without question; he is willing to do it now. Canst not trust me, Elizabeth?"

"Aye, truly, Owen! 'Twas not of thee, but of myself I spoke. I have treated thee badly. Nay, I will say it. 'Tis the truth—" for I would have stopped her. "I laughed at thy warnings, and received thy advice flippantly."

"Hush," I said again, seriously, "'tis but folly to talk like that. Must consider what's best to be done."

"Wilt do one thing for me, Owen? Thou hast influence with Cromwell, I know. Tell him 'twas all my doing; that I will bear the punishment. Beg him to put me in my brother's place. Say, an' he does that, I will die blessing him. He can't refuse; 'tis but one life for another."

The fear and the trembling had all vanished now; her eyes flashed, the blood rose in her cheeks, she looked at me bravely

"He won't refuse thee, Owen," she continued eagerly; "he can't. 'Tis a fair exchange; say, 'tis a fair exchange."

I looked at her face, all aglow with courage and devotion, and sighed heavily. She was so much in earnest, so certain that Cromwell would accept the sacrifice.

"Wilt promise, Owen?"

"Hast strange ideas of the Lord Protector, Elizabeth, but I will go to London, and beg him, on my knees if need be, to grant thy brother a pardon. So cheer up, and learn to smile again by the time of my return. But these plots are foolish things, Elizabeth, thou dost not know Cromwell"

"Wilt go to-day, Owen?" she interrupted.

"Within the hour. Now take comfort, Elizabeth."

"Art genuine metal, Owen. I knew thou'dst not fail us. God protect thee and send that thy errand may be a fruitful one. For Bevis must not die, Owen! 'Twould kill me."

"I will do my best," I answered; "and now, since minutes are precious, let me conduct thee to thy carriage."

Replacing her veil, she took my arm and I led her to the coach

"Heaven bless thee," she said, as I bade her farewell. "My heart feels almost light again, now I know thou'rt on our side"

I waited till the coach went lumbering along the quay, and then, returning to the inn, hurried forward my preparations.

At the last moment Forrester joined me, and his face was smiling.

The streets were astir with citizens eagerly discussing the strange doings of the night, but I was too much wrapped up in my own thoughts to heed them

Elizabeth had gone home full of hope, and none knew better than I to what a slender reed she trusted. Why should Cromwell show his enemies mercy? They showed none to him! Daily and hourly he lived in peril. The assassin's bullet and knife were ever before him. Harassed and wearied by affairs of state, his life was a continual torture; the meanest hind in the kingdom was happier than he.

And I could not disguise from myself that he had no cause to be lenient with Elizabeth's brother. Bevis was an open and dangerous

foe. Of his own free will he had pitted himself against the Lord Protector and had lost. Even Master Thurloe would say, "Let him pay the penalty."

'Twas a dreary prospect enough, and yet 'twas somewhat comforting that Elizabeth had brought her trouble to me. She had said naught of Sir Salter Pyne, but 'twas unlikely he had escaped the Governor's power.

"'Tis a pity, too," I said to myself, "for he is a gallant gentleman."

Then I turned to thinking of my errand, and the slight chance it offered of success. Yet, if it failed, how could I look Elizabeth in the face again?

'Twas about eleven o' the morning when I rode into Whitehall, and Cromwell was busy with his ministers. But an officer of the guard carried in my name, and about noon his Highness sent for me.

He was with his Secretary, and his rugged face lit up with a kindly smile at my entrance. Then it clouded again, and he said harshly, "Hast brought me papers from the Governor of Bristol?"

"No, your Highness, I——"

"What!" he roared, "what fool's game is this? Hast come from Bristol, and yet art ignorant of what hath happened there? Did we not send him to the Governor with our message?" he asked, turning to Thurloe.

"No, my lord; 'twas Sergeant Belton who went. Master Williams had already gone to Bristol on another errand. He was anxious to track down that son of Belial who hath caused so much trouble."

"Brotherton!" exclaimed Cromwell. "I remember now. Well, sir, what news dost bring? Didst find him? Is he safe in Bristol Castle, or hast let him escape again?"

He spoke with heat, but there was a certain amount of scorn in his voice also, and indeed in regard to this particular business we had little measure for pride or boasting

"He hath not escaped us this time, your Highness—" I began, when he interrupted sharply

"Hast caught him, lad? Hast given orders for his safe keeping?"

"There be none needed, your Highness."

"Dead!" cried Cromwell, and even then it surprised me to note the relief in his voice. "Dead! Art certain of this, lad?"

"Quite, my lord. We tracked him to a house in Bristol, where he made a desperate fight of it. Have seen his body, my lord, and the officers have taken it away for burial."

"Art sure 'twas he?" he again demanded.

"Sergeant Belton and Mark Forrester knew him well, sir, and they were with me at the time."

"'Tis good! Was a mischievous fellow and a stirrer-up of strife. And so thou hadst a hard struggle, Owen? Tell me thy story."

Upon that I gave him briefly, and with no more detail than necessary for the proper understanding of the tale, an account of my adventures from the moment of my leaving Whitehall to the death of Brotherton.

"Hast done well, lad, excellently well, and I thank thee. But it grieves me to hear of Belton's state. Could better have spared the half of my generals. Dost think he'll recover?"

"Am not without hope, my lord," I struggled to say.

He turned to Thurloe.

"See to it that he hath the most skilful surgeon and the properest attention, Master Secretary. And let this Forrester and his fellows be suitably rewarded for their services. What of the prisoners? Are they men of standing?"

"Common cut-throats, sir. One is known as Tom of Tutbury, an old soldier who doth not bear too good a name."

"Let them be sent to the plantations, and, Master Thurloe, see that the Governor's courier be brought to me the instant he arrives."

"Will give instructions to the officer of the guard, my lord."

"Do so, my good Thurloe; I am impatient for his coming," and, with a sigh, he turned to the pile of papers which lay on the table before him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEVIS MUST DIE.

AT the door I left Master Thurloe to proceed alone, and returned to the table. My throat was parched and my limbs trembled, for I would rather have gone through the tragedy of the burning room again than do what now lay before me; but I thought of Elizabeth's misery, and how she trusted me, and took courage.

"My lord," I said, "I would crave a few moments of your time."

Cromwell glanced up swiftly. "What is't, lad?"

"'Tis about the Bristol rising, sir. A number of Royalists have been thrown into the Castle'

"Why, lad, 'tis the very thing I've been waiting to hear! Art full of good news, Owen. What say the worthy citizens?"

"The report came upon them like a thunder-clap."

"But there is no stir—the city is quiet, eh?"

"The city is quiet, your High[illegible]"

"Then what hath the matter to do with thy pale face?"

"My lord," I began falteringly, "one of those lent malignant who hath been mix'd up in a number of feeble plots; but this last might have been serious, and he was a ringleader. Well, he hath chosen his part."

All his kindliness of bearing had vanished; his eyes were hard, his lips set fast. He might have been cut from stone

I FELL ON FOR MERCY [illegible] MY HEART [illegible]

concerned in the plot is my good friend [illegible] Mordaunt. He is young and hot-[illegible] doth not know his own mind. But [illegible] gallant lad, generous, and kindheart[illegible]

'Mordaunt!" said Cromwell reflectively "Mordaunt! Ah, I remember him—a pesti-

For a moment I [illegible] ing at him in [illegible] tied; then the image of Elizabeth [illegible] stricken face rose before my eyes, and I burst into a passionate entreaty. What words I used I know not: they came out in a rushing torrent. I begged [illegible]

mercy for my friend; I flung my heart into the appeal.

But through it all I felt that I implored in vain

Stern and impassive Cromwell stood, with no shadow of emotion on his face. He did not interrupt me once, but my prayers made no more impression than the beating of the waves 'gainst an iron-bound coast. Only when I ceased my passionate pleading he said coldly, "This is an affair of State, and in Master Thurloe's keeping. But thy friend shalt have a fair trial, and be judged according to the evidence."

The words smote me cruelly, for they were a sentence of death. I asked myself if there was no hope, and instantly recognised the folly of the question. Cromwell was no weak-minded man, saying one thing and meaning another. He spoke quite evenly, and without the faintest trace of emotion. Not a suspicion of sorrow, not a breath of regret. I forgot that, though to me Bevis was a human being, to the Head of the State he was but a pawn to be swept off the board, wherever the condition of the game demanded the sacrifice

Miserable and cast down I went to my room, and stayed there until, late in the afternoon, I was sent for by Master Thurloe.

"Art too weary to return to Bristol, lad?" he asked. "The Governor's courier hath arrived, but is sick, and these despatches must go this evening. 'Twill give thee opportunity of seeing that the sergeant is properly cared for."

"Am fresh enough," I answered, shortly, and placed the papers in my doublet.

I listened to his instructions, and took my leave, going out in a dull, listless sort of way, scarcely knowing whether it rained or snowed, or if the sun shone in a clear sky, as I mounted my horse and began my journey. One thing alone was clear, and it overwhelmed me with despair. Every step my horse took toward Bristol was bringing Bevis nearer to death. On that point I felt no doubt whatever.

The Secretary was a cautious man, who worked without noise or display; but his efforts were thorough and sure, and none ever knew his judgment to go astray. An unhappy prisoner in his hands was as helpless as a mouse in the clutch of a cat. I would not have you think him cruel or relentless; indeed, his voice was ever on the side of mercy, but pity never blinded his reason or his judgment

'Twas a mournful ride. The shadow of the gallows lay athwart my path, and I would have welcomed any danger could it but have diverted my mind from its bitter reflections. But naught of note occurred; not even a footpad arrested my progress to demand the money in my possession.

'Twas eventide when I entered the city, and the streets were filled with a jostling throng of people. The recent startling events were still in their minds, and they were discussing the probable fate of the prisoners. For the most part they were full of sympathy, and 'twas plain they hoped that Cromwell would not display too great a severity. But 'twas equally plain that none had much faith in the hope being fulfilled.

Now, being so near my journey's end, I proceeded very slowly; indeed, more than once an almost uncontrollable impulse seized me to turn round and ride away, anywhere, rather than deliver my fatal despatches. With a gibe at my folly, however, I rode on to the "Welch Harp." Forrester met me at the door, and the next minute I knew that all was well. . . . .

The sergeant, indeed, showed a most marvellous recovery. He was quite sensible, and, though weak, able to enjoy plenty of nourishment. He greeted me brightly, and when I repeated Cromwell's praises his eyes fairly shone with pleasure.

"Thy report must have been too flattering, dear lad," he said. "Art bound for the Castle?"

"Aye, with despatches from the Secretary."

I dared not speak of Bevis. This stern soldier would have sacrificed his life for me, but he would show no mercy to Cromwell's foe. Knowing that, I was silent.

"Wilt return here to-morrow, lad?" he asked.

"Aye, most likely to convey thee to the Castle. The Governor hath strict orders to have thy wants supplied."

It was too late after delivering my despatches that night to proceed to Headleigh Court; and, indeed, being weary with my journey, I was glad to seek my bed. But shortly after breaking my fast next morning I left the Castle, and was walking my horse along the short street leading from the gate, when a man, soberly clad, stepped from the sidewalk and addressed me quietly.

"Master Williams from Whitehall?" he asked.

"Well, friend," said I, "thy business?"

"Mistress Mordaunt is within the house opposite and desires an interview with thee."

My heart was heavy as lead, as, dismounting, I gave my horse into his care, and slowly entered the house. Elizabeth awaited me at

the door of a room on the first floor, and sprang toward me eagerly.

"What tidings, Owen?" she cried. "Thy news quickly. Is my brother to die? Ah, thy face speaketh!"

I took her hand, and led her gently into the room. The colour had left her cheeks; they were white as death and she trembled violently.

What could I say to her? I who had seen that stern face at Whitehall? I knew that Cromwell was inexorable, and would show no mercy; yet my heart ached for the stricken girl and I would fain have comforted her. But when I spoke of hope she laughed, and her laugh was not good to hear.

"Art a good friend, Owen, and I thank thee; but 'tis certain that Bevis must die. Hast not heard of Brotherton's death?"

I gazed at her in surprise, wondering what that had to do with Bevis

"His papers have been seized, and among them are letters from my brother!"

"Letters!" I echoed feebly

"Letters that will hang him."

The words plunged me, an that were possible, into even deeper gloom. If Bevis were found to have had dealings with Brotherton, we might abandon all hope

"Tell me one thing," I said desperately, "have the letters anything to do with with ——"

'Cromwell's assassination? No, but they will be twisted into that

And now, before proceeding with my story, let me put an end, once for all, to the lying rumours that have been spread abroad What ever wrong I did lies on my own conscience; I have no wish to shield myself behind a girl. I have suffered, and shall continue to suffer, but the fault, however heinous, was mine alone. I offer no excuses. I relate the simple story, and let those who wish me ill make what they can of it

Bevis was my friend, and in spite of his faults, which, after all, were but those of a heedless boy, was very dear to me. He was not merely in danger, but in my heart I knew that he was certain to be put to death. No mercy would be shown to one who had been associated with Miles Brotherton. And his death would be the forerunner of his sister's.

It may have been folly, but she was dearer to me than anything in the world; and I would have sacrificed my life to save her pain. But, even so, there was one thing I must be sure of first.

'Elizabeth," I said, "were Bevis set free, would he promise to engage in no more plots against Cromwell?"

"I would promise that for him," she answered.

'Hath Sir Salter Pyne been arrested?"

She glanced at me in quick surprise, but said he was still at Headleigh Court.

"Art certain he can be trusted?"

"Would trust him with my life," she replied. "But what is't? Sir Salter can do naught."

"Will tell thee in a day or two 'Tis but a chance thought and may go for naught when all's done. But cheer thy heart, Elizabeth, and forget not thou hast one friend will never desert thee"

Before she could answer I left her, and running down stairs mounted my horse and rode off

For good or ill the die was cast

(To be continued)

THE STAMPS OF PRUSSIA

History of the Kingdom

THE growth of Prussia may be said to date from the conclusion, in 1648, of the Thirty Years War, which had plunged the country into the deepest misery. Frederick William, the "Great Elector," by wise government did much to restore prosperity, and at his death, in 1688, he left his country a well filled exchequer, an army of 35 000 men, and a recognised place amongst the great Powers of Europe. His successors followed, more or less in his footsteps, increasing the power position and influence of Prussia as the dominating voice in German affairs. A successful war with Austria in 1866 put an end to the old rivalry of that kingdom for the headship of the German peoples, and the war with France in 1870 hastened the formation of the German Empire, under the hegemony of Prussia, and the election of the King of Prussia as German Emperor.

The Kingdom of Prussia comprises nearly the whole of Northern Germany, and has a total area of 136 000 square miles, with a population of 34,472 509. Berlin, the capital, has a population of 1,888,848.

Frederick the Great added Silesia to his kingdom, which also shared in the partitions of Poland in 1772 1793, and 1795. Schleswig-Holstein was added after the war with Denmark in 1864, and further additions were made after the war with Austria.

Its Philatelic History

Prussia is a simple and straightforward little country, from the stamp collector's point of view. Seven issues complete the lot and no issue includes any bothersome varieties to perplex even the most average collector. Taking used copies, it can be completed for a few shillings for there are no unattainables. Unused, it is not so easy, for there are many scarce values, and some are difficult to get. The first design was an obvious copy of our own first adhesive. It contained the portrait of King Frederick William IV. Then followed a series with the arms of the State in an oval enclosed in an octagonal frame, which was in turn superseded by a series of the same design minus the octagonal frame, after which there was an issue of two stamps printed on a peculiar paper termed gold-beater skin, and winding up with a set of values in the kreuzer currency.

1850 6.—Five values. Design: head of King William IV. in profile to left on a ground of lines crossed horizontally and vertically, enclosed in a simple rectangular frame. In the upper label is the word "freimarke," *i.e.*, postage, with the value at the foot. This stamp is an obvious copy of our own first adhesive issued a couple of years previously. Like our own stamp, it contained no name of the country of issue, but only the word "freimarke" and the value. Westoby tells us that the die was engraved on steel by Eichens, an engraver in Berlin and that the plates were made on steel, and contained 150 stamps in fifteen rows of ten. The stamps were printed on hand made paper, watermarked with branches of laurel, crossed at the bottom. The 4 pf. and 6 pf. were printed on white paper, and the others on coloured papers.

background of crossed lines.

Watermark: laurel branches. Imperf.

		Unused. s.	d.		Used s.	d.
4 pf., green	. .	10	0	..	3	6
6 pf., orange	. .	5	0	..	1	0
1 sgr.	black on rose .	15	0	..	0	3
[illegible]	[illegible]	20	0	..	[illegible]	[illegible]
3 sgr.,	,, yellow	25	0	..	0	3

1857.—Three values. Design as in the previous issue but with the portrait re-engraved on wood by Schilling, on a background of solid colour instead of crossed lines, and printed from electrotypes in the State Printing Works at Berlin, in sheets of the same size as the previous issue. The paper was unwatermarked, plain white. On the surface of the paper a network was first printed in a preparation of lead, which was invisible until acted upon by chemicals or exposed to the fumes of sulphur. Only the three high values were included in this issue. Unused copies are extremely scarce, but used are fairly common.

Gibbons says, "The so-called reprints of these stamps are nothing better than official imitations Two printings were made, in 1864 and in 1873. The letters of 'Freimarke,' of the words of value and the numerals differ in type from the originals, and there is only one period, in place of two, after the word 'silbergr.'"

Solid background

No watermark Imperf.

	Unused	Used
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
. . .	6 0 0 ..	0 6
. . .	18 0 0 ..	2 6
	40 0 ..	7 0

1858 60.—Five values. Design: portrait of King William IV as before but with a background of crossed lines. The stamps of this issue, like those of the preceding series were printed on plain white paper on which an invisible network had previously been impressed

Background of crossed lines

No watermark Imperf

	Unused	Used
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
4 pf., green	8 6 ..	3 6
6 pf., vermilion	20 0 ..	4 0
1 sgr., rose	10 0 ..	0 1
2 sgr., blue	10 0 ..	0 6
3 sgr. yellow	15 0 ..	0 4

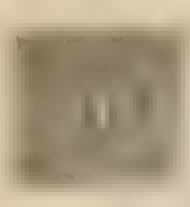
1861 5.—Three values. Design: a Prussian eagle, with a shield on its breast containing the monogram "F R." (Frederick Rex within an oval band, which was inscribed "Preussen" above, and the value below. The pfennige values were enclosed in a hexagonal frame with the figures of value in the four outside corners, but the sgr. values were minus the hexagonal frame and had the figure of value on each side in the oval band. The stamps were rouletted.

Rouletted

	Unused	Used
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
3 pf., mauve . .	1 ..	1 6
4 pf., green . .	0 8 ..	0 ..
6 pf., orange . .	0	0 ..

	Unused	Used
	d.	
	0 5	0 1
	0 6	0 1
	0 4	0 1

1866. Two values. Design: large figures of value. In the 10 sgr. the figures were enclosed in a transverse oval band, and in the 30 sgr. in a rectangular frame. The background in each case was composed of the value in words repeated in minute type. These stamps were supplied to the officials of the post offices for affixing to articles sent by parcel post, and, according to Westoby, were also used for registration purposes. They were printed at the State Printing Works in sheets of 100, on very thin transparent paper, termed, in our catalogues, "gold-beater skin," which it resembles. They were printed on the side that was subsequently gummed, but the paper was so transparent that the printing showed clearly through Rouletted



On thin, transparent paper

Rouletted

	Unused	Used
	s. d.	s. d.
10 sgr., rose	2 6 ..	3 6
30 sgr. blue	5 0 ..	8 0

1867.—Five values. Design: the Prussian eagle, with figure of value on each side, the word "Preussen" above and "kreuzer" below, enclosed in a hexagonal frame These stamps were issued to supersede those of Thurn and Taxis. Prussia, having purchased the rights of that postal monopoly, had to provide stamps in the kreuzer currency for use

in those States previously served by Thurn and Taxis. Rouletted

Rouletted

	Unused.		Used	
	s	d	s	d
1 kr., green	2	0	3	0
2 kr., orange	3	0	6	6
7 kr., rose	1	9	9	9
6 kr., blue	1	6	1	6
9 kr., bistre	1	3	1	6

On the formation of the North German Confederation, January 1, 1868, Prussia ceased to have a separate issue of postage stamps.

We are indebted to Mr W H. Peckitt, 47 Strand, London, for picked specimens from his stock for illustrating this article

Great Collections

Mr Warren H Colson, an American philatelic publisher of Boston, has conceived the idea of gathering into a series of handbooks the history and description of the great Stamp Collections of the world. It has long been felt that when a great collection of stamps has, by the lavish expenditure of patient research, and time, and money been got together, it is a thousand pities that it should be sold and scattered, and no note taken of its gems, its evidence of printings and shades, of the make-up of sheets, and of the many little notes that every patient collector makes as the result of his years of quiet persistent study, concentrated on a particular country, or group of countries. We philatelists are daily hunting hither and thither for information concerning the old postal issues of the world that, at some time or another, must have been available in many an old collection that has been broken up beyond recall

These philatelic handbooks, of which the first lies before me, will preserve for future reference a detailed description of the historical essentials of every great collection to which access can be had. The scheme is an ambitious one, and at best, I fear, can only be a labour of love rather than a commercial success.

This first handbook, somewhat vaguely entitled "Postage Stamps and their Collection" is devoted to a history and description of a very fine collection made by Dr. Bowers, a busy physician of Bridgeport, U.S.A., one of the leading collectors of America. In the London Philatelic Exhibition of 1897 he was awarded a special medal for the best exhibit of "Sydney Views." He started collecting as a boy in 1862, and he has kept it up ever since. As a result he has a collection that now ranks as one of the finest in America.

This first handbook has been written by Mr Colson himself.

The New Method Scientific

Mr. Colson is a devotee of the hobby in the truest sense. He says: "In this fascinating study we may follow the birth and development of the stamp from the first rough sketch in pencil to the finished example of all that is finest and best in the philatelic art. And this is what the new school seeks to do. The new method is distinctly scientific, and thus in accord with the spirit of the age. Facts are sought, not only for themselves, but that they may show the relation of the stamp under study to the history and geography of the country to which it belongs. Stamp collecting, considered thus broadly, might even lead to the acquisition of foreign languages, to a knowledge of customs and laws, as well as relations national and international, turning what began merely as a hobby into the apparatus and method for the acquirement of a liberal education. Nothing is more promising to the student of this fascinating hobby than this trend to the broader, rather than the narrower, view. Such a development should serve to arrest a certain tendency, noticeable in philately, to drift in the direction of the merely mercenary of which we hear so much, and bring this noble art back to a more sane and æsthetic appraisal of values. It is always possible to hear much concerning the collector and the gains that are supposed, rightly or wrongly, to spur him on. More should be heard about the collector who is interested in philately, not so much for the opportunity for gain, even though it may be present, as for the charm and fascination of this pursuit."

Dr Bowers' Collection

Commencing with the Postmaster Provisionals of the United States, Mr Colson takes us pleasantly, appreciatively, and alphabetically through page after page of what must be a truly grand collection, and as we turn over the pages we are presented with very clear photographs of the gems.

From the first page to the last it is evident that the compiling and the production of this volume of philatelic lore has been a labour of love to its author.

WONDERS WITH THE WHIP.

A CHAT WITH MR. FRED. LINDSAY.

BY JOSEPH HEIGHTON

MR. FRED LINDSAY.

"CAPTAIN . readers would like to read something about me, eh? I appreciate the compliment, and if I can interest them in any way, it will be a pleasure to me to do so. Ah, the boyhood days! they are the best of our lives, although we may not think so at the time."

And Mr. Fred Lindsay, the whip wonder of t world -the man who h been a miner, stock rider cattle-puncher, and played the part in real life of the gentleman adventurer we so often read about in fiction, leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at his well-seasoned briar, as he allowed his thoughts to go back to the days of his youth.

"By Jove," he continued, "how I have knocked about the world since I was a kiddie! Here, there and everywhere, always wanting some fresh scene and occupation. They say a rolling stone gathers no moss. Well, I've made money, lost money, and made more to lose again. And if I had my time over again, I should choose the life I have been leading for the last twenty years.

"A hard life? Yes, may be; but although the life, for instance, on Australian goldfields and cattle stations is no parlour game, and you have to rough it, you learn the lesson of self-reliance and toughen your muscles."

"And learn how to shoot, ride a horse, and use a whip, Mr. Lindsay?" I suggested.

"Ah, the whip," he replied, smiling at the hint; "that is what you want me to talk most about, I suppose? The other day a man was telling me of the skill of a certain coachman who, while driving a four-in-hand, can flick a fly off the ear of one of the leaders, and the animal scarcely feels the touch of the lash. He thought it was a wonderful feat, and I agreed that it required some skill to accomplish. When I asserted, however, that it was quite a common trick amongst the Australian stock-riders, he seemed somewhat incredulous. Nevertheless, it is a fact. Stock-riders 'down under' pride themselves upon the clean delicate manner, so to ; ik, in which, while t elling on horse-back with cattle, they can, with a 20-ft. whip, flick the heads off flowers growing by the wayside, or clip the foliage off trees."

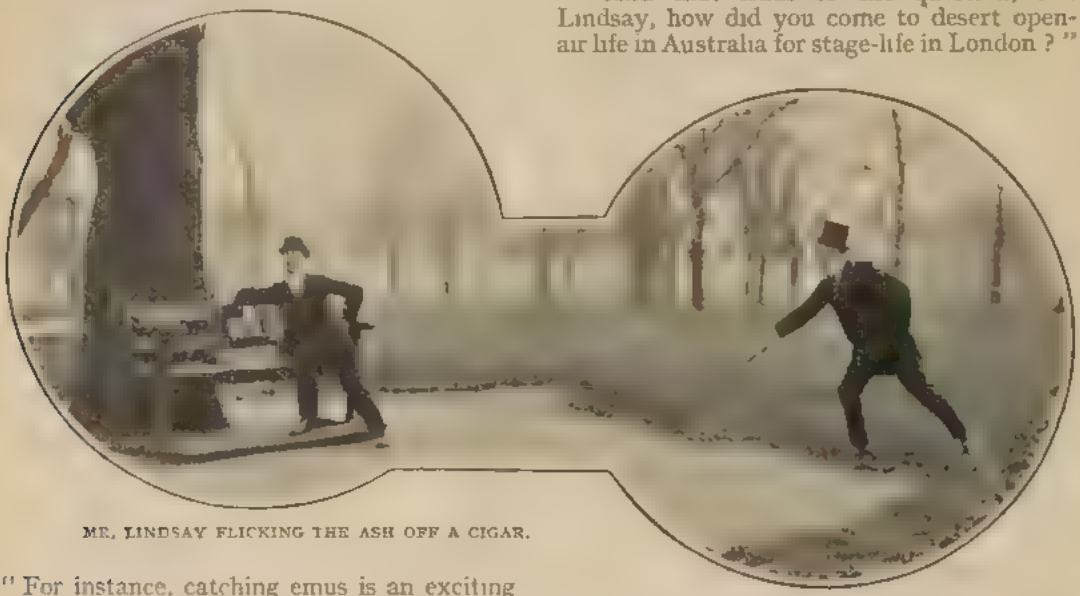
"And that is how you developed your skill, I suppose, Mr. Lindsay?"

Yes, although it never occurred to me for some time that I was more clever than other men. Riding hour after hour along lonely ways from sunrise to sunset, you have lots of time on your hands, and like other stock-riders I practised with the whip to while away the hours. What jokes we did play with one another!

"One of the most common of our tricks was that of whipping a comrade's sombrero off his head as he rode perhaps fifteen or twenty yards in front of you; or trying his

nerves by making the whip crack just behind his ear. Sometimes the trick was tried of whipping a man's pipe from between his teeth, or knocking the billy-can out of his hand; but they were a little dangerous, if the man with the whip was not careful, and apt to cause a wound. In the hands of an unskilful man, the whip would take a man's eye out.

"There are such a lot of things you can do with a whip," Mr. Lindsay continued, as we discussed its practical use in the colonies.



MR. LINDSAY FLICKING THE ASH OFF A CIGAR.

"For instance, catching emus is an exciting business. You fasten a button to the end of your lash and give chase. If you fail to come up with the emu in the first flutter—the first quarter of a mile—you may as well give it up, for he can easily beat your horse When you get within range you throw your whip round its neck and loop it on the button. We found this dodge of much service in the South African War in getting cattle from the Boers. The whip, too, is an excellent means of self-defence. It comes in useful when you have a wild horse, which has often happened to me, coming at you with open mouth. You bring the end of the whip down on his forehead, and it makes him feel decidedly unwell

"The whips now used by Australian stock-riders are made of plaited kangaroo hide, and are from 15 to 20 ft. in length. Those I use at the London Hippodrome and other places of amusement where I appear, are 25 ft. long, with a stock measuring 18 in. The lash is composed of sixteen strands of kangaroo hide beautifully plaited, and costs about fifty shillings. A similar amount has to be paid for the stock or handle, which, in order to stand the severe strain, is made of whalebone, cane and kangaroo hide. I get the handles made in Birmingham, but only the bushmen can make the thong. I once asked a London firm to make me a thong, but it was a very poor imitation of those which I used to obtain from the stockmen of the Australian interior."

"And that leads to the question, Mr. Lindsay, how did you come to desert open-air life in Australia for stage-life in London?"

"It was like this. I was at a garden party one day, and did a few things with the whip in connection with a little effort a sports club were arranging. Somebody wrote about me to a friend connected with the London Hippodrome, who asked for an exhibition of my skill. Apparently the management were much impressed, and they offered me an engagement right away.

"I was rather amused at the idea of appearing in public, and at first did not care to accept the engagement. The terms were very good, however, and as I was waiting in this country for certain interests of my own to develop, I ultimately decided to accept. The work keeps me very fit, and as my performance now brings me in £100 a week, it forms a very profitable hobby."

The nonchalant manner in which, with his murderous-looking 25-ft. thong, Mr. Lindsay flicks the ash off a cigar smoked by a gentle-

man at the footlights; cuts a bottle in two parts, and coils the thong round the legs of an athletic-looking opponent, ultimately throwing the latter to the ground and making him as helpless as a baby, led me to suggest that he scarcely knew the meaning of nerves.

"Of course," replied the whip wonder, "the success of my performance is mainly a question of nerve and coolness. All the same, there is a certain element of uncertainty about some of my tricks which makes it an interesting speculation each time as to which ones I shall successfully carry out at the first attempt

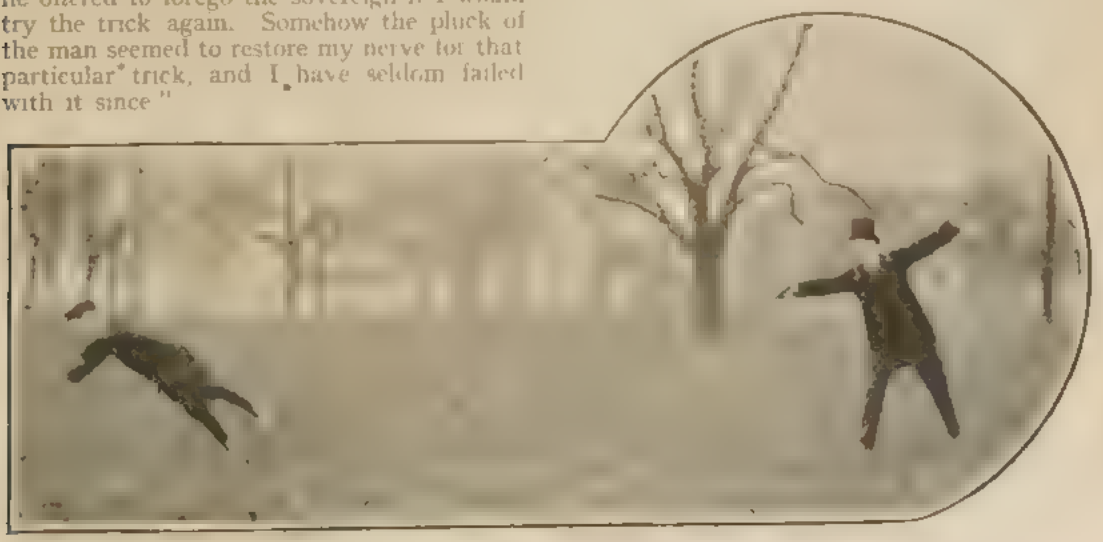
"I will give you an illustration. In one of my tricks I disarm an assistant who threatens me with a revolver. He stands some 20 ft away, and by a rapid movement I coil the end of the lash round his hand and the weapon, and make him drop it. One night the end of the lash hit the scenery first, deflected the course of the thong, and laid open the man's chin. The following night some one spoke in the stalls, disturbed my aim, and I laid open his cheek. The next night I doubted if I could perform the trick, misjudged my aim, and cut his face again.

"This was a somewhat costly business for me, for I always give an assistant a sovereign when I hurt him; but apart from monetary considerations, I did not think it fair to the man to cut him about thus, and offered to leave out that part of my performance. But he offered to forego the sovereign if I would try the trick again. Somehow the pluck of the man seemed to restore my nerve for that particular trick, and I have seldom failed with it since"

Each time Mr. Lindsay performs one of his tricks, the whip cracks with a loud report, a part of his performance which is greatly appreciated being the manner in which he cracks the whip at any spot within a 25-ft. radius. It looks an easy feat when he whirls the thong above the heads of the people in the stalls, causing it to emit revolver-like sounds in rapid succession, but it really necessitates great care and judgment. He himself bears a 4-in. scar on one cheek, caused by his not exercising sufficient caution when cracking the whip on one occasion, the thong flying back and whipping round his face.

Not only, however, is Mr. Lindsay a wonderful performer with 25 ft. of stock-whip, but he is also an expert boomerang thrower, a crack shot, and renowned for his ability to ride buck-jumpers.

Chatting about his career in general he informed me that he was educated at the Melbourne University, and started life in the back-country of Queensland. A fascinating chapter of his life is that concerning his trips overland with mobs of cattle a thousand strong, and his experiences with an exploring party. He was the first Bushman to volunteer for South Africa, and altogether was under fire ninety-seven times. From which it will be gathered that he is one of those roving spirits whom adventure attracts as a magnet does steel.



THE "WHIP WONDER" USING HIS WHIP AS A LASSOO

From a Photo-tone

A THUNDEROUS DRUMMING OF HOOFS AND RATTLING OF IRON BOUND WHEELS AND WE WERE OVER.

THE COOKING OF EGG ISLAND

By GEORGE W. IVEY

Illustrated by C. SPARROW

WHILST [illegible] my son's [illegible] Mr. Editor [illegible] it out.

[illegible] depôt of three engines, two escapes, and thirty odd men.

[illegible] Mr. Editor, by handing round a copy of THE CAPTAIN.

[illegible] Mr. Editor, and we'll start away at once at the gallop.

Twelve years ago I [illegible] on the [illegible] Hat [illegible] two [illegible] came about like this.

We had [illegible] the time of which I am [illegible] was laid up.

It was a Tuesday evening in the spring, and at about nine o'clock we got a call from the [illegible] of the town. Away went the [illegible] the few of us left stood by for a second call. It was not long in coming [illegible] burning warehouse.

We did not wait to hear any more, for [illegible] engine.

One of the brakesmen turned to me [illegible]

I readily assented.

The women took charge of the injured [illegible] we were going to a big thing in the way of [illegible] I had no time to think of the fire.

[illegible]

scene of the fire, many of them not having sense enough to make way for the engine, and it was to a constant "Hi! hi!—hi! hi! hi!" that we dashed along the road, scattering the mob to either side of us, and leaving in our wake a trail of hot cinders. On, on we flew, taking easy corners at a long, swinging canter, but with judicious braking, and sharper ones at a jerky trot; then stretching out into a steady gallop on the straight portions of the road.

I took the rise very gently, for it was nearly half a mile in length, and tradition told of a former driver who had run his horses all out half-way up the hill, and made them absolutely incapable of getting to the top. We had nearly reached the crest when another policeman came galloping torwads us, turned, and rode at our side

"Hurry, lads, hurry!" he shouted. "One of the oil tanks has blown up and the river is full of blazing oil. The bridge has just caught and unless you can get across before it falls, the one engine now there will never manage to get the fire under and it will spread over the whole island"

We were now almost at the crest of the hill, so I let the horses out a bit. We soon reached the top, and immediately the scene of the conflagration was visible below us.

Egg Island, so called from its shape, seemed well ablaze at the eastern end, and with the steady east wind then blowing, it looked as though the constable's prophecy would be justified. The island was about half a mile long and crowded with factories and warehouses. Our road now ran level along the top of the hill for some distance, and as we went ahead we could yet watch the scene below us

Just discernible was our first steamer, the men fighting like demons against the visibly encroaching holocaust, while on the river were several fire-floats, grudgingly retreating before the liquid flood that pursued them. The blazing oil had just passed the wooden bridge, the piers of which were now well alight

"Too late!" growled one of the brakesmen in my ear. "The bridge will be afire before we get there"

We had almost reached to where our road turned sharply to the left and then down, down, down, straight to the frail bridge

I took in the situation at a glance.

"Shall we take our chance and rush it?" I yelled over my shoulder

"Yes!" came a lusty yell from five hoarse throats.

I eased up to turn the sharp corner, the front of the engine dropped appreciably as we took the steep down-gradient, and then as the brakesmen released the wheels, and I called to my horses, the gallant little steamer shot forward like an express train.

Five hundred yards below was that bridge, now a blazing avenue of fire. We were going all out; if the horses shirked the bridge, they must either dash into the fiery river at either side, or else turn the engine over, for so great was the velocity we were attaining that neither human nor horse power could have stopped us.

Thank goodness, we had a clear road, and the patrols reined aside and let us pass. Stop! what was that! Half way down the hill a man with a barrow ran out from a side turning, suddenly espied us almost on top of him and, with a yell of fear, fled, leaving his truck in the middle of the road!

It was too late to steer, so I left the horses a free head.

They swerved madly aside, our wheels striking the barrow and sending it flying in a thousand splinters after its delinquent owner

So violent was the shock however, that it had been touch-and-go with our engine. The men were jerked from their feet and the engine swayed all over the road before recovering from the sudden twist.

At last, with ever increasing speed and impetus, we were at the foot of the bridge, between every plank and joist of which the fierce flames were shooting.

I gathered the reins tightly in my hands and pulled the horses' heads straight for this inferno. The animals' eyes were starting from their heads with fright, but with shrill screams of terror they rushed on to the bridge

A thunderous drumming of hoofs and rattling of iron-bound wheels, a suffocating bath of fire, sparks and smoke, and in a few seconds we were over, even as the bridge, with a crash and a spluttering hiss, dropped defeated into the river of burning oil.

A sharp rise on the island soon helped me to pull up my horses, and in less than another minute our engine was on the spot, busily working beside No. 1.

We had a hard fight that night, and it was not only for the buildings that we

worked, for our very lives were in grave peril. Two more tanks had gone skywards, and the river was again fed with this liquid fuel, so that the entire island was now surrounded, and every boat that could not fly was burnt at its moorings, in its turn setting alight the wharf or pier to which it was tied. With the bridge utterly demolished, every landing stage ablaze and the river impassable, we had either to stop that fire or be burnt in the trap in which we were caught.

After two hours' strenuous efforts, we had been driven back quite half the length of the island. We numbered about eighteen firemen, thirty police, and nearly a hundred men from the buildings around us. For two engines, the resistance offered to the line was remarkable but, even so, we could not attain to impossibilities.

On the banks of the river on either side of us were half a dozen steamers from other towns, and beyond the zone of the blazing oil were many fire floats, but all were alike useless until the river should become navigable.

SILHOUETTED BY A FIERY BACKGROUND, HE . . . SIGNALLING.

At the time we expected certain destruction but on a sudden I had an inspiration. Calling one of the policemen, I asked whether there were a workable telegraph on the island.

"No," he answered, "the only building possessing one is now down, but I can semaphore with my arms if you want to send a message ashore."

"Yes, that will do, perhaps. Find a building clear of the smoke, and signal to them to go half a mile along the river eastwards, where they will find five iron tank barges. If they bring them along smartly with a tug, they can put an engine on each and get all the steamers across. It is our only chance, I think, for we could also escape on them if necessary."

The man chose a position where he was silhouetted by a fiery background, and started signalling. Fortunately, he was at once understood, and a cheery message came in reply that the engines had all galloped off to the wharf in question. To strengthen the thin iron decks of the barges, planks were placed across them from gunwale to gunwale, and every steamer was got aboard in this manner two of the barges crossing over to take off engines from the opposite bank, and then, a tug taking the string in tow, they bore down on our hot little island.

Although the burning river did little harm to the iron-hulled barges the tug soon caught, and by the time she reached the least damaged of Egg Island's burning jetties, she was almost untenable for her crew.

But the ruse succeeded, for by dint of bravery and persistence, seven fire engines were thus brought across that fiery river, landed at a fiery jetty, and eagerly hauled to the scene of action by dozens of willing

hands, for the horses, of course, had not been embarked on the barges.

No more ground did that fire gain, and in fourteen hours' time the crisis was past and all real danger gone. The oil had burnt itself out, and a new pontoon bridge having been temporarily built, it was an exhausted but proud "me" who climbed on to the driver's box and guided a shivering pair of horses slowly up the hill down which we had dropped like a meteor from the sky on the previous evening.

And that was what marked me out for early promotion. I can't see what I did more than the others; I just followed out my duty all along the line, and I don't know that I could have acted differently anywhere in the programme. But, all the same, the whole district went mad over "Burns's ride for life," as they called it, and I got a lot of credit for thinking of the iron tank-barges, as well.

Anyhow, I was very well treated over the business, and as a result I have now reached my present position, but I have never since seen such a fire as that was, and never want to.

And before I finish, Mr. Editor, let me say that the fire that gave me promotion made two widows and five orphans at our station. It seems the way of life, somehow, that every one's joy must be some one else's pain, and it has taught me to say, whenever I feel inclined to admire my badges of rank - my silver-plated helmet and my epaulettes —"God defend the widows and children of the men who died on duty that night."

THE SECOND LINE

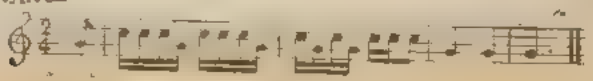
ALL you men by nature blest with solid beef and bone
Who have the requisite amount of time to call your own
A sedentary life in town at times is apt to pall
But there's a certain remedy to counteract it all
The necessary antidote is easy to define
It's turn to rifle, sword or gun and join the Second Line

O if you think your land of birth is worth a second thought
If you have gauged the lesson that some past events have taught
If in Old England's prestige you should take some sort of pride
Then let this love of country be materially applied.
And scorn the knaves pro-this-and that and all such kindred kine
And turn to rifle sword or gun and join the Second Line

O all you able-bodied chaps who've finished up at school
And bread and butter have to earn upon an office stool
Whose daily occupations have been known at times to irk
There's healthy relaxation in another kind of work
And whether it's to "boot-and-spur," or "tramping" you incline,
Just turn to rifle sword or gun and join the Second Line!

R. C. THARP

ADVANCE



Hear all Sides

Bancroftian Satire

I [illegible] selected by your readers to oppose A O Jones' XI, Hirst is the only really great bowler included since Arnold and F S Jackson could hardly be expected to do much damage against a fine batting side on a hard wicket

Unfortunately it appears that when choosing cricket teams most people select only batsmen of high reputation paying little attention to the bowling strength of the side but usually having the forethought to select a wicket keeper.

It seems to me that with your side under his command, F S Jackson will have to take especial pains to win the toss or else, as in "The Lost Lambs" the English team would not get a whack at all, if some of his team took the precaution to sit on Jones' head when the time to declare arrived! "BANCROFTIA"

....

"The Public School Spirit"

I T was with mixed feelings that I read the [illegible] to have "the public school and 'Varsity spirit." He says that he among other things is a graduate Lucky fellow! I know of hundreds of Welsh chaps up my way who would give the world to be able to go to a Welsh university and get their degree but cannot owing to circumstances

Again, there are scores of Welsh graduates who are proud and happy to have been so fortunate as to obtain a college course. As for "the public school spirit" so longed for by your correspondent has not every school or college its own true spirit? Thus, I heartily endorse the Old Fag's advice—we must be content with our lot

I have been educated at a Welsh county school, and I am heartily proud of the "Welsh county school spirit" which I have learned to love. Let your correspondent be proud of the spirit in which he has spent his school and college days. Let us all partake of that true healthy spirit which is so well taught by the dear old CAPTAIN—not because there is anything "public-schoolish" about it, but because it embraces all that is honest, manly and straightforward. Once we possess this spirit, we can then venture to "mix with public school men

and 'Varsity men on equal terms"—and indeed with anybody, from the smallest to the greatest It is not Oxford or Cambridge, or even a public school, that makes the real man; he who does his duty in the right spirit makes himself

TREVOR GWYNANT PARRY

....

"The Luck of Captain Jones"

I N this story the contributor tells of a [illegible] looking for a salvage job, and how, after a night of hard work and toil he found he had got one of his firm's own steamers in tow, and the tale ends in him being disappointed

Now, when the author attributes disappointment to Captain Jones, I don't think he knows what he is talking about But then I don't suppose he understands ships or he would not finish up as he does If a steamer belonging to a certain firm rendered valuable salvage services to another of its vessels, the captain and crew would receive their salvage money just the same as if the two ships belonged to different owners

Each steamer would be looked upon as a separate ownery, and in many cases vessels owned by the same [illegible] are covered by insurances spread among many underwriters

Therefore, the underwriters (persons taking marine insurance risks) of the salved steamer would have to pay salvage to the other vessel precisely as if each were owned separately Consequently, therefore, the thread upon which the aforesaid tale is written is wrong altogether and I hope you will allow me to show the author his error A READER.

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Mr. Wodehouse, Please Note

ON page 212 in the June number, Mr Wodehouse in "The Lost Lambs" says, referring to Jellicoe being expelled "And then you'd be sent into a bank or to Australia."

I think, being a bank-clerk, that this is liable to give readers a bad impression of bank clerks. As a matter of fact a fellow who had been expelled from his school could never get into a bank as he has at the start to furnish a letter of recommendation from his late head-master, and this no master would give after expelling the pupil from his school.

"BANKER"

P.S.—We are as a rule, a good sporting lot of fellows

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Mr. Selkirk Again

I SHOULD like to point out to Mr Middle-[illegible] are interested in Alexander Selkirk, that there is a good account of his life on the island of Juan Fernandez in Richard Steele's pamphlet 'The Englishman," which was written before the publication of "Robinson Crusoe." Steele was acquainted with Selkirk, and even if Defoe did not know him the latter probably read this pamphlet, as it was written in defence of the principles of the Whigs to which party Defoe belonged and it created some stir in political circles at the time

Steele writes "It is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of the human race," which shows that such incidents were not very common at this time

Selkirk was put ashore with his own consent after a quarrel with the captain of his ship, as 'he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel under a disagreeable commander." He remained four years on the island. He killed and ate goats and turtles, built himself a bower, and made a dress of goat-skins, just as Crusoe does in Defoe's book

As to his character he seems to have been a religious and sensible man. He was accustomed "to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion." He also made good use of his time by studying navigation. He was also so cool and brave that he would attack and kill with his hatchet "sea-lions whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man."

He enjoyed this life so much that "when the ships which brought him off the island came in he received them with the greatest indifference to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them.

I have not read "Dampier's Travels," but, as the writer was a pirate, I do not think his account of Selkirk should be preferred to this one. As Steele remarks, "This plain man's history is a memorable example that he is happiest who confines his wants to natural necessities," and although his character was very different from that which Defoe has given to Crusoe yet, in my opinion, it was quite as noble. He deserves to be remembered for his own sake, and not only as the original of "Robinson Crusoe" S

****

Early Rising

I SHOULD like to add just a few words to the discussion now going on in your columns about "Early Rising *v.* Late-working" I have taken several exams. during the last couple of years, and am working for one now

I find the following plan suits me best: I get up as quickly as possible at a quarter to six, so that I am always down, after a cold tub, at ten past at the latest, thus putting in a couple of hours before breakfast. In the evening I always finish up by eleven, when I retire to my (I hope) well-earned rest.

Some of the worst effects of working by artificial light may be evaded by doing certain subjects in the evening as much as possible, avoiding small print and "maths." with intricate figures. This way I escape the sleepiness over late evening-work, and the same sleepiness in the day-time, which come from excess of either late-working or early rising

"HIBERNIAN"

****

"First Aid"

NO doubt most Captainites will agree with J W Cox who wrote on the above subject in the June number. Myself particularly, as I once met with an accident which, although not very serious, caused me much pain. While playing football, I had the misfortune to break one of my fingers. No one around could do anything to alleviate

the pain, and, unfortunately, not a doctor in the town was at home. I was thus obliged to wait for almost three-quarters of an hour before my finger could be properly set. This would, of course have been unnecessary if any one present had had the least knowledge of ambulance work. LESLIE AMOS.

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"The Flag"

SO far as I have been able to ascertain there is not one high-class school in the kingdom in which the boys (or girls) are—or ever have been—taught anything about the "Flag of Britain," whereas in most of our elementary schools the history of the Flag is well known and the children are taught how to draw it. That also is the rule throughout Canada

Such ignorance or apathy concerning the National Flag calls for no comment here; but I would respectfully venture to suggest for your favourable consideration the extreme desirability of putting an end to it as soon as possible, and I feel sure that there could be no better way of commencing that than by publishing a short essay on the subject in THE CAPTAIN.

The best thing that has been issued on the subject is a booklet written by an old Naval Officer, entitled, "Our National Flag: What It is, and what It is Not" (S P C K., 1s.)

M J. KINGHARMAN

****

"Concerning Englishmen"

I PROTEST against the unjust criticism of [illegible] under the above title

There is absolutely no foundation in the remark that Englishmen are the most conceited people on the earth. We acknowledge the enterprising qualities of the American, the politeness of the Frenchman, the studiousness of the German, and the good qualities of all other nations.

Alike also are the other remarks of Mr. Van Eeghen. How dare he say we have been taught to look upon other nations as if they were so much dirt, and that English customs, manners, &c., are the only ones the world possesses?

As to his remarks about Henty, he cannot dispute that this author was the most popular and one of the best writers of boys' (not English only) books. Your review of his life in the February number includes an anecdote to the effect that an American boy "doing" London was asked by his father where he would like to go next. "To see Mr. Henty," was the prompt reply.

In fact, I think the whole of Mr. Van Eeghen's article conveys a suggestion of jealousy and narrow-mindedness, and that the writer appears to have enjoyed but little experience of real Englishmen. "OAKEY."

WITH reference to his essay under this title in the May number, one would very much like to know what sort of Englishmen Van Eeghen has met. Certainly not the English public school man. The species of Englishmen who fondly imagine that they are equal to two Frenchmen, four Germans, and an indefinite number of Russians, are generally the kind who are, or have been, perusers of "penny dreadfuls," and are not typical of our race. An Englishman is proud of his country's warlike achievements, and justly so, but he does not entertain such absurd ideas as to his being equal to two Frenchmen, &c.

Then again, Van Eeghen's attack on Henty and Co. is, to say the least, unjust. What boy or youth who reads Henty's works is not fired with patriotism and a desire to serve his country, as Henty's heroes have done? Instead of endangering the Empire, as Van Eeghen wildly says, Henty and Co. do exactly the opposite. They kindle a feeling of patriotism which is essential to Englishmen if they are to uphold the dignity of the Empire.

As to "remittance men," are they not the miserable scapegoats and ne'er-do-wells of the old country? And as to wife-beaters, in what country are women treated with more consideration than in England? None, methinks

[illegible] Englishmen and he will soon alter his tune. [illegible]

MIGHT I be allowed to criticise some remarks made by Mr. Bernard Hawkes on this subject in the June number?

What the author of the original article says about the effect of Mr. Henty's works on the Englishman going abroad is quite true. There is no more arrogant and conceited person than the Englishman abroad, and there is no doubt that the English are a conceited nation.

Although I would not go so far as to call Mr. Henty's works "plotless trash," yet it must be admitted that there is a great deal of sameness about them. In nearly all of them there is the orphan hero, usually about the age of nineteen, the war in which he is the prominent figure, and his marriage with the girl whom he rescues from savages rebels, &c.

'I do not agree with all the statements made in Mr. Van Eeghen's article, but I certainly do not think they deserve the severe criticism which Mr. Hawkes metes out to them

FRANK N HILLIER

[Essays on this subject have also been received from Robert C. Dockerill, Geoffrey Thomas, T. Edward, E. Anderson, Edward A. Morgan, E. C. Bass, Walter J. Bate, Wilfred Fletcher, G. B. Hindmarsh, C. V. H. F. Thompson, F. H. Beckett and others, all of them thoroughly endorsing the indignation at Mr. van Eghen's remarks expressed by B. G. T. Hawkes last month.—ED. CAPTAIN]

M.C.C. Day

AN OLD BOY'S BALLAD

FOR the most inspiring vision of the mighty god of sport,
For a vivid breath of battle, for the strife that brave men court,
For the "limit" in excitement of a tense and fervid sort
You must have an inter-school match, I admit;
But for light, and joy, and colour, for a perfect summer fête,
For a carnival to cricket and enjoyment consecrate,
For an ancient Roman holiday made clean and up to date,
M.C.C. day—that was *the* day—wasn't it?

I can see it now—the glory of the sun, that glints and glows
On the red-and-yellow blazers of our gallant, friendly foes,—
The benevolent demeanour of the solid, stolid "pros,"
And our fellows, fit and eager for the strife!
But the sweetness of the moment with some bitterness is blent
When we find the man that's batting isn't Patterson of Kent,
But his brother plays for Surrey, so we make ourselves content,
And, moreover, Mead is there, as large as life!

I can picture Ford, the swiper, going in to have a knock,
Then I see a flash of willow wood—there comes a shout a shock,
And the leather scores a bull's-eye on the sober chapel clock—
And that other great left-hander, Vernon Hill
A scion of old "Zummerzet"—you recollect the chap
With his Herculean on-drive and his old Authentic cap?—
There were "sixes" on the scoring sheet, with "V. T. H." on tap,
And the field kept going deeper, deeper still!

D'you recollect in '96, how badly we'd begun,
When little Dix and Prothero let out at 'em like fun,
And pulled the score from 3 for 10 to 4 for 91,
When a yorker gave the latter his despatch?
That year they sent a Surrey crack—we had him "stumped" for four,
We got the whole eleven out for eight behind our score
And such a shouting thundered from four hundred throats and more
That the distant village knew we'd won the match!

There were other M.C.C. days of disaster and defeat,
When our fellows didn't seem to care to soil the scoring sheet,
But something always fired the blood and made the pulses beat,
And we saw some bits of cricket, after all!
When our finest bats had blundered, and the school was in a fix,
With old George Burton playing up his wily little tricks,
Didn't tubby Foster bang him over Horton's house for six,
Though he *did* get caught at cover second ball?

There was stern and solemn cricket, there was ardour in the strife
There was grimness in the battle, there was warfare to the knife,
There was something of the bitterness and tragedy of life
When school with school for fame and honour strove,
But for unexpected daring that would melt a heart of ice,
And for brave, dramatic episodes that never happen twice,
For the mingled sport and slackness of a schoolboy's paradise,
M.C.C. day—that was *the* day—yes, by Jove!

ARTHUR STANLEY,

STRAINED RELATIONS.

A CADET CORPS INCIDENT.

By ALEX SCOTT JUNR

THE row between Grant and my pal Wattie Hunter began over one of those trifling affairs that seem so ridiculous when put down in black and white.

Of course, they may have had bickerings before; in fact, Wattie was such a keen "tyke" that in the cricket season his readiness to prove Yorkshire streets ahead of any other county often resulted in "words." But he was such a good sort that, as a rule, nobody minded this little failing.

One day, just after morning school, I was getting ready for a turn in the gym. when my chum came into the dressing-room with a face like a "before taking" advertisement.

"Who's dead now?" I asked.

"Haven't you seen the papers?" he said fiercely.

Then I remembered that Yorkshire had just been beaten by about fifty runs. I offered my condolences, and said something about "hard lines."

"Hard lines!" Wattie snorted. "I should say so. Fancy the beastly weather breaking down just when our fellows needed less than a hundred runs, and only four wickets down. Hirst and Rhodes would have knocked off the balance themselves easily. Pah! *that's* not cricket! Might as well toss up a penny and be done with it!"

He emphasised his remarks by tossing his boots to opposite corners, but by the time he had got into his gym. shoes the air was rather clearer and we went in to box a few rounds.

If we had managed to work off some steam in peace, probably this story would never have been written, but when we reached our usual quiet corner we found other two of the Sixth, Grant and Morgan, sparring there already.

"How do, Walter?" said Grant with a grin. (Wattie hated to be called Walter.) "Have you bought a paper this morning?"

Of course we knew what the beggar was driving at, but Wattie needn't have flared up as he did.

"We don't buy our players, anyhow, like some people," he said meaningly.

Then the fat was in the fire. Like a shot Grant jumped across, and, swinging his left backwards, flicked Wattie in the face with the end of his glove.

Now at Rackford, while no one could prevent impromptu scrapping amongst the kids, we rather looked down on that sort of thing between seniors. Still, circumstances alter cases, and what happened in the next three minutes would have made a fine cinematograph film. By the end of that time our corner was beginning to attract the attention of the few fellows in the gym., so Morgan and I pulled the bruisers apart and tried to put a gloss of respectability over the proceedings.

According to various standard works on public school life a fight is the beginning of a firm friendship, but in this case things didn't quite pan out that way. It may be that the struggle hadn't been deadly enough, or perhaps because it was not fought to a

finish. Anyway, instead of falling on each other's neck and being friends ever after, Grant and Wattie took a most violent antipathy to one another.

At first we in the select circle of the Sixth treated the affair as a joke and thought its effects would blow over in a day or two. But when Grant continued to cut Wattie dead, and my pal showed as little desire to recognise that Grant existed, the humour of the business began to disappear.

Morgan and I and one or two other peaceable souls tried to slang and chaff the two back to their senses, but without doing a bit of good.

Even at the nets they managed to steer clear of each other, and only when on parade with the cadets was there any communication between them.

The season crawled along in that dawdling style peculiar to summer terms. The M.C.C. came down and got a good game, though they beat us. Most of the matches for the House Bat had been worked off, and of all the first-class sporting fixtures only the shooting cup remained. We always settled the last two or three places in our Bisley Eight for the Ashburton at the same time, so only utter slackers kept clear of the range when the championship date came round.

The conditions were the same as for the Ashburton: seven rounds at 200 yards, and seven at 500, with a sighter at each distance.

As usual, a lot of fellows entered who hadn't the ghost of a chance; still, by the time shooting finished at the shorter range, about a dozen scores of 30 and over had been made. But when we went back to 500, a nasty "fish-tail" wind sprang up, giving even the good shots their share of outers and misses.

Morgan finished early with 61, and led the field till a dark horse in the third or fourth squad handed in the same total. Then Grant, who had made 33 at 200 yards, put on other 30, and jumped into first place.

Squad after squad finished without 63 being equalled, and most of us had made up our minds that the championship was settled for another year. But when the last four began to fire, every one suddenly discovered in some mysterious way that Wattie Hunter was piling up a good score. The crowd at once began to watch target No. 4, much to the disgust of the chap firing with Wattie, a rank outsider, whose outers and misses came up as regularly as my chum's inners and bulls. Wattie, however, shot away as coolly as if nothing were at stake. Not even when some ass passed word down the firing-point to him that he would win with 31 did he seem the least jumpy. All the same, I found out afterwards that he felt in a blue funk.

Out of his first five rounds he had dropped only three points, which was jolly good work. But a sudden swing of the wind made his next shot a magpie, so that the best he could do was to tie.

After his neighbour had ended an inglorious career with a miss, Wattie loaded again without altering his sights in any way. Though I don't suppose he took longer than usual, we in the crowd thought he would *never* fire. The suspense had become almost painful when, at last, the crack of the shot broke the strain on our nerves.

Then, after that welcome preliminary shake, No. 4 began to disappear, and in its place rose the dummy with the black square in the right-bottom corner—a bull's-eye.

Of course there were a few shouts of "Well shot, sir," but as one or two other fellows were still firing, old Smith, who acted as range officer, ordered "Silence!" as fiercely as he could (which wasn't *very* awful.)

Most of us took it for granted that Wattie and Grant would tie for first place, and this turned out to be correct; for, as soon as the cards had been checked, Mr. Smith came back from the hut and read out the scores. He ordered the tie to be settled right off, by the usual sighter and three counting shots at the longer distance.

Nearly all of the fellows had either forgotten the little tiff between the two cracks or were too excited to pay attention to such details. To the Sixth, however, the situation was decidedly interesting.

"Now, gentlemen, come away," old Smith called out in his fussy style. "Fire alternately on target No. 2."

As they lay down side by side on the matting, it was curious to watch the politeness of the rivals, who had not exchanged a friendly word for weeks.

"Will you fire first?" said Grant, almost deferentially.

"After you," said Wattie, no less civil.

They might have been arguing the point yet had not the master struck in: "Right-hand man begins."

So Grant gave a last look at his sights, tucked his rifle into his shoulder, and let go his sighter. The marker promptly signalled an inner almost touching the black ring.

"WIN OR LOSE, SHAKE!" HE SAID.

Then Wattie followed quickly, and got a bull.

Grant's "first to count" was another inner; my pal's only a magpie, at four o'clock. A long pause followed the next shot, and when the signal did come, an inner appeared, but on No. 1. *Grant had fired on the wrong target.*

At first the crowd did not realise what had happened, but the seriousness of the slip dawned on us when we heard old Smith say "I'm sorry, Grant, but we must count that as a miss."

My chum turned round and said something to the master in a low tone. He was offering to let the shot count, I found out later. But the range officer shook his head. "Rules are rules," he said quietly.

Wattie seemed inclined to discuss the point in his usual talkative way, but Grant, who up till then had done nothing but stare vacantly at the targets, interrupted him.

"Go ahead, Hunter," he said curtly. "Put us out of pain."

Wattie picked up another cartridge and closed his bolt almost impatiently. The fellows who were muttering "Hard luck!" and talking about the incident had to shut up then, for though Wattie seemed to have a walk-over, the crowd were sportsmen enough not to disturb him.

When his signal appeared every one simply gasped. It was a bull's-eye, *but on No. 3.*

Old Smith was struck absolutely dumb, and the fellows did not know what to make of the affair, but Grant got a grip of things right away.

"You tried that, you beggar!" we heard him say. Then, getting no answer but a grin, he added, "Well, here goes again," and took up his last round.

Hardly had he fired than a magpie signal came up, so Wattie had to make a bull to win.

Almost the moment the shot had been fired Grant turned over on his side and held out his hand.

"Win or lose, shake!" he said, adopting a formality we generally kept for fellows who had just got their colours.

Wattie "shook."

"You'd have done just the same," he said apologetically.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the other, rising to his feet. "There you are." He pointed to the butts. "A bull. Shake again."

And peace was proclaimed.

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY

Last day for sending in, July 18. (*Foreign and Colonial Readers, September 18.*)
See New Rule Below

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——
Address ——, Age ——.

New Rule.—In order to save our competitors expense in postage, they will in future be permitted to enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition, and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper

COUPONS. In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be placed in a separate envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for July," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by July 18.

The results will be published in the September number.

In every case the decision of the Editor is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors

No. 1.—***"Ages" Competition.***—On an advertisement page are reproduced the portraits of eight gentlemen of different ages. Write in the spaces provided what you would say the age of each is, fill in your name, age, and class, and post [illegible]. A prize, kindly given by Charles Morrell (see Prizes page) will be awarded to the competitor whose list of ages agrees most nearly with the actual ages of these gentlemen.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 2.—***"Pictures with the Camera."***—Choose *any* picture that has appeared in THE CAPTAIN, and reproduce it as closely as possible with a photograph of real figures, furniture, background, &c. Do not send the original picture, but mention what number it may be found in. Prizes: Photographic or Cycling accessories to the value of Half a Guinea from the Sports and Games Association

Class I. . . No age limit
Class II. . . Age limit [illegible]
Class III. . . Age limit [illegible]

No. 3.—***"Cyclometer v. Milestone."***—As Mr. Williams remarks in his excellent "Cycling Corner" of this month, cyclometers do not always agree with milestones, when it is to be presumed that the former are wrong. But is it possible that the *latter* sometimes err? Make an experiment of various mile measurements with your cyclometer, and send a short description of the result. Descriptions may run to 400 words, but we should prefer them shorter. Prizes: Hand Cameras by Benetfink and Co., Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 4.—***"Headings and Tailpieces."***—Send a drawing, grave or gay, which would be suitable for a heading to one of our "Corners," or a sketch that would make an appropriate tailpiece to one of these features. For the best drawing submitted a prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded, and we shall pay Five Shillings for such other sketches as we utilise. No pencil sketches must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 5.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a photograph depicting some branch of outdoor life—occupation, sport, or pastime. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Cricket Bats or Tennis Racquets by John Piggott, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 6.—***"School Notes."***—A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph [illegible]. Each paragraph should bear a *nom-de-plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for each paragraph used

No age limit

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to September 18, Australian readers being allowed [illegible]; but we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial July Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

It seems appropriate that, this month of July, when so many fellows are leaving school, we should be publishing the results of our "What I Want to Be, and Why" Competition. It goes without saying that every entry in a competition of this sort has a distinct personal interest. The essays submitted were written by readers of the average age of seventeen. Attempts came however, from young competitors of twelve and thirteen, and some of these were most amusing.

Colonial Farming.—The prize in Class I. was carried off by Arthur H. Lodge (age 21), who would like to be a "Canadian agriculturist, farming in some part of Northern Ontario for preference, and sufficiently near to some means of communication as not to be entirely isolated." M. Lodge has no desire to lead a city life, and the most important of his aspirations is by no means to amass a lot of money. He wants to be healthy and enjoy congenial society, and it seems to him that the life of a colonist in a country possessing all sorts of possibilities is the ideal one for a man of his temperament.

"The life of a colonist is clean and vigorous," he says. "For recreation we go into the forest to hunt, instead of going to stand in fog and drizzle to watch football matches. Instead of perspiring on a bicycle to a diet of dust and petrol, we cover ground on snow-shoes, breathing the while the keen, rarified, invigorating air of Canada's winter." And then he proceeds to point out how, in the solitude of the backwoods, one appreciates what one reads, one has the time and the quiet to think deeply, to brace up the mind. This desire of his is a worthy ambition, and I hope he will achieve it.

Medicine.—A doctor is what W. E. Saunders, who sent in one of the next best

essays, wants to be. He is seventeen now, and medicine is in his blood, for many of his family have followed the profession of healing. He considers that the life of a doctor is very healthy, and also that attending to one's fellow beings is making a real good use of one's life. "This calling," he says, "is not for the slacker," and he is right. No man who is slack ever makes a success in medicine. His last reason of all, and one that he doesn't pretend to ignore, is that a doctor is a man who can build up a very good income if he works hard and long.

Journalism.—Harry A. Barr, also aged seventeen, has deeply rooted in his mind "a great, all-devouring desire, the desire to write, the desire to make known to all men my thoughts, opinions and aversions," and so he is going to do his best to become a journalist. I should say he would succeed, because his whole heart is in the matter. He is right in naming Mr. W. T. Stead as a great journalist—he is, indeed, the greatest journalist of our time, and for the reason that he is not only master of a beautiful style, but also so absolutely sincere in all his utterances, a little wild though some of them appear to be. "Think," says this young aspirant to journalistic honours, "what an influence Stead has exercised over this country and over the United States, not to mention the rest of the world, for the last twenty years! And it is an influence which tends all for good. Is he not a man to be looked up to and admired? When I think of him, a great determination comes over me, and I sit down to my shorthand with a new vigour, and Pitman seems to have lost his staleness."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's work has also a great fascination for this young student, and he is going to "try to become a Chesterton."

Consular Service. A British Consul is what L. D. Pritchard, one of the prize-winners in Class II., would like to be, and in China for preference. "The life of a youth who enters this service," says he, "is very jolly and healthy. Having passed his exam. at the age of 19½, the enterprising youth has his voyage paid out to China by Government, and his salary starts at £200 a year, commencing," adds Master Pritchard, with something like a chuckle, "ten days before the voyage. Having reported himself to the Ambassador at Peking, he enters into occupation of his rooms in the Legation, and devotes himself for two years to the study of Chinese, each student having his own particular teacher. A consul's salary will rise to as much as £1200 a year. There is plenty of fun in the life."—And, I may tell Master Pritchard, they even play Rugby football in Peking, to the intense and overwhelming wonder of the almond-eyed ones. This is one of the reasons why the Briton gets on so well in foreign climes. Wherever he goes he will have his games, and these keep his mind and body on the alert, and help him to prove himself a better man than those who just sit about and smoke when they have nothing to do

Mining Engineer. "A good many boys," remarks C. A. de Linde, age twelve years ten months, the other prize-winner in Class II., "answer the question, 'What are you going to be?' with a shrug of the shoulders. I would answer deliberately, 'A mining engineer and prospector combined.' First, you live in the open air the greater part of your time, with the result that you have practically continuous health, which means continuous happiness. Secondly, you have to depend largely on yourself for food. Thirdly, it is very interesting work, and very often rather exciting. And then again, you see more of the world than the average man."—De Linde adds that he has already travelled 25,000 miles, so it is not surprising he has got a taste for roaming.

The "Halls"!—After reading essays which run on pretty ordinary lines, dealing

with ordinary vocations, it is a little surprise to find that W. G. Plaster would like to be a "Popular and Well-Paid Music Hall Comedian." Clearly Mr. Plaster is dazzled by the money which can be earned in the music-hall profession, for, he remarks, "the salaries paid to artistes who are at the head of it run to as much as £500 a week, which has been known to be paid to such men as Harry Lauder, Robey, Gus Elen, and many others."—There I must differ with Mr Plaster. Just now and again, for a few weeks, a great music hall comedian is paid a phenomenal salary, but no comedian gets £500 weekly for any length of time. And then, of course, the men who can occasionally earn the sum he mentions are very limited in number. There are not "many others." The tip-top comedian can make, when at his best, about £80 or £100 a week. I don't suppose any man was paid such high salaries as the late Dan Leno received, though the present head of the music hall profession, Harry Lauder, earns very large amounts. Mr. Plaster is right in pointing out that the profession of a music hall artiste entails physical labour of a kind which wears out anybody who has not an exceptionally strong constitution. It wore out, for instance, poor Leno.

Mr. Plaster compares the lot of the ordinary working man with that of the successful comedian, much in the former's disfavour, but I am not sure that the ordinary workman is not better off than the great comedian, for the life of the latter is one long strain. No matter how he may be feeling, no matter what troubles there may be at home, he has got to satisfy a *fresh* audience every night. I have seen a great comedian filling the house with laughter on the first night of a new musical play just after he had received a cable announcing his wife's death in America. London's hoardings were covered with announcements of the new piece, and the theatre was packed with an expectant public, and so, like a good workman, he went on and did his work. But think of his aching heart!

"Adam and Daughter."—Miss Lina Adam surprises me by declaring that only the fact that she is a girl debars her from becoming a sailor. She would like to travel, to see the world, for she comes of a race of an adventurous kind, and, she remarks, "there is much in heredity." Civil engineering has also a great fascination for Miss Adam, who, I may mention, is only sixteen years of age. Britishers get about the world a good deal, and Miss Adam would like to see them get about a great deal more, especially in view of the fact that Americans are to be found in so many foreign lands nowadays. She is afraid that the Americans with their endless push have designs on Mexico, "which designs, however," she declares, "can come to nothing while President Diaz rules the land with iron hand and nerve." Yet she fears for Mexico when Diaz is not, "and therefore," she says, "it is very necessary for clear-headed and unselfish people to assist the somewhat indolent and unbusinesslike Mexicans." Civil engineering looms large before her as an attractive profession. "How delightful it would be," she says, "in place of the usual hackneyed form of information on a name-plate, to read the uncommon one, '*Adam and Daughter, Civil and Consulting Engineers*'!"

Stephen Fry as Violinist. Our young, or perhaps I should say our old, friend,

Master Stephen Fry, who has now turned eight, and is therefore really getting to be quite a big fellow, keeps a sharp eye on our

competitions and has his say whenever he can manage it. Of course, a good deal of his time is occupied letting his flowers get "a bit long-storked" and then shredding them up for seeding purposes. Still, he has even then plenty of leisure for literary work. He has already decided what he wishes to be when he grows up—that is to say, when he is a bigger man than he is at present. Here is his confession:

I should like to be a sailor and go underneath the water in a Submarine and fire guns off them, and go right underneath the big battleships in a diving dress and have air pumped down a pipe, and see fishes in their homes. I should like to go across the seas and take my violin with me, and play tunes on the ship when I had finished my work. Then when I got to the place (India) I should like seeing the people in the country. Then when I was coming back after I had finished my work I should take my violin and go and play it to the people on the boat. I should like learning French and other foreign languages; when I went to France I would speak French to the people and should buy Mother something there, and when I came back I should ask the Captain of the ship if I could send it to her. I should like to do all this because I should like to see all the countries and to go about the seas and see all the other ships being built at the different ports, and I should like climbing the rigging and all the work that sailors do such as scrubbing decks without boots, looking down guns that will kill other nations, oiling them, and sleeping in a hammock which swings under the deck. I might have a sewing-machine and make all my own clothes.

I should like to play the violin very well indeed, best of all.

STEPHEN FRY.

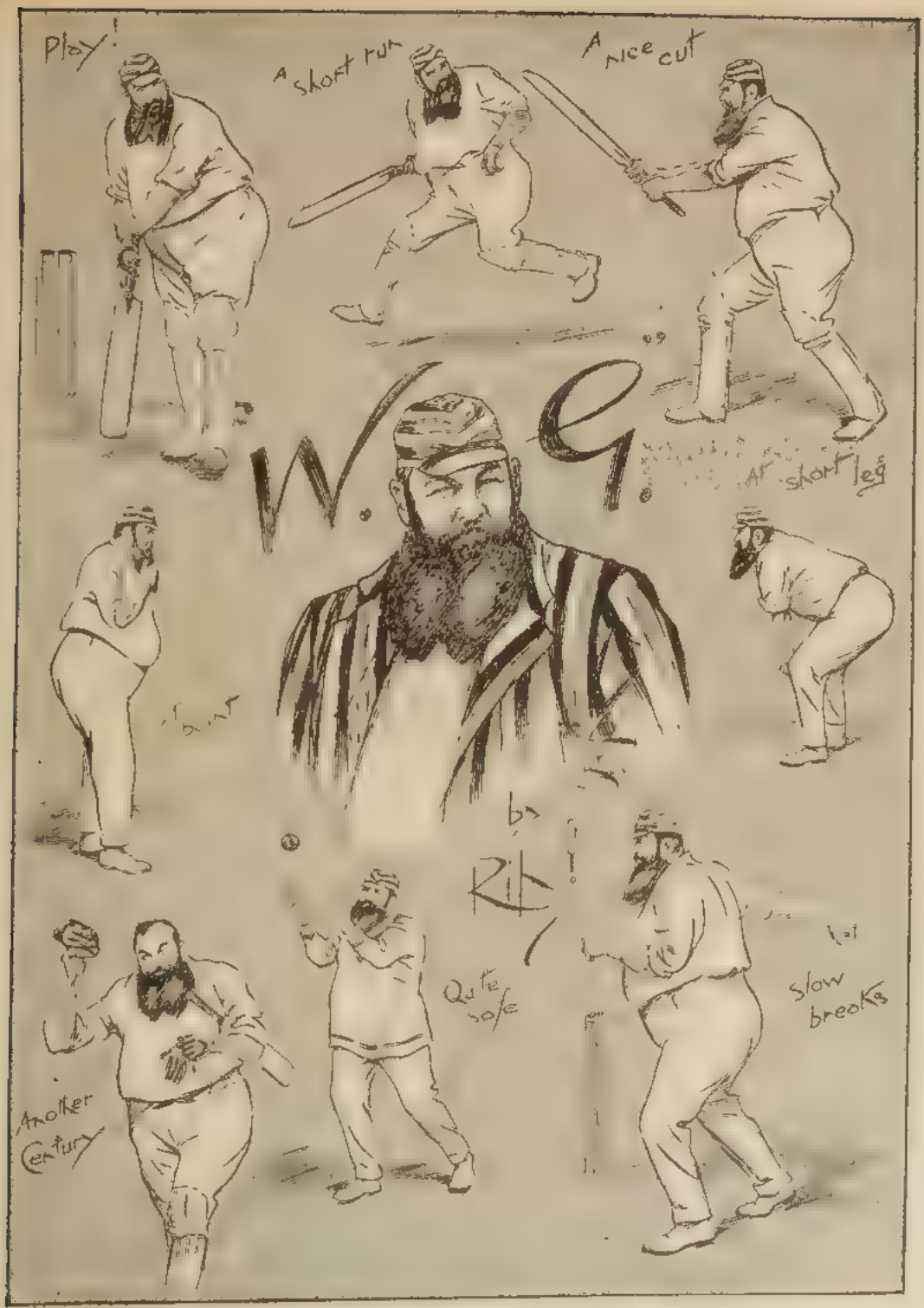
That the other people on the ship would appreciate his violin solos is apparently taken for granted by Stephen.

The Delights of Farming. Master Jack Eccles would like to be a farmer, "living in a little farm away in the country with a wife and two or three children." Evidently, the old-fashioned large family has no attractions for Master Eccles, who is, by the way, only thirteen years of age. He thinks he would be healthy because he would be far away from the smells of the city, and "would not be tempted into the public-house to drink and gamble." Read his eloquent description of country life:

Then in the spring-time to look at the field which a month or so ago I had diligently ploughed and sown and to see the green blades of wheat just shooting above the ground. Then in the summer to go to that field again and see those green blades of wheat turned into ripe wheat waved gently to and fro by the breeze. In the evening to walk along the quiet country lanes where the air cools and refreshes you. Then to return home and go to bed and to arise early the next morning, when the flowers smell fragrantly; on one side to see the ripe fields of wheat, on the other the wood where the animal tribe are enjoying themselves and the birds are singing sweetly, and to see nature in its true self. After breakfast to ride to town in a little pony and trap and to buy provisions for the week. Then on a fine summer day to organise a shooting party and with some good sporting dogs set out for the woods and enjoy a good day's shooting; then to return home with my game and keep my larder well supplied for a week. Then when harvest time comes to reap the ripe wheat and to thresh it and sell it and bring home some money to get ready to sow some more fields of wheat next spring, and keep the rest for domestic purposes

A Summing-Up.—Upwards of thirty different callings were touched upon by competitors, the most popular appearing to be journalism and the scholastic profession. One young lady said she would like to be "an exploreress," but, with the exception of Miss Adam, there were not many signs that our women-in-the-making desire to embrace the professions now followed exclusively by men. A simple and touching essay by a girl expressed the writer's ambition to be what every true woman desires to be—a Mother. No boy stated his determination to be a bachelor; in fact, where such matters were dealt with it was taken for granted that there would be a wife and family. No competitor touched on the subject of politics, a vocation which does not perhaps appeal very greatly to the young mind; and, as if well aware of the trials and troubles that crowd upon the holder of such a position, only one competitor ventured the hope that he would one day become the editor of a popular magazine!

July 18, 1848.—This is the most important date in the history of cricket, for upon this day William Gilbert Grace began his life-innings at Downend House, Downend, Gloucestershire, a village four miles out of Bristol. The sixtieth anniversary of that day Dr. Grace will probably spend at the London County ground "having a knock." This most wonderful figure the cricketing world will ever see is a born sportsman. Though known best for his cricket, he excels at all games he takes up. I generally find that men who play games well have a considerable amount of character. As Mr. Sewell says in his article this month, cricket is a great factor in building up character.



NINE YEARS AGO

A page of sketches pub[illegible] CAPTAIN [illegible]

One has to come to some decision about every ball bowled to one. Dr. Grace is a great man. He has always been a leader—an independent spirit; a little too overbearing at times, perhaps, but most great men are like that. Take his famous contemporaries, Lord Kitchener, General Booth, John Roberts, the billiard-player—they are all men of rather uncouth ways, all a little rough in their methods. Grace is the sort of man that takes naturally to leadership—the man who acts on his own initiative.

There is no necessity for me to tell you of the splendid things Dr. Grace has done in his long cricketing life. Every school library should possess a biography of him, and if a reader has no such book to turn to, he has at least a father or uncle or form-master who should be able to supply him with the details of W. G.'s celebrity. Suffice it to say that he is the greatest all-round cricketer we have ever had; when in his prime he was the best bat in England an exceedingly cunning bowler, and a very fine field—especially at point. Rain or shine, he has played from one end of the season to the other for many, many years. He has never played for his average, although not infrequently he has topped the averages, but ever for his side

Above all he is a great captain—gruff and bearish, maybe, but the man of all men to pull a side through a hard fight

Many happy returns of the day to the good old King of Cricket!

THE REV. CYRIL ALINGTON [illegible] S NEW HEADMASTER.

Mr Alington, who is at [illegible] ted the headmaster ship of Sh[illegible] mond [illegible]

School Sports Results. The following results supplement those published last month

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—Rolfe Roge[illegible] min., 17⅝ sec
Half-Mile.—Handley, 2 min., 19 sec
Quarter-Mile.—Powell, 61 sec
[illegible] ls.—Wilkinson 11 sec
High Jump.—Hutton, 4 ft. 9 in
Long Jump.—Pointer, 18 ft. 7½ in.
Cricket Ball.—Forbes 94 yd. 2 ft. 2 in.
W[illegible]t.—Fisher 29 ft 2 in

BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL

M[illegible] H. F. Elliott, 5 min. 9½ sec
[illegible] Mile. H. F. Elliott 2 min.
Quarter Mile.—H. R. Messum,
100 Yards. H. R. Messum 10 sec.
Hurdles (100 Yd.)—H. R. Messum, 14 sec
High Jump.—C. R. Flowers and S. E. West 5 ft 2
Long Jump.—C. R. Flowers, 19 ft [illegible]
Weight.—G. B. Wileman 33 ft.*

DOLLAR INSTITUTION

Quarter Mile.—J. Tong, 56⅝ sec
100 Yards.—J. Tong, 11 [illegible]
Hurdles.—J. Tong 19⅓ [illegible]
High Jump.—W. Jamieson, 5 ft. 2¼ in
Long Jump.—E. Cross 18 ft. 9½ in.
Cricket Ball.—R. Gr[illegible]field, 87 ft [illegible] in
Weight.—J. Douglas, 29 ft. 4⅜ in.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE

Mile.—E. Davies 4 min. 58½ sec
Half-Mile. E. Davies, 2 min. 15⅝ [illegible]
Q[illegible] M[illegible] N. Maxwell, 58 sec.
[illegible] F. Minchin 11 sec.
Hurdles.—E. B. St[illegible]
High Jump.—J. T. Calnac, 5 ft
Long Jump.—F. F. Minchin, 18 ft [illegible]
Cricket Ball.—R. E. Cranfield, 100 [illegible] ft
Weight.—H. Reeves, 27 ft. 8 in.

* School record

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Mile.—Ambler, 5 min. [illegible]
Quarter Mile.—Booth [illegible]
100 Yards.—Boot[illegible]
Hurdles.—Marley, 21 sec.
High Jump.—Alderton, 5 ft. ¾ in.
Long Jump.—Boothby, 18 ft. 5¾ in.
Cricket Ball.—Turnbull II [illegible]
Weight.—Marley, 25 ft. 6¾ in.

KING EDWARD VII. SCH[illegible]

Mile.—H. E. Trulove, 5 min. [illegible]
Half Mile.—H. [illegible]
Quarter Mile.—A. S. Furniss [illegible]
[illegible]
High Jump.—[illegible]
Long Jump.—[illegible]
Cricket Ball.—Heppenstall, 79 f[illegible]

[illegible]

Quarter Mil[illegible] West[illegible]
[illegible] Dymond
Hurd[illegible]
High Jum[illegible]
[illegible] Jump[illegible]
[illegible] Lagden [illegible]
Weight.—[illegible]

[illegible]

VICTORIA COLLEGE, JERSEY.

Mile.—H. A. Dépres, 5 min. 16½ sec.
Quarter Mile.—N. Cheveaux, 58⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—N. Cheveaux, 11⅕ sec.
High Jump.—C. C. Labey, 4 ft. 10¾ in.
Long Jump.—N. Cheveaux, 18 ft. 10½ in.
Cricket Ball.—N. Cheveaux, 87 yd.
Weight.—N. Cheveaux, 30 ft. 2 in.

Holiday Camps. The time is now approaching when many of our readers will like to hear of camps where they can spend a week or two of the holidays at a moderate charge. First, there are the "Universities Camps for Public Schools," now in their eighteenth year, which are held during August in various parts of the United Kingdom—viz., Scotland, Ireland, and the South and East coasts of England and attended by boys from the premier schools. Full particulars as to these can be had on application to the Brigade Adjutant 14B Lingfield Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W. Then there is the "Secondary Schools Camp," which will be held this year at Manor Farm, Marchwood, Southampton, for four weeks, commencing August 1. We notice that last year, boys from Blackburn Grammar School (Lancs), Emanuel School (Wandsworth), St. Olave's (Southwark), St. Dunstan's (Catford), and about twenty-five other equally well-known schools attended this camp, information as to which can be obtained from the Hon. Treasurer, Secondary Schools Camp, 13 Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, London, W. It must be obvious to parents that it is a first-rate thing for a boy, providing he be physically fit, to go to a camp where he will be well looked after, and spend his time in a useful and pleasing manner with boys of his own age. I have been given to understand that in the case of the camps aforesaid, while everything is done to make the camp life as jolly and free as possible, the strictest discipline is maintained as regards the behaviour of the campers.

For those of our readers who have left school there is the Holiday Camp at Douglas, Isle of Man, which is open from March to October. Instead of going to a stuffy boarding-house, with its doubtful *menu* and exceedingly mixed society, I should advise young men who are in business to make an experiment of spending a week or two at this camp, which is run on sound lines by Mr. C. Cunningham, who will send a detailed prospectus on receipt of a postcard. As a change from city life it would be hard to find a more pleasant spot than this famous island off the Lancashire coast. There is heaps to do and heaps to see, and a fortnight there will build you up grandly for another year's wage-getting.

"Green at Greyhouse."—This story can now be had in book form, price six shillings. It makes a substantial volume of over 300 pages, and eight of the best illustrations by Mr. Whitwell are included in it. The volume also, as has been already stated, contains a new poem by Pinker, entitled "Before You Went Away, My Love." Messrs. Chapman and Hall hope that *Green at Greyhouse* will be regarded as a book for general reading as well as one whose main appeal is to inhabitants of the school world.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

B. G. S.—It doesn't really matter whether you go to a "Grammar" school or to Eton. What matters is what you do, what you become. Some men give themselves airs because they have been to a great school. They are snobs. When F. G. Brooks played for England, no one sneered at *him* because he was a "grammar school boy." And there you have the matter in a nutshell. The right sort of man will not claim credit for belonging to any particular institution. He will strive to make that institution proud of owning him as a member. Do we care what sort of school Wellington was at, or Nelson, or Charles Dickens? Let no boy be ashamed of his school, however lowly it be.

The Woodard Schools. "Denstonian writes: "With reference to your remarks re the Woodard Schools in the June CAPTAIN, I should like to point out that those mentioned comprise only the southern group of the Woodard Society. There are nine other schools, divided into three groups Midland, Western and Northern—both for boys and girls. One, at least, of the former more than equals the size of either Lancing or Hurstpierpoint. Side by side with those names you mentioned should have been those of Denstone, opened in 1873, the senior school of the Midland Group, Ellesmere, Worksop, Bloxham and others."

Mack.—Possibly when you are twenty-five, or thirty-five, or forty-five, you will write poetry.

There are signs in your work that you have the sense of poetry in you. As yet, though you are too young to write anything of real poetic worth Your "Song of the Salt" would make a sailor growl. Sailors don't sing songs belauding a life on the ocean wave. Following the sea is their job and so they follow it, but most of them would gladly accept a solid berth ashore

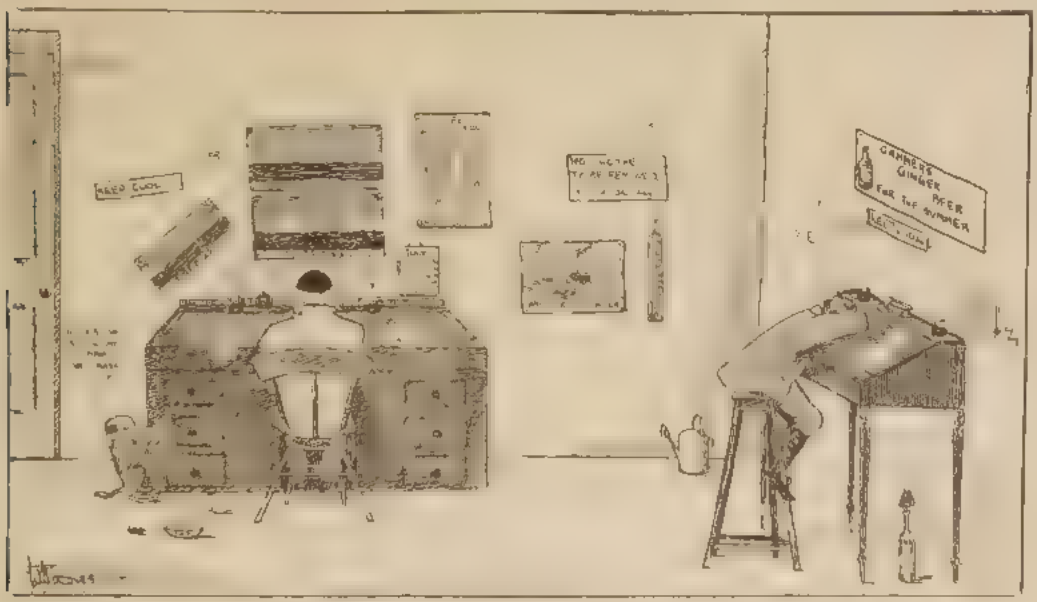
Douglas M. Morris sends me the following nice testimonial: "There's one thing THE CAPTAIN has done for me which no other 'mag' has done and that is made friends for me. When I see a fellow reading THE CAPTAIN, I've got a sort of bond of union with him. What's more is that there are not, to my knowledge many real black sheep among Captainites. It's too clean for them."

R Moreland.—Our lot weren t good enough to beat Australia -that's the plain truth We

"Maisie."—The reason why there is not much public school spirit among girls is because it is hardly natural for girls to be imbued with that spirit in the same degree as boys; and, then again, the public school system is still in its infancy among girls. There never will be quite the same spirit among girls, however, because they are not built that way.

"Autographs." Miss M Oates wishes to dispose of the autographs of the last Australian and South African teams which visited this country. I should like to point out to her that it is by no means the highest morality to sell autographs which have been given one, and that she ought not to accept money for them saving and except for a charity.

J. W Cox. How to stuff birds cannot be learnt from a short printed description of the process.



A JULY DAY AT "THE CAPTAIN" OFFICE: THINKING OUT IDEAS FOR THE WINTER

ought to have had some older hands in the team and at least a couple of great bats Hirst would have been invaluable And in my opinion Mr. P F Warner ought to have captained it as he knew the ground. Australia would have to serve up its very best, and a bit more to win the rubber against a really representative team such as, for instance: Warner, Fry, Hayward Braund, Jessop Lilley, Hirst, J. N. Crawford, Brearley, G Gunn, Blythe, with Tyldesley, Haigh and Board as reserves.

Employment in Canada.—In THE CAPTAIN for [illegible] is little work to be had in Canada. I think it only fair to say that during two years recently spent in Toronto, I made many friends, found lots of work and like the country so much that I expect to return next spring, if I am spared. I know several young farmers who think highly of the country, and have [illegible] a glorious country, in my opinion.—"A CAPTAINITE."

No doubt you are an expert, but most of our readers would make a dreadful hash of the business Practical lessons in taxidermy only are of use to would be bird stuffers Personally I'd rather watch a bird fly about than learn how to stuff it

Leslie Amos I don t care much for these guide-book essays. A description of an old castle or manor house should always be accompanied by a photo., and if possible some interesting anecdote concerning it should be related

E Hyden. We cannot "Club" readers who do not actually purchase THE CAPTAIN. It wouldn't be fair to those who do. But you can go in for the competitions, of course, if you can beg coupons from a subscriber. **Empire** Your essay is too long to print in Club or "Hear All Sides" pages Sum up your views in a nutshell and send them along. **J M.** It didn't pay and so we dropped it, and that is really all the information I can give you on the subject. **O. L. B** We like to get

sketches we can reproduce, and pencil drawings are no good for that. However, I'll remember. **A H L.**—Not bad, but I don't think it would interest our chaps. **H V.**—I rather fancy Yorkshire will win the championship this year. I should like to see Warwick do better, that being my county. **M Miller.**—I published "Concerning Englishmen" because it is good for us to [illegible] writer has been soundly trounced by our readers, but of course, if he sends a reply, I shall print it. **F. F.**—Don't bother your head about phrenology. What's your batting average? **R F A.**—Thanks for Marlborough Sports Results. Sorry, but our rule is one copy bought, one member, our idea being, strange as it may sound, to get as big a circulation as possible! **Alf Smith.**—Thanks, but of local interest only, I am afraid

"Captain" Club Contributions.—We cannot undertake, as a matter of course, to criticise or acknowledge essays, poems, sketches and photographs submitted for these pages. Such as are [illegible] when stamped envelopes are not enclosed for their return, rejected contributions are destroyed

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: L. S. Mee, Hendrik, Purnell, Bedfordian, O. Darrell, R. F. Clements, J. A. B., R. Bennett, C. M Nesbitt, "X. Y.," J. Smith, "Taller Still," "Observer," C. G Shackell (Pretoria), J. W. E. Anderson, D. N. Went, H. T. Turner, A. H. L., "Captainite," H. Jarvis, Ernest A. Lewis, J. A. R. Bromage, D. Turpin, C. J. M., D. J. Davies, F. S "Impala" (Dalmanuth), R. D. Molyneux, E. A. Fearnhead (Johannesburg)

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No I. "Public School Notes."

[illegible] "Scavenger," "Woolhamptonian," M [illegible] "Old Sport," "Charco," "Downite," "Cadet"

No II. "Photographic Competition"

CLASS I (Age limit: Twenty-five)

WINNER OF HOUGHTON'S "ICKA" CAMERA: C H Lodge, 9 Heme Road, Chester

HONOURABLE MENTION: T C James, A. L. Pentelow B. Lindsay

CLASS II (Age limit: Eighteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Marjory Wight Hartlebury, near Kidderminster

HONOURABLE MENTION: R Maurice Williams, W A R Richards, Frank Hall Percy J Arrow D Gladys Ghey, John B. Dougal H A Courtenay Fred. Paley, P J Humphry, S. C Peacock, D. Holmes, D. H Orme K Robins C Southgate

No. III "Jumble Sentence"

CLASS I (Age limit: Twenty-one)

WINNER OF "SAGA" CRICKET BAT: Winifred White, 16 Hartham Road, Holloway, N

HONOURABLE MENTION: H W. Smith W H Pigott. Frank R Varley, C F Hughes, Owen H Brigden., José M Beard Ralph A Farmer, James Neale, Henry Vause Francis J Atkinson, C E Duncan, W E. Cooper, S Woolger, Stanley M Rudd

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Gerald Beresford Grestock, 50 Raffel Road, Cricklewood, N W

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric Hyden, R J Lowcock, G. L Peace W Davison, R M Young, O. M. Pilkington, H. W Bellamy, R K Martindale, Ralston Andrew, William C Robinson, James Lindsay, Jnr., Fred Naylor, Winnie Jameson E Allison Peers, H. C Carr, F S Phillips, J. M Smart, F. W Wright

No. IV. "Handwriting Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Sixteen)

WINNER OF POSTCARD ALBUM: Nichols Holt, Lake View Middleton Co Cork

HONOURABLE MENTION: D R Wheeler Robert Carless, H G Evans, Robert Hervey, S C Aspden William Trees, Jnr Madge Hogan, W P Brooks, William P Neilson, Frank Debley, Charles K tth G O'Brie

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twelve)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: G Sanders, Durnford, Langton Matravers Wareham Dor

HONOURABLE MENTION: F Rupert S. Perry George Allan, Beryl Miller Emily Cowlin, Marjorie Spaeth, Phyllis H Morrall, A. R Wheeler Vivian Green, Roy Sisson, Flora McDermid, H Morris

No. V. "Pictorial Competition."

No age limit

WINNER OF TEN SHILLINGS: Clifford Smith, "Eaton Crescent, Swansea

HONOURABLE MENTION: B V Slater, E Clark, S. Woolger, P W. Halliday, W H Newborough, E B. Robinson, Joseph Taylor A C Smith, Will Inglis, F R. Jelley, D Lang, H. E. Clifton, H C Osborne

No. VI. "What I Want to Be, and Why"

CLASS I (Age limit: Twenty-one)

WINNER OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF A. W GAMAGE, LTD.: Arthur H Lodge, The College Chester

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W E R Saunders 12 Church Street, Wellingborough, Northants, Harry A Barr, Stewarton Drive, Cambuslang, N B

HONOURABLE MENTION: René Evans, W de Jongh, E Chambers, H. F. C Skinner, G. M Chambers, G. M Gregory, G E Murray, W H Gilliman E R Pringle

CLASS II (Age limit: Sixteen)

PRIZE DIVIDED BETWEEN: L. D. Pritchard, Lancing College, Shoreham, Sussex, and C. A. de Lande, 30 Braham Gardens, South Kensington, W

HONOURABLE MENTION: F Arnold Stocks, P. S Gurney, Edward J Crossin, Fred Barratt, Thomas Durley, W. Surrey Dane, A. Mansell., Thomas Dore, Cecil Clarke, Denis J Rath, A. H. S. Macallum, Stephen Fry

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(March)

WINNERS OF FIVE SHILLINGS: (III.) H. Goodbrand, 49 Gard[illegible] Street, Durban, Natal. (V.) Michael Greaves, Littland, St. Joseph's, Barbados; (V.) Han, Laver, Jnr, Middelburg, Transvaal.

HONOURABLE MENTION: (III.) Maude Bridgman (Canada), R. D. Molyneux (Australia), Geoffrey Smellie British Guiana), Winnie Vine (Jamaica), George Stanley (Cape Town); (V.) S A Macallum [illegible] Colony), Arthur E Skeates (California), A Robson (India), H. E Elliott (Canada), Harry Laver, K. C Burness (Canada), J. H Bishop (Cape Town); (VI.) A C. Cross (Transvaal), H Goodbrand, Michael Greaves, S R. Robertson (Argentina), H S Patten Canada M W Rosenthal (Transvaal), John Chadder (Canada), G L Gullock (Canada, A. O'Connor (Canada).

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books: "Green at Greyhouse," "Cox's Cough-Drops," "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The Head of Kay's," "The White Feather," "The Duffer," "The Life Adventurous" (John Mackie).

Comments on the May Competitions.

No I.—This competition promises to become as popular as the feature it affords is interesting. Contributors should not neglect the humorous side of school life!

No II. Several branches of out door sports and occupations were represented, but the dull weather affected the quality of the photographs submitted

No III.—The following are the prize-winning sentences

CLASS I.—"*There's Life in the Old Dog Yet,*" said *The Old Fag* when Bask drove *The Lost Lambs* from *The Heart of the Swamp* to *The Top of the Hill.*

CLASS II.—*Concerning Englishmen* in *The Ways That are Wild* or *The Heart of the Side* [illegible] *The Iron Hand*, and never feel like *Lost Lambs*

No IV.—Many good examples of handwriting were sent in, and those competitors honourably mentioned ran each other very close for first place

No V.—While the number of sketches suitable for publication was less than usual, we were pleased to observe more original work.

No VI. See "Editorial"

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The attention of all readers is called to advertisement p. iv. cover, where they will find full particulars of a novel and liberal scheme of Accident Insurance specially devised for their benefit.

TOURIST: "I suppose you and your wife have lived here all your lives?"

OLD INHABITANT: "Yes, sir, that we have. It were 'ere as I met her, 'ere as I married her, and it's 'ere as I 'opes to bury her afore long now."

ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE ATTACKING BIRDS DARTED DOWN FOR MY HEAD WITH AWFUL SWIFTNESS

A PERILOUS CLIMB

By CLUCAS JOUGHIN

THERE is a popular print often seen in the windows of picture dealers, which I rarely pass without a little prayer. It is the picture of a man who is suspended over a precipice by a rope, from which position he is collecting the eggs of sea fowl.

The occupation, however, is not so hazardous as it appears. It depends on the nerve of the man, or boy. The chief difficulty is in climbing up the rope, and in getting safely over the edge of the cliff. Rarely do we read of an egg-collector being killed through the breaking of a rope, though such calamities have occurred.

In such egg-collecting adventures—and in my youth they were not uncommon—I always took the precaution to wrap my coat around the part of the rope which came into contact with the angle of the rock, as it is at that point it is liable to be broken by the swaying of the body beneath. Another necessary precaution is to drive *two* crowbars into the ground above, and not trust to one alone. These crowbars should be two or three yards apart, and the rope should be so fixed that each bar will bear a share of the strain. It is almost needless to say that they ought to be driven well home, and that firm ground must be selected. Often have we descended, by this method, to some otherwise inaccessible place, where we knew were nests of guillemots, hawks, ravens, or seagulls. Many times the eggs collected would be broken in our pockets by contact with the precipices in our upward climb.

Crag climbing, without the aid of a rope, is the most dangerous, and also the most health-giving, of all recreations. It breeds a class of nerve that never knows fear; trains a youth to keep cool in moments of imminent peril, develops every muscle of his body, strengthens his power of will, and teaches him the art of extricating himself from difficult and dangerous positions; but none should attempt it save those that are born and bred amid such scenes. So long as boys will be boys there will be crag climbing, but they ought to remember that there is a death-roll to be considered. I have seen more than one dead body borne homewards from the bottom of a crag.

Since the passing of the wise and humane Act of the Manx Legislature for the preservation of sea-birds, few, if any, deaths in the Isle of Man have been due to cliff climbing for eggs: a benefit of the law which was not contemplated by the House of Keys when the subject of the preservation of the birds was under discussion. Since the Wild Birds Preservation Act came into force, seagulls have become so numerous, and so fearless of man, that they build their nests in places comparatively easy of access

In the summer of 1871 my cousin A. G. came over from Cheltenham to spend his school holidays with me. For a boy reared in such conventional surroundings, A. G. had remarkable courage, and often, with a little assistance, accomplished difficult climbs among the precipitous crags which form the rugged coast line south from Peel to the Gordon Haughs.

Climbing the haughs, as the cliffs are here called, though not absolutely forbidden by most parents, was considered so dangerous that the very act of warning against it was accounted a risk, lest the boy who found himself in a perilous situation might have his nerve weakened by the fear of the consequences due to disobedience. It has happened that most of the fatalities occurred on the sabbath, and the Manx, being formerly strict sabbatarians, attributed to divine displeasure what was probably due to diverse causes. Our cousin, Willie C——, was, however, killed on a week-day, while climbing with his own and A. G.'s eldest brother.

It is strange that a fatal accident to one of our own family connections did not keep us away from the haughs. On shooting

excursions along the cliffs I have often descended and brought up the dead birds and rabbits in my mouth, without so much as a thought of danger. There have been other occasions, however, when I was so fixed that, to all appearances, nothing short of a superhuman power could aid me—when a rope from above would have been of no avail, and a daring climber from below would have put himself to the additional risk of my falling upon him and hurling him down also.

On one of the adventures with A. G. I had such an experience—which to this day prompts the prayer of thankfulness to the Divine love when I stand and contemplate the picture of *The Crag Climber*.

We had rowed along the base of Peel Hill one July day when the sea was calm, and the afternoon sun showed the great rocks in all their diversity of colour. On pulling out from the harbour we had no thought of any climbing, probably because it was too late in the season for eggs. It was one of those days, rare even in the sweet atmosphere of the Island, when the sea was not only calm and clear, but of such transparency that the boat appeared to be gliding through ether, and the simple delight of breathing made the lust of gold, and other lusts, seem base passions. We were big fellows. I was well advanced in my teens, and A. G. was older, so we were both old enough to be sensibly affected by the romance and poetry of the scene: the towering cliffs and flying seabirds above, and the moving algæ and swimming fish beneath us.

We had beached our boat on one of the little shores which indent the coast. Our intention was simply to explore the shore for things of interest. After a bathe, and when only partly dressed, I caught sight of some young, full-feathered gulls on a ledge of rock near the top of a cliff which rose abruptly from the shingle to a height of two hundred feet and terminated in the sloping land which extended to the summit of the hill.

I said I would climb up to the young gulls, and get over the top of the cliff and come down by another way if I found I could not get down by the way I ascended. After cautioning A. G. to keep the boat afloat, I began the ascent.

There is a simple reason, not generally understood, why a crag climber cannot always come down a crag by the way he goes up. In climbing up he sees every jutting piece of rock which offers him a foothold, and can test everything he grasps with his hands. Neolithic men probably depended on their feet almost as much as on their hands when climbing to and from their cave dwellings, but we descendants of Adam should never forget that it is the hand grip which chiefly secures us in such work.

Foot by foot, grasp after grasp, I slowly crept up the seemingly unclimbable precipice. Many times since have I looked at it and marvelled at my foolhardiness, or erring contempt of the apparently impossible, or lack of prudence, or whatever such folly is properly called.

Accustomed to climb with bare feet, and to enjoy the benefits of a barefooted life in summer days, my toes were hardened to the work, and strong; so I pulled myself up, often, by sheer strength as well as activity. The adventure was more dangerous than even my experienced eye had calculated from below. Pieces of rock which I tested, before trusting my weight to them, fell away, and slipped, or dropped, to the beach.

A. G. was too well advised to call, or make any noise that would divide my attention. It was well it was so with him. I required all my faculties of nerve, agility and courage to get me from perilous positions to others scarcely less perilous.

When I got up to a considerable height above the shore, and came within hearing distance of the cries of the young gulls, the latter began to peer down at me from the edge of their eerie, and soon turned their cries into screams of alarm. The nearer I drew to them the more excited they became, until I was conscious, from the chorus of their cries, that they were far more in number than I had expected to find.

Long before I had got so far up as to alarm the birds, I had made up my mind that a descent by the way I had come was impossible; so I resolved to scale the cliff to its utmost height and then rejoin A. G. by making a descent at a place familiar to me in the rabbit-shooting season, and by which I had often come down to the very beach below to pick up a dead cony which had fallen over the cliff after being shot, tumbling from one ridge of rock to another in its fall.

With my nerves braced for the task above me, I now thought of nothing but the wild delight of being up among the young gulls, and the pleasure of resting awhile on the broad shelf which formed their playground. Now moving obliquely to the left, now to the

right, and anon going straight up, climbing with fingers and toes, and sometimes holding close to the rock by magnetic cohesion, I at last gained the base of the shelf on which the parent gulls had put their nests, and where their young, to the number of a score or more, now kept up a clamour of weird cries.

Here I paused, partly to rest, and partly to take my bearings, for I now saw that the rock between me and the young birds sloped outwards and that nothing other than a creature with wings could get over it to the security of the shelf above.

My position was the most perilous that I have ever been in, either before or since. I was holding on by my fingers and toes, and the nearest thing which I could grasp firmly, if I fell, was a hundred feet below.

I had calculated the impossibility of my descent. I now contemplated the apparent impossibility of my escape from a horrible death. I looked up. The base of the shelf so overhung that a rope lowered from above would fall about two feet behind me. An attempt to seize it, even could I have secured such aid in time to rescue me, would have meant certain destruction. The thought of succour from above, therefore, contained no hope.

After hanging what appeared to be a very long time, I saw that I must attempt the descent at all hazards. A. G. was below, silently watching, as he had often watched. Fortunately I did not think of him. I believe, now, that the thought of his horror if he saw me fall would have unnerved me.

I remember it all as if the event occurred but yesterday. I put down my right foot to feel for the next foothold below me. I could not reach it. I then tried my left foot. I could feel nothing but smooth rock. I knew exactly where the ledge of rock below my right foot was situated, but, although I let myself down the full length of my right arm, I was unable to feel it. My right hand

MY POSITION WAS THE MOST PERILOUS THAT I HAD EVER BEEN IN

grip was higher than my left hand's. If there had been a lower grip for my right hand I could have lowered my right foot proportion-

ately; but the face of the rock did not present as much as a finger grip that I could depend upon.

I have partly explained how this sort of thing happens. In climbing up you can reach up to a ledge of rock and hold on with your bent fingers. In coming down you cannot grasp a ledge in that way if it is much below you.

I was not long in realising the risk I would have to take; but the chances of success were so improbable that I shuddered as I thought about the consequence of a failure. I would have to let go the hold I had with my right hand, and risk the drop to the ledge below. If I missed the projection, or if the strength of my toes failed me, or if I overbalanced, I knew what would happen!

My knees began to quiver with trepidation. That filled me with the sense of a new danger. If I lost courage, or my presence of mind or the possession of my calculating faculties, I knew I was doomed, for the first false move would land me in eternity. I was not then prepared for such a transition; so "I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh mine help."

You pray in church, or you pray at your mother's knee, but it is not given to many to know the awfulness of calling upon God while seized by an agony of terror hanging near the top of a precipice, unable to get up or down, and so inextricably fixed as to be beyond the hope of human aid. Every nerve in the body vibrates with terror; sensations as of falling backwards revolve along the spine. What can be the actual sufferings of those who do fall is known only to heaven, as they who tumble from such heights never live to tell their story.

I had not prayed many words before my fear left me, and I was given the power to regain my normal self-possession. And yet what now happened seemed to threaten my immediate death. It was one of those occurrences which seem the very reverse of an answer to prayer, and which often are the despair of the afflicted.

I heard the wild cries of a gull on its way in from the sea; then another, and another, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the air became filled with the alarmed and angry screams of hundreds of gulls.

Any one who has lived in the vicinity of a colony of sea-gulls knows how rapidly these birds can collect from invisible distances. You look abroad over the face of the deep and you see but a single gull. He alters the course of his flight, wheels in lowering circles, or descends rapidly in short and swift zigzags to the surface of the water. In a few seconds he is joined by others of his own species; and even while you are marvelling at their sudden appearance from what appeared to be but uninhabited space, the air is filled with wild cries, and hundreds of silvery wings are performing graceful evolutions above a shoal of small fish, or some offal floating out from the shore.

Even so did it happen to me. A single mother bird probably detected me from her hunting-ground, or on her way in with food for her brood. A cry of alarm and others joined her, until from far over the blue water five hundred angry birds came and circled over my head, their loud cries making the rocks resound with the clamour of their rage and fear for their young.

I had scarcely time to comprehend the new danger of my position before one gull, much larger than any of the others, made a sudden swoop for my head, but turned adroitly upwards before reaching me. The gulls, with the exception of this one, were herring-gulls—these large birds being the species common to the island. The larger bird was not a—might be supposed one of the Great Black-backed gulls frequently seen here, but was probably a Burgomaster, for though not known to breed in the island, I have seen an adult bird of this species, accompanied by a young one, on this coast. Whichever it was, it led an attack that was speedily taken up by a dozen or more of the herring gulls—in all probability the parent birds of the crying young on the rock beneath them.

One after another the attacking birds darted down for my head with awful swiftness, turning only when within a few feet of my face. The great gull which led the attack came nearer at every swoop. I kept my eyes fixed on him alone. He came almost within arm's length of me, rose in the air, circled again among the screaming multitude, waited apparently until his proper opportunity came, and then swept down in a swift, curving flight for my head. Each time he did this he came nearer and nearer, until at last he came so close that I had to dodge my head to avoid a blow of his wing—a blow that would have hurled me from the haugh as surely as a blow from a boomerang.

With my upturned eyes still fixed on this bird, and while others kept up a fusillade

of charges, ending in quick turns above my head, and while the welkin rang with a babel of noise from the whole colony, I made up my mind that it would be better to risk the drop to the ledge below, than await another charge of the leader of the attack. It was an awful risk, but I felt sure that the next time that great gull came down he would knock me over.

I felt no quaking fear. My feet felt steady and strong. I let go my right hand grip, dropped with the inner side of my great toe pressed against the rock, and every muscle and nerve of my body clinging magnetically to the cliff

The toe and forepart of my right foot caught the ledge! So far, then, I was safe, and my lips breathed a word of thankfulness. After a pause, I moved warily and slowly downwards, feeling my way with much coolness. The attack of the gulls gradually lost its ferocity as I descended, and after a long and desperate struggle I reached the shore in safety.

From a life of many adventures and hair-breadth escapes, I look back on this incident as one wherein I appear to have been upheld by one of those winged messengers of God who are never very far away from us.

SOME SEASIDE CURIOSITIES

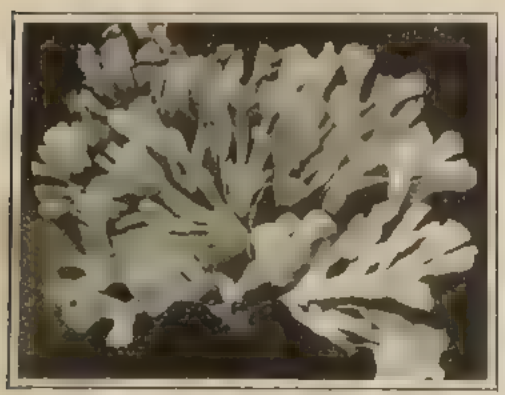
BY HORACE W. VENTON

Illustrated from copyright photos. by the Author

THE summer holiday, with its visit to the seaside, is looked forward to by young and old alike with keen anticipation. The change of air, the wide expanse of ocean, the entirely different surroundings, all give one a sense of freedom which is seldom experienced at any other time. But perhaps the most enjoyable part of a summer holiday by the seaside, to some at least, is the fact that one's interest is constantly aroused by the numerous curiosities of the sea shore. How common it is to see a little group gathered around some one who holds a mysterious looking object in his hand, or it may be in a child's bucket, and to hear the exclamation, "I wonder what it is!"

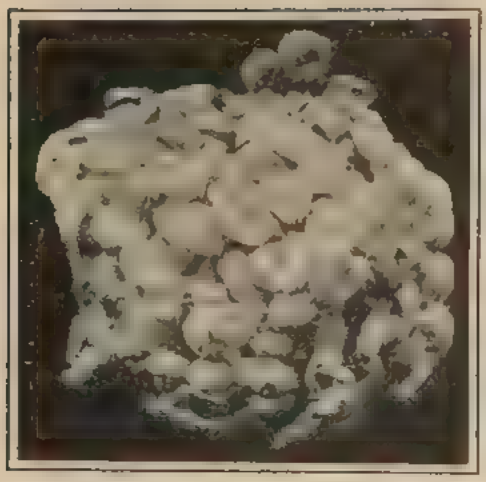
Every one at the seaside is a naturalist *pro tem.*, simply because of the fact that these unusual objects excite curiosity. No one can have helped noticing the tangled masses of apparently dried and sun bleached seaweed which are blown about our shores; yet how astonished some would be if they were told that it is not seaweed at all! Yet such is actually the case.

Our first illustration is a photograph of a frond of one of these sham seaweeds, of which there are numberless species. To give it its scientific name, it is called *Flustra*



A FROND OF SHAM SEAWEED.

PHOTOMICROGRAPH OF FLUSTRA FOLIACEA



EGG CASE OF WHELK.

foliacea. If the frond be examined, even with the naked eye, it will be seen that it is composed of a horny substance and is made up of multitudes of little pits or cells, arranged symmetrically side by side and on both sides of the frond. Should any one be more curious however, and also the happy possessor of a microscope, or even of a good lens, he will see that each of these cells is protected by a number of little spikes

This sham seaweed is nothing more nor less than the skeletons or shells of a colony of little animals, one of each of which lived in each cell. There are numerous kinds of these animals, more or less closely related to each other, some of which are to be found encrusting seaweed; others attach themselves to shells, and still others are found congregated together in the form of ribbons and stems. In some species the cells are to be found on both sides of the frond, as is the case with that illustrated by the photograph, whilst in others they only occupy one side The polyzoon, as the little animal is called, has a fairly high organisation, and is possessed of elaborate means of obtaining its food. From out the cell in which it dwells it protrudes a number of arms or tentacles, which it moves about in all directions. On each of these tentacles are a large number of fine hairs, or "cilia," as they are termed, and these are constantly vibrating and causing a current of water to flow into the mouth, thus enabling it to obtain the food it needs in the shape of the small animalculæ which are swimming about in the water. Some species are even possessed of a gizzard, by means of which they are able to crush the food before it enters the stomach.

Another curious object which is very common on our sea-shores consists of balls of little membranous sacs, as shown in the illustration. These are the egg-cases of the common whelk which have been cast up by the tides. In the early part of the year each of these sacs contained an egg, which later on was hatched into a young whelk. The egg cases are fastened to the rocks, and those

SEA MOUSE

which are found on the beach have been torn away by the rough tides and cast upon the shore

The large whelk is not the only mollusc which forms egg-cases of this character and attaches them to the rocks. Little oblong urns, each raised on a fixed stalk, having a circular expanded base, giving them something the appearance of little egg cups are often to be found attached to the stones and rocks. These are the eggs of another shell-fish.

A different type of egg-case is that of the skate or ray-fish. These cases are called by some "mermaid's purses," or "skate barrows." They are oblong objects of a membranous texture and a dark brown colour. A piece cut out of the case might easily be mistaken for a piece of the dark brown seaweed which is so common. It is about four

EGG CASE OF SKATE

inches long, and each corner is extended into a long point, which gives it the appearance of a double-handled wheelbarrow, whence it derives its popular name. The young skate continues to live in this case for some time, until the nourishment contained in the case is exhausted, and when it is sufficiently grown it is able to burst through the case, much in the same way as a chicken bursts through the shell of the egg. The four points at the corners serve as anchors to keep it in a suitable place until it is hatched.

The object shown in the last illustration is one of the most beautiful that can be found on the sea shore. It is commonly called the "sea mouse." It is impossible to convey to the reader by means of an illustration the exquisite beauty of this little animal. In the first place it must be stated the name is a misnomer, for the animal is not a mouse at all, but a worm. To learn that a worm can be beautiful will be a surprise to many. Nevertheless, this worm has either side covered with iridescent hairs, which glisten most beautifully with all the colours of the rainbow. It has about twenty pairs of legs, each of which ends in a number of strong bristles, by means of which it is able to make its way along the bed of the ocean. Besides the iridescent hairs referred to, it also has a number of strong spines, which serve as a means of protection from its various enemies. In some species these spines are barbed at the ends and contained in sheaths, so that the little creature shall not injure itself with its own weapons. In time of danger, however, these barbs are erected, and the sheaths are then open, so that the barbs can be used to ward off attack.

CRICKET AT MUDVILLE

If the elegant description contained in the following letter be a [illegible] like the above. "[illegible]shire College Monday. Dear Jack. Thanks for your letter! Yes, 'The Lost Lambs' is all right, isn't it? Played a rotten [illegible] last Saturday at Mudville. Awful ground! Holes like coal mines, puddles the size of lakes. Mudville [illegible], dressing rooms like cupboards, and, to crown all, there was a regular menagerie on the field. Got soaked to the skin. No more Mudville for me!—Yours ever, Phil.

THE LOST LAMBS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell

SYNOPSIS

After the Easter holidays Mike Jackson has every reason to suppose that he will be made Captain of cricket at Wrykyn School, but much to his distress, on account of a succession of bad reports, his father removes him to a public school of a much smaller type named Sedleigh. On the first day of term he gets to Sedleigh rather early, and falls in with a whimsical fellow calling himself "Psmith," who has been withdrawn from Eton for a similar reason. They feel like "lost lambs" in this strange new place, and, resenting their removal to Sedleigh, from the first adopt a defiant and independent attitude. Mike, for instance, tells Adair, the Sedleigh cricket captain, that he doesn't play cricket, and, moreover, doesn't want to. His antecedents, however, become known to a few of the seniors in his house, who, keeping the secret, prevail upon him to play for the House v. Downing's on mid-term day. Mike makes 103. Adair then asks him to play for the school in its next match, but Mike coldly declines. Jackson breaks out of the school one night to oblige a friend, and on his return is nearly caught by Mr. Downing. The latter's dog is painted red that night, and Mr. Downing, who suspects Mike of having been the boy he saw out so late, endeavours to bring home this outrage to him. Finding one of Mike's boots smeared with red paint, Mr. Downing tells Psmith who has been assisting him in his investigations to bring it to the headmaster's study. When the headmaster examines the boot Psmith brings, however, he can find no paint on it.

CHAPTER XXI

THE DESTROYER OF EVIDENCE

boot became the centre of attraction, the cynosure of all eyes. Mr. Downing fixed it with the piercing stare of one who feels that his brain is tottering. The headmaster looked at it with a mildly puzzled expression. Psmith, putting up his eyeglass, gazed at it with a sort of affectionate interest, as if he were waiting for it to do a trick of some kind.

Mr. Downing was the first to break the silence.

"There was paint on this boot," he said vehemently. "I tell you there was a splash of red paint across the toe. Smith will bear me out in this. Smith, you saw the paint on this boot?"

"Paint, sir!"

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you did *not* see it?"

"No, sir. There was no paint on this boot."

"This is foolery. I saw it with my own eyes. It was a broad splash right across the toe."

The headmaster interposed.

"You must have made a mistake, Mr. Downing. There is certainly no trace of paint on this boot. These momentary optical delusions are, I fancy, not uncommon. Any doctor will tell you"

"I had an aunt, sir," said Psmith chattily, "who was remarkably subject"

"It is absurd. I cannot have been mistaken," said Mr. Downing. "I am positively certain the toe of this boot was red when I found it."

"It is undoubtedly black now, Mr. Downing."

"A sort of chameleon boot," murmured Psmith.

The goaded housemaster turned on him.

"What did you say, Smith?"

"Did I speak, sir?" said Psmith, with the start of one coming suddenly out of a trance.

Mr. Downing looked searchingly at him.

"You had better be careful, Smith"

"Yes, sir."

"I strongly suspect you of having something to do with this."

"Really, Mr. Downing," said the headmaster, "that is surely improbable. Smith could scarcely have cleaned the boot on his way to my house. On one occasion I inadvertently spilt some paint on a shoe of my own. I can assure you that it does not brush off. It needs

a very systematic cleaning before all traces are removed."

"Exactly, sir," said Psmith. "My theory, if I may——?"

"Certainly, Smith."

Psmith bowed courteously and proceeded.

"My theory, sir, is that Mr. Downing was deceived by the light and shade effects on the toe of the boot. The afternoon sun, streaming in through the window, must have shone on the boot in such a manner as to give it a momentary and fictitious aspect of redness. If Mr. Downing recollects, he did not look long at the boot. The picture on the retina of the eye, consequently, had not time to fade. I remember thinking myself, at the moment, that the boot appeared to have a certain reddish tint. The mistake——"

"Bah!" said Mr. Downing shortly.

"Well, really," said the headmaster, it seems to me that that is the only explanation that will square with the facts. A boot that is really smeared with red paint does not become black of itself in the course of a few minutes."

"You are very right, sir," said Psmith with benevolent approval. "May I go now, sir? I am in the middle of a singularly impressive passage of Cicero's speech De Senectute."

"I am sorry that you should leave your preparation till Sunday, Smith. It is a habit of which I altogether disapprove."

"I am reading it, sir," said Psmith, with simple dignity, "for pleasure. Shall I take the boot with me, sir?"

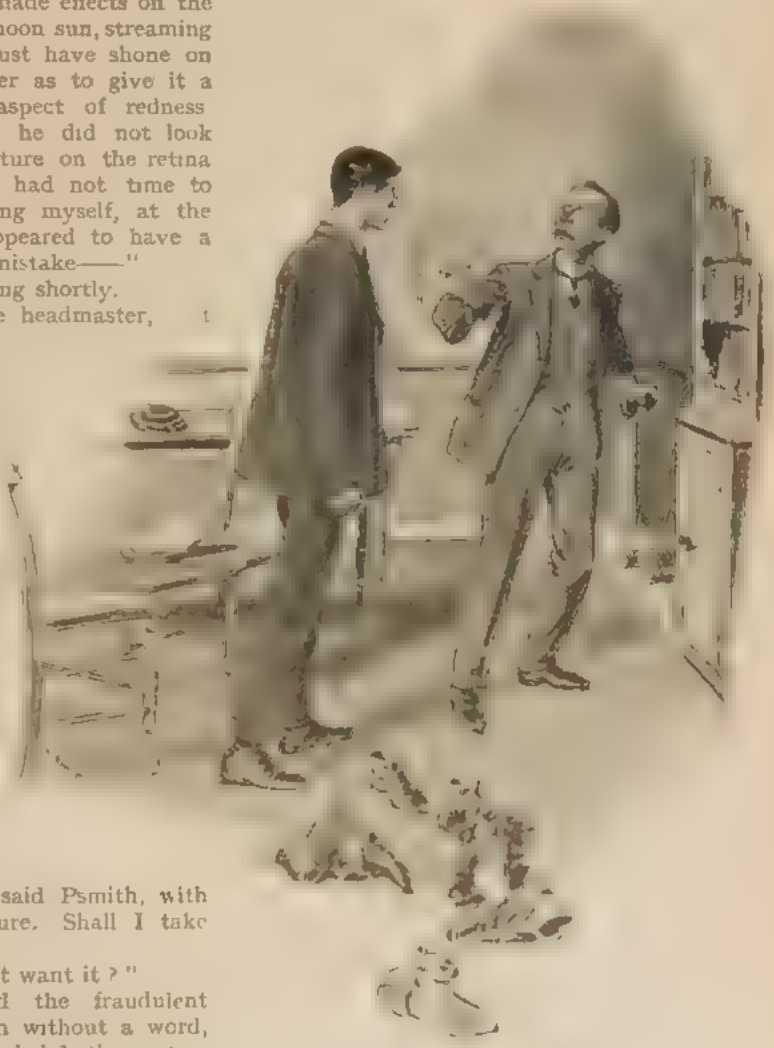
"If Mr. Downing does not want it?"

The housemaster passed the fraudulent piece of evidence to Psmith without a word, and the latter, having included both masters in a kindly smile, left the garden.

Pedestrians who had the good fortune to be passing along the road between the housemaster's house and Mr. Outwood's at that moment saw what, if they had but known it, was a most unusual sight, the spectacle of Psmith running. Psmith's usual mode of progression was a dignified walk. He believed in the contemplative style rather than the hustling

On this occasion, however, reckless of possible injuries to the crease of his trousers, he raced down the road, and, turning in at Outwood's gate, bounded upstairs like a highly trained professional athlete.

On arriving at the study, his first act was to



"I'M AFRAID YOU MUSN'T DO THAT SIR."

remove a boot from the top of the pile in the basket, place it in the small cupboard under the bookshelf, and lock the cupboard. Then he flung himself into a chair and panted.

"Brain," he said to himself approvingly, "is what one chiefly needs in matters of this kind. Without brain, where are we? In the soup, every time. The next development will

be when Comrade Downing thinks it over, and is struck with the brilliant idea that it's just possible that the boot he gave me to carry and the boot I did carry were not one boot but two boots. Meanwhile——"

He dragged up another chair for his feet and picked up his novel.

He had not been reading long when there was a footstep in the passage, and Mr. Downing appeared.

The possibility, in fact the probability, of Psmith having substituted another boot for the one with the incriminating splash of paint on it had occurred to him almost immediately on leaving the headmaster's garden. Psmith and Mike, he reflected, were friends. Psmith's impulse would be to do all that lay in his power to shield Mike. Feeling aggrieved with himself that he had not thought of this before, he, too, hurried over to Outwood's.

Mr. Downing was brisk and peremptory.

"I wish to look at these boots again," he said. Psmith, with a sigh, laid down his novel, and rose to assist him.

"Sit down, Smith," said the housemaster. "I can manage without your help."

Psmith sat down again, carefully tucking up the knees of his trousers, and watched him with silent interest through his eyeglass.

The scrutiny irritated Mr. Downing.

"Put that thing away, Smith," he said.

"That thing, sir?"

"Yes, that ridiculous glass. Put it away."

"Why, sir?"

"Why! Because I tell you to do so"

"I guessed that that was the reason, sir," sighed Psmith, replacing the eyeglass in his waistcoat pocket. He rested his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, and resumed his contemplative inspection of the boot-expert, who, after fidgeting for a few moments, lodged another complaint.

"Don't sit there staring at me, Smith."

"I was interested in what you were doing, sir."

"Never mind. Don't stare at me in that idiotic way."

"May I read, sir?" asked Psmith, patiently.

"Yes, read if you like."

"Thank you, sir."

Psmith took up his book again, and Mr. Downing, now thoroughly irritated, pursued his investigations in the boot-basket.

He went through it twice, but each time without success. After the second search, he stood up, and looked wildly round the room. He was as certain as he could be of anything that the missing piece of evidence was somewhere in the study. It was no use asking Psmith point-blank where it was, for Psmith's ability to parry dangerous questions with evasive answers was quite out of the common.

His eye roamed about the room. There was very little cover there, even for so small a fugitive as a number nine boot. The floor could be acquitted, on sight, of harbouring the quarry.

Then he caught sight of the cupboard, and something seemed to tell him that there was the place to look.

"Smith!" he said.

Psmith had been reading placidly all the while.

"Yes, sir?"

"What is in this cupboard?"

"That cupboard, sir?"

"Yes. This cupboard." Mr. Downing rapped the door irritably.

"Just a few odd trifles, sir. We do not often use it. A ball of string, perhaps. Possibly an old note-book. Nothing of value or interest."

"Open it."

"I think you will find that it is locked, sir."

"Unlock it."

"But where is the key, sir?

"Have you not got the key?"

"If the key is not in the lock, sir, you may depend upon it that it will take a long search to find it."

"Where did you see it last?"

"It was in the lock yesterday morning. Jackson might have taken it."

"Where is Jackson?"

"Out in the field somewhere, sir."

Mr. Downing thought for a moment.

"I don't believe a word of it," he said shortly. "I have my reasons for thinking that you are deliberately keeping the contents of that cupboard from me. I shall break open the door."

Psmith got up.

"I'm afraid you mustn't do that, sir."

Mr. Downing stared, amazed.

"Are you aware whom you are talking to, Smith?" he inquired acidly.

"Yes, sir. And I know it's not Mr. Outwood, to whom that cupboard happens to belong. If you wish to break it open, you must get his permission. He is the sole lessee and proprietor of that cupboard. I am only the acting manager"

Mr. Downing paused. He also reflected. Mr. Outwood in the general rule did not count much in the scheme of things, but possibly there were limits to the treating of him as if he

did not exist. To enter his house without his permission and search it to a certain extent was all very well. But when it came to breaking up his furniture, perhaps——!

On the other hand, there was the maddening thought that if he left the study in search of Mr. Outwood, in order to obtain his sanction for the house-breaking work which he proposed to carry through, Smith would be alone in the room. And he knew that, if Smith were left alone in the room, he would instantly remove the boot to some other hiding-place. He thoroughly disbelieved the story of the lost key. He was perfectly convinced that the missing boot was in the cupboard.

He stood chewing these thoughts for a-while. Psmith in the meantime standing in a graceful attitude in front of the cupboard, staring into vacancy.

Then he was seized with a happy idea. Why should he leave the room at all? If he sent Smith, then he himself could wait and make certain that the cupboard was not tampered with.

"Smith," he said, "go and find Mr. Outwood, and ask him to be good enough to come here for a moment."

CHAPTER XXII.

MAINLY ABOUT BOOTS

"BE quick, Smith," he said, as the latter stood looking at him without making any movement in the direction of the door.

"*Quick*, sir?" said Psmith meditatively, as if he had been asked a conundrum

"Go and find Mr. Outwood at once."

Psmith still made no move.

"Do you intend to disobey me, Smith?" Mr. Downing's voice was steely.

"Yes, sir."

"What!"

"Yes, sir"

There was one of those you-could-have-heard-a-pin-drop silences. Psmith was staring reflectively at the ceiling. Mr. Downing was looking as if at any moment he might say, "Thwarted to me face, ha, ha! And by a very stripling!"

It was Psmith, however, who resumed the conversation. His manner was almost too respectful; which made it all the more a pity that what he said did not keep up the standard of docility.

"I take my stand," he said, "on a technical point. I say to myself, 'Mr. Downing is a man I admire as a human being and respect as a master. In——'"

"This impertinence is doing you no good, Smith

Psmith waved a hand deprecatingly.

"If you will let me explain, sir. I was about to say that in any other place but Mr. Outwood's house, your word would be law. I would fly to do your bidding. If you pressed a button, I would do the rest. But in Mr. Outwood's house I cannot do anything except what pleases me or what is ordered by Mr. Outwood. I ought to have remembered that before. One cannot," he continued, as who should say, "Let us be reasonable," "one cannot, to take a parallel case, imagine the colonel commanding the garrison at a naval station going on board a battleship and ordering the crew to splice the jibboom spanker. It might be an admirable thing for the Empire that the jibboom spanker *should* be spliced at that particular juncture, but the crew would naturally decline to move in the matter until the order came from the commander of the ship. So in my case. If you will go to Mr. Outwood, and explain to him how matters stand, and come back and say to me, 'Psmith, Mr. Outwood wishes you to ask him to be good enough to come to this study,' then I shall be only too glad to go and find him. You see my difficulty, sir?"

"Go and fetch Mr. Outwood, Smith. I shall not tell you again."

Psmith flicked a speck of dust from his coat-sleeve

"Very well, Smith."

"I can assure you, sir, at any rate, that if there is a boot in that cupboard now, there will be a boot there when you return."

Mr. Downing stalked out of the room.

"But," added Psmith pensively to himself, as the footsteps died away, "I did not promise that it would be the same boot."

He took the key from his pocket, unlocked the cupboard, and took out the boot. Then he selected from the basket a particularly battered specimen. Placing this in the cupboard, he re-locked the door

His next act was to take from the shelf a piece of string. Attaching one end of this to the boot that he had taken from the cupboard, he went to the window. His first act was to fling the cupboard-key out into the bushes. Then he turned to the boot. On a level with the sill the water-pipe, up which Mike had started to climb the night before, was fastened to the wall by an iron band. He tied the other end of the string to this, and let the boot swing

free. He noticed with approval, when it had stopped swinging, that it was hidden from above by the window-sill.

He returned to his place at the mantelpiece. As an after-thought he took another boot from the basket, and thrust it up the chimney. A shower of soot fell into the grate, blackening his hand

The bathroom was a few yards down the corridor. He went there, and washed off the soot.

When he returned, Mr. Downing was in the study, and with him Mr. Outwood, the latter looking dazed, as if he were not quite equal to the intellectual pressure of the situation.

"Where have you been, Smith?" asked Mr. Downing sharply.

"I have been washing my hands, sir."

"H'm!" said Mr. Downing suspiciously.

"Yes, I saw Smith go into the bathroom," said Mr. Outwood. "Smith, I cannot quite understand what it is Mr. Downing wishes me to do.'

"My dear Outwood," snapped the sleuth, "I thought I had made it perfectly clear. Where is the difficulty?"

"I cannot understand why you should suspect Smith of keeping his boots in a cupboard, and," added Mr. Outwood, with spirit, catching sight of a Good-Gracious has-the-man-*no*-sense look on the other's face, "why he should not do so if he wishes it."

"Exactly, sir," said Psmith, approvingly. "You have touched the spot."

"If I must explain again, my dear Outwood, will you kindly give me your attention for a moment. Last night a boy broke out of your house, and painted my dog Sampson red."

"He painted ——!" said Mr Outwood, round-eyed. "Why?"

"I don't know why. At any rate, he did During the escapade one of his boots was splashed with the paint. It is that boot which I believe Smith to be concealing in this cupboard. Now, do you understand?

Mr. Outwood looked amazedly at Smith, and Psmith shook his head sorrowfully at Mr. Outwood. Psmith's expression said, as plainly as if he had spoken the words, "We must humour him."

"So, with your permission, as Smith declares that he has lost the key, I propose to break open the door of this cupboard. Have you any objection?"

"DID-YOU-PUT-THAT-BOOT-THERE, SMITH?"

Mr. Outwood started

"Objection? None at all, my dear fellow, none at all. Let me see, *what* is it you wish to do?"

"This," said Mr. Downing shortly.

There was a pair of dumb-bells on the floor, belonging to Mike. He never used them, but they always managed to get themselves packed

with the rest of his belongings on the last day of the holidays. Mr. Downing seized one of these, and delivered two rapid blows at the cupboard-door. The wood splintered. A third blow smashed the flimsy lock. The cupboard, with any skeletons it might contain, was open for all to view.

Mr. Downing uttered a cry of triumph, and tore the boot from its resting place.

"I told you," he said. "I told you."

"I wondered where that boot had got to," said Psmith. "I've been looking for it for days."

Mr. Downing was examining his find. He looked up with an exclamation of surprise and wrath.

"This boot has no paint on it," he said, glaring at Psmith. "This is not the boot."

"It certainly appears, sir," said Psmith sympathetically, "to be free from paint. There's a sort of reddish glow just there, if you look at it sideways," he added helpfully.

"Did you place that boot there, Smith?"

"I must have done. Then, when I lost the key "

"Are you satisfied now, Downing?" interrupted Mr. Outwood with asperity, "or is there any more furniture you wish to break?"

The excitement of seeing his household goods smashed with a dumb-bell had made the archæological student quite a swashbuckler for the moment. A little more, and one could imagine him giving Mr. Downing a good, hard knock.

The sleuth-hound stood still for a moment, baffled. But his brain was working with the rapidity of a buzz saw. A chance remark of Mr. Outwood's set him fizzing off on the trail once more. Mr. Outwood had caught sight of the little pile of soot in the grate. He bent down to inspect it.

"Dear me," he said, "I must remember to have the chimneys swept. It should have been done before."

Mr. Downing's eye, rolling in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, also focussed itself on the pile of soot; and a thrill went through him. Soot in the fireplace! Smith washing his hands! ("You know my methods, my dear Watson. Apply them.")

Mr. Downing's mind at that moment contained one single thought; and that thought was "What ho for the chimney!"

He dived forward with a rush, nearly knocking Mr. Outwood off his feet, and thrust an arm up into the unknown. An avalanche of soot fell upon his hand and wrist, but he ignored it, for at the same instant his fingers had closed upon what he was seeking.

"Ah," he said. "I thought as much. You were not quite clever enough, after all, Smith."

"No, sir," said Psmith patiently. "We all make mistakes."

"You would have done better, Smith, not to have given me all this trouble. You have done yourself no good by it."

"It's been great fun, though, sir," argued Psmith.

"Fun!" Mr. Downing laughed grimly. "You may have reason to change your opinion of what constitutes——"

His voice failed as his eye fell on the all-black toe of the boot. He looked up, and caught Psmith's benevolent gaze. He straightened himself and brushed a bead of perspiration from his face with the back of his hand. Unfortunately, he used the sooty hand, and the result was like some gruesome burlesque of a nigger minstrel.

"Did-you-put-that boot-there, Smith?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then what did you *MEAN* by putting it there?" roared Mr. Downing.

"Animal spirits, sir," said Psmith.

"WHAT!"

"Animal spirits, sir."

What Mr. Downing would have replied to this one cannot tell, though one can guess roughly. For, just as he was opening his mouth, Mr. Outwood, catching sight of his Chirgwin like countenance, intervened.

"My dear Downing," he said, "your face. It is positively covered with soot, positively. You must come and wash it. You are quite black. Really, you present a most curious appearance, most. Let me show you the way to my room."

In all times of storm and tribulation there comes a breaking point, a point where the spirit definitely refuses to battle any longer against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Mr. Downing could not bear up against this crowning blow. He went down beneath it. In the language of the Ring, he took the count. It was the knock-out.

"Soot!" he murmured weakly. "Soot!"

"Your face is covered, my dear fellow, quite covered."

"It certainly has a faintly sooty aspect, sir," said Psmith.

His voice roused the sufferer to one last flicker of spirit.

"You will hear more of this, Smith," he said. "I say you will hear more of it."

Then he allowed Mr. Outwood to lead him

out to a place where there were towels, soap, and sponges.

When they had gone, Psmith went to the window, and hauled in the string. He felt the calm after-glow which comes to the general after a successfully-conducted battle. It had been trying, of course, for a man of refinement, and it had cut into his afternoon, but on the whole it had been worth it.

The problem now was what to do with the painted boot. It would take a lot of cleaning, he saw, even if he could get hold of the necessary implements for cleaning it. And he rather doubted if he would be able to do so. Edmund, the boot-boy, worked in some mysterious cell, far from the madding crowd, at the back of the house. In the boot-cupboard downstairs there would probably be nothing likely to be of any use.

His fears were realised. The boot-cupboard was empty. It seemed to him that, for the time being, the best thing he could do would be to place the boot in safe hiding, until he should have thought out a scheme.

Having restored the basket to its proper place, accordingly, he went up to the study again, and placed the red-toed boot in the chimney, at about the same height where Mr. Downing had found the other. Nobody would think of looking there a second time, and it was improbable that Mr. Outwood really would have the chimneys swept, as he had said. The odds were that he had forgotten about it already.

Psmith went to the bath room to wash his hands again, with the feeling that he had done a good day's work

CHAPTER XXIII.

ON THE TRAIL AGAIN

THE most massive minds are apt to forget things at times The most adroit plotters make their little mistakes. Psmith was no exception to the rule. He made the mis ake of not telling Mike of the afternoon's happenings.

It was not altogether forgetfulness. Psmith was one of those people who like to carry through their operations entirely by themselves. Where there is only one in a secret the secret is more liable to remain unrevealed. There was nothing, he thought, to be gained from telling Mike. He forgot what the consequences might be if he did not.

So Psmith kept his own counsel, with the result that Mike went over to school on the Monday morning in pumps.

Edmund, summoned from the hinterland of the house to give his opinion why only one of Mike's boots was to be found, had no views on the subject. He seemed to look on it as one of those things which no fellow can understand.

"'Ere's one of 'em, Mr. Jackson," he said, as if he hoped that Mike might be satisfied with a compromise.

"One? What's the good of that, Edmund, you chump? I can't go over to school in one boot."

Edmund turned this over in his mind, and then said, "No, sir," as much as to say, "I may have lost a boot, but, thank goodness, I can still understand sound reasoning."

"Well, what am I to do? Where *is* the other boot?"

"Don't know, Mr. Jackson," replied Edmund to both questions.

"Well, I mean——Oh, dash it, there's the bell." And Mike sprinted off in the pumps he stood in.

It is only a deviation from those ordinary rules of school life, which one observes naturally and without thinking, that enables one to realise how strong public school prejudices really are. At a school, for instance, where the regulations say that coats only of black or dark blue are to be worn, a boy who appears one day in even the most respectable and unostentatious brown finds himself looked on with a mixture of awe and repulsion, which would be excessive if he had sand bagged the headmaster. So in the case of boots. School rules decree that a boy shall go to his form-room in boots. There is no real reason why, if the day is fine, he should not wear shoes, should he prefer them. But, if he does, the thing creates a perfect sensation. Boys say, "Great Scott, what *have* you got on?" Masters say, "Jones, *what* are you wearing on your feet?" In the few minutes which elapse between the assembling of the form for call over and the arrival of the form-master, some wag is sure either to stamp on the shoes, accompanying the act with some satirical remark, or else to pull one of them off, and inaugurate an impromptu game of football with it. There was once a boy who went to school one morning in elastic-sided boots . . .

Mike had always been coldly distant in his relations to the rest of his form, looking on them, with a few exceptions, as worms; and the form, since his innings against Downing's on the Friday, had regarded Mike with respect. So that he escaped the ragging he would have

had to undergo at Wrykyn in similar circumstances. It was only Mr. Downing who gave trouble.

There is a sort of instinct which enables some masters to tell when a boy in their form is wearing shoes instead of boots, just as people who dislike cats always know when one is in a room with them. They cannot see it, but they feel it in their bones

Mr. Downing was perhaps the most bigoted anti-shoeist in the whole list of English schoolmasters. He waged war remorselessly against shoes. Satire, abuse, lines, detention—every weapon was employed by him in dealing with their wearers. It had been the late Dunster's practice always to go over to school in shoes when, as he usually did, he felt shaky in the morning's lesson. Mr. Downing always detected him in the first five minutes, and that meant a lecture of anything from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour on Untidy Habits and Boys Who Looked Like Loafers—which broke the back of the morning's work nicely. On one occasion, when a particularly tricky bit of Livy was on the bill of fare, Dunster had entered the form-room in heel less Turkish bath-slippers, of a vivid crimson; and the subsequent proceedings, including his journey over to the house to change the heel-less atrocities, had seen him through very nearly to the quarter to eleven interval.

Mike, accordingly, had not been in his place for three minutes when Mr. Downing, stiffening like a pointer, called his name.

"Yes, sir?" said Mike

"*What* are you wearing on your feet, Jackson?"

"Pumps, sir."

"You are wearing *pumps?* Are you not aware that PUMPS are not the proper things to come to school in? Why are you wearing *PUMPS?*"

The form, leaning back against the next row of desks, settled itself comfortably for the address from the throne.

"I have lost one of my boots, sir."

A kind of gulp escaped from Mr. Downing's lips. He stared at Mike for a moment in silence. Then, turning to Stone, he told him to start translating.

Stone, who had been expecting at least ten minutes respite, was taken unawares. When he found the place in his book and began to construe, he floundered hopelessly. But, to his growing surprise and satisfaction, the form-master appeared to notice nothing wrong. He said "Yes, yes," mechanically, and finally "That will do," whereupon Stone resumed his seat with the feeling that the age of miracles had returned.

Mr. Downing's mind was in a whirl. His case was complete. Mike's appearance in shoes, with the explanation that he had lost a boot, completed the chain. As Columbus must have felt when his ship ran into harbour, and the first American interviewer, jumping on board, said "Wal, sir, and what are your impressions of our glorious country?" so did Mr. Downing feel at that moment.

When the bell rang at a quarter to eleven, he gathered up his gown, and sped to the headmaster.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE KETTLE METHOD.

IT was during the interval that day that Stone and Robinson, discussing the subject of cricket over a bun and gingerbeer at the school shop, came to a momentous decision, to wit, that they were fed up with the Adair administration and meant to strike. The immediate cause of revolt was early-morning fielding-practice, that searching test of cricket keenness. Mike himself, to whom cricket was the great and serious interest of life, had shirked early-morning fielding-practice in his first term at Wrykyn. And Stone and Robinson had but a lukewarm attachment to the game, compared with Mike's.

As a rule, Adair had contented himself with practice in the afternoon after school, which nobody objects to; and no strain, consequently, had been put upon Stone's and Robinson's allegiance. In view of the M.C.C. match on the Wednesday, however, he had now added to this an extra dose to be taken before breakfast. Stone and Robinson had left their comfortable beds that day at six o'clock, yawning and heavy-eyed, and had caught catches and fielded drives which, in the cool morning air, had stung like adders and bitten like serpents Until the sun has really got to work, it is no joke taking a high catch. Stone's dislike of the experiment was only equalled by Robinson's They were neither of them of the type which likes to undergo hardships for the common good. They played well enough when on the field, but neither cared greatly whether the school had a good season or not. They played the game entirely for their own sakes.

The result was that they went back to the house for breakfast with a never-again feeling, and at the earliest possible moment met to debate as to what was to be done about it,

At all costs another experience like to-day's must be avoided.

"It's all rot," said Stone. "What on earth's the good of sweating about before breakfast? It only makes you tired."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Robinson, "if it wasn't bad for the heart. Rushing about on an empty stomach, I mean, and all that sort of thing."

"Personally," said Stone, gnawing his bun, "I don't intend to stick it."

"Nor do I."

"I mean, it's such absolute rot. If we aren't good enough to play for the team without having to get up overnight to catch catches, he'd better find somebody else."

"Yes"

At this moment Adair came into the shop

"Fielding-practice again to-morrow," he said briskly, "at six."

"Before breakfast?" said Robinson

"Rather. You two must buck up, you know. You were rotten to-day." And he passed on, leaving the two malcontents speechless.

Stone was the first to recover.

"I'm hanged if I turn out to-morrow," he said, as they left the shop. "He can do what he likes about it. Besides, what can he do, after all? Only kick us out of the team. And I don't mind that."

"Nor do I."

"I don't think he will kick us out, either. He can't play the M.C.C. with a scratch team. If he does, we'll go and play for that village Jackson plays for. We'll get Jackson to shove us into the team"

"All right," said Robinson. "Let's."

Their position was a strong one. A cricket captain may seem to be an autocrat of tremendous power, but in reality he has only one weapon, the keenness of those under him. With the majority, of course, the fear of being excluded or ejected from a team is a spur that drives. The majority, consequently, are easily handled. But when a cricket captain runs up against a boy who does not much care whether he plays for the team or not, then he finds himself in a difficult position, and, unless he is a man of action, practically helpless.

Stone and Robinson felt secure. Taking it all round, they felt that they would just as soon play for Lower Borlock as for the school The bowling of the opposition would be weaker in the former case, and the chance of making runs greater. To a certain type of cricketer runs are runs, wherever and however made.

The result of all this was that Adair, turning out with the team next morning for fielding practice, found himself two short. Barnes was among those present, but of the other two representatives of Outwood's house there were no signs.

Barnes, questioned on the subject, had no information to give, beyond the fact that he had not seen them about anywhere. Which was not a great help. Adair proceeded with the fielding-practice without further delay.

At breakfast that morning he was silent and apparently wrapped in thought. Mr. Downing, who sat at the top of the table with Adair on his right, was accustomed at the morning meal to blend nourishment of the body with that of the mind. As a rule he had ten minutes with the daily paper before the bell rang, and it was his practice to hand on the results of his reading to Adair and the other house prefects, who, not having seen the paper, usually formed an interested and appreciative audience. To-day, however, though the house-prefects expressed varying degrees of excitement at the news that Tyldesley had made a century against Gloucestershire, and that a butter famine was expected in the United States, these world-shaking news-items seemed to leave Adair cold. He champed his bread and marmalade with an abstracted air.

He was wondering what to do in this matter of Stone and Robinson.

Many captains might have passed the thing over. To take it for granted that the missing pair had overslept themselves would have been a safe and convenient way out of the difficulty. But Adair was not the sort of person who seeks for safe and convenient ways out of difficulties. He never shirked anything, physical or moral

He resolved to interview the absentees

It was not until after school that an opportunity offered itself. He went across to Outwood's and found the two non starters in the senior day-room, engaged in the intellectual pursuit of kicking the wall and marking the height of each kick with chalk. Adair's entrance coincided with a record effort by Stone, which caused the kicker to overbalance and stagger backwards against the captain.

"Sorry," said Stone. "Hullo, Adair!"

"Don't mention it. Why weren't you two at fielding-practice this morning?"

Robinson, who left the lead to Stone in all matters, said nothing. Stone spoke.

"We didn't turn up," he said.

"I know you didn't. Why not?"

Stone had rehearsed this scene in his mind, and he spoke with the coolness which comes from rehearsal.

"We decided not to."

"Oh?"

"Yes. We came to the conclusion that we hadn't any use for early-morning fielding."

Adair's manner became ominously calm.

"You were rather fed-up, I suppose?"

"That's just the word."

"Sorry it bored you."

"It didn't. We didn't give it the chance to."

Robinson laughed appreciatively.

"What's the joke, Robinson?" asked Adair.

"There's no joke," said Robinson, with some haste "I was only thinking of something

"I'll give you something else to think about soon"

Stone intervened.

"It's no good making a row about it Adair. You must see that you can't do anything. Of course, you can kick us out of the team, if you like, but we don't care if you do Jackson will get us a game any Wednesday or Saturday for the village he plays for. So we're all right. And the school team aren't such a lot of flyers that you can afford to go chucking people out of it whenever you want to. See what I mean?"

"You and Jackson seem to have fixed it all up between you."

"What are you going to do? Kick us out?'

"No."

"Good. I thought you'd see it was no good making a beastly row We'll play for the school all right. There's no earthly need for us to turn out for fielding practice before breakfast."

"You don't think there is? You may be right. All the same, you're going to to morrow morning."

"What!"

"Six sharp. Don't be late."

"Don't be an ass, Adair. We've told you we aren't going to."

"That's only your opinion. I think you are. I'll give you till five past six, as you seem to like lying in bed."

"You can turn out if you feel like it. You won't find me there"

"That'll be a disappointment. Nor Robinson?"

FOR A FEW MOMENTS THE TWO MIGHT HAVE SEEMED EVENLY MATCHED.

"No," said the junior partner in the firm; but he said it without any deep conviction The atmosphere was growing a great deal too tense for his comfort

"You've quite made up your minds?"

"Yes," said Stone

"Right," said Adair quietly, and knocked him down

He was up again in a moment Adair had

pushed the table back, and was standing in the middle of the open space.

"You cad," said Stone. "I wasn't ready."

"Well, you are now. Shall we go on?"

Stone dashed in without a word, and for a few moments the two might have seemed evenly matched to a not too-intelligent spectator. But science tells, even in a confined space. Adair was smaller and lighter than Stone, but he was cooler and quicker, and he knew more about the game. His blow was always home a fraction of a second sooner than his opponent's. At the end of a minute Stone was on the floor again.

He got up slowly and stood leaning with one hand on the table.

"Suppose we say ten past six?" said Adair. "I'm not particular to a minute or two."

Stone made no reply.

"Will ten past six suit you for fielding practice to-morrow?" said Adair.

"All right," said Stone.

"Thanks. How about you, Robinson?"

Robinson had been a petrified spectator of the Captain-Kettle-like manœuvres of the cricket captain, and it did not take him long to make up his mind. He was not altogether a coward. In different circumstances he might have put up a respectable show. But it takes a more than ordinarily courageous person to embark on a fight which he knows must end in his destruction. Robinson knew that he was nothing like a match even for Stone, and Adair had disposed of Stone in a little over one minute. It seemed to Robinson that neither pleasure nor profit was likely to come from an encounter with Adair

"All right," he said hastily, "I'll turn up."

"Good," said Adair. "I wonder if either of you chaps could tell me which is Jackson's study."

Stone was dabbing at his mouth with a handkerchief, a task which precluded anything in the shape of conversation; so Robinson replied that Mike's study was the first you came to on the right of the corridor at the top of the stairs.

"Thanks," said Adair. "You don't happen to know if he's in, I suppose?"

"He went up with Smith a quarter of an hour ago. I don't know if he's still there."

"I'll go and see," said Adair. "I should like a word with him if he isn't busy."

CHAPTER XXV.

ADAIR HAS A WORD WITH MIKE.

MIKE, all unconscious of the stirring proceedings which had been going on below stairs, was peacefully reading a letter he had received that morning from Strachan at Wrykyn, in which the successor to the cricket captaincy which should have been Mike's, had a good deal to say in a lugubrious strain. In Mike's absence things had been going badly with Wrykyn. A broken arm, contracted in the course of some rash experiments with a day-boy's motor-bicycle, had deprived the team of the services of Dunstable, the only man who had shown any signs of being able to bowl a side out. Since this calamity, wrote Strachan, everything had gone wrong. The M.C.C., led by Mike's brother Reggie, the least of the three first-class-cricketing Jacksons, had smashed them by a hundred and fifty runs. Geddington had wiped them off the face of the earth. The Incogs, with a team recruited exclusively from the rabbit-hutch—not a well-known man on the side except Stacey, a veteran who had been playing for the club since Fuller Pilch's time—had got home by two wickets. In fact, it was Strachan's opinion that the Wrykyn team that summer was about the most hopeless gang of dead-beats that had ever made an exhibition of itself on the school grounds. The Ripton match, fortunately, was off, owing to an outbreak of mumps at that shrine of learning and athletics—the second outbreak of the malady in two terms. Which, said Strachan, was hard lines on Ripton, but a bit of jolly good luck for Wrykyn, as it had saved them from what would probably have been a record hammering, Ripton having eight of their last year's team left, including Dixon, the fast bowler, against whom Mike alone of the Wrykyn team had been able to make runs in the previous season. Altogether, Wrykyn had struck a bad patch.

Mike mourned over his suffering school. If only he could have been there to help. It might have made all the difference. In school cricket one good batsman, to go in first and knock the bowlers off their length, may take a weak team triumphantly through a season. In school cricket the importance of a good start for the first wicket is incalculable.

As he put Strachan's letter away in his pocket, all his old bitterness against Sedleigh, which had been ebbing during the past few days, returned with a rush. He was conscious once more of that feeling of personal injury which

had made him hate his new school on the first day of term.

And it was at this point, when his resentment was at its height, that Adair, the concrete representative of everything Sedleighan, entered the room.

There are moments in life's placid course when there has got to be the biggest kind of row. This was one of them

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS," HE SAID PLACIDLY

Psmith, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, reading the serial story in a daily paper which he had abstracted from the senior day-room, made the intruder free of the study with a dignified wave of the hand, and went on reading. Mike remained in the deck-chair in which he was sitting, and contented himself with glaring at the newcomer.

Psmith was the first to speak.

"If you ask my candid opinion," he said, looking up from his paper, "I should say that young Lord Antony Trefusis was in the soup already. I seem to see the *consommé* splashing about his ankles. He's had a note telling him to be under the oak-tree in the Park at midnight. He's just off there at the end of this instalment. I bet Long Jack, the poacher, is waiting there with a sandbag. Care to see the paper, Comrade Adair? Or don't you take any interest in contemporary literature?"

"Thanks," said Adair. "I just wanted to speak to Jackson for a minute

"Fate," said Psmith, "has led your footsteps to the right place. That is Comrade Jackson the Pride of the School, sitting before you."

"What do you want?" said Mike

He suspected that Adair had come to ask him once again to play for the school. The

fact that the M.C.C. match was on the following day made this a probable solution of the reason for his visit. He could think of no other errand that was likely to have set the head of Downing's paying afternoon calls.

"I'll tell you in a minute. It won't take long."

"That" said Psmith approvingly, "is right. Speed is the key-note of the present age. Promptitude. Despatch. This is no time for loitering. We must be strenuous. We must hustle. We must Do It Now. We—"

"Buck up," said Mike.

"Certainly," said Adair. "I've just been talking to Stone and Robinson."

"An excellent way of passing an idle half-hour," said Psmith.

"We weren't exactly idle," said Adair grimly. "It didn't last long, but it was pretty lively while it did. Stone chucked it after the first round."

Mike got up out of his chair. He could not quite follow what all this was about, but there was no mistaking the truculence of Adair's manner. For some reason, which might possibly be made clear later, Adair was looking for trouble, and Mike in his present mood felt that it would be a privilege to see that he got it.

Psmith was regarding Adair through his eyeglass with pain and surprise.

"Surely," he said, "you do not mean us to understand that you have been *brawling* with Comrade Stone! This is bad hearing. I thought that you and he were like brothers. Such a bad example for Comrade Robinson, too. Leave us, Adair. We would brood. Oh, go thee, knave, I'll none of thee. Shakespeare."

Psmith turned away, and, resting his elbows on the mantelpiece, gazed at himself mournfully in the looking glass.

"I'm not the man I was," he sighed, after a prolonged inspection. "There are lines on my face, dark circles beneath my eyes. The fierce rush of life at Sedleigh is wasting me away."

"Stone and I had a discussion about early-morning fielding-practice," said Adair, turning to Mike.

Mike said nothing.

"I thought his fielding wanted working up a bit, so I told him to turn out at six to-morrow morning. He said he wouldn't, so we argued it out. He's going to all right. So is Robinson."

Mike remained silent.

"So are you," added Adair.

"I get thinner and thinner," said Psmith from the mantelpiece.

Mike looked at Adair, and Adair looked at Mike, after the manner of two dogs before they fly at one another. There was an electric silence in the study. Psmith peered with increased earnestness into the glass.

"Oh?" said Mike at last. "What makes you think that?"

"I don't think. I know."

"Any special reason for my turning out?"

"Yes."

"What's that?"

"You're going to play for the school against the M.C.C. to-morrow, and I want you to get some practice."

"I wonder how you got that idea!"

"Curious I should have done, isn't it?"

"Very. You aren't building on it much, are you?" said Mike politely.

"I am, rather," replied Adair with equal courtesy.

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"I don't think so."

"My eyes," said Psmith regretfully, "are a bit close together. However," he added philosophically, "it's too late to alter that now."

Mike drew a step closer to Adair.

"What makes you think I shall play against the M.C.C.?" he asked curiously.

"I'm going to make you."

Mike took another step forward. Adair moved to meet him.

"Would you care to try now?" said Mike.

For just one second the two drew themselves together preparatory to beginning the serious business of the interview, and in that second Psmith, turning from the glass, stepped between them.

"Get out of the light, Smith," said Mike.

Psmith waved him back with a deprecating gesture.

"My dear young friends," he said placidly, "if you *will* let your angry passions rise, against the direct advice of Doctor Watts, I suppose you must. But when you propose to claw each other in my study, in the midst of a hundred fragile and priceless ornaments, I lodge a protest. If you really feel that you want to scrap, for goodness' sake do it where there's some room. I don't want all the study furniture smashed. I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, only a few yards down the road, where you can scrap all night if you want to. How would it be to move on there? Any objections? None? Then shift ho, and let's get it over."

(To be concluded.)

The King of Wild Animal Trainers

A Chat with Mr. Frank Bostock

By Joseph Heighton

"MR. BOSTOCK, sir? I believe he's having a look at King Wallace. Who's King Wallace? The worst tempered lion we have got, sir. He is absolutely untameable, and nearly killed Mr Bostock some time ago."

And sadly shaking his head as he mentioned this delinquency on the part of old "Wal," the attendant led me into the arena and jungle at the Hungarian Exhibition, Earl's Court, where Mr. Bostock now has his famous collection of wild beasts and made his way to the cage containing the bad-tempered and unconquerable monarch of the forest.

And there we found Mr. Bostock standing outside the cage, trying to soothe old "Wal"—a magnificent specimen of African lion with a piece of meat and coaxing words. But the animal, who was bristling with anger, merely responded with low growls, as he paced to and fro behind the bars, seeking for a chance to get out.

"His Majesty is not very pleased to see me, is he?" Mr. Bostock smilingly remarked as my card was handed to him, and he shook hands. "I have not been able to get inside his cage since an attack which he made upon me in Paris in 1905. I had been specially asked to give a 'turn' with one of the animals myself, and decided to attempt the subjugation of Wallace. I had a special den, some sixteen feet square, built inside the arena for the purpose, and by means of a travelling cage we got Wallace inside. The moment I effected an entrance, however, he pinned me against the bars. I tried to beat him off with my stock-whip, but with little avail. After I had been bitten severely through the left hand and shoulder, and received many ugly gashes from his claws, the attendants finally managed (through the bars) to draw him from me.

MR. F[illegible]CK AND "MONARCH," HIS MOST PERFECTLY TRAINED LION

"Determined now to subdue him, I told my attendants to leave the arena, and when they had done so I drove Wallace from the den into the larger arenic space, where, with a heavy chair as a weapon, I fought him foot by foot, finally driving him from there to his own den in the zoological collection beyond. After returning to the arena to acknowledge the vociferous plaudits of the audience I, on reaching a chair outside, succumbed and was promptly carried off to the emergency hospital of the Hippodrome, where I was told that my injuries were very severe. Fortunately, my strong constitution pulled me through, though it was a couple of months before I was convalescent."

"CAPTAIN readers like lion stories, Mr Bostock. Can you call another one to mind at the moment?"

"Yes, I was thinking of the following incident to-day when warning one of my assistants about startling an animal by

introducing new 'props' during its performance. Lions and tigers hate any strangeness in the stage setting, and will attack a new barrel, block or pedestal, for instance, which may be required for their performance, in a very savage manner.

"Likewise, they hate unfamiliar actions on the part of a trainer, and are apt to attack the latter if he forgets himself for a moment. Some time ago, in America, one of my lady trainers had some difficulty with a lioness which turned sulky, and I entered the cage to insist on obedience. The lioness, after looking at me and the riding-whip which I carried, went through the performance without any more fuss.

"As I was leaving the cage, however, I did a very thoughtless thing. Pleased to think I had subdued the animal, I carelessly tapped the whip on the ground, merely for a flourish. The lioness's mate, standing some twenty feet away, promptly noted the action, and never having seen it before, mistook its intent for an attack on its mate. With a single bound the animal was on me, and pinned me down by my thigh. For a moment he stood over me; then, catching sight of his trainer at the further side of the arena, he carried me towards her. This trainer always finished her 'act' by firing her gun and then flinging her arms round the lion's neck. As the animal reached her side, she at once fired the gun and followed the action by throwing her arms as usual round his neck. He dropped me to complete his performance, and this saved the situation. I at once sprang to my feet and, recovering my whip, was about to administer a sound thrashing to my late antagonist when the lady trainer, bursting into tears, begged for mercy for her pet beast, and, respecting her plea, I gave way."

"CAESAR, THE GREAT"
ANOTHER OF MR. BOSTOCK'S TRAINING TRIUMPHS.

The most dangerous animals, Mr. Bostock further informed me, are leopards. At one moment they will allow you to pet and stroke them, seeming quite friendly, but let your attention wander for a moment, and they will attack you. Madame Morelli, one of Mr. Bostock's principal lady animal trainers, who makes a speciality of leopard training, and who often performs with twelve or fifteen of these animals at once, told me that she was scarred from head to foot with their claws.

It was a leopard which figured in one of Mr. Bostock's most exciting experiences. While travelling in the States, the animal escaped from its cage on the outskirts of a small town. It took refuge in an underground cellar of an empty house, and, it being necessary to chase it out, Mr. Bostock went in to do so. The cellar was as black as night, and directly the Animal King went in, the door shut behind him with a bang. Before he had time to turn, the animal leapt on to his back. Mr. Bostock managed to get the door open again, and the sudden light caused the leopard to leap back into the blackness again. Ultimately Mr. Bostock's assistants were obliged to build a cage round the entrance to the cellar, and tempt the animal out with strong meat.

Curiously enough, Mr. Bostock considers that his narrowest escape from death occurred when he was fifteen years of age, and when he managed to avoid all injury. The incident too, by the way, furnishes the story of how he became an animal trainer instead of a clergyman.

"Although my family for over a century has been associated with wild animals, my father intended my life should be followed on entirely different lines, and his one desire was to make me a Church of England clergyman, and with this end in view, sent me to Kelvedon College, in Essex, after a course of private tuition.

"Boy-like, of course, I thought animal training was far preferable to preaching, and when I came home during the vacation, I tried hard to persuade my father to allow me to help him with the show, pointing out that I

was fifteen years of age, and therefore quite old enough. It was no good, however, and I began to think I should have to go back to college, when one day the lion trainer nearly lost his life through ill-treating one of the animals

"I asked my father to let me take the trainer's place, and naturally he refused. So like a bad boy I took the law into my own hands, and when he was making his rounds the following morning my father found me inside the lion's cage!

'If ever you get out of there alive, my lad,' he said, his voice trembling with anxiety for my safety, 'I'll give you the biggest thrashing you ever had in your life.' But the old dad didn't. I came out of the cage safe and sound, and his pleasure was such that he not only forgot his threat, but said that as I seemed so bent on being a showman, I should have my own way."

"Regarding the question of nerves, Mr Bostock. Thoughts of danger do not trouble a trainer, I suppose, merely because of his or her familiarity with the animals?"

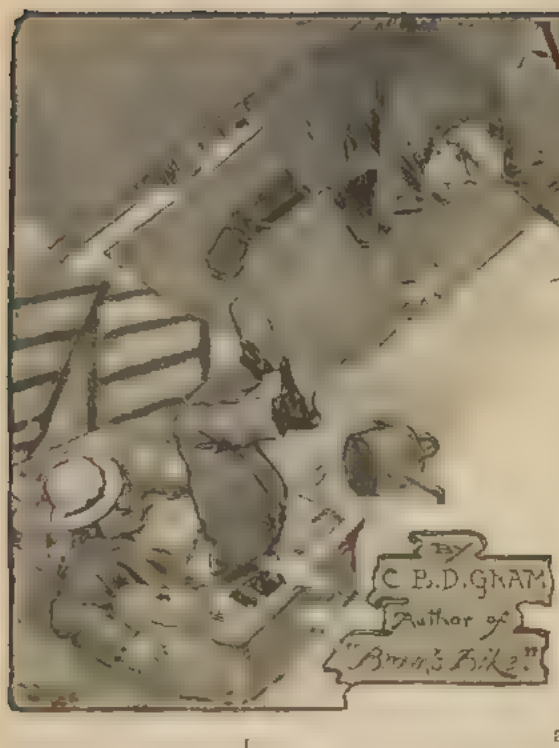
"Yes, that is true to a certain extent Familiarity with them steadies the nerves, but never breeds contempt. A watchful eye and patience are always necessary to teach the animals their tricks. And however sulky or obstinate an animal is, whether lion, tiger or leopard, it must be made to go through the performance. Let it have its own way but once, and a trainer immediately loses some of his or her mastery over the animal.

"The greatest difficulty is experienced when the trainer first endeavours to make an animal understand the word of command and get the idea into its head that it is to jump on to a pedestal or stand on a see-saw, as the case may be. At first it must be coaxed to the position and go through regular rehearsals. Possibly it may be weeks before the trainer can get the animal to understand what it is required to do. When once the animal has accomplished a trick, however, it must be made to do it every day, and patience, I need hardly tell you, must therefore be the staple stock-in-trade of every trainer. That and kindness can alone make a successful one. Be kind, be patient, be firm, and you may hope to make a good animal trainer; and even if you do not, you you will make a good man.

SIX FINE FOREST BRED LIONS IN THE BOSTOCK MENAGERIE

With regard to Consul I., the most perfectly trained chimpanzee in the world, Mr. Bostock told me rather a curious story of the manner in which the animal first came into his possession. His predecessor, Consul, attracted much attention in the medical world, and one of his greatest admirers was a French doctor attached to the Pasteur Institute, Paris. Some time after Consul's death, this doctor asked Mr Bostock to run down to the Institute, and there he introduced the Animal King to Consul I. The monkey had been procured for scientific purposes, but although they had injected every kind of germ into him, the creature absolutely refused to be inoculated. "Take him," said the doctor, "he's no good to me." Mr. Bostock took him, and with a little training he soon became the greatest attraction in his show

A HANGING MATTER.



Drawings by G. L. Stampa

I

BROWN, the inventor, of whom I have told you, is never still.

It was a funny thing that his friend Jones, one of the most incurious of men, and Farmer Tuffin, one of the most curious, should call on Brown on the same day and at the same hour.

Brown was delighted to see them.

"Ha!" he cried, "come and see my aeroplane."

"The usual monstrosity, I expect," muttered Jones to the farmer. But the latter rubbed his hands eagerly. He had once narrowly escaped being cut to pieces by trying to explore the inside of a threshing machine, but even that terrible experience had not damped his chronic inquisitiveness.

"I am quite prepared for your sneers," said Brown, glaring at Jones, "but I am sure of Farmer Tuffin's sympathies. Come this way," and he led them to his workshed, where a large white sheet hung in odd folds from an ungainly metal framework.

Brown got them to help him pull off the sheet.

"There you are," he exclaimed with pride. "It is ready for the road, or, I should say, air. This is only a quarter-size model, but it has a full size motor. What's that, Jones? Yes, an eight-cylinder Antoinette, with one or two alterations of my own."

The farmer eyed the machine with interest.

"What's them things for?" he said, referring to the canvas planes above the engine far over his head.

"Those are the means by which it will fly," Brown explained. "You see, the machine is really a glorified kite, but instead of being pulled up, it is pushed by the propeller. The faster it is driven along, the air rushing under the inclined planes causes it to mount higher and higher."

"May we lug it out into the yard?" asked Jones. "I can't see it properly in here. I notice it has wheels."

Brown was only too pleased, so, pushing back the shed doors, they hauled the apparatus into the yard.

"Aha! That's fine," cried Jones. "I can see it better now. Jove! she's a big thing! Would it lift a man?"

"No—well, I'm not so sure. The engine is very powerful, though it is so light. I'm going to try her with enough ballast to correspond to my own weight. I've forgotten what I do weigh exactly—ten stone something, I believe."

The aeroplane was standing in the sunlight with the brisk wind singing through its frame and canvas wings. It was about thirty feet in length and twelve feet wide, with a propeller at the rear. At each corner of the lower frame supporting the engine, was a small, rubber-tyred wheel, to enable the machine to be manœuvred into position before starting, and also to break the shock of alighting. The main framework was a clear yard from the ground.

Farmer Tuffin was delighted at being allowed to touch the various levers and switches. He imagined himself soaring

through the air, to the admiring shouts of the local villagers. Even at the thought of it he straightened himself proudly, but as he was at the moment crawling about under the engine, and the crank case was by no means soft, he hurt his head considerably.

Brown looked rather anxiously at the sky. The wind was decidedly freshening and the aeroplane quivered like a leaf.

"I'm afraid we must shut her up again," he said, "or the wind will blow her over. There's a good man, Jones; open the shed doors. I see they have blown to." As Jones walked off he added, "Ask the gardener to lend a hand. In this wind it will take four of us."

The farmer wanted to know what the handle was for.

"Starting the engine," replied Brown, briefly. He smiled to himself as he thought that if Mr. Tuffin tried to turn it, that gentleman would have some compression to overcome.

It so happened, however, that the farmer, in his curiosity, had switched on, and the big Antoinette started at the first turn, as some engines will. Brown got a sharp rap over the knuckles from the propeller, and let go with a shout. Why the farmer didn't get a back fire will always remain a mystery, for the spark was advanced and the throttle full open.

Gathering speed, the engine fairly roared away, the propeller whirling round and round, and, aided by a gust of wind, the machine itself lurched forward, knocking Mr. Tuffin down. He fell underneath, and the back of his coat became firmly wedged in a part of the frame.

Before Brown could attempt to do anything, a regular gale of wind came along and picked up his beloved aeroplane, with the farmer attached and heaved it across the yard and over the wall, where, caught again by the full force of the sudden gust and driven forward by its propeller, it turned round and flew along at about twelve feet from the ground, the farmer, yelling like mad, still suspended from it.

At the same time, Jones, followed by the gardener, rushed round the corner of the stables.

Brown's gardener, though slow of thought and speech, was no coward, so he flung out his arms and stood right in the way, as the aeroplane drove down on him at thirty miles an hour.

He grabbed at Tuffin's feet, and succeeded in getting hold of one, but the farmer's other heavily shod foot caught him hard in the chest, causing him to let go, and he fell into a cucumber frame.

Released of the sudden double weight, the aeroplane soared aloft, and travelled across an adjacent meadow by great leaps of a hundred and fifty feet at a time.

Jones and Brown assisted the battered gardener out of the frame. The latter's usual slow method of speech left him, and he poured out a torrent of imprecations upon Mr. Tuffin and all the aeroplanes in existence.

Brown grasped Jones' arm. "The wind is due west," he said, "and by this time that brute of a thing will be tearing along the main road. Goodness only knows what will happen to poor Tuffin! If we want to catch him up we'll have to ride. Fetch your bike; I'll get mine."

In a few moments, crouched over the handle-bars, they were tearing along at record pace.

They had covered half a mile or so, and ahead of them they could see the great, white machine taking dizzy leaps in the air with the struggling figure of Farmer Tuffin in its grip, like a fly in a spider's web.

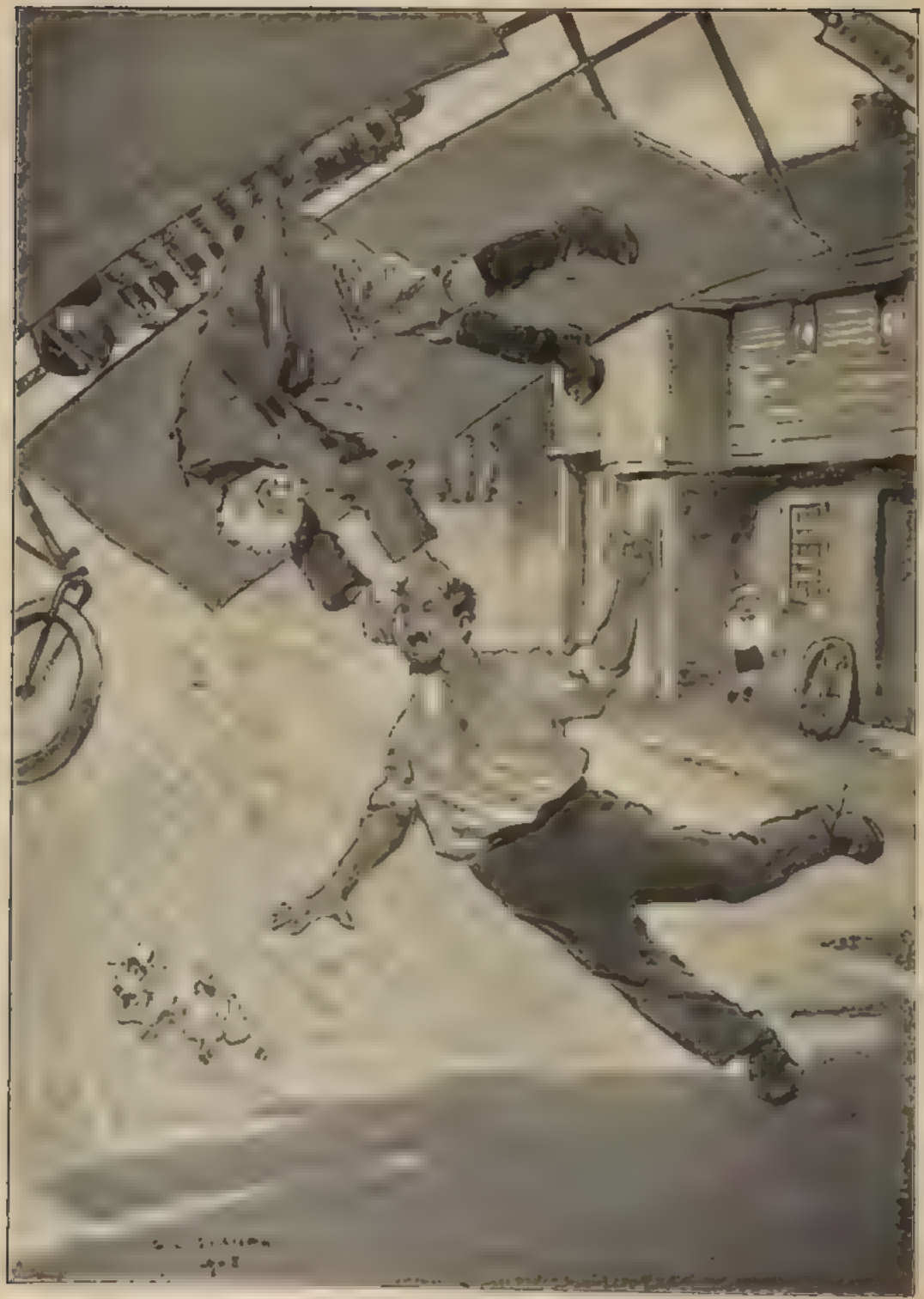
It was no good. They couldn't catch it up, for the aeroplane went straight across country, whilst they had to follow the winding road.

II.

Mr. Tuffin was hardly enjoying himself, in spite of the fact that he was actually doing what he had wished a short time ago. His clothes, too, were suffering from the effects of being now lugged through prickly hedges and anon bumped on the dusty road, as the aeroplane rose and fell. First, the machine would swoop down to the road and he would have to run at lightning speed for a few yards. Then, relieved of his weight, it would soar upwards again, only to scrape him along the ground once more a couple of hundred feet farther on.

About four miles from Brown's, another road crosses the main road at right angles, but, coming along, one cannot see round the corner owing to the high hedges. Therefore, when a motorist driving a big car turned into the main road, he was horrified to observe a huge white object charging directly at him.

Motoring makes one decide quickly, and having either to ditch his car or be smashed, he chose the former. As the near-side front



"[illegible] YE'RE PULLING IT OFF, I TELL YER!"

mudguard crumpled, he caught a glimpse of Mr. Tuffin white-faced and agonised, swaying about beneath the framework of the strange machine.

Brown and Jones swept by at this moment. No need to ask if Tuffin had passed! The ditched car told them all they wanted to know.

"It's no good," said Brown presently. "I can't keep up this pace. It's killing me."

"Never mind," Jones grinned cheerfully, "we'll be in at the death!"

A little later on they dismounted hurriedly to avoid being run down by a horse galloping along in a baker's cart, bags of flour and loaves flying all over the road. Then round the corner came a runaway governess car, followed by two cows.

Jones mopped his face, for he was hot. It was a long time since he had had such a continuous sprint.

"Anyway," he remarked, "we're on his track! The only consolation I can see is, that as a flying-machine your aeroplane is a great success."

Brown made a face, and mounted in silence. "A pretty penny it will cost me!" he groaned.

The aeroplane was now rapidly nearing the village of Churling, and the noise of its approach caused a great many of the inhabitants to run to their doors. Churling is one of those villages with a long, wide, and perfectly straight road running through it, and at one end there is a large pond—not deep, but very dirty.

The blacksmith was certain it was a motor-car that was coming. "One o' they racin' ones, maybe," said he.

"Eh? What?" said somebody else, pointing down the road to where a white object rose and fell in long irregular jumps, droning the while like a million angry bees, "that's no motor-car, Mr. Peabody?"

"No more it is!" returned the blacksmith, scratching his head in a puzzled manner. "It fair beats me, it do. Ye'd best get out o' the way, missus. It's a comin' along putty fast, so 'tis. I 'arf believes it's the same one as run over my darg last Sunday, so I'll stop un and arsk"

Women seized their children and scurried back to their doors, but Mr. Peabody stood majestically in the middle of the road, proudly conscious that the eyes of the village were upon him.

The villagers vary a little in their reports as to what exactly happened, but they all agree to one thing, and that is, that the blacksmith was standing firmly in the road when a great white thing leaped through the street in two bounds. He simply hadn't the time to move. The aeroplane jumped at him and he staggered back, but before he could fall, Mr. Tuffin grasped him with the frantic grip of a drowning man. The farmer managed to clutch a handful of hair in his left hand and an ear in his right, and much against his will and to the detriment of hair and ear, Mr. Peabody was violently propelled along the road at a much greater pace than was pleasant.

The double weight was more than the machine could lift, but it swept onward without a falter, and, regardless of cries of "Leggo my ear! You're pulling it off, I tell yer!" the farmer towed the blacksmith into the pond, where Mr. Tuffin, tiring of the weight on his hands, did as he was requested—and let go!

The aeronaut hardly heard the splash, for the next second he was whisked over the trees and carried by gigantic hops across the fields

Having once left the main road, the aeroplane apparently decided to take a cross-country jaunt. Farmer Tuffin had a dim idea that he recognised the farm he was heading for. Which wasn't surprising, seeing it was his own!

For one brief moment he alighted in the yard, and took five or six extremely rapid steps. Then he was dragged through a hedge, and finally whirled aloft again.

Barely a quarter of a mile from Mr. Tuffin's home, some of his men were busy making a haystack. They were by no means hurrying, as the farmer was not there to superintend.

"Garge," said one man, wiping his face with a wisp of hay, "what be that noise?"

Garge listened with his head on one side for a moment. "Like as not," he answered, resting on his pitchfork with the air of the man who knows, "it's a moty car." He was an authority on motoring, as he had once had a ride in a small car at an election.

The trees hid the next field from them, but they could tell that the noise was coming nearer

"Moty or not," said the first man, "'e's a-comin' acrost the meadow yonder, and——"

The conversation was cut short by the aeroplane dragging its human freight through the upper branches of a tree close

SLID TOGETHER OVER THE SIDE OF THE RICK INTO THE HAY CART.

by, and then the machine drove down on them.

As Mr. Tuffin alighted on the rick, the men, seeing his predicament, with commendable promptitude dropped their pitchforks and grabbed the farmer's feet.

There was a ripping sound as the stout cloth parted company with the frame; then machine and men slid together over the side of the rick into a half emptied hay-cart beneath. The aeroplane fell sideways across the cart, and no petrol being able to reach

the carburettor, the engine stopped almost at once

Alarmed by the shouting and the sudden crash, the startled horse took it into its head to bolt, and was more than half-way across the field before they brought it to a standstill.

Brown and Jones arrived about half an hour later and examined the aeroplane. The engine was quite unhurt, but the canvas wings and propeller were smashed beyond repair.

They borrowed a horse and cart to take the wreck home, and Farmer Tuffin, who, though considerably bruised and shaken, was not much hurt otherwise, went to bed, promising faithfully that another time he would let things alone

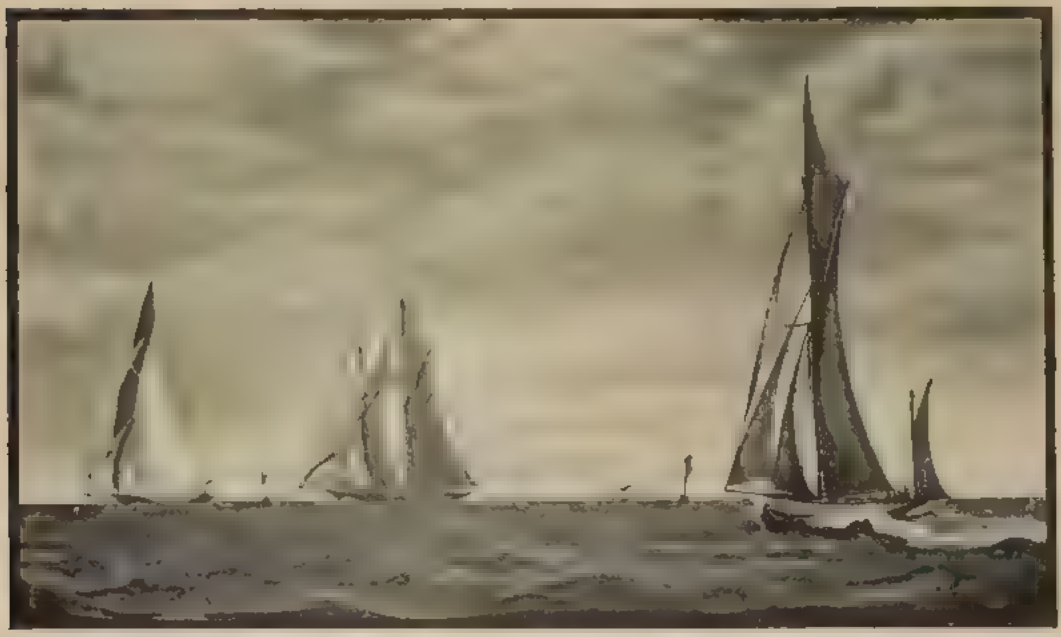
But will he, I wonder! We shall see.

HELD TO RANSOM

"Dad, if you don't promise to buy me a two-speed bicycle, I'll drop 'em."

A CHAT ABOUT RACING YACHTS

Written and Illustrated by G. E. Hopcroft



A SKETCH ILLUSTRATING THE THREE RIGS CHIEFLY USED IN YACHT RACING.

The yacht on the right is a *yawl* "beating to windward"; that in the middle is a *schooner* sailing with "a beam wind"—i.e., reaching; that on the left is a *cutter* "running before the wind."

A GREAT many people complain that they cannot understand yacht racing, and they say that yacht *racing* is quite beyond them. I hope to be able to explain some of the things that puzzle the onlooker at a yacht race, and to show, at the same time, that yacht racing can be understood—to some extent, at any rate—by a landsman.

The modern racing yacht is one of the wonders of the century, for she can make a speed of nearly ten miles an hour "to windward," that is, nearly towards the point from which the wind is blowing. This sounds impossible, but a little explanation will show that it is possible.

If a man were to place a wooden platform in the water, and then sit upon it and hoist a small sail, the platform would just go with the wind, because it would have no hold or "grip" upon the water. A yacht, however, has a deep keel, and this prevents her from drifting sideways, therefore she follows the line of least resistance, and moves ahead. By using very flat-setting sails, and a very perfect balance, a yacht can be sailed within a few points of the "wind's eye."

No yacht can sail right into the eye of the wind, however, and so it is obliged to "tack." The vessel is sailed as near the wind as possible, and then she "tacks"—that is, turns so that the wind fills the sails upon the opposite side. This is termed "going about," and in this way a yacht "beats to windward."

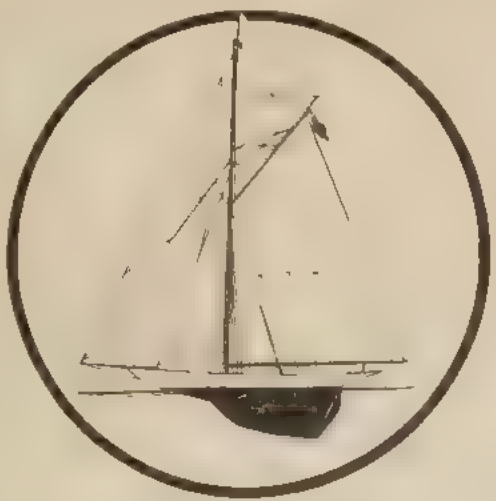
The dimensions of racers vary very much. Some yachts are very broad, like the old-fashioned American sloop; and some very narrow, like the British racing craft of twenty years ago. The modern British racer is moderate in all her dimensions, for an international rule was agreed upon about two years ago, by which the nations of Europe agreed to build to the same rating rule. This rule produces a yacht of moderate breadth, or "beam," as it is termed, and also of moderate draft.

A number of rating rules have been tried, but in the end they have all produced a bad type of craft. Under the old tonnage rule, yachts were often built seven times as long as they were broad, with a great draft of water, and an immense weight of lead upon their keel. On the other hand, the old American sloop had often less

than three "beams" to their length. A small boat built in New South Wales took the record, however, for she was eight feet long and eight feet wide, and she sailed well. In fact, boats of a very different type often sail equally well.

The amount of sail that can be carried by a racing yacht is very wonderful. At present, the rating rule does not allow the amount of sail that was carried by the last yachts built for the America Cup races—*Reliance* and *Shamrock*. The former vessel was ninety feet upon the water-line, and she had over 14,000 square feet of canvas. This proportion has been exceeded, however, for a small American yacht, 21 feet in length, had a sail-plan with an area of over 1000 square feet

The various rigs puzzle the onlooker at a yacht race. The cutter rig is chiefly used in first-class yacht racing, and no doubt it is the best all-round rig In theory, one sail is better than two, and two sails give better results than three, and so on. In practice, however, it has been found that—on large yachts—four or five sails must be carried, if the yacht is to be managed with a reasonable number of hands. The cutter has five working sails (*see* diagram), viz., mainsail, topsail, foresail, jib, and flying jib, or jib topsail.



A DIAGRAMMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF AN UP-TO-DATE RACING YACHT

The yawl differs from the cutter only at the stern, and it has been said that she has "one mast and a half." The schooner has two masts, both rigged in the same way as a cutter

A cutter will sail closer to the wind than a yawl, and a yawl than a schooner. In running before the wind, all these different rigs use a spinnaker, a large triangular sail set out at right angles to the line of the keel.

The three rigs mentioned, and the various points of sailing are shown in the illustration reproduced on the previous page. The yacht upon the right is a yawl, and she is "beating to windward." The middle yacht is a schooner, and she is sailing upon a "reach"—that is, she has the wind upon the side. The yacht upon the left is a cutter, and she has her large spinnaker set, for she is running with the wind "astern"—that is, right behind her.

A yacht race is started by the firing of "guns," that is, small cannon. After the "first gun" is fired, the yachts have a few minutes in which to sail to and fro; then the "starting gun" is fired, and the yacht nearest to the starting line thus gets the best start. Of course, the captains, or "skippers," as they are called, try to excel each other in the art of "getting off at the gun," but if they are over the line a second too soon they are recalled. This often means the loss of several minutes, and may occasion the loss of the race.

Lightness of "hull"—that is, the body of the yacht—and great weight of keel, are two of the chief factors that make for speed. Light construction was carried to too great an extent, however, and several fast vessels were so strained with one season's racing, that they had to be rebuilt. The international rule, however, has put a stop to very light construction by limiting the minimum thickness of planking, ribs, &c.

The amount of lead carried by our racers would hardly be credited by a landsman. A yacht of ninety feet upon the water line, has often 100 tons of lead upon her keel. This great weight is often placed at a distance of several feet below the hull, and the strain upon the latter is, of course, very great. Thus the building of a light and strong hull is now a work of art, and the greatest engineering skill is needed. The speed of sailing yachts, of course, varies with the force of the wind.

The principal drawback to yacht racing is its great cost. Unless a man has millions, it is almost impossible for him to challenge for the America Cup, for instance. The American yacht *Columbia* is said to have cost 250,000 dollars; but in 1870, the *Magic*, which successfully defended the Cup, was built for 50,000 dollars. The cost of the first

Shamrock is estimated at £60,000, and that of the whole series of races for her year (1899), was nearly a quarter of a million sterling. In ordinary British racing, the cost would not be quite so much, and it is hoped that under the new rule the cost will be greatly reduced. At the same time, the cost of an 80-foot yacht, with racing expenses, would run into many thousands, even if the owner did not give much prize-money.

The question of prize-money is one that vexes the owner much, for a few years ago rich owners were giving their crews large sums when they won a race, and this was against the "little men." A crew that had received large sums in this way would not work for a man who gave less. Some owners are said to have given "losing money"—a very silly practice.

If the reader has ever noticed the ends of the modern yacht, he will have observed that they overhang the water. This "overhang" question is a very important one, for it was found, some years ago, that untaxed length could be gained in this way. Now "length means speed," and our designers began to make the overhang very long indeed; so long, in fact, that it almost equalled the water-line length in some cases. Under the new rule, the overhang is somewhat limited, but still a good margin is allowed. Twenty-five years ago most of our racers had a straight bow, and very little overhang at the stern (or after end).

The use of hollow masts has been the cause of many accidents. The narrow escape of King Edward, when the hollow mast of *Shamrock II.* broke in 1901, will be fresh in the minds of my readers. Almost without any warning, the mast went over the side, and as it measured over 140 feet in height and was composed of thin sheets of steel, the danger was very great. The mast of *Shamrock III.* went over the side in the same way near Weymouth in 1903. At present, hollow masts are forbidden by the rating rule.

Small-class racing is one of the most interesting branches of yacht-racing, but, with modern improvements, even a small yacht is an expensive toy. These yachts are raced in sheltered waters, as a rule, and the Solent is the Mecca of all small-class yachtsmen. On a fine morning a great number of these little craft starting in a race is a fine sight. A start from Calshot Castle, when a strong wind is blowing, would surprise a man from the Midlands.

The fact that a yacht goes along "all on one side," often causes the landsman to think that it is about to capsize; but the fact is that a yacht sails much faster when slightly heeled over. The immense weight of lead upon the keel prevents the vessel from capsizing, and in most modern craft the mast would go before this occurred.

"A THRASH TO WINDWARD."
A modern racing cutter beating to windward in a choppy sea.

The old-fashioned American centreboard craft had inside ballast; and they often capsized, sometimes with great loss of life. The American schooner *Mohawk* turned turtle some years ago, and her owner and several others were drowned.

The sport has been rather under a cloud during the last few years, but a revival took place in 1907, and it looks as if it would go on. Perhaps a purely racing class should be formed, for at present our yachts are what is termed cruiser-racers, that is, craft in which it is possible to cruise as well as race. With this hope I will close.

THE TRAIN PIRATES

By FRANCIS MARLOWE

No. II.—ON THE MILK TRAIN

I

NOW there has never yet been made a freight car door that will not rattle or squeak when it is opened, and it was on this peculiarity of the car doors that the men of the Sunset Freight Patrol depended for warning that thieves were getting to work on the freight. When all was silent it was their habit to hide between the cars or lie flat on the roofs; but at the first symptom of a rattle it was their duty to rouse themselves and run toward the sound.

Robert Payne knew very little of the ways of freight cars and nothing at all of the Sunset Freight Patrol. He knew that he was dead-beat, starving, and without a coin of any sort in the pockets of his dilapidated clothes; he knew that the soles of his boots had given out days before, that his feet were sore and bleeding, and that it was such agony to walk that unless he could steal a ride on some train he must drop in his tracks. Fate had dealt hardly with him; although not yet a piece of wreckage, he was submerged, but clung desperately to the belief that if he could get to Montreal he could rise to the surface again, even though the helping hand he hoped to find there only held out a broom to him with instructions to sweep out a store with it.

Scarcely knowing where his steps were leading him he had stumbled unnoticed into the yards of the Sunset Railway company at Elgin. By chance he had arrived at Elgin's busiest hour of the twenty-four, for the milk-trains for Montreal were being loaded up, and although it was in the small hours of the morning the station and yards were in a turmoil of rush, bustle and clangour.

Somewhat confused at emerging so suddenly from the stillness of the desolate, snow-clad country-side into such a hive of activity, he was for a moment or two completely at a loss for his next move. Then, realising vividly that to attract attention to himself would probably mean immediate and rough expulsion, he slunk stealthily behind a near-by pillar and took the first opportunity of stealing into the gloom towards a line of freight cars that had already been loaded.

Payne had hit on a solution of his most pressing difficulty. Montreal was only a few stations away, and if he could conceal himself in one of the cars of the milk train he would get there within a couple of hours.

At a moment when he was sure there was no one near him he stepped up to the freight cars and hid himself between two of them. Another period of watchfulness followed, but at last he ventured to leave his hiding place and move back along the train until he came to the door of a car that was not quite closed. He put his hand against this door and pushed it. It rolled back until there was a slit wide enough to admit his body, but it moved with such a rusty squeak and rattle that Payne stood stiff with alarm for an instant, then dropped as if he were shot and rolled into hiding underneath the car. To his anxious ears the noise had seemed loud enough to have drawn the attention of every train hand in the yards to the car, and he lay shivering with apprehension, expecting momentarily to be discovered and have a summary end put to his hopes of getting to Montreal.

A period of frightful suspense followed, but at last Payne understood that except to his ears the rattle of the car door had been drowned in the clatter of the milk cans that were being loaded. Despising himself for his loss of nerve he rose to his feet and like a shadow slipped into the freight car and rolled wearily behind some cases of butter that half filled it.

Worn out as he was, Payne would have been glad to sleep until the train pulled into Montreal, but his mind was too ill at ease to allow his senses any repose. Physically, he experienced a sensation of great comfort, for although he lay on the bare floor of the freight car, he was sheltered from the biting

cold, and every muscle of his tired limbs was relaxed

His brain, unusually active, was busy reviewing the misfortunes that had reduced him to such a plight that he was forced "to ride a milk" like the lowest class of tramp

Rockies and travelled from end to end of the great lakes, and finally, irksome though he found city life, he had settled down two years before in a good position in the office of a lumber company in Winnipeg. He had spent his holidays in hunting and fishing

HAVE BEEN STOOD STIFF WITH ALARM FOR AN INSTANT

Though only twenty-six years of age Robert Payne had seen much of life in an adventurous sort of way. He had rounded up cattle on a ranch in Montana within six months of leaving his home in England; he had roughed it in a mining camp in Colorado; he had hunted big game in the

expeditions and with fair prospects he was well satisfied with life when a rapidly arranged amalgamation of interests absorbed the company he was working for and he found himself without employment

This unforeseen piece of ill-luck did not weigh heavily on his mind at first, but just

as he was beginning to make serious efforts to obtain other employment he fell ill When he recovered he found that the little money he had saved was almost exhausted, and, worse still, he experienced no luck in obtaining work. For nearly six weeks he sought in vain for some means of earning a living; his stock of money dwindled and vanished, and still he was among the unemployed. It was at the slackest season of the year, hundreds besides himself walked the streets of Winnipeg looking for work, winter was rapidly approaching and the prospect was a desperate one. His belongings, turned into money, paid various small amounts he owed and kept him going for another month. Eventually he parted with his last dollar to an employment agency that promised him work on a sewer outside the city. He walked six miles to where the sewer-digging was in progress, found a stocky little foreman there who told him bluntly that he wanted no more hands, and walked back to the city penniless and almost in despair.

His application to the employment agency for the return of his dollar was received with jeers, and, as he persisted, with oaths and threats. Not knowing where his next meal was to come from he had the luck to run into a burly Irish policeman as he was leaving the employment agency.

He seized on a forlorn hope

"Look here, officer," he said, "I've paid a dollar to this place for a job and the job they sent me to was filled. Now they won't give me my dollar back; it was my last coin and I'll give you a quarter of it if you can get it for me."

The policeman looked at him as though he found the tale amusing, but suddenly he swung towards the door of the agency.

"Come in, young man," he said over his shoulder.

Payne followed him.

The policeman made short work of the business.

"You've got a dollar this young man gave you for a job you hadn't [illegible] and you've got to give it him back. Shell it out quick or you'll have trouble."

A dollar in small change was handed to Payne with vicious energy.

In the street he slipped a quarter of a dollar into the policeman's hand. The burly officer looked at it whimsically and then handed it back.

"Keep it, young man," he said; "you'll maybe need it before I will."

That night Robert Payne tramped out of Winnipeg bound for Montreal. Partly by walking, in part by begging or stealing rides on trains, he had got to within a hundred miles of Elgin. He had tramped that hundred miles in four days, and when he flung himself into the corner of the freight car on the milk train bound for Montreal he had eaten no food for two days.

The clang of the engine bell and the sudden cessation of the clatter of loading milk cans interrupted his bitter thoughts and told him that the milk train was just about to start. With a sigh of relief he curled himself up, hoping that he could now sleep and not waken until he got to Montreal

His face was turned towards the door of the car, and unconsciously his gaze was fixed on a patch of cloud that was floating slowly across the moon. His lids were just drooping heavily over his weary eyes. In a last wakeful effort he raised them again and noticed with a sleepy sort of curiosity that now he could not see the sky at all through the slit of the half open door. Something had obscured the dim moonlight, and the interior of the car was unbroken gloom.

Suddenly a grunt reached Payne's ears, waking his brain into full activity. His eyes were wide open in a flash and staring towards the door. The slit that he had entered by was now taking shape again in the murky light of the moon, and the object that had obscured it was inside the car. He heard a shuffle of feet on the boards in front of him; his eyes traced the shape of the thing that was in the car with him, and he stiffened with alarm. There was a man in the car; he felt certain that some of the trainmen had discovered that he was hidden there and that he was now going to be thrown out.

A sudden jolt of the car diverted his attention: the train had started for Montreal.

II

Seven days had passed since the patrol's first fight with the freight thieves. Jack Fletcher, who always spent an hour each day in his little office at headquarters, was busy reading reports and despatching instructions to the various posts of the patrol Sullivan, who was his lieutenant and also acted as night inspector, had just looked in

on him before starting on his nightly round of the freight switches.

"Anything doing?" asked the Irishman.

"Nothing special," replied Jack. "There's some valuable freight lying in the Lakeside yards to-night, but I've put an extra man on there. There was a skirmish at the South switches early this morning, and we took two men. I don't think they belonged to Black Michael's gang. A couple of tramps that came in on the milk train, I believe."

"There's too many of them hoboes riding the 'milks' for my fancy," growled Sullivan. "They can get into the yards that way without any one being the wiser and then they sneak off with something when our men have got their backs turned. I've a mind to go out to Elgin to-night and ride back on a 'milk' By the piper, if I grab any of them I'll make them sorry they were born."

"Not a bad idea, Sullivan," said Jack, "but don't forget the Lakeside switches; give the men a shake-up there and tell them to keep their eyes skinned to-night."

A few minutes later Sullivan started on his rounds. As the patrol had no distinctive garb he followed his own fancy in the matter of dress and at night always wore a soft cap with ear flaps, and a thick pea-jacket. Buckled round his waist was a cartridge belt and in his hip-pocket a heavy Colt's revolver.

His first visit was to the Lakeside yards Usually three men were detailed for duty there, and they had succeeded fairly well in holding the thieves in check. As Sullivan drew in sight of the yards and surveyed the desolate tract of rails he felt that Jack Fletcher had been only wise in despatching an extra man to help guard the valuable freight that was stored there.

Though the ex express driver gave no thought to danger, his duty as night inspector of the patrol exposed him to grave risks. To pick his way through the gloomy freight yards was to take his life in his hands, for if he was unexpectedly to fall in with a gang of the train pirates busy at their lawless work, he could expect little mercy from them if he was overpowered. Quite apart from this danger there were risks in connection with his work that might easily have appalled a man of less hardy spirit. It was neither pleasant nor safe to go plunging through the blackness of the night between a moving train on one side and a row of freight cars, that might ambush a score of thieves, on the other.

"This is a bird of a place, all right," muttered Sullivan to himself as he cautiously approached the freight switches.

When he reached the first row of freight he halted and listened for any sound that might give him a hint of any unlawful movement in the yards. Not a sound broke the silence of the night; to outward seeming the yards were absolutely deserted.

He moved forward rapidly and almost noiselessly until he reached the door of one of the freight cars. A last keen glance down the long line of freight failed to reveal even a solitary human figure. He stretched out a hand and rattled the car door. The result was as effective as if the noise had been some magic spell commanding the presence of the guardian spirit of the yards. Out of the gloom a few yards ahead of him Sullivan saw a figure emerge and the next instant a lithe, athletic man stood in front of him peering into his face and holding a revolver ready for use.

"What are you doing -?" the man began, and then broke off.

"It's all right, Paterson," said Sullivan, seeing he was recognised. "Anything moving here?"

"We got a man two hours ago," was the reply. "Miller took him to the station; since then it's been quiet."

"Right!" said Sullivan with a satisfied nod, "but keep a sharp look-out to-night; there may be hot work before you. Has the extra man turned up?"

"Yes," answered Paterson. "He's at the other end of the cars."

Paterson disappeared under a car and Sullivan moved on, picking the other three men up out of the darkness. They came from nowhere in particular and returned to the same place. At the end of the yard he waited for a little time. Presently a train of empty freight trucks bound for Elgin came thrashing along slowly. He flung a word to the driver as the engine passed him and then grabbed the hand-rail of a car and swung himself inside.

At Elgin he found that the milk train was being loaded and that he had some time to wait before it started. A good meal and a quiet smoke fortified him for the rest of his night's work. For some little time before the train started he stood on the platform gossiping with the milk inspector, but while he talked his keen eyes were watchfully

roving along the line of cars. Presently he bid good night to the inspector and wandered away from him, moving slowly and as carelessly as though he had no particular object in view. As he got outside the fringe of busy train hands, however, his steps quickened and he moved smartly towards the rear of the train. As he hurried along he peered between the ends of the cars and satisfied himself that the buffers were not carrying passengers. That this inspection was not dictated by a mere casual impulse was clear from the gleam of his eye and the business-like set of his jaw. He had indeed a very definite purpose behind his movements for as he had been chatting to the milk inspector he had chanced to see a curious black shadow appear and disappear alongside a freight car. Sullivan was bent on discovering the meaning of that shadow.

HE STRUCK A MATCH AND HELD IT ABOVE HIS EYES

Just as the engine bell warned him that the train was about to start he got abreast of a car that had its door partly open. In a twinkling he seized the hand-rail of the car, lifted his body to the level of the door, and thrust himself through the slit.

He had a shrewd suspicion that in the interior of the car he would find something that would explain the curious shadow that had so puzzled him. The light from without was sufficient to show him that the car was half-filled with cases of butter, but the gloom at the further end was so complete that anything that might be hidden there was indistinguishable to him. With slow, deliberate movements he took his pipe out of his pocket, filled it, and placed it in his mouth. Then he drew a box of matches from his trousers pocket, struck a match quickly and held it above his eyes. One glance was sufficient for him; he had seen a man's eyes glowing at him from the floor at the back of the car. The pallid, agonised face of the man affected him not one whit; he had caught a tramp stealing a ride on the milk train, a thief undoubtedly, and he knew how to deal with him.

Sullivan lowered the match to his pipe and drew at the flame. As the tobacco caught fire he puffed at it slowly, and between the puffs spoke.

"I thought I spotted you, me lad," he began. "Stand up and come this way till I put the bracelets on you. Don't try to think about sleeping now; you'll have plenty of time to sleep in when we get to Montreal."

Another puff at his pipe and he started

to speak again, but the words that he would have uttered were choked in his throat by a pair of hands that flew at him out of the darkness. Robert Payne, for it was he whom Sullivan had discovered, had made a bold bid for liberty. The horrible prospect of being sent to gaol had outraged his free soul; he drew on every ounce of strength in his weary body and flung himself at Sullivan in the hope of overthrowing him and dashing from the car.

Taken thoroughly by surprise, Sullivan staggered under the assault, but he recovered himself instantly; his hands went up and he tore away the grip that Payne had fixed on his throat. A furious but brief struggle followed and left Sullivan the victor. A piece of luck had turned the fight in his favour. Locked in a desperate struggle for mastery they had fallen together. When Sullivan, who had fallen undermost, exerted all his strength to get the upper grip, he felt the arms that held him relax and fall away from him. He rolled over and rose to his knees, but the fight was over; Payne's head had struck a butter case, and the man lay stunned and beaten.

Sullivan struck another match and satisfied himself that his capture was unconscious and not likely to give any further trouble. He did not think it worth while to snap the handcuffs on him, and when he had found the pipe that had been knocked from his lips he sat down by the side of his prisoner and smoked stolidly.

The milk train drew near to Montreal Payne's senses slowly returned to him and he opened his eyes to a realisation of soreness and disgrace. He saw the huge bulk of Sullivan outlined between him and the light, and he remembered the fight and the fact that every inch the train was travelling was drawing him nearer to gaol. He realised the hopelessness of renewing the struggle with the big man at his side, and he closed his eyes again.

Sullivan felt the body beside him twitch, and he knew that his prisoner was again alive to his surroundings. He had no anxieties, however, in regard to his safe custody; he felt sure of being able to land his captive in the cells within half an hour. He stepped to the door of the car and looked out. Ahead of him, not more than a mile distant, he saw the lights of Montreal. The train would slow down at the Lakeside switches very shortly now

Still leaning from the car his ears suddenly caught the crack of a pistol shot. The report of two other shots followed immediately, and on top of them came a regular spitting outburst. A scowl of rage blackened Sullivan's face, and his hand dropped to his revolver. He knew this meant that the Lakeside freight switches had been attacked by the train pirates.

Scarcely a minute passed before the train began to slow down. The Lakeside switches were at hand and in a moment or two the milk train would pull right into the middle of the fight. Sullivan prepared to jump and join in the defence of the freight. A thought of his prisoner held him a moment and he looked behind him to find that the man was still lying motionless. The fight first, his prisoner afterwards, he decided.

Before the incoming milk train the mob of train thieves scattered and gave way. Sullivan jumped from the moving car with a yell and started firing at once. To his left he could see the four patrol men making a splendid fight, even though two of their number were badly wounded by stones. Close on a dozen of the thieves, brought down by pistol shots, lay groaning on the ground. The freight pirates were giving ground, and all save about a dozen of the most determined were beating a rapid retreat As Sullivan threw himself into the fight he was received with a volley of stones. Three men, one armed with an iron bar, rushed at him. His revolver spat, and one fell with a scream; but the man with the bar and the third flung themselves at him furiously.

What happened now was the work of a few seconds—while the milk train crawled slowly through the scene of the *mêlée*.

From the freight car behind him the pallid face of Sullivan's prisoner looked out. Payne had seen Sullivan jump from the car, and the hope of escape had risen in his heart. Thrilling with the thought that he might regain his liberty in the confusion that reigned, he crept to the door. He saw the man that Sullivan shot fall to the ground; he saw the man with the bar strike at Sullivan's head and miss him, and then he saw a heavy stone strike Sullivan on the forearm as he raised his pistol to shoot again The pistol dropped from the helpless fingers, and he saw a man fling himself at Sullivan and bear him to the ground, while the man with the bar leaped forward to finish him. Forgetting everything but the peril of the threatened man, Payne jumped swiftly from the car to

where Sullivan's revolver had fallen. As his fingers closed on it he swung round. The man had lifted the bar for a swinging blow at Sullivan's defenceless head. Payne pressed the trigger of the pistol and the blow never fell. A bullet through the man's shoulder had stopped its downward course

PAYNE PRESSED THE TRIGGER

The fight was over. The four patrol men had driven the last desperadoes before them. Sullivan, whose unflinching eyes had watched the course of the threatening iron bar, had noted also what had diverted it He was on his feet again now, and though his right arm hung helpless beside him, he seized his prisoner of the milk train with the left one

"Come along with me," said the big Irishman.

Payne looked him straight in the eyes for a moment and then followed without a word. One of the patrol men bandaged Sullivan's injured arm, and then the Irishman turned again to Payne

"I promised you a sleep when you got to Montreal," he said, "but I'll give you a trifle of breakfast first"

Over breakfast Sullivan was in a cheerful mood and tried to draw out his prisoner Sick at heart and dejected, Payne had little to say, and he answered his captor's questions almost mechanically

"We'll see the chief, now," said Sullivan when the meal was finished

Jack Fletcher was watching Payne's face as Sullivan told his tale of the capture, of the fight on the line—of the rescue

"H m' Mixed goods, he is!" said the young chief What's to be done with him now?"

"Sure, sir, with your permission I'll put him on the patrol."

"What do you say to that?" asked Jack, turning to Sullivan's prisoner

The prisoner flushed, and for a moment seemed unable to reply. Then he said steadily

"I'll do my best."

Next Month: "The Bullion Mystery."

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

ROUNDABOUT NOTES

THE cheaper forms of camera tripods have, as a class, two main defects. First, they are flimsy, and therefore unsteady in a wind; second, their height is insufficient. The photographer of experience is very careful to have a stand that is steady on its legs, and tall enough to allow him to do the focussing business without getting a crick in the back. It is quite a mistake to think that a stand meant to carry a small camera should be a light-weight dwarf. Whether you use a quarter-plate or a whole-plate your tripod should be a good one of its class, even if it is a bit on the heavy side. Having had a wide experience of tripods, I plump for a three-jointed wooden one with sliding lowest joints, and top joints *spread* outwards against the spikes in the table top by small brass cross-bars (*see* Fig. 1). Automatic locks at the hinges are a great convenience.

If the battens of a top joint are clipped *inwards* against the spikes, as in Fig. 2, there is a danger of its hook disengaging when the leg is gripped to raise the camera; that's to say, unless the notch of the hook be recessed at the top corners, as shown in Fig. 3. With a fine jeweller's "rat tail" file (price about fourpence) these recesses can be made in a few minutes. The likelihood of trouble with the hooks is then greatly diminished. Straps and a handle for carrying should be permanently fixed to the tripod.

The fewer the joints, the firmer the stand.

Remember to dry the stand well after it has had a wetting.

Attach the screw to the tripod head by a piece of string. That will prevent its being left behind or lost.

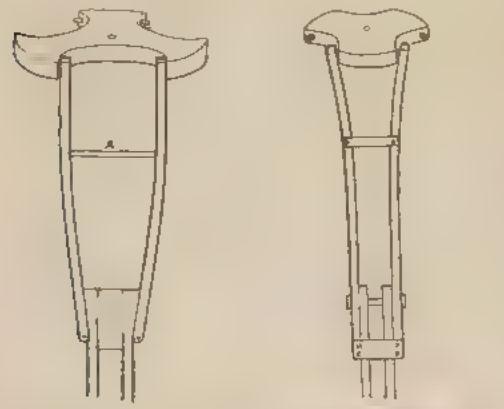


FIG. 1.—The best method of attaching tripod legs to table-top. Battens spread by strut A.

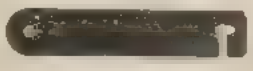


FIG. 2.—If the hook slot is notched, as shown above, there is less likelihood of it slipping if the leg battens are bent inwards when gripped by the hand.

PRINTING FRAMES.

The "Ensign" frame has at one end a small pressure bar. An edge of the printing paper is inserted between this bar and the negative, and the bar is forced tightly against the negative by a milled head-screw working through the end of the frame, so as to pinch the paper and hold both it and the plate quite firm. The back is made of a single piece of unwarpable wood, and is kept in contact with the paper by a single spring at the centre. When it is removed, the *whole* of the print can be turned back and examined, which in some cases is a great advantage. These frames are cheap; quarter-plate size, 6*d*.; half-plate, 11*d*.

THE "ANTI-CURL" FRAME

is specially designed for roll films. The film is held down against its glass support independently of the back, so that it gives no trouble at all when the back is lifted.

The "Klito" Post-Card frame is so constructed that any part of a quarter-plate negative may be printed on any portion of a post-card, either longitudinally or across.

The "B. O. B." is adjustable to any size of plate from ¼ to 10 by 8, and has a patent non-slipping back permanently attached to the frame.

To enable a frame to be propped up at an angle, screw a short slip of wood by one end to each side to act as struts. "Jaynay" hooks (1*d.* per pair) are sold for the same purpose, and also for suspending frames from a string.

Uses for Spoiled Plates.

Spoilt quarter-plates seem to be absolutely useless, as they are too small for glazing picture frames with. But stay! Take a dozen, soak them in warm water till the films are soft, let them dry till the films become tacky, and then pile them on one another, film upwards, except the topmost. Get them carefully in register and press them under a heavy weight. In a day or so the pile will be solid, and serve as a paper-weight. A little wooden knob stuck to the centre of the top with fish glue makes the article more complete. If the films are so old and hard that they cannot be softened easily, stick the plates together with gum or glue.

Half-plates and larger sizes are useful as covers for transparencies of equal size printed by contact. A dentist of my acquaintance, who is a very keen photographer, has the window of his torture chamber decorated with a number of half-plate transparencies, to divert his patients' thoughts from the buzzing drill to the seaside and leafy lanes. The covers are "frosted" by rubbing two together with a mixture of fine emery-powder and water in between.

Spoilt plates are also invaluable for *passe-partout* mounting of prints; about which I shall speak in a future issue.

Useful Cabinets.

A light stationery cabinet made of cardboard and wood, costing about 1*s.* per 10 × 8 inch drawer, will be found very handy for storing prints and printing papers and small accessories in. When you have a lot of printing to do, use one drawer for loose sheets of P.O.P., and another for the prints as they come from the frames. The opening and shutting of a drawer is much less trouble than the unwrapping and wrapping up of packets.

"Agfa."

This little word is made up of the chief initial letters of "Actien Gesellschaft fur Anilin Fabrikation" (The Aniline Manufacturing Co., of Berlin), and is to be found on the labels of bottles containing developers and other photographic preparations of high quality. From the Agfa Handbook I select the Rodinal Developer, Rapid Fixing Salt, Intensifier, Reducer, and Negative Varnish, as the items that will be most generally useful to my readers. They are sold by the majority of large photographic dealers and "photographic chemists." I reserve a special word for the Intensifier, as it neither produces the reddish-brown stain of uranium or requires the secondary blackening of the film necessary in the bichloride of mercury process. The negative is merely immersed in a diluted solution until the necessary intensification has been obtained, and then washed for half an hour.

A HINT TO HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHERS

Fig. 4.—Subjects suitable for very small pictures. Few objects.

Fig. 5.—Subjects not suitable for small pictures. Details too small.

Outdoor Portraiture.

Select a north aspect.

Use an overhead canopy of some kind to equalise the lighting.

If you can't manage this, spread white paper or a sheet on the ground or on a table to reflect light upwards and relieve the shadows.

Always study the lighting carefully, as shadows are exaggerated in the negative.

Use a grey or brown background some distance from the sitter. Strong wrapping paper serves well enough. White backgrounds tend to darken the face.

Sitters should not wear white if there is no canopy.

Size and Subject.

A small camera is suited for "bits" rather than for landscapes, which are the province of the large plate. I do not, of course, include in this remark small negatives taken for making enlargements and lantern slides from. The owner of a smallest Brownie, or a "Ticka," must not include too much in the picture, or details will be so dwarfed as to require the help of a magnifying-glass. "Make use of the foreground" is a good rule for the user of a very small camera to keep in mind. Get to close quarters; go for the most important objects. A woodland vista, as represented in a two-inch square print, is a failure; but the same size may do justice to a single tree standing out boldly from its fellows. By way of illustration I give some reproductions of 2 by 1½ inch snaps made with an original box-form Pocket Kodak. The subjects in Fig. 4 are suitable for the midget size of the picture, whereas those of Fig. 5 are much too extensive Strong contrast of light and shade favours a small picture.

A New Competition

Messrs. Marion and Co. announce a Prize Competition in which a number of valuable prizes are offered. The competition will be divided into four sections: Open Class without restriction of subject. [illegible] Class. (3) Moving Objects Class. (4) Scientific Class. One of the conditions is that the plates and paper used for obtaining the print must have been manufactured by the organisers of the competition. Entries close on October 31, 1908. For full particulars apply to Messrs. Marion and Co., Ltd., Soho Square, London, W.

"Ensign" Roll Films.

We regret that many of our readers were prevented from availing themselves of Messrs. Houghtons' offer of a trial of "Ensign" films at half-price, in consequence of The Captain competition coupons being placed at the back of their announcement. Messrs. Houghtons, whose address is 88 Holborn, W.C., desire me to say that, providing the stock of films to the value of £1000 set aside for the purpose, has not been exhausted, they will be pleased to send not more than one spool to those readers who were thus unable to use the "Ensign" coupon. Applicants should state the size of spool required, enclose half the price they usually pay for roll films, and mention the number of the competition for which they entered. This offer is strictly limited to competitors in our June competitions; other Captain readers can obtain "Ensign" films from all photographic dealers at the usual prices.

"Kodak's" New Plate Competition.

A competition, in which handsome cash prizes amounting to £240 are offered, is announced by Kodak, Ltd. The competition is for amateur work done upon Eastman Plates, and is divided into three classes: Class I., Novice—restricted to those who have never won a prize in any photographic competition; Class II., open to amateurs not competing in Class I.; Class III., a special class for negatives developed in the new Eastman Plate Tank. The prospectus, which can be obtained from any dealer or by addressing a postcard to Kodak, Ltd., 57 61 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., gives full particulars of the competition, including prize-list and entry forms. The competition will be taken in three sections, closing respectively on August 20, September 21, and October 20, 1908, £80 being offered in each section, in amounts ranging from £1 to £15.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"R. M. M."—No, I cannot advise you to take up the new colour process unless you are prepared to spend a good many pounds on it. I think that it gives very good results, but I doubt whether you would make it remunerative. At present there is not a sufficient demand.

A. S. Bell.—To copyright your photograph send a penny and an addressed stamped envelope to the Registrar, Copyright Office, Stationer's Hall, E.C., for a form, which has to be filled in and returned with a fee of one shilling and a copy of the photograph for filing.

"Ohemist."—A "saturated solution" is one which will dissolve no more of the substance in solution. A solution saturated while hot will deposit some of the dissolved element as it cools. A cold solution, on the other hand, will dissolve more of the substance when heated. In speaking of a saturated solution it is generally assumed that it is of the same temperature as the atmosphere

SOME SEASIDE SNAPSHOTS

(1 AND 8) ON THE SANDS AT COLWYN BAY
(3) FISHING BOATS IN BRIXHAM HARBOUR.
(5 AND 6) SHIPPING SCENES, PEEL HARBOUR
(YACHTS IN TORQUAY HARBOUR
(4) A VIEW NEAR CONWAY
(7) ON THE QUAY, BRIXHAM

"HELP!"

A HOLIDAY STORY

By LINCOLN

"SOME ONE'S SIGNALLIN . . . SEE THERE THE FLASHES GO

"NOW you've been and gone and done it! That's the third ball this week! Uncle's coming home on Saturday, so I think you'd better go and get it."

Ralph Houston looked ruefully at his chum. "Right you are! Keep your naked eye on the spot, Bill. I'll get through at the wire fence."

"I expect that notice-board is about a house to let, so you needn't look at it. Then, if you *do* meet a keeper you can say you didn't see it."

Billy sprawled on the dry turf and watched his friend slip over the wire fence and plunge through the bracken and furze in the direction of the lost ball.

"More to the right," he shouted, as Ralph topped the bank and hesitated inquiringly before he disappeared down the slope beyond.

Ralph's seafaring uncle had retired to the seclusion of Beckton-on-Sea. He was away yachting for the time being, and the boys were finding life with "aunt" a little slow. They had exhausted all the resources of the muddy beach; they knew all the songs and choruses of the attenuated nigger troupe by heart; and it even seemed a work of supererogation to bathe more than twice a day. They were finally driven to kill time with "uncle's" golf clubs round the sandy links, where the parched grasses had long since wilted into hay and the shimmering heat waves made the church tower on the horizon waggle and totter.

Billy Hole undid the second button of his cricket shirt, dragged his white sun-hat over his face, and lay back to await Ralph's return.

"He won't find any ball," he growled, wriggling into a restful position. The sun-

light glared red through his lightly closed lids, and while he pondered why, he dozed.

Approaching footsteps aroused him. It was Ralph, hot and dishevelled, with a glint in his eye that on the football field would have meant mischief.

"Well, what luck?"

"Bad! There's a bally keeper in there. Expect he pinched the ball. Anyway, he marched me down the path to the gate by the railway cutting. Told me he'd had his 'heye' on me for some time: that poaching didn't pay in his covers, and then he booted me through the gate. Wears number fourteens, too!"

"O, rotten! Let's have his gore!"

"Well, I don't want his mangy rabbits, but it's our duty to reduce the swelling of his head. He's so jolly cocksure of his clever self. Wish I'd brought my rifle."

Billy looked curiously at his companion. "Mine's in sections at the bottom of the trunk," he said slowly. "Aunt's afraid of fire-irons!"

"O, ripping! Let's smuggle her out after tea."

"What's the plan of campaign?"

"O, we can keep his highness on the trot with a few well-placed shots. Blank'll do. He wants something to amuse him."

"It's we that want amusing. Let's reconnoitre. Come ahead."

The boys proceeded along the fence line that marked off the plantation from the links. Presently it turned away parallel to the shore, and the path they followed led them into unexplored territory.

"The stream that runs out on the sands must cross somewhere in front," Billy remarked.

True enough, the bottom of the next slope brought them to a plank bridge over the brook.

"Ha! That was a big 'un," said Billy, pointing to the curling mud-cloud that marked the retreat of a startled fish. "I wonder if there is anything worth catching up there!"

They leaned on the rustic rail watching the water.

"Look, Bill! In the shadow of the bridge! He's a whopper, and a trout, too!" and there, stemming the gentle current with waving fins, lay a speckled two-pounder.

Billy's eyes glistened. "Say, Ralph! If we had trout for breakfast we should be even with that keeper, don't you think?"

"Rather! We could sneak up this coombe with a night-line or two at dusk."

"No worrums in this dry land! Wonder if they'd go for a penn'orth of sprats? Let's explore."

The lads swung down the bank and made their way stealthily up the side of the stream, Billy marking down two or three likely holes where the current swept eddying deeply under the rough-thicketed bank. The next bend brought them in sight of a house a mile further inland.

"I know where we are. That's the last of the new bungalows beyond the railway. We passed it coming down."

"All right! Let's get back. We must see to the tackle before tea. If we finish off with a foot of gut, those sea-lines aunt gave us would cut up into tie lines."

And keen upon the business in hand the boys retraced their steps and made for home.

The water glimmered in the deepening gloom as they crept noiselessly up to the bridge. The rifle—in halves—was accommodated somewhere in the lining of Ralph's Norfolk jacket. Half a dozen tie-lines, with sprats, mounted on gorge hooks, lay wrapped in strips of paper in Billy's pockets.

The boys paused, listening intently, and then, slipping down the near bank, drifted silently up-stream.

"That rifle's no use—I told you so," said Billy in a whisper. "We can't see ten yards!"

"All sereno! If the trout don't bite we can have some fun firing in the air and giving——"

"Sst!" Billy dropped to the ground and Ralph followed suit.

"What is it?"

"Smell! Somebody's been trampling on the wild mint. There's a lot up stream. I thought I heard a stick snap."

They lay still, holding breath, while their hearts throbbed in their ears. Another twig snapped.

"Farther off," said Bill. "The enemy is in retreat. Watch the sky-line."

At the top of the slope in front a man's head appeared for a second on the foliage fringe.

"Three of 'em," said Ralph. "My word! Our friend with the big boots likes company."

"They're no keepers. Bet you they're out poaching. Come on. The first hole is by this willow."

Billy carefully unwound his line, drove the peg into the bank and, with a gentle swing, sent the bait "gluck" into the inky waters.

"Number one! I'll leave the paper by the peg to mark the place. Gosh! the dew's heavy. My knees are wet through." And the two moved on again silently.

The last of the lines was set. Nothing remained now but to wait the hour out, re-collect, with whatever luck might send, and trot across the links for home.

Ralph leaned back, with the empty rifle across his knees, while Billy sat below watching the ripples where the stream turned the bend. The moist, warm air, filled with mysterious night-scents, enclosed them. A sedge-warbler was twittering somewhere among the osiers, and once the "coke-coke" of an old cock-pheasant arose from the dusky hollows beyond.

"About time, Bill!"

"Let's give 'em ten minutes more. We're in no hurry."

"Somebody's larking with the electric light in that bungalow," said Ralph lazily.

Billy turned his head. A moment later he sat up tense and alert.

"Keeper?" asked Ralph, leaning forward.

"No! Some one's signalling. It's Morse code, too. I learnt it off that Coldstream sergeant at Bisley. See, there the flashes go—dot-dot-dash. Perhaps they are speaking to a ship out at sea. Wonder if I can read it! . . . 'P.-p-h-e-l-p. Phelp?' Man's name I s'pose. 'H-e-l-p. Help!' No, it's 'He p' H[illegible]' What's up, I wonder! 'B u r g l' Burglars, by Jove! And there it goes again, 'Help! Burglars!' Look here! I reckon this is all right What shall we do? Those three men we saw may be in it."

"We could sprint to the Coastguard Station in five minutes from the bridge. They've been pretty chummy with us. You wait here. I'll slip along in no time There may be something in it."

"Right you are! I'll keep watch Give me the gun."

Ralph dived into the underwood, and the rustle of the bushes grew faint as he made for the bridge.

Ten minutes later a panting boy was explaining excitedly to a bronzed old coast-guardsman that signals of distress were flying at the farthest bungalow. After a brief consultation with his mates, in which more than one intelligent glance shot from eye to eye, four sturdy ex-tars were following their slim guide at a dog trot across the sand-hills.

"And what might *you* be a-doing up that brook, young master?" asked Ralph's nearest companion casually.

"Us? Oh! we were looking for a golf-ball," said Ralph artlessly, and the youngest coastguard choked back a chuckle.

Past the bridge, over the bed of wild mint, and through the clump of herb-willow Ralph led his rescue-party.

"Phew-ee!" he whistled softly

"Phew-ee!" came the re-assuring counter-call from the front, and in a moment Billy was with them.

"The signals stopped suddenly—in the middle of a word," he said. "There hasn't been a light since."

The old coastguard had not been a handy-man for nothing.

"Actin' signaller presoomably in hands of enemy; relief party will investigate," he said, and the four pushed off rapidly up the coombe, closely followed by the two boys. Over the railway fence and into the cutting whence the Beckton signal-lamps could be seen down the line, and up the further slope they went.

"A-a-ah! Feel like waiting for the 'kick off' in an east wind," said Billy, drawing a shuddering breath, as they mounted the last rise and found themselves against a garden hedge. The bungalow lay in front. A light flashed once or twice in the basement, and for a moment a man's shadow, huge and distorted, fell across a blind.

"Something's wrong! We've not been over quiet, and the dog hasn't spoke once. Jim, slip round to the front door and knock. We'll lie 'doggo' in the rear and nab anything that bolts. You young gentlemen better keep back out of the way."

The four big men melted silently into the gloom, and the boys waited with straining ears.

"Don't see why we should be left out in the cold," said Billy. "It's our kill. Let's creep round the hedge a bit nearer." A moment later they were standing below the sloping roof of a shed abutting on the house, and staring up at the blank windows above it.

A peal of double knocks resounded from the front.

"There goes Jim. Now for it!"

A light flashed dimly at an upper window [illegible] in the rear and a step crunched

[illegible] A MOMENT A MAN'S [illegible]

swiftly over the sill on to the slat

Billy stepped back a pace into the moonlight cool and intent on the business in hand. His rifle flashed to his shoulder as a second [illegible] yelled "Here they are! *Here!*" at the top of his [illegible]

By the hollow clang of metal some one [illegible]

on the gravel. Then a sharp [illegible] rang out [illegible] and a crack [illegible] the boys' hearts to their mouth.

A [illegible]

"I've got the [illegible]"

"[illegible] Will! There's two [illegible] in the house. Lend Jim a hand. They'll try to rush him

Heave me the clothes-line. I'll truss this [illegible] came the voice of [illegible]

Ralph [illegible] dancing with excitement [illegible] trying to get a view [illegible] through the hedge. The window [illegible] the outhouse roof [illegible] noiselessly, and [illegible] man [illegible] himself

on to the roof and sat back on the sill with his captives in front of him.

"Turn your iron another way, young gentleman, and call my mates from the front, if you please. . . . Keep still, or I'll break your silly neck!" a threat he half put into effect to all appearances, since the writhing little man on his left choked violently.

Will and Jim, in answer to Ralph's shout, burst through the fence and came up with a rush.

"Stand by to receive kit-sacks! Let it drop. *One!*" said the big man on the roof, giving his more stalwart prisoner a vigorous shove that sent him sprawling down the slates, to be pounced upon by Jim shouting,

"One! Slightly damaged in transit!"

"Stand by! *Two!*" cried the big man again, repeating the performance with his second captive.

"Two!" bawled Will, dropping with unholy joy on his share of plunder.

"All c'rect! Stand clear!" chimed the big man, and he tobogganed off the roof, landing on his feet.

"Howk 'em into the back yard! There's tons o' clo'se line handy. We'll tie 'em up a treat! Now, young gentlemen, you shall have a lesson in knottin' and splicin', and then we'll hunt up that actin' signalman wot they've put in irons."

The little prisoner swore furiously.

"I knowed she was a-doin' us! Now you'll believe me next time, you——"

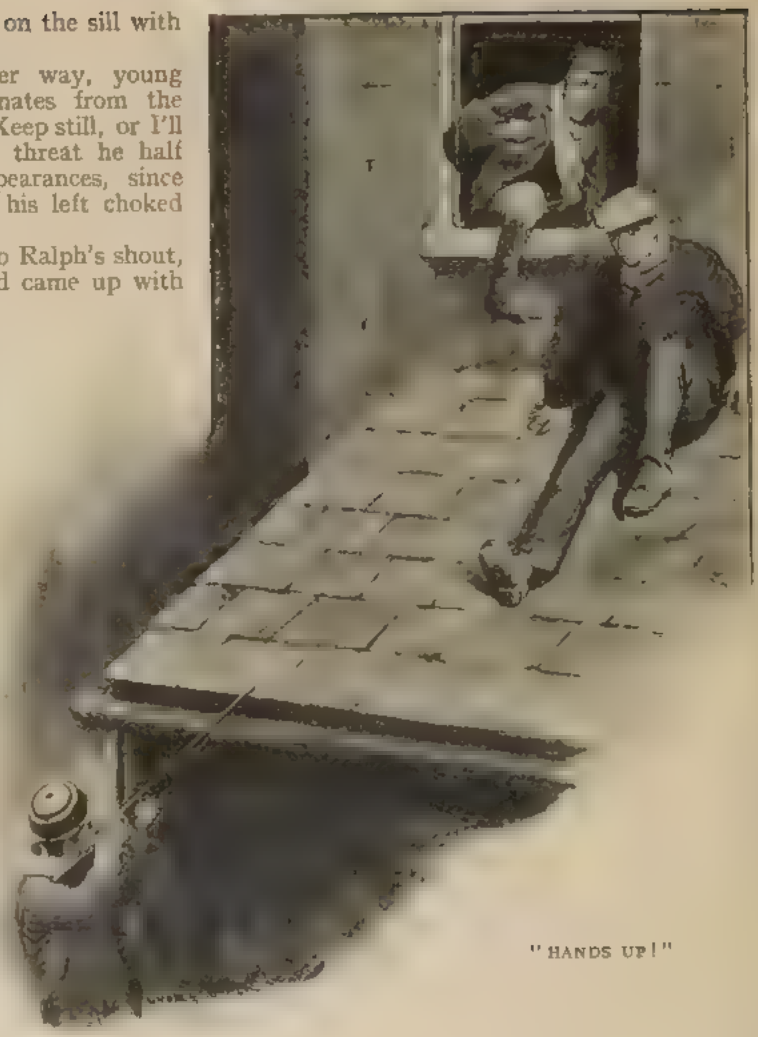
"Choke him, Jimmy!" said Will, and Jimmy promptly did it.

In five minutes, three miserable rogues were laid out side by side, tied hand and foot, for the placid contemplation of James, who sat on an upturned bucket, calmly smoking, while the others explored the house systematically.

A fat cook, in the advanced stages of hysterics, was found locked in the coal hole. Reassured as to the non-burglarious intention of the rescuing party, she threw herself into the arms of Will, as the best-looking young man present, and hung round his neck screaming wildly for "Miss Emily."

"That's our signalman, I reckon!" said the elder coastguard. "You take care of her, Willum! We'll look a leetle further!" and with a wink he led the way along the passage, while Will vainly endeavoured to get his Andromeda to release him and take a seat on a kitchen chair.

It was Billy who first caught the sound of a muffled knocking from the linen press at the top of the second flight of stairs. He turned the key and threw the door open



"HANDS UP!"

to be faced by a little brown-faced fury of some fourteen years, with tumbled hair and tear-stained cheeks! A glance explained his presence.

"Have you got them?" she gasped.

"Got three! Was it you that signalled with the light?" said Bill.

"Yes! Dad taught me. O, the beasts! I could *stamp* on them! They dragged me out of the attic and locked me in the press. Where's Jane? Have they hurt her?" and she went flying downstairs kitchenwards.

It was arranged that Jim should stay in the house until the return of its master and mistress, expected home by the last train, while the prisoners were escorted to the police-station by the others of the party

"You young gentlemen come with us?" said Will. "You won't find no golf ball to-night!"

"P'raps not! Might as well have another look, though," said Ralph, nudging Billy. "See you all to-morrow. Good night, Miss Emily. Good-night, cook!" and doffing caps the boys slipped away for the coombe.

"Not goin' to leave my lines for the keeper if I know it! Besides, there ought to be something on them by now"

"HAVE YOU GOT THEM?"

And there was! A brace of trout and a huge eel, that twisted and writhed and tied himself and the line into such a snarl that Billy remarked that two lessons in "knot-tin." were more than *he* wanted in an evening

Then home, at a brisk trot, and over a belated supper their doings were recounted briefly to an ejaculatory aunt in curl-papers and a dressing-gown

MY SISTER

WHO calls me up at half-past six
Who drags the bed clothes in a mix,
And pokes me out with hockey sticks—
My sister

Who splashes water on the floor,
Who guillotines one with the door,
Who keeps the baby in a roar—
My sister.

Who lets in Winter's icy breath,
Who calls the doctor "old Macbeth,"
And frightens curates quite to death—
My sister.

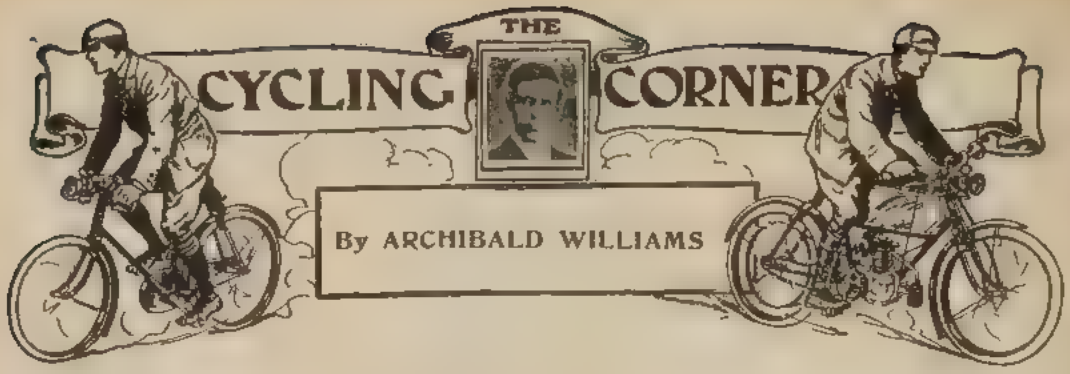
Who's going to be a Sandow girl,
And, if she's able, wed an earl,
Who says Mike Jackson's "quite a pearl"—
My sister.

Who practises some awful scales
And scares the pup until he wails
Who tries to Jiu-Jitsu—and fails
My sister

Who "tuned" the piano one fine day,
When Pa and Ma were both away,
And, crikey! didn't Pa make hay
Of sister.

Who's going abroad, come winter's wind,
To board with Sisters hard as rind,
She'll keep them busy, *that* they'll find,
Will sister!

HANNAH MEIN.



TOURING TIPS, &c.

ON several occasions I have referred in my notes to the necessity of keeping the various parts of a cycle in proper adjustment. Considering the extent to which cycles are neglected in this respect, it says a lot for the excellence of their manufacture that machines don't wear out more quickly than they do. The parts which suffer most are the chain and chain wheels. A loose chain is perpetually trying to climb the teeth of the wheels, and the wear on the forward side of each tooth is therefore much greater than it would be were the chain obliged to keep to the "valleys." The chain itself also suffers from the difficulty of engaging and disengaging properly. Tough as the metal of a chain is it stretches perceptibly with wear, and the makers, realising this, allow adjustment to the extent of at least a link and a half After taking the slack out of the chain, screw the nuts up tight and revolve the pedals slowly and observe whether at any point the chain becomes absolutely taut through the chain wheels not being perfectly true. If it does the adjustment must be eased off a little, as an overstrained chain is worse than a slack one

Gear Cases

These are fitted to ladies' machines primarily to prevent skirts getting mixed up with the chain, with disastrous results. A mere male can get along very well without a gear case now that the roller chain has been perfected if he gives that chain a decent amount of occasional attention The old block chain used to strain and crack horribly when it got wet The roller pattern does not. So I ride cycles with unprotected chain, because of the extra weight, liability to rattle and be damaged, the large, wind-catching surface of the case and the obstruction which it offers to the removal of the back wheel. Whenever I have to take out the back wheel of a lady's machine I find myself growling over the gear case. It cannot be denied that a properly made case of the oil bath variety promotes easy running and reduces wear, and so has its champions, but I shouldn't advise any male rider who has found a naked chain quite satisfactory to go to the expense and trouble of getting it cased-in.

Lamp Brackets.

The average bracket supplied with a cycle is intended for an oil-lamp weighing a pound or so. It is not suited for carrying a heavy acetylene lamp which tips the balance at a couple of pounds or more. After having had two or three brackets give way through their flimsiness, I now fit a specially strong article clamping on to the handle-bar stem, and capable of standing a good deal more weight than is actually put on it. When purchasing a machine, just see that the bracket looks up to its work. If it doesn't, have another put on.

Examine Your Tyres

It is a wise practice to examine one's tyres after a long ride and remove any flint chips that may have penetrated the rubber of the cover without actually causing a puncture. If left in they may get a push next time the machine is used and give trouble. Occasionally one finds a thorn or pin, which has "found air," but had no apparent effect, owing to its plugging the hole. When it is taken out the tyre deflates. But it is best to put matters right at once, as the spike will assert itself sooner or later if not extracted

Patches

If your repair box has run short of patches, cut a supply out of a discarded tube of which the rubber has not "perished." Snip six inches out of the tube and slit the section longitudinally along one edge of the seam, so as to get the maximum amount of useful cloth.

Now give the rubber a good stretch. If it shows a number of minute cracks, or remains permanently stretched when the tension is taken off, it has lost its good quality. If, however, it stands the test, cut square-cornered pieces out of it and round these off afterwards holding the scissors at an angle so that the edge may be well bevelled. The sharp edge is, of course, on that side of the patch which will be next the tube.

Then clean the patch well on the business surface with sand paper or petrol or the heads of vesta matches (the rubber should be wetted before these are applied). Provide yourself with one or two patches of extra size for mending bursts and for sticking to the inside of the cover under a canvas patch

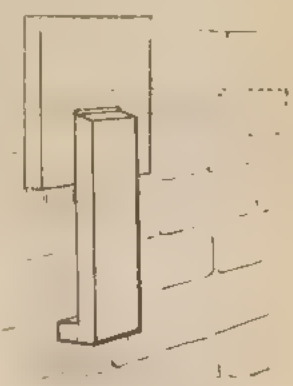
Rubber Solution

The secret of making a good puncture repair is threefold Clean the rubber surfaces well; allow the solution to become very tacky before applying the patch; and use good solution The quality of a solution is easily tested, as follows: squeeze a tiny blob on to the tips of each of your forefingers, touch the blobs together and draw the hands apart. If the solution is of good quality you will be able to draw out spider-web-like films two or three feet long. If the thread breaks at a few inches the solution is not worth much. The best solution is usually sold in small tins costing sixpence or a shilling each.

Free Air Passages.

The inflation of a tyre ought to be an easy matter, even when the tyre has to be pumped hard. But it not infrequently happens that the air seems to go in very reluctantly, and one has to work hard to compel it. In such a case you may be sure that either the nozzle of the pump is obstructed, or that the valve has got clogged. Only the day before writing these words I had to attend to a cycle which was "a brute to blow up," as its owner expressed it. On examination I found that a small bit of solder had got wedged into the pump nozzle. Even when this had been removed, things were not as they should be, so I investigated the valve, which proved to be practically filled up with tiny particles of grit. With the aid of a pin I got this out through the little air-hole at the side of the valve. My friend was surprised to find how little effort was then needed to inject air, being under the impression that the high pressure of the air in the tube would necessarily cause great resistance to the pump piston. But as the area of the piston is only about half a square inch or so, a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch would mean a resistance of but twelve pounds or so to overcome.

The rubber sleeve is apt to stick to the metal and cause needless exertion. Let me tell you here that a new sleeve should be well shaken up in the chalk box if you want it to slip on easily. It's wonderful what a difference that chalking makes, especially if the valve be scraped clean before you introduce the rubber to it.



A simple cycle holder recommended by a reader of The Captain It consists of a hook hinged to a wall-plate. When out of use it hangs down against the wall

Aeroplane Cycles.

At one of the shows held at the Agricultural Hall a year or eighteen months ago I had a long chat with Mr José Weiss, a very keen

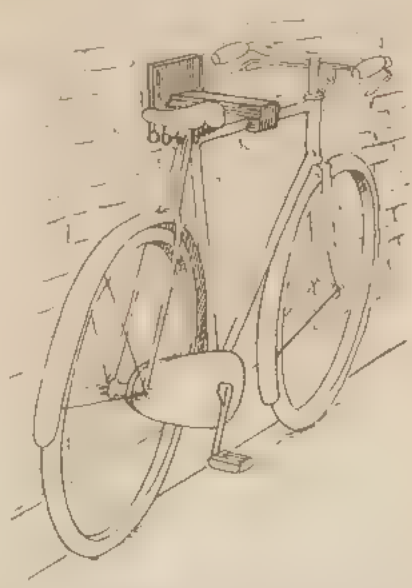


Fig. 2.—The same in action The wheels of the cycle touch the wall, so that the machine leans outwards

experimenter with aeroplanes. He was exhibiting a number of models, and made on the spot small aeroplanes of notepaper, which, when dropped, floated a considerable number of yards. His large models have made flights of a good part of a mile. I see that Mr. Weiss

is now busy with a large aeroplane provided with pedals wherewith a human passenger may drive a screw propeller at the bows. Considering the horizontal distance through which these models will travel during a small vertical descent it seems quite within the bounds of possibility that a small additional propulsive force might keep a man-size aeroplane in the air as long as the pedaller's powers endured, provided that he could trim the balance properly

COMING TO THE OFFICE IN 1928.

If the day of cycloplanes comes we shall have a sport that will be as exhilarating as cycling and tobogganing combined, and most likely not half as dangerous as it might be expected to be. Then we shall be free of bumpy roads and clouds of dust kicked up by motors; gently sloping hill sides will be at a premium, there will arise a boom in bamboos, and THE CAPTAIN will have to start an Aeroplane Corner for the Icarus section of its readers.

THE NEW ON THE OLD.

Because your machine is not quite up to date there is no reason why you should want to replace it, if it is still in thoroughly good order. It is of no real consequence if the enamel and plating are a bit deteriorated. Their condition does not affect the efficiency of the machine as a cycle. Most machines aged three years and upwards are not provided with a change-speed gear, at any rate not with a three-speed gear. If you have an old mount that is single-speeded but practically unworn in the vital parts, it may be well worth your while to have a three-speed gear fitted, at a cost which should not exceed forty-five shillings at the outside. You will then have what for all practical purposes is an up-to-date machine. In the case of a really well-preserved cycle even seven or eight years old it will pay to have brakes of recent pattern substituted for the old ones, if these are not quite satisfactory. The tubular parts of cycles and wheels and saddles have been modified but slightly during the last ten years.

THE HOLIDAY USE OF THE CYCLE.

When you go away for your holidays, whether to the seaside or to some inland place, devote a few days to visiting places of interest that are within reasonable distance. Take the trouble to ferret them out in a guide-book, and use your eyes and ears when you get there. When I was a youngster, cycles were expensive rarities and one's explorations were limited by one's walking powers. Seven miles out and seven miles back was about the limit. The safety cycle has changed all this for the present generation of young cyclists. If they can't reach places anywhere within thirty miles or so, they've only themselves to blame for it. I strongly advise you to see as many sights as you can when you have the chance. As soon as business grips you and the seven-weeks' summer holiday dwindles to a paltry fortnight, you'll be sorry you didn't make better use of your opportunities. I'm afraid we don't appreciate our own country half enough. There's no land more blessed with interesting and historic objects; yet our ignorance of and indifference to them is the marvel of Yankees who flock across three thousand miles of sea to visit these same things which we pass by on the other side. Well, just you fix things up with your cycle when August comes, and play pilgrim a bit.

By HERBERT HAYENS

Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

SYNOPSIS

CROMWELL, as his life draws to its close is greatly harassed by his enemies, the most dangerous of whom is Miles Brotherton, who is known to be in constant communication with Prince Charles Vigorous measures are taken to lay this man by the heels, and in the course of one attempt, which very nearly proves successful, Owen Williams, a young fellow attached to Cromwell's staff, discovers that one of Brotherton's confederates is Bevis Mordaunt, an old friend, for whose sister, moreover, he has a great regard. Cromwell sternly upbraids Williams for letting Brotherton slip, and orders him off to Bristol to make another attempt. It is discovered that Brotherton has taken refuge in a country house near Bristol, and a detachment of troopers under Sergeant Belton, who is joined by Williams, surrounds the house. After stabbing to death two of the troopers, Brotherton succeeds in getting away again. After various adventures, Williams once more finds himself in Bristol on Brotherton's track and while there receives information which leads him to fear that Bevis is mixed up in another plot against Cromwell. Brotherton's hiding-place is at length located, and after a fierce fight the conspirator is killed. On the same night, Owen receives a visit from Elizabeth Mordaunt, bearing news that Bevis has been arrested and lodged in Bristol Castle and that his execution is certain. In reply to her entreaties, Owen promises to intercede with Cromwell for his life. The Protector, however, sternly declines to show the young Royalist any mercy At any cost, then, Owen determines to save his friend. Returning to Bristol, he visits Sir Salter Pyne, an intimate friend of the Mordaunts.

CHAPTER XIX

I SET THINGS IN TRAIN

THOUGH plainly perplexed and astonished at my visit, Sir Salter Pyne greeted me hospitably, making some merry jest in reference to our last meeting.

"Faith," said he laughing, "you taught me a lesson that night, Master Williams!"

"The luck was on my side. Another encounter might have a different ending; but I have no desire to put it to the test. I have come on other business"

He glanced at me questioningly

"Thou art a man of honour, Sir Salter," I continued, "and I am about to place my honour and my life in thy keeping."

"I will guard them as my own, Master Williams."

"Am sure of it. Now listen. Bevis Mordaunt and his sister are thy friends. An Bevis be brought to trial he must be condemned."

'Tush! Cromwell won't stoop to break a fly on the wheel!"

"I tell thee Bevis is doomed."

"'Twill be the death of his sister," Sir Salter answered moodily

"At all hazards he must be rescued."

He started and gazed at me curiously.

"Ask no questions. I know what thou wouldst say," I went on, "but I have counted the cost. I cannot let Mistress Mordaunt die without an effort to save her Let us dismiss the risk to myself from our minds"

"What can we do?"

"Am coming to that Some queer craft sail into and out of Bristol Harbour. Canst find a trusty master who would do thy bidding? The pay will be good."

"I can find both man and money," said he, "but how will that help Bevis?"

As he were outside the Castle

"Marry! in that case 'twould be plain sailing! But he's securely lodged inside!"

"That will be my task; the rest I leave to thee. Act promptly; if Bevis is to escape, it must be before the end of the week"

"The boat shall be ready to-morrow night."

"Thursday will be soon enough; I need time for my plans. Notice me not an we meet anywhere. Will leave instructions with Mistress Mordaunt."

On my return to the Castle I discovered that the sergeant had been removed thither. 'Twas

not unexpec'ed, since a word spoken at Whitehall carried as much weight at Bristol as in the palace, but Belton's presence there might prove awkward and even dangerous.

Mark you, 'twas not the shadow of the gallows I feared, though life was as sweet to me as to others, but—and here was the rub—I was playing Cromwell false! I made a dozen excuses to salve my conscience, but there was little satisfaction in them. After all, 'twas an act of treachery I purposed, and all the fine names in the world could not alter the fact.

I was about to betray my patron's trust—I, who from my earliest days had been taught to abhor deceit! The solitary comfort in the whole miserable business was that my treachery would do Cromwell no injury. Elizabeth had passed her word that her brother would never again draw sword against the Lord Protector, and I held her promise sacred.

I hated myself for the part I was playing, yet never once thought of turning back. As to the means of obtaining the release of Bevis I had no idea, and when at length I rose after a restless night, my plans were still unformed. 'Twas easy to learn news of him, however, and during the morning I discovered the situation of his cell.

He was confined in one of the towers of the main keep, and the hardest thinking in the world could not make it clear how he was to get out. His cell was in the outer wall of the keep, but very high up, and the window—a narrow slit through which a man would have great difficulty in squeezing—looked into the courtyard.

Two flights of narrow, winding stairs below, and a short passage led to the walls of the castle, beyond which lay the moat. Here, if anywhere, was the way of escape, but my blood ran cold at the thought of the peril he would have to encounter. Still if one has to die, one might as well be killed in making a fight for life.

One of the notions in my head was to smuggle him through the gate and across the drawbridge, but that plan I soon concluded was impossible. The court was filled with soldiers and a strong guard was on duty every hour of the twenty-four.

"No," I thought, "it must be by way of the moat, or not at all."

And then a sudden flash of memory sent me into despair. On the landing between my friend's cell and the passage a body of troopers was stationed, and 'twas plain a guard always occupied this position. But for a merciful chance I should despite my vaunted resolution, have abandoned all hope there and then.

I was acquainting myself with the lie of the place, and, after traversing this passage and that, was descending the main staircase, when I stumbled heavily against a man coming up. He was a florid, fat-faced rascal, with twinkling humorous eyes, and a stomach that showed he did not deny himself the good things of life.

"A murrain on these stairs!" cried he, good-humouredly; "an' I build a castle for myself, will see to't that every part's on the ground floor!" and he ended with an explosion of laughter.

"'Twould save a lot of trouble," said I, entering into his humour.

Eyeing me narrowly, he broke out, "Why, 'tis the gentleman who was with Sergeant Belton! I remember your honour well at Headleigh Court—'twas my last service. Was kicked by a horse that night and on recovering they turned me into a gaoler!"

"The life appears to agree with thee!" I remarked with a laugh.

"'Tis better than starving," said he, chuckling, "though these plaguey stairs are no good for one's breath. Am right sorry to hear of Sergeant Belton's plight," he added, more seriously. "A good soldier, the sergeant, and a good companion, though chary of his words. Asked him a while since about Brotherton, his death, and, good lack, thou wouldst have thought him dumb!"

"A modest man, and not given to singing his own praises. Am busy now, but will maybe spare an hour this evening to tell thee the story. 'Tis all to the sergeant's credit."

"My room's on the first landing from here, your honour," said he, brightening. "I have just to peep at my birds about seven o' the clock, and then am free."

"Will come in time to go the round with thee," I said. "'Twill be of interest to me," and he agreed to the proposal willingly enough.

"One step gained!" I thought; "shall get a word with Bevis, and, maybe, set things in train."

A messenger from Whitehall, and regarded as an intimate of the Governor, I passed to and fro without challenge. That same afternoon I left the castle on foot, and entered the house in which Elizabeth was lodging.

Once again Fortune declared herself on my side. The serving-man was evidently watching for me, and was ready and even eager to undertake a commission for me. I asked him to procure a file, some rope, and a cloak and hat!

"Bring the file at once," I said, "and send the rest of the things to the Castle in two hours' time. Wrap them up well, that none may guess what they are, and, remember, the finest quality rope! A man's life may depend on it!"

The interview with Elizabeth was a painful one. I dared not reveal my plans, lest they should fail, and could only bid her hope, in the which she found but scant comfort

She asked a score of questions which I parried as well as I could, having no mind to let her guess the risk I was running, but leading her to believe I was making interest with the Governor

"Thou art a loyal friend, Owen," she said, "It shames me every time I look on thee

"Then 'tis best for me to keep away!" I replied merrily, trying to make her smile, though my own heart was mirthless enough

She would have had me stay, but there was work to be done, and, promising to come again as quickly as possible, I went down the stairs

The serving man awaited me in one of the lower rooms, and he handed me a file, saying, "'Tis small, your honour, but well tempered and will do what is needed"

'Twas next to impossible that Bevis could escape by way of the window, but he could cut the bar, and by making a rope of his torn sheets might prevent the Governor from discovering his real means of exit In this I was but playing for my own safety.

My heart was somewhat lighter that evening when I started on my visit to the gaoler. Stowed away securely in my room were a long and ample cloak, a wide-brimmed hat that would conceal the upper part of a man's face, and a coil of tough cord, knotted at regular intervals. In my doublet was the little file

The gaoler, whose name was Silverthorne was starting on his round, and declared himself glad of my company. He was talkative too, as far as the shortness of his wind permitted, and gave me a good deal of valuable information

On the first landing I directed his attention to the narrow passage.

"Leads to the outer walls," said he "Hast thou not been along?"

"Not yet. I suppose there's a door at the end?"

"Of a sort, but 'tis only secured by a bolt; the place hasn't been used much since Rupert's time. The Castle isn't what it was"

On the next landing we encountered the guard. Two stood sentry, the others lounging about in easy attitudes, laughing and talking among themselves. They chaffed the gaoler, who returned their sallies with interest.

"A set of lazy good-for-naughts!" he growled, "with little to do but eat and drink all day long."

"Must be of service in guarding the prisoners!" I suggested.

"Humph!" said he in disgust, "as if my birds are likely to get free from their cages!"

The cells were in three corridors, and for each set he had a separate key, though all hung on the same ring He opened each cell, asked a question or two of the prisoner, and then relocked the door

"Wilt have Sir Salter Pyne here?" I said, as we approached the corridor where Bevis was confined. "Should like to have a word with him. I ran my sword through his chest the first time I came to Bristol"

"Didst thou?" said he in evident admiration. "'Deed, that was no easy feat!"

"The luck was with me, but since then have always had a friendly feeling towards him."

"He'll grieve to have missed thee, but we have his friend here—a youngster named Mordaunt"

"Bevis Mordaunt?"

"That's the man, and a regular spitfire he is! Can give thee word of Sir Salter, an he choose, which most likely he won't! That's his cell. Will leave thee there while I visit the others"

CHAPTER XX

A HAZARDOUS ENTERPRISE

I HAD been playing for this all along, and yet my good fortune seemed scarcely credible. Silverthorne opened the door, withdrew the key, and I stepped inside, saying softly, "Keep quiet! 'Tis I, Owen William-Hide this, and cut the bar of thy window; make a rope of thy bedclothes, too, though only for a blind. Shall come again to-morrow night"

I cannot answer for his thoughts, but I liked him all the more for his first words

"My sister?" he said anxiously

"Is well, though in sore grief for thee. But here comes the gaoler! Sir Salter Pyne is still at Headleigh Court?"

"'Tis easy for thee to learn that," said he. "Canst hire a horse, or thine own legs should carry thee that f

"Come away, your honour!" exclaimed Silverthorne. "When that young cockerel's comb's cut he'll be a trifle less saucy. Wilt have a pinch of Cayenne to thy breakfast, Master Mordaunt?"

"You big thief!" cried Bevis, but in a tone that showed he and his keeper were on friendly terms, "you know you eat half the breakfast before starting, and t'other half on the way here!" On which Silverthorne, with another chuckle, locked the door and proceeded along the corridor.

The soldiers were still at their posts, counting the minutes, so my companion said, till ten o'clock, when they would be relieved, a piece of information worth noting.

We went into the gaoler's room, where he hung up the keys, loosened his doublet, brewed a bowl of liquor, produced a long clay pipe, and settled down to hear my story of Brotherton's death. But, on reaching the most interesting part, just when he was all agog for more, I jumped up, exclaiming in a tone of annoyance that I had forgotten my appointment with the Governor.

"'Tis a pity, your honour," said he regretfully. "I should have liked to hear the end of the tale."

"May finish it to-morrow, after thy day's work is ended, but must go now, if I'm to keep out of the Governor's black books."

That night, lying awake reviewing the events of the day, I hardly knew whether to feel glad or sorry. My plans were working out smoothly, and I began to see daylight, but the shame of the business brought the colour to my cheeks, until I must have blushed like a girl. 'Twas a scurvy trick I was playing, and there was a scurvier still to follow. But now the business was begun there could be no drawing back, and the remembrance of Elizabeth's misery banished my scruples.

Morning came at length, and, getting my writing materials, I drew up a letter to Sir Salter, explaining my plan, and making a rough sketch of the walls, to show where Bevis would lower himself to the moat. This I sealed and carried to the house where Elizabeth lodged.

The serving-man lounged idly at the door, and at a sign followed me down the street.

"Hath Sir Salter called yet?" I asked.

"No, your honour, but hath sent to say he will be with my mistress this afternoon."

"See that he has this note, but not in the presence of your mistress. Dost understand?"

"Aye, your honour."

Now that the time for action was so close I dared not see Elizabeth; in that, at least, I was a coward. I could give her no comforting reassurance, and the thought of her grief unnerved me. I slunk away like a footpad.

My plans, such as they were, I had thought out carefully, and I waited now with growing impatience to put them into execution.

"Thou art looking ill, lad!" the sergeant said that afternoon; "is aught amiss?"

"'Tis but thy fancy, friend; art ever thinking of me."

"True enow, lad, true enow; but thou lookest pale and badgered for all that. What's happened to the prisoners?"

"They are still in the Castle. Art mending nicely, sergeant; wilt be about again in a fortnight."

The path of deceit was very thorny, and I pricked myself at every step. My old friend's solicitude, too, made my heart ache, so that I was fain to trump up an excuse and leave him.

Very slowly the evening passed, until at length 'twas eight o' the clock. Dressed as for going out, with ample cloak, under which were fastened the rope and the wide-brimmed hat, I left my room. It was necessary first to traverse a short passage, and cross a yard to the foot of the staircase. The night was not yet dark, and several soldiers were lounging about, but I passed without question, bidding them good-night.

A man was coming down the stairs—an officer's servant—and, in order to disarm suspicion, I asked if Silverthorne were in his room.

"He's there, your honour," the man replied; "I smelled his tobacco as I passed."

I thanked him and went quickly on, till within a step or two of the first landing. Then I stopped to listen. I had come to the first obstacle. All was very quiet, and with a sigh of relief I reached the landing and slipped into the dark passage. My heart beat violently as I ran along to the end. If I were discovered now, the enterprise was doomed to failure. With a swift movement I flung off the cloak, and placed it, with the hat and the parcel containing the rope, against the wall.

The landing was still deserted as I stole out and boldly ascended the stairs to the gaoler's room. He was seated in front of a bowl of mulled beer, and the smoke of his tobacco filled the apartment.

"Enter, your honour," he cried genially; "art very welcome," and he flourished his long pipe dangerously.

I hate to think of that night, but, since the story must be told, I will relate just what occurred. My enemies cannot think worse of

me than they do, and my friends may perhaps find some excuse for my conduct.

I sat down, and, after chatting for some time on indifferent topics, resumed the narrative I had purposely broken off the preceding night. Silverthorne listened attentively, filling [illegible] emptying his mug at frequent intervals, [illegible] that, by the time the tale was finished, he was

THE CHANCE CAME FOR WHICH [illegible]

not in a condition to run very far aft[illegible] escaping prisoner.

But he talked a good deal relating many things about the sergeant of which I had been ignorant. "A grand man [illegible]our honour, [illegible]" he said in a somewhat maudlin tone "and as good a soldier as one here and there of Cromwell's generals."

I began to grow fidgety. The night was drawing on, and 'twas necessary to make the next move. The gaoler had just filled his mug again, when the chance came for which I had been watching. With a dexterous movement I slipped into it a few grains of a powder I had [illegible] with drug ist in the city. I had satisfied myself that the drug would not harm the man. In a few minutes, after a vain attempt to continue the conversation he dropped his head on the table and began to [illegible]

I [illegible] and slipped [illegible] during very [illegible] the guard would be [illegible] their post before the new men came on duty. Everything depended on that.

Running swiftly [illegible] entered the p[illegible] secreted

the hat, and returned. Then up again, past Silverthorne's door, to the landing where the soldiers were stationed I went quite openly, whistling the air of a song that had been sung in many a Roundhead camp

Coming in sight of the guard, I nodded carelessly to the man nearest me. Most of them were preparing to go off duty, and none thought it worth while to ask questions. I might have been going to a dozen different places for all they knew

I went on, still whistling carelessly, and displaying no haste. Presently I entered the corridor in which Bevis was confined. The place was in darkness, and everything was very still. For a bri f space I crouched against the wall, listening intently. Then I proceeded, creeping softly, so softly as to be alarmed by the rapid beating of my own heart.

I reached the door and inserted the key. It turned easily enough, the door swung slowly back and I glided inside. It was even darker in the cell, but Bevis was waiting expectantly, and, putting out his hand, touched me.

"Hast cut the bar through?" I asked in a whisper.

"Aye, and torn the sheets in strips and knotted them together to make a rope"

"Where's thy hat?"

He passed it to me, and I clambering on to his shoulders, dropped it from the window "'Twill help to mystify them," I remarked

Then I handed him the cloak, and the wide-brimmed hat to conceal his face, and he put them on. "Remember, art one of the Castle officers," I said. "Only be bold, and there's no danger"

My hand was on the door when he suddenly stopped me

"Owen," he whispered, "art a good fellow too good. I cannot let thee take the risk Heaven knows what perils thou hast been through on my account already! Go, my friend; leave me to my fate.'

I shook him roughly "Hast lost thy wits?" I said, for, in faith, his stupidity angered me. "'Tis too late for me to go back now; go or stay, there's an equal chance of my being discovered. Think of thy sister. She is awaiting thee."

"Art risking thy life for me,' he replied stubbornly

Perhaps 'twas as well that the darkness prevented him from seeing my face. Risking my life! Had I not done far worse? Had I not already sacrificed my honour'

"A truce to this mummery!" I cried. "Come quickly, or I will stay here and let the officer of the guard find me. How much better off shall I be then?"

"It goes sorely against the grain," he muttered. "Am not worth thy friendship, Owen."

"Tut, man! Wilt feel differently when naught but the blue sky's above thy head."

We stepped outside and I locked the door, taking care that no sound reached the ears even of the prisoner in the adjoining cell.

"Now," said I, "draw thyself together, and remember that naught but boldness can save us."

We proceeded to the staircase and there waited a moment in order to summon courage for the coming ordeal.

Men talk lightly of venturing into hazardous undertakings, and I doubt not their courage, but for my part I confess my heart was in my mouth. One breath of suspicion and we were doomed. Even a careless question, carelessly put, might be sufficient to ruin us.

But I thought of Elizabeth, and that the terrible risk was for her sweet sake, and the reflection gave me courage. I pressed Bevis by the hand, and we went forward, for aught we knew in o the jaws of death.

CHAPTER XXI

A DEAL WITH DEATH.

THERE are few men living with whom I would have ventured on so hazardous an enterprise, but Bevis was naturally daring, and an affair of this kind did but put him on his mettle. He understood we had to pass the sentries, and that without rousing suspicion.

"Art a magician, Owen," he laughed lightly. "By the rood, I had no thought of being turned into a Roundhead officer!"

We descended the steps at a fair pace, but without hurry, Bevis being on my right, where he was sheltered somewhat from the gaze of the troopers. Of course we made no effort at concealment, I, of set purpose, talking loudly, that the guard might recognise my voice. Since none had seen me go up alone, they would naturally conclude that my companion had been with me the whole time.

"Must take thy own course," said I, putting a shade of annoyance into my voice, "but thou knows't the Lord Protector's mind."

"Tush, man, d'ye think Lambert's lost his wits? You folk at Whitehall are but half awake!" he answered, disguising his voice

so admirably that even I might not have recognised it.

"Lambert may have his will," I replied "but he'll find few to agree with him. Hast heard aught of the Governor?"

We had reached the last step, and the next moment were on the landing. Should we get through safely? My nerves were all a-quiver and I had much ado to control myself; but Bevis was as cool as if he were already on safe ground.

To one not acquainted with the facts 'twould have seemed no wonder that we paid little heed to the troopers. I glanced at them carelessly, nodded to one, and again plunged earnestly into the conversation.

The Governor knows his business. He told me this morning—" Here I lowered my voice, to give Bevis a reason for bending toward me, and so shielding himself.

Nay, nay!" I exclaimed a moment later, as if in answer to some question; "art altogether wrong. I tell thee, Charles Stuart——"

WE HAD REACHED THE LAST STEP AND . . . WERE ON THE LAN

We had traversed the landing and our backs were to the soldiers. It seemed as though the peril were past, yet I continued talking, pausing for a moment lest even now we might excite suspicion.

It was the veriest play acting, but Bevis entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing, although unwilling to lose a syllable. Often since then have I dwelt on that strange mumming

with death haply lurking unawares to turn it into grim reality!

Descending the next flight slowly, to all appearance still deep in argument, we reached the short passage. "In here," I whispered "and wait; will join thee in a trice."

"Shall come to seek thee an' thou dost not!" he answered resolutely.

"Nay, that would be folly. If chance keep me from returning, there's a rope at the further end of the passage. 'Twill bear thy weight, and Salter Pyne tarries for thee on the yonder side of the moat."

I left him to grope his way in the dark, and proceeded quickly to the gaoler's apartment The door was slightly ajar, as I had left it, and the only sound in the room was Silverthorne's snoring. I peeped in cautiously. He was leaning forward in his chair, his head resting on the table. 'Twould be another hour ere the effect of the drug wore off, while, should any come to speak with him, he would be thought to have been o'erta'en in his cups.

Restoring the keys to their usual place, I left the room, closing the door softly. Almost at the same moment heavy footsteps sounded on the stairs, and, holding my breath I crouched against the wall. Three men, an officer attended by two troopers, paused on the landing, and my heart seemed to stop beating. Should they come towards the gaoler's room I must be discovered.

They passed on, however, and I was seized with a fresh terror. Would they traverse the passage where Bevis lay hidden? Creeping noiselessly in their wake, I watched them mount the steps and reach the mouth of the passage. A moment now would decide my friend's fate!

I could have raised a cry of thanksgiving as they continued to ascend, and a moment later the sound of the guard turning out to receive them reached my ears.

I flew up the steps and into the dark passage "Bevis," I whispered anxiously, "Bevis, art there?"

"Aye, and beginning to think thee long in coming!" he answered. "What was the clatter just now?"

"The officer on his rounds. I all but met him on the stairs. Good lack! 'Twas a narrow miss! Hast found the rope?"

"Aye 'tis here"

"Quick, then," and I led the way to the door, which, as Silverthorne had said, opened easily.

'Twas fairly dark now, and only a chance hazard could betray us, but we proceeded with the utmost caution. "Many a slip 'twixt cup and lip," I told myself.

"Where is Elizabeth?" Bevis asked as we moved forwa d.

"In safe keeping, and will follow thee. Art to get away immediately. Sir Salter hath hired a vessel to carry thee to France; but there must be no more plotting, mind."

"My hand on it!" said he brightly. "While Cromwell rules I will make no stir."

Fastening the rope to a gun carriage I made it secure, and dropped the loose end over the wall. "Now," said I, "art ready?"

He grasped my hand warmly. "I shall not forget this night, Owen; but am troubled for thy sake. Art sure thou'lt not suffer?"

"Aye," I answered cheerfully, "even though the truth leak out. I have influence with Cromwell"

"But for knowing that I would stay and meet my fate."

There was a silence, and then I said: "Bid thy sister think sometimes of me. And now, away!"

Seizing the rope, he twined his legs about it and began to lower himself, while I crouched in the shadow of the wall, every nerve in my body tense with suppressed excitement. I peered anxiously into the darkness and listened intently; naught was to be seen or heard.

After a while I gave a cautious tug at the rope. It swung loose. For good or ill, Bevis was gone. I untied the knots and let the rope fall. Then, stealing back, I re-closed the door and sped swiftly along the passage to the stairs. There was still one thing to be done, and I hastened to the gaoler's room. The drug had begun to lose its power, and the man had slightly altered his position. I shook him vigorously by the shoulders and forced him to rise.

"Art sick, man?" I said, peering into his face. "Hadst better go to bed. Come, I'll help thee."

He gazed at me stupidly and passed a hand over his face. "What is't, your honour?" he asked, as I took off his doublet; "my head's swimming."

"Too much mulled beer!" I laughed, pointing to the bowl. "Come, off with thy boots, and into bed with thee. Wilt be better in the morning. Art a pretty fellow to waste an evening over!"

I got him into bed, where he immediately fell asleep. Then I doused the light, closed the door, and proceeded leisurely to my own room without meeting any one

I sat down with a sigh of relief, and yet with

a burning sense of shame. The agony is not so poignant now, yet the memory of that night still burns, the bitterness remains. I had counted the cost and was content; but the payment was terribly heavy. "One thing is certain," I muttered doggedly. "Bevis hath escaped hanging, and his sister will smile again!"

'Twas the only comfort I had to soften my misery, and I hugged it to me closely.

I was on the point of undressing, when I heard a knock at the door. 'Twas a messenger from the Governor, who craved a moment's speech with me. I went down, wondering vaguely whether the prisoner's flight had been discovered. My fears on that score were set at rest by his first words.

"Have received despatches from Whitehall, Master Williams," he said, "and the Secretary is anxious for thy return. He hath need of thy services, and hopeth to have a good report of Sergeant Belton."

"The sergeant's well out of danger, sir, and mending nicely. Will be strong enough shortly to make the journey himself."

The Governor picked up a letter from the table and passed it to me. "'Tis for the Secretary," he remarked. "Shall be glad for thee to give it carriage."

"Will see to it that the Secretary gets it safely, sir," I answered, putting the letter within my doublet.

"There is need of despatch, Master Williams."

"Will start immediately after breaking my fast, sir, and lose no time on the road." At which he thanked me, and bade me good night.

I returned to my room feeling that Master Thurloe's instructions could not have arrived at a more opportune moment. "Shall be out of the way of answering awkward questions," I thought, "and 'twill be as well. Silverthorne may be suspicious, but for his own sake is hardly likely to talk."

I undressed slowly and got into bed, my last waking thought being that Bevis was now beating down the Channel, and that Elizabeth had most probably returned to Headleigh Court, happy in the knowledge of his escape.

CHAPTER XXII

DOUBTS AND FEARS

ALL that night my sleep was restless and broken, and 'twas a relief when the light of morning, breaking into the room, afforded an excuse for rising.

Had the flight of the prisoner been discovered? What were men saying? Did they suspect the truth? A dozen such questions buzzed insistently in my ears as I proceeded to dress and to get everything in readiness for the journey.

'Twas not long before I learned the answers to some of my questions. There was considerable stir and bustle in the Castle, and a body of mounted troopers had assembled in the courtyard.

"Hast not heard the news, your honour?" asked the first man I accosted. "One of the Royalist prisoners hath escaped. Silverthorne found his cell empty half an hour ago. 'Tis said he had filed the bars and made a rope of his bed clothing. His hat was underneath the window."

"But how could he have got out of the Castle?"

"'Tis beyond telling, an' he had not the help of Beelzebub himself. Maybe he's still within the walls, and will be caught; the Governor hath despatched several search-parties."

The story was told by a score of men in twenty different ways. Every one had a version of his own, which he regarded as the true one. The Governor himself was completely bewildered; though convinced that Bevis had not left the Castle, he had sent search parties into the city.

'Twas impossible for him to pass out by the gate," he declared, "and 'tis not likely he dropped from the walls, though 'twould be little more risky than letting himself down from the cell by means of his bedclothes. There's some strange mystery at the bottom of this, Master Williams."

"What does the gaoler say?" I asked, endeavouring not to betray my anxiety.

"His tale is straightforward enough. Mordaunt was safe in his cell when he went the rounds last night. His Highness will be furious, but tell Master Thurloe I hope to have the bird back in a day or two. My men are scouring the city while there is no corner within the Castle where he can hide long."

Thus far 'twas plain he had no idea of the truth, and I went with a somewhat lighter heart to bid the sergeant farewell.

"Art for Whitehall, Master Owen?" said he. "Thou wilt have a curious tale to carry. Hast heard the news?"

"Ay, a Royalist prisoner escaped last night."

"Young Bevis Mordaunt. Have heard thee speak of him, lad."

"Was a comrade of mine in the old days," I answered lightly.

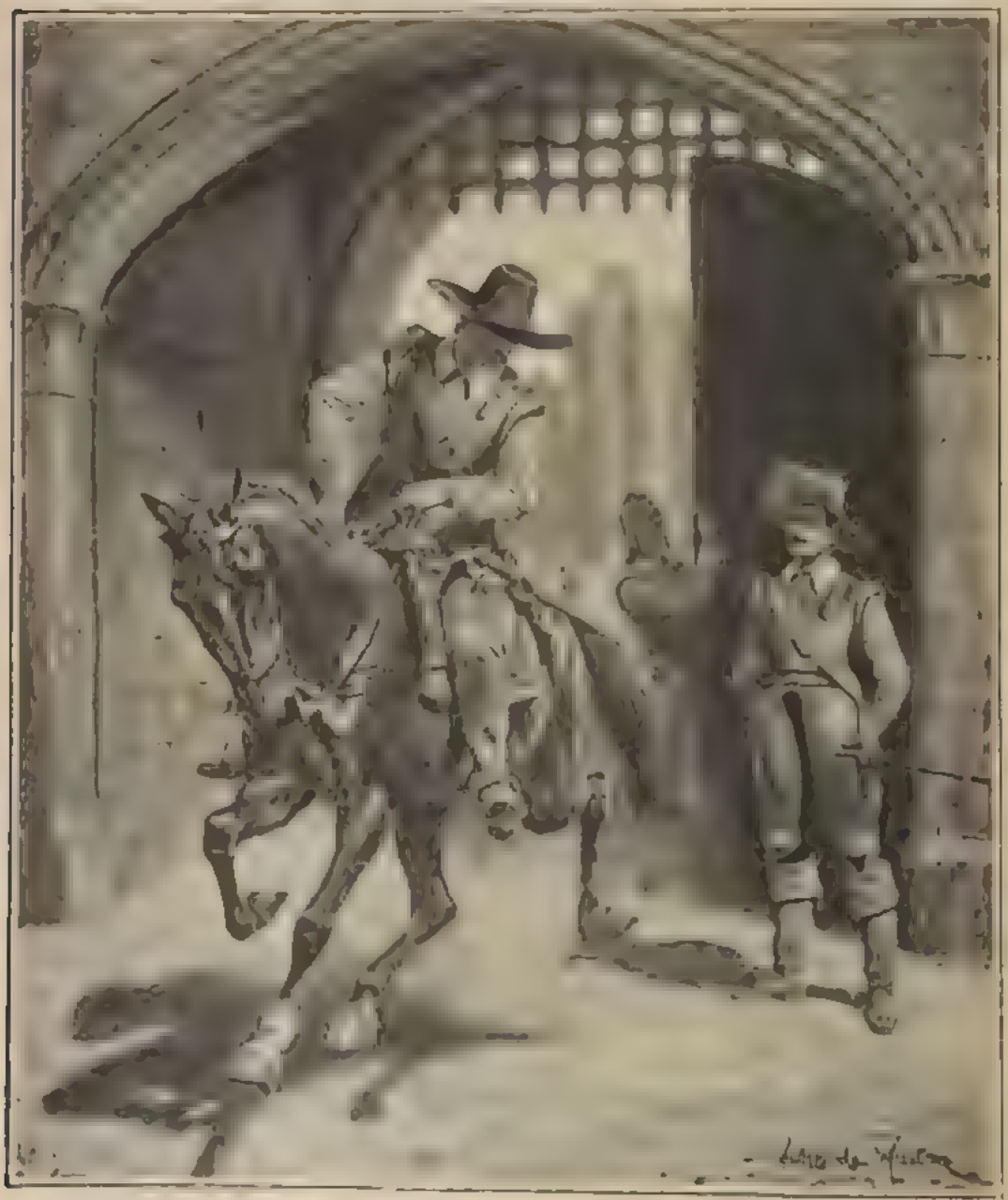
'Aye, before he foregathered with that rascally Brotherton.'

'He was never a friend of Brotherton, sergeant.'

'Art wrong there, lad. I have seen his letters.'

There was something of sternness in my old comrad's voice, and somewhat of pity, too. 'Hast seen the Governor?' he asked. 'What maketh he of it?'

'Why, the thing's simple enough.' Mordaunt must have secreted some weapon or tool,



RODE OFF CARRYING MY SECRET WITH ME

sawn a bar, made a rope, and dropped out There's no other way ; the cell door was firmly fastened."

The sergeant shook his head. "Would have been dashed to pieces," he said. "No, no, lad! I am too old a soldier to believe that tale. There's a traitor on the Governor's staff ; and one high up, too, I warrant me. Well, good bye, lad ; shall see thee at Whitehall soon. Am longing to don my harness again."

"The Protector will be right pleased to see thee," I answered, grasping his hand, and at my words his face brightened wonderfully. He would have gone to the world's end for a word of praise from Cromwell.

There was no news of the missing Royalist when I saddled my horse and led it to the main gate. The officer on duty wished me a pleasant journey, I jumped into the saddle, the gate was opened, and I rode off, carrying my secret with me.

The news of the escape had spread abroad, and the short street leading from the Castle was filled with people, evidently Royalist sympathisers. They were in high good humour, laughing and talking, and cracking jokes at the Governor's expense.

One was Sir Salter Pyne, and, as I proceeded at a foot pace, he glanced at me and made a sign, that assured me of my friend's safety. At the same time, a face appeared at one of the windows —a bright, happy face, with beautiful, sparkling eyes that smiled down into mine with infinite gratitude—and a white hand waved me a farewell.

I will not record the miserable reflections that haunted me throughout the journey. I could almost have found it in my heart to thank any one who had run me through the body, and so have put an end to the wretched business. But through it all I carried the memory of Elizabeth's joyous face. I had sacrificed my honour, perhaps my life, but at least the sacrifice was not in vain, and the knowledge heartened me.

On reaching Whitehall I learned that the Lord Protector had gone to Hampton Court, but Master Thurloe was within and gave me hearty greeting. "Art a famous courier, Owen!" he laughed. "I must make more use of thy talent, but have other work for thee just now. So," glancing through the Governor's letter, "here's information that may be of service. And how didst thou leave the sergeant, Owen?"

"He mends fast, Master Thurloe, and is anxious to be back at his post."

"The old war-horse! 'Twill rejoice Cromwell's heart to learn of his recovery. He sets much store by the sergeant. Are the citizens quiet?"

"Nay, but all agog with excitement, when I left, over the escape of a prisoner."

"From the Castle? Didst hear his name?" he demanded eagerly.

"Bevis Mordaunt."

"Mordaunt! The bellwether of the whole flock!"

"The Governor hopeth to send word of his capture in a day or two."

"Tell me about it," said he.

A deep frown settled on his face as I related the story. "There's something amiss, Owen. Some one hath played the traitor. Mordaunt must have had assistance. Can ill afford the time just now, but we must to Bristol when the Lord Protector returns from Hampton Court, and probe this business for ourselves. Cromwell returns to-morrow, or next day at the latest."

The Secretary's words turned me hot and cold. I had played Cromwell false. Now I must plot and scheme in order to deceive Master Thurloe. We should travel in company : he to seek the traitor, I to defeat his object. To save my neck I must twist and wriggle like an eel. I must worm myself into his confidence in order to betray it ; I must sink deeper and deeper into the mire, until I was altogether engulfed.

There and then I vowed to myself I would not do it. For Elizabeth's sake I had, in a measure, sacrificed my honour. To save myself I would not step one hair's-breadth from the right path. 'Tis false to say that I acted through fear. Master Thurloe was crafty and long-headed, and, with the sergeant's assistance, would doubtless have ferreted out the secret of Bevis's escape. But with me there, 'twould not have been impossible to throw him off the scent. But I was weary of deceit and would have no more. What I had done of wrong, that, at all hazards, I would confess, though the thought of the ordeal well-nigh froze the blood in my veins.

Leaving the Secretary's room, I went to my own, and, fastening the door, threw myself upon the bed.

The excitement which had hitherto buoyed up my spirits was at an ebb, and I could not keep back the miserable crowd of thoughts that flooded my brain. I felt no regret for having rescued Bevis—I would have done the same again—but I was bitterly ashamed of having betrayed my patron's trust. I railed at Fate for having placed me in such a cruel position. Whichever way I had chosen, I must

have suffered terribly. It had been a choice between Elizabeth's life and my honour, and my love for the beautiful, imperious girl had conquered. I had told her once I would give my life for her; she would know now 'twas no empty boast. Even her Cavalier friends could have done no more!

I tried hard to banish my wretchedness in thinking of her future happiness. She would join Bevis in France, and even when, as must happen, she gave her hand to some gallant gentleman, she could not but sometimes think with tenderness of the Roundhead lad who had laid down his life for her sake.

As the afternoon wore on I became calmer, and at last dropped into an untroubled sleep that lasted for many hours. I awoke with my mind at rest, with all my doubts and fears dispelled. I could look Master Thurloe in the face, could even discuss the projected journey to Bristol without flinching; for I had resolved to confess everything, and to redeem my lost honour with my life.

(To be concluded.)

A Lay of the Country Match

THERE are those who love the Oval
Lord's, Manchester or Leeds,
Where some world-famous cove'll
Do the most prodigious deeds
Yet deeper far is the joy I snatch
From an afternoon at a country match.

We've no fine, brick pavilions
Like big hotels, and packed
With members in their millions
(Is "hundreds" more exact?)
We've walls of wood and a roof of thatch—
If we've even *that!* -at a country match

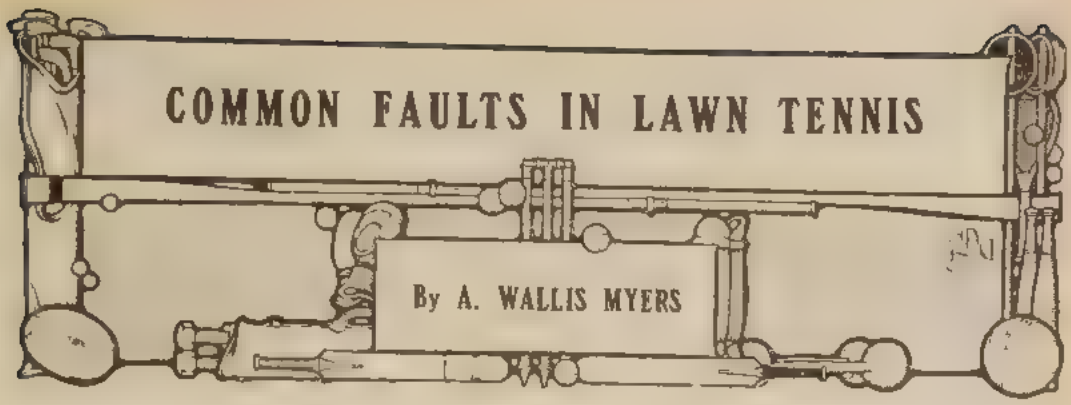
No groundsman, nor his varlet,
Of ours was ever told
To "dress" the pitch or "marl" it
It's watered, cut and rolled;
And if there's here and there a patch,
It's all the same—in a country match

The average-hunting plodder,
Thank goodness! isn't there
To pat the pitch and prod her,
When seconds aren't to spare:
The next man's hand is on the latch,
When a wicket falls in a country match.

Yet here's perhaps the oddest
Feature that I can name:
Our totals are so modest,
We finish every game!
But oh! the friendships that we hatch
From duck's eggs made at a country match!

Let Blank adorn the wicket,
Till all the field is wan;
Let others play their cricket
By simply looking on;
Heavens! while I've a hand to catch,
I'll stay and play in a country match!

R. P. K.



First Article.

COMMON [illegible] faults in lawn tennis (for you find them exercised more often on a common or in a garden) may be divided into three categories —faults of the hand, faults of the feet and faults of the eye. To these I would add faults of the mind, which may be regarded as temperamental defects.

If you give a racket to a man or a boy who has never held one in his hand before the chances are that he grasps it nearer the centre than the end, as one would a dumb-bell. Perhaps he has been used to a cricket bat, a much heavier weight. The loss of the extra support rendered by the left hand will involuntarily send the right hand up the handle. Players who begin lawn tennis with this hold—and many do—severely handicap themselves at the start. The sooner they shift their grip to the butt end of the racket, the better. For the higher the hold the shorter the reach, the less chance of reaching "passing" returns and of killing lobs; the slower, too, the service. The swing becomes jerky and cramped instead of natural and sweeping. To get the best results, to achieve the hardest shots, to gain the greatest control over the ball, you must grip the racket as you would an axe or a sabre. Let your hand be the hinge joining the arm with the racket. The leather knob should rest firmly on the fleshy bed provided by the palm; when the racket is allowed to drop down at right angles to the arm its base should be in a line with the wrist. The real grip will be secured by the three encircling fingers, the first finger and thumb acting as props or clamps. When you find you can hit a ball with decent firmness and accuracy with these (the thumb and the first finger) off the racket, though in actua play they will always be on the racket, you will have mastered the principle of the best grip and can proceed to tackle the strokes.

Faults of Grip

It is a common error to grip the racket too tightly while waiting for the ball. The result is an unconscious but inevitable slackening of the muscles at the moment of impact. Continuous tightening of the muscles prevents a full swing back and involves a weak and incomplete follow-through. The grip, as in Jiu-Jitsu, should be comparatively loose until the movement of the racket begins. Then when the ball comes nearer and the impact is imminent the muscles will automatically brace themselves, as for a long jump. Economy in muscular strain, especially in the service, where quick recovery is so essential, is a vital principle. If you have ever seen those brilliant American volleyers at work, Karl Behr and Holcombe Ward, you must have noted the care with which they nurse their energies between the rallies, taking the maximum of time between one service and the next, knowing by painful experience how soon a man who habitually runs in on his service may drain his physical resources They and others of their type give their muscles these regular respites.

Faults of the Feet

Faults of the feet are more difficult to explain without diagrams. In general it may be set down that the feet of the bad player are never far enough apart. The heels and toes are not permitted to perform

their essential pivoting work. Body-weight is wrongly distributed. Neither the weight of the right side of the body, worked from the shoulder, nor that of the left side, founded on the left leg or foot, can be effectively brought into the stroke unless the weight of the left side of the body is already forward before the ball is struck. The left foot should be firmly planted with the knee slightly bent, and the weight of the body resting on it, before you swing back. The rule is that, as in golf, the centre of gravity must not be altered in the slightest during the actual stroke. A firm follow-through is only secured by every ounce of weight being properly distributed.

A Secret of Accurate Driving.

To drive hard off the ground it is necessary to take a big stride, to plant the feet as far apart as possible. Otherwise you cannot get a smooth swing and a long follow-through; you would have no firm foundation, and your stroke would be half-hearted and immature. Again, let your feet be as far distant from the head of the racket as possible. Give yourself plenty of room to stretch. Many beginners think they must face the net while making their strokes. They never let the whole body turn with their feet. To make a perfect back hand drive the right foot should be parallel with the net, the left toe pointing away from it, and the head turned towards the side-line. Let the ball come up to you; hit it at the last moment—that is one of the great secrets of accurate driving.

Pace and Place.

As in cricket, there are fast servers and slow servers, players with medium-paced deliveries and players who swerve and twist their services. While variety in services is essential in the expert and should be cultivated, the beginner must determine early in his career which service suits him best. Many medium-paced deliveries draw their efficiency from placing. Mr. Roper Barrett's service is like a crawling luggage train compared with the flying Dutchman of Frank Riseley. Yet Mr. Gore's opponent in this year's hard-fought Final wins many points by sacrificing pace to place. Moreover, a particularly severe service involves a physical strain which may, and often does, prove insupportable in a long match. I have seen many express deliveries deteriorate towards the finish of a gruelling duel into featureless serves which the striker-out treats with scant respect. If you watch a second-class player for a few games you will find his percentage of faults from the first service remarkably high. A first-class player's faults, on the other hand, are remarkably few. But if you compare the relative *speeds* of the two deliveries, you will not find any material difference; if anything, the first-class man will be serving slower. The reason why the latter makes fewer faults is because he knows beforehand exactly where he wants to hit the ball. He has mentally rehearsed the stroke. The tyro hits more or less blindly, regarding velocity as the first and generally the only essential. That is a cardinal mistake. The main object of the server should be to make the striker-out *move*, to get him "tucked-up" as it were. Many players *never* take stock of their opponent's position before they throw up the ball; they hit into space and trust to luck. Much better to serve slower and endeavour to beat your man by touching the least accessible spot.

How Mr. Roper Barrett Began.

As in the service, so in the other strokes and throughout the entire game. Speed should come last in a player's progress to success. Mr. Roper Barrett taught himself to find the length of the court from any position and from any return by lobbing *everything*. He put no force into his drives at first; he merely aimed at getting them into the opposite court and as near the base-line as possible. His friends used to laugh at this persistent habit of tossing. They called it pat ball. But it proved the secret of his great success. As he mastered the trigonometry of the court, so he reduced the height of his lobs, until by slow degrees and from assiduous practice, his shots gradually increased in speed, the *length* remaining as good as ever.

Working for an Opening.

Don't try to score outright off the service. Watch H. L. Doherty or any other "heady" player and notice that his first return is comparatively simple. Of course, it is not quite so simple as it looks because it is well placed and is aimed at the adversary's weakest spot; but in nine cases out of ten it is not intended to win the ace at once. It is the first move in a carefully conceived campaign. It is intended ultimately to draw the other man out of position,

to provide an opening for a winning shot. Many players cultivate the lob an invaluable defensive weapon, especially in a double, but they never acquire, because they never practise, its antithesis, the drop-shot. This stroke is equally important. It may be employed to win the ace when the opponent is at the back of the court waiting for a full-length return, or it may be used to decoy your man up to the net when a deep lob will complete his discomfiture. Parries like these, simple as they appear on paper, have won many first-class matches, demoralised many hard drivers

THE MIND'S CONTROL

If you want to improve, take care to play against men superior to yourself. If they thrash you out of court, your admiration and your zeal to get on even terms will burn together. If you succeed in making a decent show, even though you are beaten, your confidence will be stimulated. Next time you will do better. Lawn tennis champions are not of mushroom growth. The apprenticeship is long and severe. It involves the control of the mind as well as the control of the ball. Many fine players have gone down at Wimbledon not through lack of skill but through lack of mental equanimity. They have lost their heads and then they have lost their matches. Without a proper temperament for the particular art which he studies, says Budgell, a man's utmost pains will be to no purpose This is true of lawn tennis as it is true of life.

Next month I shall conclude these remarks with an endeavour to correct some of the numerous faults made by inexperienced players in "Doubles."

LAWN TENNIS AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS

IT seems a great pity that lawn tennis is not more generally played at public schools, especially at those where rowing cannot be indulged in and where hockey is abandoned on the ground that it spoils football. Although cricket may be a much nobler game than tennis, it must be remembered that the latter is far superior in exercising the body, in giving grace and agility. It is a game, too that fives players can well take up during the summer, since the two pastimes run on much the same lines. "Fives" is played at most schools, yet it is open to precisely the same objections as tennis.

It is often urged that tennis would seriously deplete the ranks of the cricket teams. If this be the case, it is clear that tennis is greatly preferred by many, and surely the best results will be obtained from those games which are most to the liking of the players. Many boys who have not the "knack" of cricket can play tennis well, and it is absurd that they should play a game they dislike for the sake of filling the ranks of those who enjoy it. Besides, it is found that fives interferes little with football

The objection about the demand exceeding the number of courts available is invalid, for most schools could provide as many tennis courts as they have fives courts (seldom more than six), and different days could be set apart for different parts of the school. Moreover, an hour's tennis would be quite sufficient for most boys, and thus there would be a net gain of time spent in play. And so in one afternoon more boys could play tennis than cricket on a ground of the same size, except of course when the wickets are crowded together a dangerous practice, responsible for the loss of more than one life

It is complained that many day-boys go home in the summer afternoons to play tennis A few courts would probably keep them where they should be—on the school ground.

"PROGRESSIVE."

THE PROGRESS OF JONAS

A Clever Story of American Business Life

By MILES TYLER FRISBIE

"GUESS YE'RE BETTER FITTEN TO NAVIGATE ONE O' THEM DURRIGIBLE HOT AIR BALLOONS"

AFTER Jonas Albright had worked for [illegible] keeping the books at Old Man Bagby's general store at Sawyers Crossing, which did a gross business of perhaps five thousand dollars a year, he was, perforce, obliged to give up the idea which he nursed when he began, of becoming a merchant prince in six months. In the absence of any definite contrary information, he put down the failure to realise his ambition to lack of education in business methods, which he forthwith determined to secure.

A magazine, left by a forgetful customer on top of a biscuit barrel, contained an attractive picture of a youth, with trousers in need of pressing, reaching out from a little six-foot cubbyhole, exactly like Bagby's office, to take the fifteen-hundred-dollar salary of a fine managerial position. It was being handed to him in a buckskin bag, with the numerals on the outside, from one of the many windows of an imposing correspondence school.

Jonas's ambition was fired. He, too, would "double his salary," yes, treble and quadruple it, by becoming an office manager. He sent for literature, forwarded cash for instruction, and began his campaign of education.

To set down the unglossed truth, Jonas had never been able to convince Old Man Bagby that he was harbouring in embryo a successful engineer of the great car of trade. Once he spoke to Bagby about it. The old man replied heartlessly:

"Guess ye're better fitten to navigate one o' them durrigible hot-air balloons they tell about. Might be able to startle the financial firmyment some ef ye was to go up an' bu'st. Ye won't never do it any other way."

Old Bagby had some excuse; for, between the blots and erasures, he had hard work to square his business by Jonas's bookkeeping. So it was not strange, when Jonas had completed his "course," and, explaining to Bagby the value of "system" and the advantages he would derive therefrom should he install Jonas as office manager, struck for that position with doubled pay, that Bagby averred:

"I never had no need fer a manager but jest only once, an' that was when I 'lowed myself to hire you. An' as fer system, payin' cash an'

takin' cash, with what ye might call jest a reasonable profit, is good enough system fer anybody."

Nor was it strange that Jonas immediately thereafter, having let loose a hot word or two, emerged from the office he had aspired to manage with a rapidity that made the wind whistle through his coat-tails.

Now, except for the fact that Old Man Bagby continued to drive a brisk and thriving business after having been deprived of Jonas's services, even as before, he has no further interest for the readers of this narrative.

But Jonas was not the youth to risk his all on the power of a single bowstring.

Mr. Jonas Albright, who has studied for an office [illegible] at the —— Correspondence Schools and got his diaploma last week, has resigned as head bookkeeper at the G. M. Bagby's grocery, and [illegible] Sawyer Buggy Wheel Factory, and goes to same [a touch of correspondence school erudition] next Monday, entering upon his new duties.

We predict a rapid rise for our talented young townsman in the mercantile and financial world

This is exactly the way it read, the very modest little item that Jonas himself carried to the office of *The Gleaner* that afternoon, and in substantially the same manner it appeared in type on Saturday morning. But that was not the fault of the correspondence school

And it indicated further that, while Jonas was by nature a poor speller, he was endowed with a gift that no amount of correspondence schooling can supply where Nature herself has failed—namely, Hustle—and that at a time when his own horn needed blowing he was not the one to let it lie silent for lack of wind. The "responsible" job in James Sawyer's office which he got on the strength of his diploma, and of being a local product brought him ten dollars a week

Sawyer ran the buggy wheel-shop, down by the river, which was rapidly growing to the dimensions of an important manufacturing plant under the shrewd management of its owner, a practical wheelwright, who had a wide reputation for honest repair work before he became a manufacturer

Between Saturday, when *The Gleaner* ap[illegible] and Monday, when the Sawyer [illegible] was to acquire his valuable services, Jonas went around in his best clothes to [illegible]ve the congratulations of his chums. As [illegible] only youth in the village who had "taken the correspondence school," as the natives put it, he felt entitled to distinction.

All Sunday he discoursed: "When a fellow's got it in him, he'll get ahead. If you'll use your brains, there ain't any necessity for doing manual labour all your life. All you've got to do is to get an education, like I did, and then attach yourself to some growing concern. That's why I left Bagby's. He wasn't growing." Jonas spoke as one having authority. "Now, after I took the correspondence school," he went on, "and got all they could teach me about office managing, I saw quick there wasn't any chance at Bagby's, so I struck Sawyer for a place. Jim has got a good business growing up, and he knows all there is to know about making; but I don't suppose he knows anything about managing.

"When I was down there last week I asked him what about his office system, and he said he was afraid he didn't keep his office very systematic, except to get down to work early and quit late. When I take hold, one of the first things I do will be to put in a good system, and in a short while, with what I know about office managing, I'll be able to make myself pretty solid. Lesson Twenty-six in the course has some fairly good points on 'Making Yourself Indispensable,' and I tell you frankly it's a partnership I'm aiming at."

The village lads listened open-mouthed, and Jonas was very well pleased with himself. Already he pictured an immense factory, filled with whirring machinery, down there by the river, and the sign "Albright and Sawyer" in gilt letters a foot high above the entrance.

Monday morning he went to work. Jonas was early at the mill, but Sawyer was earlier. From his rough little office his push and energy reached out and dominated every department and man in the mill. The machines themselves seemed almost instinct with his strong personality. He was a living corroboration of Jonas's assertion that he knew all there was to know about making wheels. He seemed to know something about handling men besides. Though his books were kept in a way unique, the profit they showed at the end of the year was to a cent the amount of money he had made in his factory. His correspondence was sometimes a trifle blunt; but it had the merit of saying exactly what he meant in not too many words; for his capable hand held a gouge or a chisel more readily than a pen. And the rough "J. Sawyer" of his sign-manual had indubitable value at the bank

"Good morning, Mr. Albright," was his hearty greeting to Jonas. "Hang up your hat and coat, and I'll give you an introduction to your work

Swelling visibly at the unaccustomed "Mister," Jonas obeyed, noting inwardly and deploring the extremely off-hand way in which Sawyer disposed of his correspondence. He shot a jumble of half-sentences, suggestions, and quotations at the young woman stenographer not at all as they taught dictation in the correspondence school. For instance:

Wire Jones and Co., "Accept, ship 21st if we can."

H. PETERSON. Tell him not to waste his time offering seconds to this shop. Absolute guarantee quality before we'll do business.

Acknowledge Berkshire Waggon Company's order the 18th, 250 set wheels as per specifications. Guess we can ship on date named. Tell 'em so, any way, and we'll do it.

Again Jonas groaned. Was this the proper way to treat an order which ran into money like that? When *he* held the ropes——. But in a moment he listened to a letter of acknowledgment that came up to the correspondence school standard, though it was addressed to nobody but Henry Hubbs, blacksmith, at Podunk Corners.

DEAR MR. HUBBS,—I am very glad you were so well pleased with the pair of wheels shipped you on the 10th. You will find that they will wear well, stay in shape, and not rattle if kept properly ironed.

Will be glad to supply you with everything in our line that you may need in your repair business at discounts quoted in my last letter, and trust that you may become a steady customer. Respectfully yours,

Then followed instructions to Jonas, who was to keep the time of the hands, figure the payroll, check completed orders, and, by attending to various routine matters, make himself generally useful round the office.

The lad started in well, as he was gifted with natural shrewdness. He picked up detail with considerable rapidity, and before a month went by began to be really helpful to his employer. One of his first suggestions to Sawyer was that an indexed letter-file would be much more convenient than the old cupboard which one of the workmen had partitioned roughly for that purpose. Having heard his employer make the assertion that only good workmanship and sound lumber could go into the product of the factory, he was instrumental in having "Honest Buggy Wheels" printed on the letter-heads, with excellent results.

Moreover, he fought one of the village youths, who intimated that this legend was untrustworthy, and whipped him to a standstill. Some busybody informed Sawyer that Jonas had disgraced himself in a fight; but, obtaining an inkling of the cause of quarrel, Sawyer said he was too busy to listen to neighbourhood gossip, and dismissed the subject. Which goes to show that Jonas was now in a fair way to take the first small step toward the realisation of his abiding ambition.

But Fate was lurking round the corner in the form of a recurrence to Jonas's memory of Lesson Twenty-six, and he forthwith set about the task of making himself indispensable. He began in "unobtrusive ways," according to instructions. He followed his employer about the mill and about the office, to open the door, pick up a dropped memorandum, or hand a pencil and paper at the opportune moment. He fancied that every such incident brought him to the favourite attention of Sawyer, who must be inwardly commenting, "What a useful, handy, accommodating young man that Jonas Albright is! I must really think about taking him into partnership."

Consequently he was one day painfully surprised when Sawyer, instead of thanking him, said testily, "I wish you'd attend to your business, and keep out from under my feet!"

And another time when, in pursuance of the same purpose, he brought Sawyer a mass of criticism, telling how this employee had a habit of coming late, that one always had a disorder of sticks about his machine in violation of shop rules, and a third had spoken disrespectfully of his employer:

"Don't tell me those things, Albright," said Sawyer. "Jackson may perhaps come a little late, for he has a sick wife; but a more faithful man never worked for me. Litter about Burns's machine, eh? I'll let him pile it as high as he likes as long as he turns out more spokes than any other man in the shop. And what about the engineer—he spoke disrespectfully of the old man, did he?"

"Yes, sir, he did. He——"

"Perhaps he had a right. Yesterday I was obliged to give him a dressing which we both knew was undeserved, because he didn't get more efficiency out of those old boilers that ought to be replaced. He swore at me, I believe you said. How many times?"

"I heard him once, distinctly."

"Only once? He can swear twice for every additional horse-power he can get out of those old cripples, and when I can afford it I'll make him a present of a new power plant."

"But—but I thought you wanted me to be watchful of your interests; to make myself——" stammered Jonas.

"Certainly, certainly; make yourself just as useful to the concern as you can—I won't

limit you—but don't interfere with the efficiency of the force."

"I only wanted to be of service, Mr. Sawyer."

"Well, let me tell you, my boy," said Sawyer, with returning good humour, "you can be of most service when you do just those things I hired you to do, the way I want them done. You see, I'm at the head of this business," he continued more kindly. "I built it up from nothing, and I know it. Just remember there are a lot of things you can't see at all that I am in a position to understand thoroughly, and you'll be far more useful than you can ever be by bringing me such information as you did just now."

It was a black year Jonas spent trying to make himself indispensable by rule. At the end of it the coveted partnership seemed farther away than at the beginning. He had no one in the village to advise him, and at last he determined to take the case to head quarters.

"Mr. Sawyer," he said one night after the stenographer had gone, "there is something I want to speak to you about."

"Fire away."

"I've got an ambition to be a business man. I don't mean an ordinary clerk or bookkeeper I want to be a proprietor. That's why I came here," he added with a sudden burst of frankness.

"Oh, I had thought it was because you got fired from Bagby's, and I hired you; but I see I was mistaken," said Sawyer dryly. "And what did you propose to do? Win the business from me by superior skill, or hold me up some dark night with a sandbag and take it away from me?"

"Neither one, Mr. Sawyer," said Jonas, fumbling for words. "You see I—I felt the same way—I wanted to get ahead, I mean—when I was at Bagby's. That was why I took the correspondence course, and it said in Lesson Twenty six to attach myself to some growing concern and then make myself indispensable Yours was a growing concern, and I attached myself; but some way the rest of it didn't work out right. I haven't made myself indispensable to you or your institution yet, not as you can see; have I, Mr. Sawyer?" concluded Jonas anxiously.

"I WISH YOU'D KEEP OUT FROM UNDER MY FEET!"

Not as I can see, Jonas, replied Sawyer, with a quiet laugh; "but there are some things I can see now that I couldn t before, and one of them explains your conduct during the last year. You have been trying to please me in my business by a rule that was made to fit somebody else in their business, and that can't be done. You've been trying to make yourself indispensable, and that's a thing that can't be done either, not by trying. People who get to be indispensable, and they re very few, don't do it with that as an object. I doubt if the best man I've got in the shop ever bothered his head thinking whether I could get along without him or not

"You have done some very good work for me during the last year, and I think you'll do better in the year to come. I had made up my mind to double your salary to start your new year with, and if I'm good enough man to keep you from getting the business away from me, I think we shall try to worry along for a spell. There are lots of good ideas you got from the correspondence school that we'll

consult over and put in effect in the office; but let's forget about Lesson Twenty-six."

The next year proved the correctness of Sawyer's prediction. With a more definite mutual understanding, the young man and the elder one got on well together, gaining respect for each other's methods as the months went by. The subject of partnership was not again broached, though neither had forgotten the conversation relative to it. Jonas devoted himself to learning the business, making a better assistant for Sawyer as his interest and knowledge grew, and at the same time storing up information that would be valuable to him should he ever be in a situation to conduct a business of his own. The opportunity to do so came earlier than he could have anticipated.

A few miles down the river, at Rossport, was situated the factory of the Collins Hub Company, with a big output. Its managers had kept an eye on Sawyer's success, and determined to equip their plant with additional machinery as a rival to his. Owing to certain manufacturing and shipping facilities, they could produce slightly cheaper than could Sawyer; but the bulk of the trade was in his hands. It had been gained by honesty and fair dealing and would be hard to win away from him. Once they could weaken his hold on his customers, the rest would be easy.

Jonas, who was coming to be recognised as Sawyer's right hand man, was approached with flattering offers.

"Would you consider a proposition to take the management of a larger business in the same line at a considerable increase of salary and the prospect of a partnership later on?" he was asked

"Sure! Who wouldn't?" said Jonas, who was highly elated

"Can you leave Sawyer at once?"

"On the thirty days' notice specified in our agreement."

"And you will sign with us to-day?"

"Yes, if you can satisfy me as to the desirability of the job. By the way, you say your concern is styled the Monarch Manufacturing Company. Where are you located?"

"In Rossport"

Instantly there flashed across Jonas's mind a conversation he had held with Sawyer a few weeks earlier, when the latter had said the only thing that worried him was the possibility of the Collins Hub Company engaging in the manufacture of wheels.

"Any connection with the Collins Company?"

"None at all. But we have an option on their plant."

"I see. How good a line of trade have you got?"

"Just fair, and we're relying on you to aid us somewhat in that respect."

"Expecting me to swing Sawyer's customers over to the Monarch?"

"That's the idea."

"And wreck Sawyer's business?"

"His business was wrecked potentially when the Collins Hub Company decided to go into the manufacture of carriage wheels," said the Monarch man, forgetting concealment in his anxiety to land Jonas. "He'll have to look out for himself. His prospects are no longer any good, nor are those of anybody continuing to be associated with him. Sawyer is practically broke, I tell you. We're going to skin the Sawyer Buggy Wheel Company alive."

"Well, let me tell you gentlemen that you won't do it; at least, not with my assistance. I want to get into business as badly as any young man who has ambitions. I'd like mighty well to be a manager and eventually a partner; but if I've got to do it at the cost of wrecking Jim Sawyer, I'd sooner stay a cheap clerk all my life. Why," Jonas went on irately, "that business down there at the crossing is his! He made it. He built it up by the work of his hands and the sweat of his brow. And I wouldn't do him the dirty trick you propose any sooner than I'd break into his safe with a jemmy and steal the cash for to-morrow's pay roll.

"I thought one time I could work my way up to become his partner; but found I wasn't equal to the job. But here's a deal where we can be partners, and I tell you now that from this on I've taken Jim Sawyer into partnership—a partnership the sole object of which is to put the Monarch Manufacturing Company, *alias* the Collins Hub Company, under the ground! And we'll do it!"

What is more, they did; though how they did it—how Sawyer furnished the sinews of war and Jonas made a flying trip to corral the trade with long time contracts, and brought back so much new business that they had to enlarge the factory to take care of it—all that is another story.

And when the fight was over and the Collins crowd had been wiped off the map, it was Sawyer who first brought up the partnership question

"You've saved the business," he said simply.

"As far as that goes," said Jonas, "we have

been partners for several months. I took you into partnership the day I received the proposition from the Monarch Manufacturing Company; but in the haste and excitement prevailing about that time I must have neglected to mention it to you." And he told Sawyer for the first time the full story of that fateful interview.

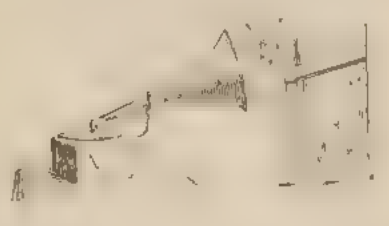
"It's been a barrel of fun," he continued; "but I don't believe I should ever have won out if I hadn't figured out that partnership deal. That made it my own personal fight to save my own individual bacon, and it opened my eyes to some of the things the senior partner has to contend with. The present arrangement looks pretty good to me. I rather like it out there on the firing line. Why not let the partnership matter go for awhile just as it is?"

Nevertheless, his name was on the sign before he was a week older.

Off to the Sea!

AWAY to the murmuring sea
Where the niggers are lilting their lay,
Where a fellow is happy and free
And the landlady waits for her prey!
Put the classics, for once, at their ease
Whilst I browse on THE CAPTAIN in state
For I'm off to the whispering breeze—
And the longshoreman's versatile bait.

Away to the surf-beaten strands
Where the crab slithers over the rocks,
Where the strains of municipal bands
Give the sea-gull unmerciful shocks.
Let the "isms" and "ologies" rest
While I paddle and bathe in the deep
For I'm off to the languorous West
And the Georgics of Virgil will "keep."



Away to that maritime dell
Where they wallow in festive ozone,
Where nothing has broken the spell
Save the wheeze of the hoarse gramophone.
Let theorems stew in their juice
While the Pierrots are charming my ear,
And my appetites test the profuse
Automatic machines on the pier.

Away to that picturesque haunt
Where excursionists go on the "bust,"
Where the cliffs rise majestic and gaunt
And the *char-à-banc* churns up the dust
Put conventional customs aside,
Deck me out in a *negligé* "rig":
For my fund of enjoyment is wide—
And my cubic capacity's big!

EDWARD A. MORGAN.

Bird Queries.—A. W. (Manchester) wishes to know if there is "a difference between a throstle and a thrush." He has heard they are not the same. They are merely two names for the same bird. A large number of our common birds have two or more names, these often differing in different parts of the country. In a Cornish locality with which I am well acquainted there are no thrushes: there they are greybirds.—Gladys Parish (Berkhamsted) is concerned about her linnet. A short time ago the tips of his tail feathers began breaking off, and now the trouble has spread to his wing feathers, so that he looks ragged and disreputable. He lives in a cage that measures eleven inches by nine, so she does not think it is a case of breaking them against bars. What can she do to make the feathers grow and prevent them breaking again? I do not think it is anything wrong with the bird's health that has brought about this state of affairs, for in that case the feathers would be more likely to come out altogether. I have no doubt it is due to the bird being frightened in some way, which has caused it to flutter against the wires in an effort to get out. Perhaps there is a cat that makes too close an approach to the cage when no one is looking. If so, the cage should be put well out of the reach of the cat, or any other terrifying object. For the rest, she must trust to nature, who will in due time provide new feathers to take the place of the dilapidated ones.—C. G. Durston (Clapham Common) has been rearing (!) three nestling thrushes, feeding them on a paste of barleymeal, but they appeared to be always hungry. The third day he gave them some minced worms, which they appeared to enjoy very much. On the fourth day they all died. Alas! this is a very common experience. Even when appropriate food is given, the greatest care and constant attention is required to rear nestlings. C. G. D. must begin at sunrise, and give up school or business in order to attend to their wants. Likewise he must study nature first, that he may know what is a suitable diet. A pet lamb cannot be reared on mutton chops, or a lion cub on bath buns. If my correspondent had begun with the chopped worms, or had mixed a liberal proportion of crumbled egg-yolk with the meal, his nestlings would have had a better chance of life. Their mother would have fed them mainly on insects and worms.—A. L. G. (Jersey) asks what is the usual number in a clutch of Magpie's eggs? A book he uses says six or seven, but he recently found a nest containing nine eggs, so he asks, "Is not this an unusually large number? Is it possible that this could have been the work of two hens?" The usual number of eggs laid is from six to eight, but occasionally it runs to nine, as in the present case. Then he found a blackbird's nest in a high bank, the sort of place in which the robin builds. There was only one young bird in it, about the size of a cock sparrow, and he thought it might have been a young cuckoo. Well, there is nothing improbable about that, but I should have thought that A. L. G. would have detected the difference. It is, of course, impossible for me to express an opinion on such slender data.

Bird's Egg.—C. R. Halford (Oxford) found a nest containing three eggs in a pollard willow, but could not get a sight of the bird. He would like me to tell him what bird it was from a description and sketches of the egg, which ought to have been sent. There are two sketches, and he says the egg "was something between the two." This is not very promising material to work upon even when he adds a description of the nest and some notes on colour and texture of the shell. So far as it is possible to judge in such a case, it appears to me that C. R. H. has got a blackbird's egg, not of the usual tint, but one of the numerous variations from the type. These eggs exhibit a considerable range both of colour and markings.

Diseased Rat.—Theodora Hill (Shere) has a white rat which is evidently in a bad way. She had two, but one has lately died from an injury, and the survivor has "a kind of eczema on its ears which has spread to its tail; and there is a queer little black growth on its nose." I have no experience of this particular trouble,

but I understand that these skin diseases in mice and rats are incurable, and that the best way of dealing with them is to mercifully put the sufferer to death.

Botanical Queries. H. L. Tapply (Brighton) has "lately found two seemingly exceptional growths in flowers: a primrose with four sepals and four petals; a wood anemone with seven petals. May these be considered rarities?" No. Both of these species are very subject to variation in the number of their flower parts, and if my correspondent had examined a large number of the flowers where he found his specimens, he would have had more than one example of each that varied from the typical form.—"Ignoramus" (Olney) sends me a number of specimens that are neither fresh nor well-preserved, for identification, and in some cases it is not easy to make out what they are. A and B are the Ivy-leaved Speedwell (*Veronica hederifolium*); C is the Hairy Bitter-cress (*Cardamine hirsuta*); D is the Common Chickweed (*Stellaria media*), which may always be identified, in spite of its variability, by the presence of a line of hairs running down the stem, and changing sides at each joint; E is the Narrow leaved Mouse-ear Chickweed (*Cerastium triviale*). The "piece of a bush" is Wayfaring Tree (*Viburnum lantana*). Now for this correspondent's criticism of my "Wayside and Woodland Trees." I do not there say that "the Birch does not flower till it is fifteen, or more often twenty-five, years of age." What I do say is "the tree sometimes begins *to produce seeds* when only fifteen years old; but as a rule it is ten years older before it begins to bear," which is a very different assertion. A tree may bear a few flowers some years before it is strong enough to ripen fruit. In the case of the young birches that "Ignoramus" mentions as having flowered, he does not appear to know what their age is, and size is a deceptive guide in such matters. I was moreover, merely stating the general rule, from which in all departments of nature we are constantly meeting with exceptional departures. With regard to the internal structure of snail-shells: I have long been acquainted with its beauties, and if my correspondent would like to have better examples of it than the thrush leaves around her killing-stone, he can make them quite easily. He should take an empty shell and rub it lightly and evenly on a smooth flat stone, such as a doorstep. Wet the stone first, and with quite a short rubbing the shell will be ground down to its centre, when he will have a neat section that will show all the internal structure perfectly. The accompanying drawing was made from a whelk shell I rubbed down in this manner.

WHELK-SHELL RUBBED DOWN TO SHOW INTERIOR.

Horn-tail Wasp.—E. T. Vernon (Arbroath) received from a friend a large insect that was new to him, so he sends it on to me, with the request that I will tell him something about it. He regrets that the only fact he can give me regarding it is, that his friend found it in his shop. The insect—of which I give a life-sized portrait—is known as the Horn-tailed Wasp (*Sirex gigas*). It is by no means rare, and yet, apart from entomologists, few people appear to know it. The place to expect to see it would be a pine-wood, yet most of the specimens that alarm folks by their size and the businesslike "tail" appear indoors. This is due to the fact that the larva is a timber-eater which attacks pine. Its early stages are spread over several years, during which it lies hidden from public in borings in the wood. It sometimes happens that the tree attacked by it is cut up and used for building materials; then, when the insect has completed its development, it issues from floor-boards or joists, and causes some consternation in the family, who put it down as some kind of hornet with a probable habit of stinging. Let me allay any feeling of horror by saying at once that it is not one of the stingers. It would really be more accurate to speak of it as a Saw-fly rather than as a wasp. The specimen received and illustrated was a female, which alone has the appendage of three

HORN-TAIL WASP (NATURAL SIZE).

long bristles protruding from beneath the flat spike which ornaments both sexes. If one examines the so-called "tail" of the female with a lens, it will be seen that the two outside bristles are toothed towards their tips, whilst the central one is merely notched. The outer ones are in fact little saws with which she cuts into the bark of a tree, and in the incision deposits an egg through the central tube. The male is smaller and of more slender build, uniformly coloured with reddish yellow. The female has a black head and shoulders, and a yellow body, the middle of which is girdled by a broad band of black.

Cat's Eye-trouble.—S. W. F. (Braeside) tells me a sad tale of his Persian cat, whose eyes became covered with a film, for which a "vet." was consulted. His treatment resulted in the improvement of one eye, but appeared to have no good effect upon the other, which ultimately burst, and has since receded out of sight. He now asks my advice. Can I recommend a remedy, or should the cat be destroyed? I think this is far too serious a case for treatment by post. I have no doubt the "vet." gave the full benefit of his knowledge and experience, and that this was good appears by the fact that one eye got better. In the case of the other there may have been some trouble that did not reveal itself to him; and even "vets." and other medical men are human, and lack the power to see all that is going on inside their patients. They can only judge by external symptoms, and in the case of a cat they cannot even ask questions of the patient, whose answers might help them to a truer diagnosis. I should judge by what you have told me that the eye is destroyed, not by the treatment, but in spite of it; and if that is so no remedy that mortal can suggest will restore it. As to whether the cat should be destroyed, I should think the "vet" would be the best judge; and if the cat is to live, that diseased eye should be seen to at once, or the other one may go too.

Caterpillars.—H. J. Barnes (Brixton Hill) found a caterpillar of the currant moth about the middle of April, and asks if this was not an early date for it? It was, I think, earlier than usual. I saw one half-grown at the beginning of May. H. J. B. also tells me that last year he had some yellow hairy caterpillars with a few rusty-coloured hairs in the middle of the back, and asks if these would be the larvæ of the brimstone moth. They were certainly not of that species, for its larva is not a hairy one. It was more probably a "hop-dog," which is the larva of the pale tussock moth.

BUFFO(O)N'S NATURAL HISTORY
NO. 4.—A TIGER-MOTH.
Drawn by Thomas Downey.

Tanning Skins.—G. Sunderland (Westminster) asks for a recipe for tanning the skin of a wolf. Not many months ago I gave instructions for *preserving* small skins, but *tanning* is a complicated process which must be done by a tanner; and I should advise my correspondent to hand the job over to a furrier, or to one of the natural history dealers advertising in our pages.

Books on Mosses.—I have received a copy of a much-wanted introductory handbook to the study and collection of mosses. It is entitled "Mosses and Liverworts," and is by T. H. Russell, F.L.S. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 4*s.* 6*d.*). Although the mosses and liverworts are an exceedingly numerous group of interesting plants, which may be collected and studied almost anywhere, very few persons know anything of them, chiefly because reliable books upon them are so expensive. Mr. Russell has now put us in the way of pleasantly and easily acquiring, at a moderate cost, a knowledge of their nature, structure, habits, and so forth. The wall-top, hedge-banks, the sides of ditches, tree-trunks and stumps, the ground in woods, the mountain-side, and the rocks of the mountain waterfall, are all abundantly clothed with the exquisite forms of these small plants, and collecting may be pursued all through the year. They are dried without trouble, and may be mounted in a herbarium no bigger than a sheet of note-paper. Correspondents who write asking me to recommend them a branch of natural history for study should get this book, and begin on the mosses. It contains a number of plates, which include 233 carefully drawn figures. I heartily recommend the work.

Catalogue received.—Mr. Charles Jefferys (Tetbury, Glos.) sends me three price lists, of Lepidoptera, British Shells, and Birds' eggs, respectively, which may be had at one penny each. Mr. Jefferys is so well-known as a reliable dealer in all kinds of natural history specimens and apparatus, that I need do no more than mention that all are marked at reasonable prices.

BLINDING!

Off [illegible] 'What do you wear green spectacles for, boy?
Bootblack [illegible] I puts such a shiny shine on gentlemen's boots it hurts me eyes."

Open Letters to County Cricket Captains

To Lord Hawke, Yorkshire

My Lord,—To offer suggestions to you, the acknowledged *first* of all captains, may appear very presumptuous on my part, and most certainly you cannot be told of any fault on the field of play. All our team, thanks very greatly to your influence, are triers from first to last—a team of "dreadnoughts."

There are one or two points, however, outside the cricket pitch on which I should like to speak. You know, as all of us do, how greatly in need of a real fast bowler we are, and personally I think we found him in Sedgwick. He, coming from a well-paid section, the Lancashire League, has had no chance whatever to shine, solely on account of being apportioned to the Bradford Club. Bradford needs no fast man with a Knutton in the team—he generally accounts for the other side on "his own"—and accordingly Sedgwick never got a chance and I am afraid is lost to us. Could not this have been avoided?

Can you not also use your influence and promote for us a cricket nursery on the lines of the Kent side? Our men—the very cream of the cricket world—cannot always go on, and where are their successors coming from? It will not be long, though I regret to say it, before David Hunter and one or two of the older end will have to cease their cricketing days, and we, at present, have no one to fill their shoes. Let us adopt Kent's idea and rear yet another team of "champions" for the county.

As a last suggestion my idea is that taking into account our variable climate and the dominating feature of it—wet weather—we should have a specially constructed "barn," naturally of very large dimensions, to enable our players to get in practice before the campaign begins. In more than one season a player has had no practice to speak of until the championship series was in full swing. I think I am correct in stating that Nottingham have adopted this idea with very satisfactory results.

In conclusion, I offer you my heartiest congratulations on your record term as Captain, and trust the team will celebrate your twenty-fifth "turn" with the Championship, than which I know you desire nothing more.

Believe me to remain,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,
P. D. Mackie.

To A. O. Jones, Esq., Notts

Dear Sir,—Until these last few weeks it seemed an impertinence to write you in regard to your team and your handling thereof. But things have happened: Lancashire came to Trent Bridge, cricketed there, and conquered! And so, comes my chance.

Now, as to your individual self. Since you undertook the captaincy such applauding things have been written of you that a candid criticism might be a change of a capital character. Are you not tired of reading about your own versatility? The word must be almost nauseous, and I shouldn't wonder if the constant flaunting of it has not so dazzled your visuality that you have become a little bedimmed as to the versatility of your men.

I am sure you will not be offended if I say that it looks as though your creed of cricket captaincy was "each man to his place, but A. O. Jones to anywhere and everywhere." Of course, you may say you have studied the capacity and capability of your team, and find that Jack Gunn can't be come-up to at cover—beg pardon;—Oates is capital at "keeping"—oh, dear! Hardstaff is consistently clever in the country—that's better;—Wass can't catch for chestnuts anywhere else than mid-on. But there's a much-used saying, "You never know your luck," and if you should, some fine day, venture a little out of your rut, by, say, putting Oates to bowl and Wass to wicket-keep, it might seem a joke, but I don't think Wass would think it one; it would waken him up in the field and give him, and Oates too, a chance to show *his* versatility.

And then, why pin all your faith upon Hallam and Wass as your opening bowlers? Your opponents go in to bat well knowing whom they have to contend against, and whether you believe it or not, it is a big advantage to them. But should you, some match, commence with George Gunn and Alletson, well, they might not "come off," but their "coming on" would expose *their* versatility to the public gaze.

You never know what talent you may discover; many a cricketer's reputation has been made by a speculative captain, and versatility may be an inherent gift with all your fellow cricketers.

Yours truly,
"Round the Ropes."

To P. F. Warner, Esq., Middlesex

Dear Mr. Warner.—Allow me to introduce myself as an ardent supporter of Middlesex county, and then, if possible, forgive the liberty which I am now taking. I wish to draw your attention to certain matters which are, but should not be, associated with the name of so great a county team.

As fielding is generally considered to be the great match-winning factor, I will first comment upon it. There is certainly very little to be said in defence of the bad fielding which has recently been

witnessed. Were it confined to individual members it would perhaps be pardonable, but such a general display of incapacity, as was recently shown against Somerset, leads one to think that this side of the game has been neglected. I would propose that instead of the ground staff always fielding for members of the team practising at the nets the position should be occasionally reversed. Systematic practice at ground fielding and at [illegible] would also have good results.

The spectator undoubtedly considers himself most ill treated where the batting [illegible] [illegible] appreciating good fielding and bowling, it is the batting which generally provides the excitement, and, considering the important part played by the public in first-class games, it is only just that they should be considered. This department of the game is very strong in the team, and the majority of the batsmen have earned the approval of the spectators by their resolute play. There is one man, however, who has earned public disfavour by his unwarrantably cautious tactics, and I think that a little judicious advice is needed. Doubtless on some occasions his tactics are correct, but, more often than not, they are needless and, moreover, boring.

The bowling can only be said to be fairly strong. This is rather strange, for it should be comparatively easy to obtain really good material from the many good local clubs. I would suggest a systematic inspection of all clubs having promising bowlers—I am sure that the result would be extremely satisfactory. Also it would not be amiss to extend the "Colts" matches by arranging games with strong local teams, these games could either be played on the practice-ground at Lord's, or on the ground of the opponents.

The accommodation for the spectator is excellent, and the sole improvement possible is the erection of a further covered stand. A better system of catering might be introduced at Lord's, but as neither of these points has really anything to do with you, I will not dwell upon them.

I will conclude by wishing the club every success in the future, and I sincerely hope to see it figuring at the head of this season's championship-table.

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

C. H. LEFEBURE.

To H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, Esq., Surrey

SIR,—When, in the autumn of last year, it became known that that prince of good fellows, Lord Dalmeny, had felt himself compelled to resign the captaincy of the Surrey XI., it seemed to all good Surrey men that a great disaster had befallen the Club. For in their view it was mainly his inspiring leadership, coupled with the efforts of those brilliant young amateurs, Messrs. Crawford and Knox, which had lifted Surrey once again, after many lean years, to their old place amongst the leaders of the cricketing counties.

The outlook, then, was black. There was only one possibility which could dispel the prevailing gloom: to the great good fortune of the Surrey Club, that possibility is now an accomplished fact. With the appointment to the captaincy of so sterling a sportsman and so keen a cricketer as yourself, Surrey should, at an early date, set the seal upon the revival of their fortunes initiated under the *régime* of your popular predecessor.

It is the accepted privilege of the writer of an open letter to play the part of the candid friend. In that spirit, may I respectfully voice a few opinions from behind the ropes which probably never reach the sacred precincts of the members' pavilion?

Until the advent of Lord Dalmeny, the Surrey XI. were getting undeniably slack. They were mostly men of established reputation; they were not always wont to extend themselves fully; there was a suspicion that one or two played with one eye on the averages. That was possibly without foundation.

But you have now under your control many fresh faces—a team of young, keen men. May Surrey always play to win, and not so often for safety! You have already this season dared to face the critics by putting your opponents in first after winning the toss. That argued considerable independence on your part, and, moreover, you were right. We look to you, therefore, with the utmost confidence to lead the county in fact as in

name: to give us fresh, clean cricket, and "the rigour of the game," which is as much the ideal of men of Surrey as of any Kentish Man, or Man o' Kent.

Your respectful supporter,

"SURREYSIDER."

To A. C. S. Glover, Esq., Warwickshire

DEAR MR GLOVER,—I think, on the whole, you manage your team finely, generally changing your bowling just at the right minute, and yourself setting a splendid example of keenness and *esprit de corps*, and keenness in the field to the men committed to your charge. However, I trust you will excuse one or two brief suggestions from a humble admirer. First, as to the order of batting: why not put yourself in higher up? I expect it is modesty on your part, but surely such a fine bat ought to go in earlier than seventh, if only to encourage the others. Go in first with Kinneir, when Mr. Fishwick can't play, as a slow, steady left hander and a sound fast-scoring right-hander are supposed to be an ideal opening pair. Or why not let Lilley go in first, as he did once last year against Hampshire? Anything in preference to Kinneir and Baker, both very slow and left-handed, who may not come off and then discourage the rest of the team. At any rate, they will be sure to be very tedious to watch, and it's a little pace and keenness at the beginning that is wanted both from the point of view of the success of the match, and of the spectators. Not that Baker isn't a good bat, but I think we want an opening a little more inspiring than has lately occurred, and Baker will do just as well a bit further down. Or Kinneir might go instead; at any rate, I feel sure that some change in this first pair must be made. Otherwise your order is, on the whole, quite satisfactory. As to the bowling, the arrangement of Hargreave and Field to open, followed by Santall, first change, and Charlesworth Quaife and Baker in turn after, is much the best. Although Santall did best last year, few will deny that, off and on, Hargreave is the better of the two, and, though a good deal depends on the state of the wicket, I fancy he and Field will generally do best, especially as a good fast and slow bowler are about the best opening combination one can get. Of course, Quaife and Baker are not quite good enough to do much although they certainly sometimes come in handy to break a lengthy stand. There is very little to complain about your placing of the field, with the exception that a little alteration of the men on the leg and an occasional addition to their number might save more boundaries. In Quaife and Baker you have undoubtedly about the best point and cover in England. You have indeed had hard luck this year in many ways, chiefly in your unfortunate knock in the Worcester match, but also as regards the general misfortunes of the team in weather, accidents, &c., but I feel sure your eleven will do well in the end, led as they are by such an able captain. Your humble admirer,

"ADVISOR"

To C. H. B. Marsham, Esq., Kent

SIR,—Having captained the Champion County of 1906, you can afford, to a certain extent, to disregard criticism indeed, you have performed your duties so well, on the whole, that there is a great deal more room for eulogy than for criticism However, there is one point which I should like to bring forward for your consideration. In Humphreys and Seymour you have, perhaps, the two best professional bats in the eleven, and the two who are most likely to form the nucleus of its run getting power in the immediate future. Seymour is no bowler, and, therefore, there is little or no likelihood of his being over-bowled to the detriment of his batting, but Humphreys has proved surprisingly effective on wet wickets. He is no such bowler on hard wickets, however, and it has been with some surprise that I have noticed his repeated employment as change bowler on such wickets, more especially in view of the fact that, if left-handed bowling were wanted, there were Woolley (a second Blythe in style if not in effectiveness) and Hardinge. There seems little necessity, therefore, for Humphreys to have to bowl so frequently on unsuitable wickets, and, for another thing, he is essentially a wet wicket bowler, being not nearly so effective on run-getting wickets.

But, more important still, Humphreys is wanted, with Seymour, to be one of the mainstays of the side in batting, and this is the best reason of all against his being over-bowled.

There is just one other point, Mr. Marsham. As only A. P. Day and K. L. Hutchings of the amateurs are able to play regularly in the early part of the season, would it not be as well to play a professional side (with yourself and the two amateurs before-mentioned) until August, when Messrs Dillon, Burnup, Mason and Blaker would be regularly available? Of course, one recognises the immense addition of strength which the presence of any one of this quartet confers, but is not this counter-balanced by the unsettling of the side which their casual appearances in June and July produce? And is it quite fair to the younger professionals of the side? Would they not play all the better for knowing that, up to August, their places were fairly secure? But, of course, this is a question for the committee. I have little doubt, however, that (granted you agree with the above remarks) if you expressed your opinion to the committee, it would receive most careful consideration

Here's luck to the County of the White Horse. May it be Champion County once more!

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"KENTISH RESIDENT."

To J. Daniell, Esq., Somerset

DEAR MR. DANIELL, Congratulations on your appointment as captain of the Somerset XI.

It was quite time we had another captain, as the team was mismanaged.

BRAUND

The bowling was badly handled, and there was for years far too much of Cranfield and Braund, very little [illegible]

When Cranfield left the team it was found Lewis was a good bowler, and for two seasons he has been over-worked.

When a change was made, the same men bowled at opposite ends.

Don't forget Robson can bowl, also Whittle, and for goodness' sake give them a chance before teams knock up 300 against us.

I see you have only given Whittle a few overs in the matches this year, although Surrey, Middlesex, and Gloucester made huge scores. This is wrong; give him a good turn and he will take as many wickets as the others.

Again, why have so many young pros. been [illegible] at all, and allowed to go? Webb, Sturt, Coyle, L. Cranfield, Griffin, Baily, Hardy, Bucknall, W. and D. Smith and Montgomery, to mention a few.

We in Somerset feel very sore at the way Montgomery was treated.

If a man can take 200 wickets and make 2000 runs in good club cricket he is worth a thorough trial for the county, and this is what Montgomery *did not get.*

He only had one chance with the ball last season, that against the South Africans, after they had made 300 runs, and he bowled splendidly, taking three wickets for twenty-four runs.

I saw the match and can safely say it was the best bit of bowling done for Somerset, and now he is gone to Chippenham, and will, I suppose, qualify for Wilts, as several of our other players have done in the past.

Hardy is another player who has not been treated fairly. Played in one match, made a good score, dropped for an amateur in the next: that was his fate each season.

Another thing, play the game seriously. What looked worse on a cricket field than Palairet tossing lobs twenty feet in the air and Martyn bowling long hops and half volleys at Hirst and Rhodes at Bath in August 1906? We spectators who pay the piper expect serious cricket, not fooling, so again I say, insist on having cricket.

Yours faithfully,
W. Hucker.

To A. H. Hornby, Esq., Lancs

Dear Mr. Hornby,—Now that you are in the enviable position of leading Lancashire into the field, perhaps you would not mind reading a few words of advice written from a spectator's point of view. The task of piloting the fortunes of the Red Rose through this season will be a difficult one, as the team is much weaker than formerly, though the bowling has received a healthy stimulus in the form of Mr. Brearley, who will do much to help the Lancashire attack. The bowling altogether is rather good.

With the batting the case is altogether different. Maclaren will be sadly missed, although Hartley, who takes his place, and has been making some large scores in the County Second XI., has proved himself a thoroughly reliable batsman. Scoring a century in his first match, he has often made the highest score in the team. W. Tyldesley, too, has made a fairly good start in the first team. It is to be hoped that he will turn out as brilliant a player as his famous namesake.

Almost the first thing that strikes the observer is the tremendously long and weak tail the team possesses. Harry, Dean, Worsley, Brearley, Cook, and Huddleston are no batsmen. Brearley and Dean are bowlers pure and simple, whilst Worsley is played for his wicket-keeping. It is a pity we cannot obtain a good, all-round man after Hirst's style. Such a man is invaluable.

Talking about bowling, I think too much rests on Brearley's shoulders. Often enough he is kept on when proving expensive. I know he is an awkward customer to deal with, and, like all bowlers, is very touchy about his bowling, still, the welfare of the team ought to be considered. Brearley cannot do miracles, although you seem to think so. Also, surely Huddleston is a better bowler than Cook on soft wickets? The last time I saw him at Liverpool he was mainly responsible

for bundling out Sussex for a paltry total his bowling being absolutely unplayable. Yet he has only been tried once this season.

Surely a county of our population, which prides itself upon its sporting instincts, can turn out a better side than that which represents it so weakly at the present time.

I am, dear Mr. Hornby,
Yours faithfully,
Harold Lamb.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club to which anybody who is a regular purchaser of THE CAPTAIN may belong. Contributions should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine. Prizes consisting of books, to be selected from those mentioned on the "Competition Results" page, are awarded for all contributions used.

The Azores

THE Azores are a group of small islands situated off the west coast of Portugal, to whom they belong. The principal island is that of Ponta del'Garda.

To a visitor the ways of the inhabitants appear rather strange. Very few of the country people wear boots, and they are to be seen riding their mules with spurs fastened to their bare heels. The peasants bring in their chickens and ducks from the country alive, so as to avoid paying the duty which is charged on all dead fowls. When the countryman arrives at the house of a customer, he dismounts, and the housewife having selected the bird she wants, he wrings its neck and hands it over to her.

Another curious thing is the way the poor people take their bath. They dig a hole in the sand close to a warm spring, and in a few minutes the hole is full of clear hot water, in which they bathe.

The money of the islands is also very quaint, being nearly all paper. There are bank-notes for such small sums as twopence halfpenny!

Fruit of every description is very cheap. Oranges can be obtained at ten a penny, while three halfpence secures six large peaches; and a pound of grapes can be purchased for twopence or threepence.

The islanders are very particular about what they eat. They would not touch a salad that had not been cooked. "Food for cattle" they call an English salad. They also cut an orange in half and throw away the side which the sun has not ripened enough.

The islands are of volcanic origin. About forty years ago, the islanders woke up one morning to discover that a new island had sprung up in their midst during the night. The British Consul was rowed across to it to take possession in the name of the Queen, and planted a Union Jack on the top of a little knoll, but the following evening the island disappeared beneath the waves again, flag and all.

The inhabitants of the Azores are a cheerful and contented people, and nobody would ever regret having spent a holiday in their midst.

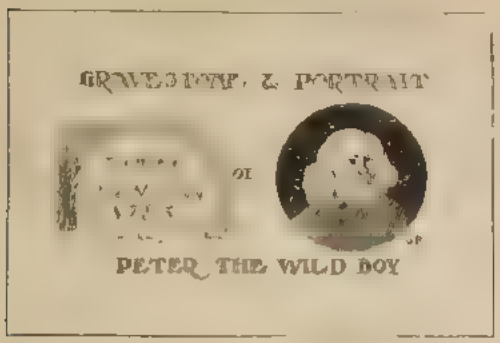
HENRY WALKER.

BANK HOLIDAY BEAU BRUMMELS.

Each (referring to the other). "Thank goodness, I don't look such a fool as that fellow! What?"

Peter the Wild Boy

AN inconspicuous little headstone in the quiet churchyard of Berkhamsted or Northchurch, and a brass high up on the south wall of the interior of the church, record the mysterious history of this singular indivi-



dual "Peter, known by the name of Wild Boy having been found wild in the forest of Hertswold, near Hanover, in the year 1725," runs the inscription. Peter was found by one of George I.'s hunting-parties, and was then supposed to be about twelve years old. Living among the trees like a monkey, he was naked half-starved, and speechless. He was brought to England, and boarded out on a Hertfordshire farm for £35 a year, paid by the Government was perfectly tractable, worked industriously, and lived till 1785. GERALD POSTON

A Queer Catch

A FRIEND of mine met with a very curious experience while fishing for perch in one of the small lochs on the outskirts of Edinburgh. The loch is frequented by swans water-hens, and wild ducks, which are very tame—the result of being fed by visitors

My friend had no sooner made his first cast than a wild duck, evidently thinking that the angler had come to feed it, dived quickly after the sinking bait. It reappeared shortly afterwards with the bait in its mouth flapping its wings and struggling violently. A tremendous tug-of-war ensued, during which the bird succeeded in breaking the rod. The line, however, was made of sterner stuff and resisted the severe strain on it

My friend, with careful manipulation, at length managed to land his novel catch. He discovered that the bird was hooked in its bill, and after he removed the hook the duck flew off, apparently none the worse for its adventure. R. D. S

Cool In Summer!

MANY natives of Alaska build huts of snow in place of an ordinary tent. They select a place where the snow is four or five feet deep. A space sufficient for the house and an allowance for what we might call a garden is marked out. Blocks, two feet square, are cut from the snow lying at the surface and set up on edge, around the excavation, for the walls.

At one end, three feet of the space are dug down to the ground; at the other, about two feet of snow are left for a couch. The sides and ends are built up tightly, and the whole is roofed with broad slabs of hard snow cut in proper dimensions to form a flat gable roof, and loose snow is thrown over all to fill up gaps. At the end which is dug down to the ground, a hole is cut just large enough to allow a man to pass through on his hands and knees.

Bedding and provisions are kept inside, but arms and ammunition are usually left outside the hut. After outside work is done, everybody crawls inside, and the entrance is plugged with a cake of snow, which has been specially fitted, and no one thinks of going out until it is time to "break camp." The combined heat of the bodies of the inmates, together with the heat of their lamp, soon raises the temperature, and a degree of comfort is obtained, no matter how cold it is outside.

WALTER H TOLL.

A PREHISTORIC JOKE

"Don't you find food soon becomes bad this hot weather?"
"Yes. Why even a worm will turn"

Why This Thusness?

SOUTHWOLD possesses a charming little church which dates from a very early year. At the east end of the church, just before the chancel is entered, a figure may be observed standing in the wall. This figure represents a knight who, on the stroke of eleven, rings a bell by a movement of his arm. The motion of the arm is caused by an official pulling a rope in the vestry. The sudden ring, coming immediately before the service, gives many visitors no small fright.

W. R. E.

Apples as a Tonic

BY summarising the various pieces of information I have unconsciously gained from time to time concerning the apple I was quite surprised to perceive the excellent qualities it possesses.

It is invaluable to student and sportsman alike.

As a first-class dentifrice it is beneficial to all, its solidity and acidity removing all superfluous food from the teeth and keeping them, and also the gums, hard and clean.

The effect of the acid on the digestive organs considerably lessens the chances of the attacks of Indigestion and Co., with their attendant terrors, and for the brain it forms a splendid all-round food.

Pure blood, with a good circulation, is the usual result of eating most kinds of fruit.

THE TRIALS OF A TOMMY.

After being told off to guard the Colonel's apples, too,
Drawn by W. H. Newborough

Briefly, the apple is a cleanser and purifier.

It is said that eating one at night is rather injurious, but this, I think, applies only when one retires immediately after.

And as a tonic apples are not hard to take, are they?—unless the farmer is in view.

"TRIPLEA."

ONE OF THE FINEST KITES IN ENGLAND.

The kite, which requires six men to mount it, is the work of a retired sea captain, who flies it on the sands at Fleetwood

Photo. by W. H. Knowles

Warts

IN the April number, Christine Thomas states that "No cause is known for warts." It seems that there is, however, since I read the following in a well-known work on the treatment of diseases, &c.: "They are occasionally hereditary . . . It is a common belief that the blood from a wart is capable of producing other warts on people whose skin it may happen to come in contact with."

As to cures, caustic, as Miss Thomas remarks is a good one, but it is so very slow. A friend of mine always recommends common soda, which should be applied in the same manner as caustic. I once had a wart myself, which I fetched off by means of the juice of the elder tree This seems to dry the wart and shrink it, so that in a few days the inside comes out whole, without the least pain.

J. W.

SAND MODELS OF THE KING AND QUEEN

At many seaside resorts during the season may be seen sand artists who model all sorts of things, from portraits to cathedrals. The above depicts one of their most favourite subjects

Photo by W H Knowles

"Shebeening"

APROPOS of the note *re* "Moonshining" in "The Old Fag" for May, Irish readers will be struck by the kinship which seems to exist between the "moonshining" which the popular writer, Mr Bridges, describes, and the practice of "shebeening" which is carried on in many out-of-the-way districts in the "distressful country" There are many illicit underground stills—"shebeens" they are called, a term derived from the ancient Gaelic—and in these whiskey, or what is colloquially termed "potheen," is manufactured It is even whispered that the practice is connived at by some members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who are not averse to testing the forbidden sweetness of the "rale mountain dew"

Many amusing stories are current of the wiles adopted to wean the excise man from exercising his detective faculty. I have heard one, in particular, the trend of which was that whenever the would-be Sherlock Holmes visited the distiller's house with the object of making a search, he would be engaged in a flirtation by the fascinating daughter of the house. Of course this only made his visits more frequent, and the murder one day was out. The officer did his duty inexorably resisting a pretty face, made all the prettier by tears. He might have loved the girl, but he loved promotion better

The still owner is generally held in much esteem by his neighbours, as in Ireland law-breaking in any form, from cattle-driving to the keeping of an unlicensed dog, has never been divested of a halo of patriotism.

PAT

A Living Inn Sign

THERE was once a living sign to be seen over an inn at St Germain-en-Laye, near Paris.

The landlord was an adept in preparing cutlets, and Alexandre Dumas, who was evidently very fond of these, ran up a bill to the amount of £1000. When a settlement was suggested, the author wrote back and expressed his inability to pay, but sent a live eagle and proposed that the inn-keeper should recoup himself by exhibiting it. Making the best of it, mine host did so, and for many years his living sign drew much attention to his house

GEORGE T. VEASEY.

Amiens Cathedral

THOU wast conceived in God's own Heaven,
Thou wast born in the Great King's smile
And, as an inspiration, came
To dwell in one man's brain awhile
The Heaven-sent thought, matured by prayer,
Took form, in stone, from artist's plan,
And there sprang up the glorious
Cathedral, built by God and man

D B.

SHOEING A HORSE AT A DUTCH FORGE.

Instead of shoeing a horse in the somewhat risky manner of our E[illegible] blacksmiths, those in Holland adopt the [illegible] her safer way shown above

Photo. by R. Whitman

COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST

Last day for sending in August 18 (Foreign and Colonial Readers October 19)
See New Rule Below

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

New Rule.—In order to save our competitors expense in postage, they will in future be permitted to enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition, and class. "School Notes," however, must be sent quite separately, with the envelope marked accordingly.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send an unaided work.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS. In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be placed in a separate envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit.

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for August," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by August 18.

The results will be published in the October number.

In every case the final decision lies with the Editor, who cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—***"Hidden Books."***—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures representing the names of well known books. Write the name, *and* the author's name, under each picture, fill in your own name, age, class and address, tear out the page and post to us. Prizes: Two "Midget" Watches, value One Guinea, manufactured by Robert H. Ingersoll and Bro. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class II Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—***"Pictorial Competition."***—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and five shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our October, November and December numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. The "jokes" must not be copied from other papers. We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit

No 3.—***"Pencil Sketches."***—We have been asked to set a competition of this nature for the especial benefit of those who do not work readily in ink, and this seems a very appropriate month for it. Send a sketch of a castle, a bit of scenery, a house, a haystack, a boat, a bathing tent, &c. &c. Prizes: Boxes of Water Colours or Drawing Instruments, manufactured by George Rowney and Co. (See Prizes Page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 4.—***"Photographic Competition."***—Send a photograph depicting a holiday scene at the seaside or in the country. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Two "Swan" Fountain Pens. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—***"Jumble Sentence."*** Compose a sentence, not exceeding thirty words, from the titles of stories, articles, "CAPTAIN Club" essays and "Hear All Sides" letters, in this number. Prizes: Goods to the value of Half a Guinea from the catalogue of H. Gradidge and Sons.

Class I. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit: Sixteen

No. 6.—***"School Notes."*** A prize of Five Shillings will be awarded for the best paragraph not exceeding [illegible] words dealing with school life [illegible] should bear a *nom de plume* for publication. Half a Crown will be paid for each paragraph used.

No age limit.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to October 19, Australian readers being allowed [illegible] By Foreign and Colonial we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5s will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial August Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

I am not one of your Anti-Tobacco faddists. I am far from sharing the opinions of that zealous knight, Sir William Stroud, who on April 16, 1621, moved in the House of Commons that he "would have tobacco banished wholly out of the kingdom," but I am thoroughly in favour of the measure which is being passed through Parliament now, whereby it shall become an unlawful thing to serve a child under sixteen with tobacco for its own consumption. But what, pray, of children over sixteen? Let me suggest to the versatile journalist who starts Silly Season discussions in the *Daily Telegraph* under such titles as "Mother of Six," "Forlorn Spinster," or "Married a Year," according to the topic which he wishes to bring before the public's notice, that by far the best subject of discussion he could raise this season as a not unworthy rival to the sea-serpent would be

Cigarettes and the Boy. I do not come across many boys, but most of those I do meet, over the age of sixteen, seem to be smokers. I do not say that they are heavy smokers, but most of them can perform on a cigarette without turning yellow and developing a sudden interest in that portion of the landscape lying immediately beneath the window. Day-boys are the principal culprits, because once school is over they are practically at liberty to do what they like, short of committing theft or murder, without running the risk of interviewing the headmaster at the end of a birch or a monitor attached to a swagger stick.

The cure for this lies in forcible legislation. "Thou shalt not smoke" should be a fixed commandment of school and home life, and the breaker of it should get the stick—hard. I am a great believer in the stick, and so is a doctor friend of mine, who thinks that many a malefactor would be the better for shorter terms of imprisonment and more turns with the cat-o'-nine-tails. There is much in his theory, for fear of physical pain is a great deterrent to crime. So "Spare the rod, spoil the football fifteen," is a new reading of an old proverb. Pull out this editorial ten years hence, and you will agree with me. At present, having quite enough whackings, you are inclined to call me a beast for suggesting more.

A member of a Rugby fifteen in the North once said to me, "If our captain saw me smoking I should get a postcard telling me that I should not be wanted in the next match." This is the Adair type of man, so well described by Mr. Wodehouse in his present serial—the skipper who means to drag every ounce out of his team. I once knew a boy whose one ambition was to get into the first fifteen at his school and yet he smoked! I fear I shall earn the extreme displeasure of Jones senior—minor not having started the weed yet—by saying that the cure for his complaint is the rod. If I were a head-master I should never expel a boy for smoking, but I should whack him every time he was reported to me for offending in that

way, and each time I should whack him harder.

A good many boys don't exactly understand why they should not smoke. "It doesn't do us any harm," they say. "We are just as fit as the chaps who don't smoke. Why whack us?" Wait a minute until I have got my surplice on, and I'll tell you. Now for my best pulpit manner.

The reason why it is silly for boys to smoke is because they are forming a habit at an early age which will eventually prove very prejudicial to them. A taste for tobacco will become part of their lives, and they will be firm smokers at an age when other young men are just beginning to "put on a pipe," as the expression is. Surely any reasonable boy ought to be able to see it from that point of view. Then again, though an occasional pipe cannot do very much harm, as we all admit, how many fellows are capable of practising such moderation? It is the formation of an unwise habit which is the main evil, the forming of a habit which tends to narrow the chest just at a time when the chest ought to be given every chance to develop, which stunts the growth when a fellow wants to be shooting up as straight and strong as a young pine, when he wants to get the very best out of his body and brain in order to start the race of life fit and unimpaired. This is why we elders say you oughtn't to smoke. Your smoking doesn't hurt us—it is you we are thinking of. Schoolmasters and stern fathers are not your enemies, engaged in a sort of game of trying to catch you doing something wrong; they are your friends, and want to see you trot off along the road of life fresh and lively. Smoking an occasional cigarette is very good fun and doesn't do a fellow any harm, but the boy who starts regular cigaretting at sixteen is a confirmed smoker at nineteen, and therefore is not brain for brain and muscle for muscle as good a man as a fellow who buys his first pipe when he goes up to the 'Varsity.

You will pardon me, then, for suggesting that for breaking the school commandment "Thou shalt not smoke," six of the very best from a swagger stick, and for the next time nine, and for the next time twelve, is the best remedy. And let the Adairs of the public schools—boarding and day—adopt the measure which that Rugby captain I have told you of adopted. The "Stones" and "Robinsons" must be dropped from the team if Adair sees them smoking.

The cigarette has got to go. The average cheap cigarette smoked by the schoolboy is usually a combination of bad paper and bad tobacco; a good cigarette costs money. If you will smoke, smoke a pipe, as I have already told a correspondent, and if you will smoke a pipe, smoke a good one, with good tobacco in it.

But schoolmasters and Adairs can only exercise a certain amount of authority over would-be smokers, for when you come to think of it, my dear paterfamilias, you are the man who has to say the most urgent yea or nay in the matter. You have got to tell your son that he must not smoke until he is grown up, and that if he disobeys you you will thrash him or stop his pocket-money or do something else that he won't like, but if you are the right sort of father you won't have to utter any threat of this sort, because your boy will be the right sort of boy, and if you put him on his honour not to smoke, he won't smoke, and that will be the end of the matter.

These remarks have been called forth by a correspondent who calls himself "Anti-fag," and tells me he wants to deliver an address to boys on the evils of smoking, and please where can he get hold of some subject-matter in the sermon style? I don't think much good would accrue from the sort of address this well-meaning person would like to give. It is no use shaking a dreadful finger at boys and telling them of the awful things that will happen if they fall victims to the weed. It will probably inspire them with a desire to taste this weed which seems so fascinating, and see what it is like. No, if my friend knows any boy who smokes, I should be obliged if he would place this copy of THE CAPTAIN in his hands, and after directing the boy's attention to my remarks, inform him in a sweetly persuasive tone that our annual subscription is 8*s.* 6*d.*, post-free, if he wants the magazine sharp at breakfast time every 22nd of the month.

A Letter from the Far West.

It is very gratifying to me to receive so many letters from faithful "old boy"

readers. It is a sign that a man is young at heart when, confronted with the stern job of doing a man's work in the world, "sometimes in the teeth of a blizzard" – into which phrase may be read more meaning than one—he can interest himself in the doings and sayings of active, healthy boyhood. Here is a hearty letter from out West, the writer being Mr. O. L. Beater, Millet, Alberta, Canada:

DEAR OLD FAG,—Allow me to compliment you on the ever-increasing success of your most estimable magazine, to which I have been a constant subscriber. From "The King's Red Coat," which if I remember rightly, was the first serial, up to "Green at Greyhouse," the serials have all been excellent, and the short stories second to none. Since my arrival in Canada, about eighteen months ago, THE CAPTAIN has been sent out to me regularly, and is greatly appreciated by the cow-punchers, who think it's "all right, you bet," although the school stories hardly appeal to them. The climate here is beautiful, the life on a ranch glorious and the mosquitoes a fair terror. I came from Ireland when I was nineteen, having just left school and as I am living alone or "backing it," on my ranch I feel the lonesomeness of it very much, and miss football and cricket more than I can say. I have to ride nineteen miles to get my mail, sometimes in the teeth of a blizzard but I think it well worth it if I have a CAPTAIN to read that evening in my shack. Allow me to say in conclusion that Mr. Wodehouse's school stories are the finest I have ever read, and "The Lost Lambs" promises to be no exception.

Doubtless some cheery picture-postcards from CAPTAIN readers will be appreciated by Mr. Beater, and possibly help to beautify the walls of his lonely "shack."

CHAP IN THE CAP. "What's the difference between a haystack and a post office?"
CHAP IN THE HAT. "I'll give it up."
CHAP IN THE CAP. "Do you mean to say you don't know the difference?"
CHAP IN THE HAT. "No, I don't."
CHAP IN THE CAP. "Then it's not much use my giving you this letter to post."

LADY. "What's become of the other clerk who used to be at this window?"
BOOKING CLERK. "Oh, he's in a lunatic asylum."
LADY. "Indeed!"
BOOKING CLERK. "Yes, one day a woman got a ticket and went away without asking any questions."

His Lucky Day. Mr. R. Wright's article in the June number about a strange coincidence (writes D. J. Davies) reminds me of an aunt of mine who had a dread of the month of February. Strange to say, she was born in February and was married in the same month. She always declared that a February never passed without some evil befalling her. One of her children died in that month and some years later, on the anniversary of my cousin's death, she herself died. Personally, I consider Thursday a

lucky day. To begin with, I was born on Thursday. The first exam. I ever went in for began on Thursday. The results were published on Thursday and I passed. About a year later I entered for a music exam. on a Thursday. I got 93 per cent. Many small things such as boating expeditions, picnics, or anything in that way, when they take place on Thursday, invariably go off well, with splendid weather. Again, I constantly find things on Thursday. I do not know if many have, like me, a lucky day, but next month's CAPTAIN will, I am sure, bring to light similar [illegible]

C. G. DICKSON AND E. L. FARLEY, OF BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, WINNERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' GYMNASTIC COMPETITION, 1908.

C. G. Dickson (on the left) scored 102 marks, and won the cup for first individual place; E. L. Farley scored 89 marks. Standing behind the trophies is Sergeant Leigh Gymnastic Instructor at Blundell's

Photo. Mudford

School Sports Results. The following have come to hand since last month:

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.

Mile.—R. A. Rendall, 4 min. 56 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—R. A. Rendall [illegible]
100 Yards.—M. C. Morgan, 11¼ sec.
Hurdles.—O. G. B. Philby, 19⅖ sec.
High Jump.—G. S. Carstairs, 4 ft. 9½ in.
Long Jump.—A. S. Boston and C. J. Hamilton, 17 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—C. W. Gibbon, 88 yd. 2 ft. 3 in.
Weight.—H. P. Rowe, 30 ft. 3½ in.

DOVER COLLEGE.

Mile.—V. Watson, 5 min. 11 sec.
Half-Mile.—V. B. Yearsley, 2 min. 14⅘ sec.
Quarter Mile.—L. L. Mills, 60⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—L. L. Mills, 11⅕ sec.
Hurdles.—L. L. Mills, 19 sec.
Long Jump.—L. L. Mills, 18 ft. 5 in.
High Jump.—L. L. Mills, 5 ft. 1 in.
Weight.—L. L. Mills, 26 ft. 10 in.

KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL.

Mile.—E. J. Dickson, 5 min. 10⅗ sec.
Half-Mile.—E. J. Dickson, 2 min. 16 sec.
Quarter Mile.—W. H. Kitching, 54⅗ sec.*
100 Yards.—W. H. Kitching, 10⅘ sec.
Hurdles.—W. D. Johnstone, 18⅘ sec.
High Jump.—W. D. Johnstone, 5 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump.—W. D. Johnstone, 19 ft. 2 in.
Cricket Ball.—W. D. Johnstone, 85 yd. 7 in.
Weight.—N. H. Linzee, 26 ft. 9½ in.

KINGSTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—Nicholas, 5 min. 24⅗ sec.
Half-Mile.—Matthews, 2 min. 16⅗ sec.
Quarter Mile.—Oldridge, 56⅗ sec.
[illegible]
Cricket Ball.—Brown, 83 yd. 1 ft.

LAXTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—E. C. Martin, 5 min. 48 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—S. V. George, 60⅗ sec.
100 Yards.—S. V. George, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—S. V. George, 18⅕ sec.
High Jump.—S. V. George, 4 ft. 9½ in.
Long Jump.—S. V. George, 19 ft. 10½ in.*
Cricket Ball.—S. V. George, 96 yd. 1 ft.

LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—G. N. Stockdale and G. Smith, 5 min. 17½ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—G. N. Stockdale, 61⅘ sec.
100 Yards.—G. H. Bateman, 11⅗ sec.
Hurdles.—A. J. H. Hobson, 17⅗ sec.
High Jump.—H. G. Ludolf, 4 ft. 7½ in.
Cricket Ball.—C. R. S. Richardson, 80 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.

LEIGHTON PARK SCHOOL, READING.

Mile.—R. Smee, 4 min. 48 sec.
Half-Mile.—R. Smee, 2 min. 13 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—R. Smee, 57 sec.
100 Yards.—E. W. Lennard, 10 sec.
Hurdles.—E. W. Lennard, 20 sec.
High Jump.—K. H. Brooks, 4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.—E. W. Lennard, 18 ft. 7 in.
Cricket Ball.—K. H. Brooks, 88 yd. 9 in.
Weight.—B. Jeffreys, 28 ft. 6 in.

NOTTINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—A. Willatt, 5 min. 20⅕ sec.
Half-Mile.—H. H. Hooton, 2 min. 18 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—H. H. Hooton, 1 min.
100 Yards.—D. Smith, 11⅓ sec.
High Jump.—R. W. D. Preston, 4 ft. 7 in.
Long Jump.—R. W. D. Preston, 16 ft. 9½ in.
Cricket Ball.—W. W. Hemsley, 90½ yd.

* School Record.

St. Olave's School, Southwark.

Mile.—E F Holyoak, 5 min. 35 sec.
Half Mile [illegible] sec
Quarter Mile [illegible]
[illegible] *
High Jump [illegible] Jackson, 4 ft [illegible]
[illegible] G Ward, 17 ft 10 in.
[illegible] M J. T. Wallis 72 yd. 8 in.

Scorton Grammar School.

Mile.—F W Nino, 5 min. 15 sec.
Quarter Mile W. H. Armstrong, 59 sec
100 Yards.—W. H Armstrong, 11 sec.
[illegible] *
Cricket Ball —F. W. Nino, 76 yd.

St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint

Mile [illegible] N Blackall, 5 min 8 sec
[illegible] W W Dennis, 2 min [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] —Van Buuren, 11
Hurdles —W. H. A Pratt, 20 sec.
High Jump —W H. A. Pratt, 4 ft 11½ in
Long [illegible]
Cric[illegible]

Tonbridge School.

Mile —R. E. Prentis, 5 min. 1
Half-Mile —A G Saunders 2 min
Quarter-Mile A G Saunders, [illegible]
[illegible] Saunders, 11[illegible]
[illegible] R Wood 18[illegible] sec
High Jump J. Liebenrood, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump. —S E. G. Lees, 18 ft [illegible]
Cricket Ball.—F E. Bourdillon [illegible]
Weight.—B. R. Wood, 26 ft 5 in.

Wellingborough Grammar School.

Mile H H Ryland, 5 min 3 sec *
[illegible] Mile —H H Ryland, 2 min 19½ sec
[illegible] Mile —K G Symons, 58[illegible]
[illegible]
Hurdles [illegible]
High Jump —K. G. Symons
Long Jump —A J. Wright, 20 ft 4 in
Cricket Ball.—K. G Symons, 100 yd. 1 ft 3 in.

Lodge School, Barbados, B.W I

Quarter-Mile.—J. E. Phillips, 59 se
High Jump.—C. V. Turpin, 5 ft 4½ in
Long Jump.—C. V. Turpin, 18 ft 4 in
Cricket Ball —C V Turpin 113 yd 2 ft
Weight.—C. V. Turpin, 35 ft.

Wanganui Collegiate School, New Zealand.

Mile.—B. H. Morison, 4 min 45⅝ sec *
Half-Mile —B. H. Morison, 2 min. 5[illegible]
Quarter-Mile.—B. H. Morison, 54[illegible]
100 Yards.—L. C. Archer, 11¾ sec.
Hurdles.—A. F. Bignell, 19⅝ sec
High Jump. —A. F. Bignell, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump. —W. J. Sim, 18 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball. —E E. H Gilbertson, 98 yd
Weight. —E. E. H. Gilbertson 29 ft. 9 in

Rhymes for "Captain." [illegible] to help me out with a few rhymes, C. J. M. sends the following:

So intent was a surveying Captain
On getting his plans nicely mapped in,
That, the foe coming back,
A complete *cul de sac*
He found himself hopelessly trapped in.

Yes, these are all right in a way, but neither these, nor the one I quoted in June, "wrapped in," are true rhymes. "Captain" ought to be spelt "Captin" to rhyme truly with them. Have any readers rhymes for Cap*tain?* If so, please unloose them.

"The Fight of the Four Ships." Dear Old Fag,—I write to acknowledge the receipt of a presentation volume of The Captain, for which I am very grateful. I may say I was very surprised and not a little amused at the result of the competition. Firstly, I didn't know that the competition was on, and secondly, it would never have entered my head that the only story I ever wrote in my life would be likely to hit the popular taste. One thing, however, that pleases me very much is that evidently the British schoolboy is still keen on the Navy, from which many of his elders might with advantage take example.

Yours gratefully
Cecil Edmunds

"The Ambush."—Dear Sir,—Referring to Mr. A. H. G. Chatterton's criticism of my story "The Ambush," published in your March number, I wish to state that the original manuscript, a copy of which is beside me, contains "twelve-pounder," not "twelve-inch," gun. As I sent the manuscript home, where it was typed and forwarded to you, the error may have occurred in the typing. I may state that I have seen over nine years' service in the Royal Garrison Artillery, and superintended, as a subaltern, the mounting of the first 12-in. guns in Horse Land Fort, Spithead (these

SON: "And are these the zebras?"
FATHER: "Yes, these are the zebras."
SON: "And would they kick you?"
FATHER: "Oh, yes, they'd kick you."
SON: "And would they kill you as well as kick you?"
FATHER: "Oh, yes, they'd kill you as well as [illegible] Aunt Jemima to go inside the cage and stroke them."
Drawn by E. Clark

were the old 43 ton). I also served all through the Boer War, in the siege of Kimberley and in Warwick's and Dennison's Scouts, so am scarcely likely to have made such a dreadful blunder. I am aware it was printed as "twelve-inch" in the magazine, and I was as much astonished as Mr. Chatterton, and more than a little amused.

Yours faithfully, F. N. FRIEND
(Johannesburg).

How a Man became his own Grandfather.—I think (writes J. W. Cox) the following state of affairs is even more "mixed" than the marriage spoken of by "Scottie" in the May CAPTAIN. Mr. Smith married a young widow who lived with her step-daughter; his father shortly after married the step-daughter. His wife was therefore the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law of his father. He is the step-father of his mother-in-law, and his wife's step-daughter is his step-mother. Well, his step-mother—that is to say, his father's wife, or his wife's daughter—had a son. He is his stepbrother, of course; but being the son of his wife's stepdaughter, his wife is his grandmother, and Mr. Smith is his grandfather as well as his stepbrother. His (Mr. Smith's) wife also had a son. Mr. Smith's stepmother is consequently the stepsister of his boy and also the boy's grandmother, because he is the child of her stepson (Mr. Smith), and Mr. Smith's father is the brother-in-law of Mr. Smith's son, who is the son of Mr. Smith's stepmother. Mr. Smith is his own mother's brother-in-law, his wife is aunt of her own son, his son is the grandson of his own father, and *Mr. Smith is his own grandfather.*

Life-Saving.—The Royal Life-Saving Society have sent us a communication regarding the new method of resuscitation. It appears that the Society has now abandoned all the old ideas on the subject and adopted a system devised by Professor E. A. Schafer, F.R.S., of Edinburgh University. This method is simple and effective, and quite revolutionises the practice formerly deemed to be the best. When using this method the patient is laid face downwards, and natural breathing is encouraged by gentle and regular pressure on the lower ribs at the rate of about fifteen times per minute. The action is fully described in the Society's new Handbook, which also explains how the system can be taught to hundreds at a time. Among other new features are new methods of rescue suitable for side-stroke swimming, and instruction on back swimming, over arm and the new crawl stroke, also all the conditions of examinations for the various awards of the Society, nearly 40,000 of which have already been granted. The book can be obtained, price 1s., from the Chief Secretary, Royal Life Saving Society, 8 Bayley Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Bungo.—You will find exactly what you want in this number. I don't think a girl need bother herself about strict training for tennis. Of course, if you wish to be in the pink of condition, you should avoid too much pastry and "sweets," but girls, like boys, are mostly always in training.

"Sweets" are really most harmful, as they injure th[illegible] A moderate amount of chocolate is good, being [illegible] build up strength on. As regards your question about lettuce, I remember being told that Miss Pinckney, the famous player, when engaged in a tournament, makes her lunch simply off lettuce and bread and butter. I always find a chop the best thing to work or play on.

An Absurd Problem.—A. D. G has driven three masters to distraction with his particular version of the irresistible force coming in contact with an immovable body, instancing as the irresistible force a ball of gas, and the immovable body a post on a plain. If the gas touches the post, he asks, is it being resisted? All I can say is that the original problem is ridiculous, and A. D. G.'s poser still more so. If a force is irresistible, it cannot come in contact with an *immovable* body, for if it is irresistible, the body cannot be immovable. One must go—and, the weather being very hot, we will let it rest at that and have a lime-juice and soda.

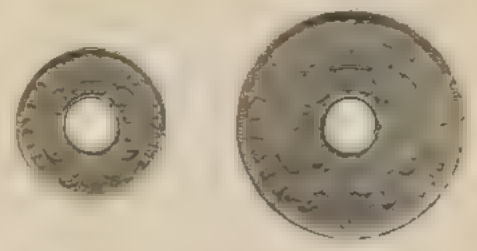
"Walking on" the Sea.—M. E. K., who recently assisted in taking a number of poor London children to the seaside for a day, and to whom, by way of helping with expenses, I sent half a guinea from the Old Fag's Fund, writes: "The contributors to your Fund would feel amply rewarded if they could see the delight and pleasure they give to those less fortunate than themselves. I thank them very much. You may be interested to hear that some of the children who had never seen the sea before, were amazed by it and could hardly understand why it was impossible to cross it by train, not being able to comprehend its size. Some also thought they were walking on it when they were paddling."

LARKINS MINIMUS. "I say, Mister, why are the tails of [illegible]"

OLD FAG. "Get down, you brute, get down!—er, I don't know, young gentleman."

LARKINS MINIMUS. "Because they're simply ripping!"

The Heroine's Nose.—"Complimentary One" says that in books the heroine has, as a rule, eyes like stars, ears like shells, lips like cherries, teeth like pearls, hair like silk, but—seldom is mention made of her nose. Why? Well, because the nose does not lend itself to simile. Lips *are* often like cherries and teeth like pearls, but what is a nose like? Can it be compared to a fern, or a geranium, or a piece of glittering seaweed? No, writers have racked their brains in vain for nice things to say about noses, and so that is why, "Complimentary One," novelists either favour the heroine's nose with but a passing remark, or find it convenient to forget altogether that she has one!



TWO OF THE NEW COINS USED IN S. NIGERIA.

W. Tolley, writing from Calabar, S. Nigeria, West Africa, says: "I am enclosing two of the new coins that are now in use here. Before these came in the natives used brass rods and wires for trading. These have now been called in."—The coins enclosed are the "one penny" and the "one-tenth of a penny." Each has a hole through the centre for the reason, I believe, that the bankers out there keep the coins on skewers.

Employment in Canada.—In our June number J. Richards wrote of the difficulty of obtaining employment in Canada. A correspondent's brother sends home quite a different account. "If a fellow," he says, "looks for work and doesn't expect work to come to him, he can always keep himself in Canada." The writer, before taking up a "Government grant," was, I am told, by turns farm-hand, house painter, carpenter, chemist's errand boy, showman to swing boats at a fair, and assistant cook in a lumber camp! The idea of an errand-boy of 6 ft. 3 in., and big in proportion, has made even Bask smile.

"England XI." v. "Mr A O Jones' XI."—Several correspondents have written pointing out that the eleven chosen by our readers did not contain enough bowlers. The explanation is that our competitors began their lists with popular batsmen, and thus it came about that the batsmen scored far more votes than the bowlers. As I hear that there *is* to be a match between an England XI. and Mr Jones' XI., it will be interesting to compare the England side with that chosen by our readers.

"Impala."—We do not receive so many entries from the colonies that we feel that colonists ought to have special competitions all to themselves, and so I cannot alter the present arrangements. I am glad to hear you find Mr. Williams' "Cycling Corner"

so useful. As you live fifty miles from the nearest repairing shop, this is just as well

Mixed Hockey.—Miss Muriel Snow, Hon. Sec., Woldingham Hill Hockey Club, Beechcroft, Woldingham Surrey, would like to hear from Captainites in the neighbourhood who can arrange fixtures with her club which finds it difficult to fill its card Woldingham is about twenty minutes by train from Croydon.

A H.—The only way to get on the ground staff of a first-class cricket county is to apply for trial, and when on trial to be successful—*i.e.*, among the chosen. The wages vary from £1 to 25*s*., and in some cases, 30*s*. a week, for the first year up to £2 or £3 per week after many years' service, according to the wealth of the county.

Public School Boy—It would be a thankless job indeed for me to try and pick out the fifteen greatest public schools for you. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Charterhouse, Westminster, St. Paul's and Merchant Taylors' are, I believe, known as the "eight" great public schools—to some extent on account of their ancient foundation

W E Mottram.—If a man plays three incompleted innings his average is of course so many runs "not out."

"Hear All Sides."—Lack of space compels us to hold over a number of interesting letters until next month.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: J. H. Martin, "Captainite" (Wanganui), D. C. Hoon, J. L. P. Court, P. Barrow, C. Atkinson, N. Alleyne, Hugh Martin, C. Nichols, B. Duggan, K. S., A. C. R., D. Castello, L. D. Pritchard.

THE OLD FAG

Results of June Competitions

No. I.—"Hidden Books."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF W BUTCHER AND SONS' HAND CAMERA: Walter S Leeming, 47 Hazelbank Road, Catford, S E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas W Owen, 255 Marshall's Cross Road, St Helens, Lancs; Albert C Frances, 51 Doddington Grove, Kennington Park, S E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. P Prescott, G F Kelly, R C. C Foden, P Redford, P Sidney Joscln, F. G Robinson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Charles S Dawney, 13 Wavertree Road, Streatham Hill, S W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. S Philips, 68 Truro Road, Wood Green, N.; Arthur Russell, 69 Conduit Street, Gloucester

HONOURABLE MENTION: G Yeoman, Frank Mills, Norman C Walker, E. C. A. Taglis, R M Young, J T Melville, James Lindsay, J W Matthews, John C. Hobson, Archie Smith, Richard Pocock, [illegible] G M A. Humble, C W Miller

No II.—"Dress Reform."

CLASS I. (No award.)

CLASS II (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNERS OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF JOHN P[illegible] LTD: Arthur Balfour, 1 Khedive Road, Forest Gate, E. [illegible] Price, Bushey View, Hampton Wick

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald F Stoneham, Kathleen Buchanan, Phyllis Turner, H Wilson

No. III.—"Open Letters to Cricket Captains."

No age limit

WINNER OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF H GRADIDGE AND SONS: C. H Lefebure, 25 Belitha Villas, Barnsbury, N

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W Hucker, P D. Mackie, W E. Raistrick, G B. Hindmarsh, Walter Ashley, S F. Grayer, Harold Lamb

HONOURABLE MENTION: G E Hughes, W Neilson, W. H Giltman, George Toulmin, J T Helson.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF HOUGHTON'S "TICKA" CAMERA: R Maurice Williams, 40 Ampthill Road, Aigburth, Liverpool

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Philip Rabone, 35 Avenue Road, Highgate, N

HONOURABLE MENTION: W W. Meikle, Alfred Palethorpe, Lesley Smith, Marjory Wight, Henry J Mein, E Bryden, A Terry Davis, Mabel Walker, William A Ramsay, C A. Harris, B Hewlett, F C Warburton, M. Anderson

CLASS II (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: John H Begg, Jnr., 15 Albyn Terrace, Aberdeen

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Landt Mawson, 10 Ravensworth Terrace, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Spencer Silver, C. S Penn, L. J Lloyd, C H Manley, W B Jepson, H L. Twist, G Galstaun, Stephen Fry, Clare Melhuish, Ernest May, A. King, Robert M'Caig, P. Symons

No. V.—"Pictorial Competition."

No age limit.

TEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: B Belton, 70 Clough Street, Masborough, Rotherham; and E Clark, Angelsey Abbey, Cambridge

HONOURABLE MENTION: A Johnson, P W Halliday, Douglas N West, Thomas E Simon, Will Inglis, R D Smith, Arthur Balfour, C. Underhill, J M Keltie

No VI.—"Public School Notes."

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: [illegible]

HONOURABLE MENTION: [illegible] cordia," "Camper-out," [illegible] "N. C. O.," "[illegible]," [illegible] "Alacer," "Cryptian," [illegible]

Foreign and Colonial Readers (April).

WINNERS OF 5*s*.: (I.) Roy Sachs, P.O. Box 1727, Denver, Colorado, U S.A.; (III.) M. F. Kulatilaka, St. Anthony's College, Kandy, Ceylon

HONOURABLE MENTION: Geoffrey Smellie (Demerara), H. S Burn (Queensland), Edgar Reynolds (Canada), Maurice W Rosenthal (Transvaal), R D. Molyneux (New South Wales), A. C Cross [illegible] A. W. Rainer (Demerara), Frank A. [illegible] Henry (Canada), S. R. Robertson (Buenos Aires), H. Goodbrand (Natal), J. A. W Perera (Ceylon), O Denniston (Jamaica), Abe Coby (Transvaal), G. G. Renwick (Grenada)

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer, a volume of one of our magazines, or one of the following books "Green at Greyhouse," "Cox's Cough-Drops," "The Rising of the Red Man," "The Gold Bat," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "The Head of Kay's," "The White Feather," "The Duffer," "The Life Adventurous" (John Mackie).

Comments on the June Competitions.

No. I. The correct solutions are as follows: (1) *The Poacher* (Marryat), (2) *The Isle of Unrest* (Merriman), (3) *The Moonstone* (Collins), (4) *The King's Own* (Marryat), (5) *Handy Andy* (Lover), (6) *From Powder Monkey to Admiral* (Kingston), (7) *The Deerslayer* (Cooper), (8) *Martin Rattler* (Ballantyne), (9) *Dead Man's Rock* [illegible] (Haggard), (12) *The Vanished Diamond* (Verne). The prize-winners in Classes I. and II. had eleven and ten right respectively.

No II.—While our older readers had no ideas to offer in the matter of "Dress Reform," the suggestions of our younger competitors were not particularly novel

No III.—The letters evidenced a close following of their counties' performances on the part of the writers, who are to be complimented on their outspokenness. We publish a selection of them

No IV.—The fine weather called forth a larger number of entries Competitors should remember that judicious trimming and mounting greatly enhance the pictorial value of a print

No V. Many competitors still fail to observe our condition with reference to the originality of the "jokes" they illustrate.

No VI.—This competition continues to increase in popularity We hope in time to have a correspondent in most schools. We would ask note-writers to avoid the parish magazine style. Notes should be brief and snappy, and the subject-matter as novel as possible.

[illegible] particulars of [illegible] for their benefit

OLD DAME: "What were you doing up Farmer Giles fields?"

BOY: "A-takin' fortygraphs."

OLD DAME: "Then just you put them back at once you naughty boy."

WHAT CRIED THE HEADMASTER

A SEQUEL TO "JACKSON" JUNIOR".

THE LOST LAMBS

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY

BY P.G.WODEHOUSE.

SYNOPSIS

After the Easter holidays Mike Jackson has every reason to suppose that he will be made Captain of cricket at Wrykyn School but much to his distress on account of a succession of bad reports, his father removes him to a public school of a much smaller type named Sedleigh. On the first day of term he gets to Sedleigh rather early, and falls in with a whimsical fellow calling himself "Psmith" who has been withdrawn from Eton for a similar reason They feel like "lost lambs" in this strange new place, and resenting their removal to Sedleigh from the first adopt a defiant and independent attitude. Mike, for instance, tells Adair the Sedleigh cricket captain, that he doesn't play cricket and, moreover doesn't want to. His antecedents however, become known to a few of the seniors in his house, who, keeping the secret prevail upon him to play for the House v Downing's on mid term day. Mike makes 103. Adair then asks him to play for the school in its next match but Mike coldly declines. Jackson breaks out of the school one night to oblige a friend and on his return is nearly caught by Mr Downing. The latter's dog is painted red that night and Mr. Downing, who suspects Mike of having been the boy he saw out so late, endeavours to bring home this outrage to him, but is baffled by Psmith, who hides one of Mike's boots which has a smear of red paint on it Nevertheless, Mr Downing is determined to bring the offender to justice, and his suspicions as to Mike are strengthened by the fact that Mike goes to school in "pumps," explaining that he has lost one of his boots. Adair, meanwhile, irritated by the independent attitude Mike has adopted, tackles him one day and insists on his playing for the school As a fight between the two appears imminent Psmith blandly objects to their "scrapping" in his study and suggests an adjournment to the open air

CHAPTER XXVI

CLEARING THE AIR

PSMITH was one of those people who lend a dignity to everything they touch Under his auspices the most unpromising ventures became somehow enveloped in an atmosphere of measured stateliness. On the present occasion, what would have been without his guiding hand, a mere unscientific scramble, took on something of the impressive formality of the National Sporting Club.

"The rounds," he said, producing a watch as they passed through a gate into a field a couple of hundred yards from the house gate "will be of three minutes' duration, with a minute rest in between. A man who is down will have ten seconds in which to rise. Are you ready, Comrades Adair and Jackson? Very well then Time"

After which, it was a pity that the actual fight did not quite live up to its referee's introduction Dramatically, there should have been cautious sparring for openings and a number of tensely contested rounds, as if it had been the final of a boxing competition But school fights, when they do occur -which is only once in a decade nowadays, unless you count junior school scuffles—are the outcome of weeks of suppressed bad blood, and are consequently brief and furious. In a boxing competition, however much one may want to win, one does not dislike one's opponent. Up to the moment when "time" was called, one was probably warmly attached to him, and at the end of the last round one expects to resume that attitude of mind. In a fight each party as a rule, hates the other

So it happened that there was nothing formal or cautious about the present battle. All Adair wanted was to get at Mike, and all Mike wanted was to get at Adair. Directly Psmith called "time," they rushed together as if they meant to end the thing in half a minute.

It was this that saved Mike. In an ordinary contest with the gloves, with his opponent cool and boxing in his true form, he could not have lasted three rounds against Adair. The latter was a clever boxer, while Mike had never had a lesson in his life. If Adair had kept away and used his head, nothing could have prevented him winning.

As it was, however, he threw away his advantages much as Tom Brown did at the beginning of his fight with Slogger Williams, and the result was the same as on that historic occasion. Mike had the greater strength; and, thirty seconds from the start, knocked his man clean off his feet with an unscientific but powerful right-hander.

This finished Adair's chances. He rose full of fight, but with all the science knocked out of him. He went in at Mike with both hands. The Irish blood in him, which for the ordinary events of life made him merely energetic and dashing, now rendered him reckless. He abandoned all attempt at guarding. It was the Frontal Attack in its most futile form, and as unsuccessful as a frontal attack is apt to be. There was a swift exchange of blows, in the course of which Mike's left elbow, coming into contact with his opponent's right fist, got a shock which kept it tingling for the rest of the day; and then Adair went down in a heap.

He got up slowly and with difficulty. For a moment he stood blinking vaguely. Then he lurched forward at Mike.

In the excitement of a fight—which is, after all, about the most exciting thing that ever happens to one in the course of one's life it is difficult for the fighters to see what the spectators see. Where the spectators see an assault on an already beaten man, the fighter himself only sees a legitimate piece of self-defence against an opponent whose chances are equal to his own. Psmith saw, as anybody looking on would have seen, that Adair was done. Mike's blow had taken him within a fraction of an inch of the point of the jaw, and he was all but knocked out. Mike could not see this. All he understood was that his man was on his feet again and coming at him, so he hit out with all his strength; and this time Adair went down and stayed down

"Brief," said Psmith, coming forward, "but exciting. We may take that, I think, to be the conclusion of the entertainment. I will now have a dash at picking up the slain. I shouldn't stop, if I were you. He'll be sitting up and taking notice soon, and if he sees you he may want to go on with the combat, which would do him no earthly good. If it's going to be continued in our next, there had better be a bit of an interval for alterations and repairs first."

"Is he hurt much, do you think?" asked Mike. He had seen knock-outs before in the ring, but this was the first time he had ever effected one on his own account, and Adair looked unpleasantly corpse-like.

"*He's* all right," said Psmith. "In a minute or two he'll be skipping about like a little lambkin. I'll look after him. You go away and pick flowers."

Mike put on his coat and walked back to the house. He was conscious of a perplexing whirl of new and strange emotions, chief among which was a curious feeling that he rather liked Adair. He found himself thinking that Adair was a good chap, that there was something to be said for his point of view, and that it was a pity he had knocked him about so much. At the same time, he felt an undeniable thrill of pride at having beaten him. The feat presented that interesting person, Mike Jackson, to him in a fresh and pleasing light, as one who had had a tough job to face and had carried it through. Jackson, the cricketer, he knew, but Jackson, the deliverer of knock-out blows, was strange to him, and he found this new acquaintance a man to be respected.

The fight, in fact, had the result which most fights have, if they are fought fairly and until one side has had enough. It revolutionised Mike's view of things. It shook him up, and drained the bad blood out of him. Where, before, he had seemed to himself to be acting with massive dignity, he now saw that he had simply been sulking like some wretched kid. There had appeared to him something rather fine in his policy of refusing to identify himself in any way with Sedleigh, a touch of the stone-walls-do-not-a-prison-make sort of thing. He now saw that his attitude was to be summed up in the words, "Shan't play."

It came upon Mike with painful clearness that he had been making an ass of himself

He had come to this conclusion, after much earnest thought, when Psmith entered the study.

"How's Adair?" asked Mike.

"Sitting up and taking nourishment once more. We have been chatting. He's not a bad cove."

"He's all right," said Mike.

There was a pause. Psmith straightened his tie

"Look here," he said, "I seldom interfere in terrestrial strife, but it seems to me that there's an opening here for a capable peace-maker, not afraid of work, and willing to give his services in exchange for comfortable home. Comrade Adair's rather a stoutish fellow in his way. I'm not much on the 'Play up for the old school, Jones,' game, but every one to his taste. I shouldn't have thought anybody would get overwhelmingly attached to this abode of wrath, but Comrade Adair seems to have done it. He's all for giving Sedleigh a much-needed boost-up. It's not a bad idea in its way I don't see why one shouldn't humour him. Apparently he's been sweating since early childhood to buck the school up. And as he's leaving at the end of the term, it mightn't be a scaly scheme to give him a bit of a send-off, if possible, by making the cricket season a bit of a banger. As a start, why not drop him a line to say that you'll play against the M.C.C. to-morrow?"

Mike did not reply at once. He was feeling better-disposed towards Adair and Sedleigh than he had felt, but he was not sure that he was quite prepared to go as far as a complete climb-down

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," continued Psmith. "There's nothing like giving a man a bit in every now and then. It broadens the soul and improves the action of the skin. What seems to have fed up Comrade Adair to a certain extent is that Stone apparently led him to understand that you had offered to give him and Robinson places in your village team. You didn't, of course?"

"Of course not," said Mike indignantly.

"I told him he didn't know the old *noblesse oblige* spirit of the Jacksons. I said that you would scorn to tarnish the Jackson escutcheon by not playing the game. My eloquence convinced him. However, to return to the point under discussion, why not?"

"I don't—— What I mean to say ——" began Mike.

"If your trouble is," said Psmith, "that you fear that you may be in unworthy company——"

"Don't be an ass."

"—Dismiss it. *I* am playing."

Mike stared

"You're *what? You?*"

"I," said Psmith, breathing on a coat-button, and polishing it with his handkerchief.

"Can you play cricket?"

"You have discovered," said Psmith, "my secret sorrow."

"You're rotting"

"You wrong me, Comrade Jackson."

"Then why haven't you played?"

"Why haven't you?"

"Why didn't you come and play for Lower Borlock, I mean?"

"The last time I played in a village cricket match I was caught at point by a man in braces. It would have been madness to risk another such shock to my system. My nerves are so exquisitely balanced that a thing of that sort takes years off my life"

"No, but look here, Smith, bar rotting. Are you really any good at cricket?"

"Competent judges at Eton gave me to understand so. I was told that this year I should be a certainty for Lord's. But when the cricket season came, where was I? Gone. Gone like some beautiful flower that withers in the night."

"But you told me you didn't like cricket. You said you only liked watching it."

"Quite right. I do. But at schools where cricket is compulsory you have to overcome your private prejudices. And in time the thing becomes a habit. Imagine my feelings when I found that I was degenerating, little by little, into a slow left-hand bowler with a swerve. I fought against it, but it was useless, and after a while I gave up the struggle, and drifted with the stream. Last year, in a house match"—Psmith's voice took on a deeper tone of melancholy -"I took seven for thirteen in the second innings on a hard wicket. I did think when I came here that I had found a haven of rest, but it was not to be. I turn out to-morrow. What Comrade Outwood will say, when he finds that his keenest archæological disciple has deserted, I hate to think. However——"

Mike felt as if a young and powerful earthquake had passed. The whole face of his world had undergone a quick change. Here was he, the recalcitrant, wavering on the point of playing for the school, and here was Psmith, the last person whom he would have expected to be a player, stating calmly that he had been in the running for a place in the Eton eleven

Then in a flash Mike understood. He was not by nature intuitive, but he read Psmith's mind now. Since the term began, he and Psmith had been acting on precisely similar motives. Just as he had been disappointed of the captaincy of cricket at Wrykyn, so had Psmith been disappointed of his place in the

Eton team at Lord's. And they had both worked it off, each in his own way—Mike sullenly, Psmith whimsically, according to their respective natures—on Sedleigh.

If Psmith, therefore, did not consider it too much of a climb-down to renounce his resolution not to play for Sedleigh, there was nothing to stop Mike doing so, as—at the bottom of his heart—he wanted to do

"By Jove" he said, "if you're playing, I'll play. I'll write a note to Adair now. But, I say——" he stopped—"I'm hanged if I'm going to turn out and field before breakfast to-morrow."

"That's all right. You won't have to. Adair won't be there himself. He's not playing against the M.C.C. He's sprained his wrist"

CHAPTER XXVII

IN WHICH PEACE IS DECLARED.

"SPRAINED his wrist?" said Mike. "How did he do that?"

"During the brawl. Apparently one of his efforts got home on your elbow instead of your expressive countenance, and whether it was that your elbow was particularly tough or his wrist particularly fragile, I don't know. Anyhow, it went. It's nothing bad, but it'll keep him out of the game to-morrow"

"I say, what beastly rough luck! I'd no idea. I'll go round"

"Not a bad scheme Close the door gently after you, and if you see anybody downstairs who looks as if he were likely to be going over to the shop, ask him to get me a small pot of some rare old jam and tell the man to chalk it up to me. The jam Comrade Outwood supplies to us at tea is all right as a practical joke or as a food for those anxious to commit suicide, but useless to anybody who values life."

On arriving at Downing's and going to Adair's study, Mike found that his late antagonist was out. He left a note informing him of his willingness to play in the morrow's match. The lock-up bell rang as he went out of the house

A spot of rain fell on his hand. A moment later there was a continuous pàtter, as the storm, which had been gathering all day, broke in earnest. Mike turned up his coat-collar, and ran back to Outwood's. "At this rate," he said to himself, "there won't be a match at all to-morrow."

When the weather decides, after behaving well for some weeks, to show what it can do in another direction, it does the thing thoroughly. When Mike woke the next morning the world was grey and dripping. Leaden-coloured clouds drifted over the sky, till there was not a trace of blue to be seen, and then the rain began again, in the gentle, determined way rain has when it means to make a day of it.

It was one of those bad days when one sits in the pavilion, damp and depressed, while figures in mackintoshes, with discoloured buckskin boots, crawl miserably about the field in couples.

Mike, shuffling across to school in a Burberry, met Adair at Downing's gate.

These moments are always difficult. Mike stopped—he could hardly walk on as if nothing had happened—and looked down at his feet.

"Coming across?" he said awkwardly.

"Right ho," said Adair.

They walked on in silence.

"It's only about ten to, isn't it?" said Mike

Adair fished out his watch, and examined it with an elaborate care born of nervousness.

"About nine to."

"Good. We've got plenty of time."

"Yes."

"I hate having to hurry over to school."

"So do I."

"I often do cut it rather fine, though."

"Yes. So do I."

"Beastly nuisance when one does."

"Beastly."

"It's only about a couple of minutes from the houses to the school, I should think, shouldn't you?"

"Not much more. Might be three."

"Yes. Three if one didn't hurry."

"Oh, yes, if one didn't hurry."

Another silence

"Beastly day," said Adair.

"Rotten"

Silence again.

"I say," said Mike, scowling at his toes, awfully sorry about your wrist."

"Oh, that's all right. It was my fault."

"Does it hurt?"

"Oh, no, rather not, thanks."

"I'd no idea you'd crocked yourself."

"Oh, no, that's all right. It was only right at the end. You'd have smashed me anyhow."

"Oh, rot."

"I bet you anything you like you would."

"I bet you I shouldn't. . . . Jolly hard luck, just before the match."

"Oh, no. . . . I say, thanks awfully for saying you'd play."

"Oh, rot Do you think we shall get a game?"

Adair inspected the sky carefully.

"I don't know. It looks pretty bad, doesn't it?"

"Rotten. I say, how long will your wrist keep you out of cricket?"

"Be all right in a week Less, probably."

"Good."

"Now that you and Smith are going to play, we ought to have a jolly good season"

"Rummy, Smith turning out to be a cricketer"

"Yes. I should think he'd be a hot bowler, with his height."

"He must be jolly good if he was only just out of the Eton team last year

'Yes'

"What's the time?" asked Mike

Adair produced his watch once more

"Five to"

"We've heaps of time

"Yes, heaps."

"Let's stroll on a bit down the road shall we?"

"Right ho."

Mike cleared his throat

"I [illegible]"

"Hullo?"

"I've been talking to Smith. He was telling me that you thought I'd promised to give Stone and Robinson places in the——"

"Oh, no, that's all right It was only for a bit. Smith told me you couldn't have done, and I saw that I was an ass to think you could have. It was Stone seeming so dead certain that he could play for Lower Borlock if I chucked him from the school team that gave me the idea

"He never even asked me to get him a place."

"No, I know."

"Of course, I wouldn't have done it, even if he had."

"Of course not."

'I didn't want to play myself, but I wasn't going to do a rotten trick like getting other fellows away from the team'

"No, I know"

'BEASTLY DAY," SAID ADAIR

"It was rotten enough, really not playing myself.'

Oh, no. Beastly rough luck having to leave Wrykyn just when you were going to

be captain, and come to a small school like this."

The excitement of the past few days must have had a stimulating effect on Mike's mind—shaken it up, as it were: for now, for the second time in two days, he displayed quite a creditable amount of intuition. He might have been misled by Adair's apparently deprecatory attitude towards Sedleigh, and blundered into a denunciation of the place. Adair had said "a small school like this" in the sort of voice which might have led his hearer to think that he was expected to say, "Yes, rotten little hole, isn't it?" or words to that effect. Mike, fortunately, perceived that the words were used purely from politeness, on the Chinese principle. When a Chinaman wishes to pay a compliment, he does so by belittling himself and his belongings.

He eluded the pitfall

"What rot!" he said. "Sedleigh's one of the most sporting schools I've ever come across Everybody's as keen as blazes. So they ought to be, after the way you've sweated."

Adair shuffled awkwardly.

"I've always been fairly keen on the place," he said. "But I don't suppose I've done anything much."

"You've loosened one of my front teeth," said Mike, with a grin, "if that's any comfort to you."

"I couldn't eat anything except porridge this morning. My jaw still aches."

For the first time during the conversation their eyes met, and the humorous side of the thing struck them simultaneously. They began to laugh

"What fools we must have looked!" said Adair.

"*You* were all right. I must have looked rotten. I've never had the gloves on in my life. I'm jolly glad no one saw us except Smith, who doesn't count. Hullo there's the bell. We'd better be moving on What about this match? Not much chance of it from the look of the sky at present."

"It might clear before eleven. You'd better get changed, anyhow, at the interval, and hang about in case."

"All right. It's better than doing Thucydides with Downing. We've got math. till the interval, so I don't see anything of him all day; which won't hurt me"

"He isn't a bad sort of chap, when you get to know him," said Adair

"I can't have done, then. I don't know which I'd least soon be, Downing or a black-beetle, except that if one was Downing one could tread on the black-beetle. Dash this rain. I got about half a pint down my neck just then. We shan't get a game to-day, or anything like it. As you're crocked, I'm not sure that I care much. You've been sweating for years to get the match on, and it would be rather rot playing it without you."

"I don't know that so much. I wish we could play, because I'm certain, with you and Smith, we'd walk into them. They probably aren't sending down much of a team, and really, now that you and Smith are turning out, we've got a jolly hot lot. There's quite decent batting all the way through, and the bowling isn't so bad. If only we could have given this M.C.C. lot a really good hammering, it might have been easier to get some good fixtures for next season. You see, it's all right for a school like Wrykyn but with a small place like this you simply can't get the best teams to give you a match till you've done something to show that you aren't absolute rotters at the game. As for the schools, they're worse. They'd simply laugh at you. You were cricket secretary at Wrykyn last year. What would you have done if you'd had a challenge from Sedleigh? You'd either have laughed till you were sick, or else had a fit at the mere idea of the thing"

Mike stopped.

"By Jove, you've struck about the brightest scheme on record. I never thought of it before. Let's get a match on with Wrykyn."

"What! They wouldn't play us."

"Yes, they would. At least, I'm pretty sure they would. I had a letter from Strachan, the captain, yesterday saying that the Rupton match had had to be scratched owing to illness. So they've got a vacant date. Shall I try them? I'll write to Strachan to-night, if you like. And they aren't strong this year. We'll smash them. What do you say?"

Adair was as one who has seen a vision.

"By Jove," he said at last, "if we only could!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR DOWNING MOVES

THE rain continued without a break all the morning. The two teams, after hanging about dismally, and whiling the time away with stump-cricket in the changing-rooms, lunched in the pavilion at one o'clock. After which the M.C.C. captain, approaching Adair, moved that this merry meeting be considered off and himself and his men permitted to catch the next train back

to town. To which Adair, seeing that it was out of the question that there should be any cricket that afternoon, regretfully agreed, and the first Sedleigh *v.* M.C.C. match was accordingly scratched.

Mike and Psmith, wandering back to the house, were met by a damp junior from Downing's, with a message that Mr. Downing wished to see Mike as soon as he was changed.

"What's he want me for?" inquired Mike.

The messenger did not know. Mr. Downing, it seemed, had not confided in him. All he knew was that the housemaster was in the house, and would be glad if Mike would step across

"A nuisance," said Psmith, "this incessant demand for you. That's the worst of being popular. If he wants you to stop to tea, edge away. A meal on rather a sumptuous scale will be prepared in the study against your return."

Mike changed quickly, and went off, leaving Psmith, who was fond of simple pleasures in his spare time, earnestly occupied with a puzzle which had been scattered through the land by a weekly paper. The prize for a solution was one thousand pounds, and Psmith had already informed Mike with some minuteness of his plans for the disposition of this sum. Meanwhile, he worked at it both in and out of school, generally with abusive comments on its inventor

He was still fiddling away at it when Mike returned

Mike, though Psmith was at first too absorbed to notice it, was agitated.

"I don't wish to be in any way harsh," said Psmith, without looking up, "but the man who invented this thing was a blighter of the worst type. You come and have a shot. For the moment I am baffled. The whisper flies round the clubs, 'Psmith is baffled.'"

"The man's an absolute driveling ass," said Mike warmly

"Me, do you mean?"

"What on earth would be the point of my doing it?"

"You'd gather in a thousand of the best. Give you a nice start in life."

"I'm not talking about your rotten puzzle."

"What *are* you talking about?"

"That ass Downing. I believe he's off his nut."

"Then your chat with Comrade Downing was not of the old-College-chums-meeting-unexpectedly - after - years'- separation type? What has he been doing to you?"

"He's off his nut."

"I know. But what did he do? How did the brain storm burst? Did he jump at you from behind a door and bite a piece out of your leg, or did he say he was a tea-pot?"

Mike sat down.

"You remember that painting Sammy business?"

"As if it were yesterday," said Psmith. "Which it was, pretty nearly."

"He thinks I did it."

"Why? Have you ever shown any talent in the painting line?"

"The silly ass wanted me to confess that I'd done it. He as good as asked me to. Jawed a lot of rot about my finding it to my advantage later on if I behaved sensibly."

"Then what are you worrying about? Don't you know that when a master wants you to do the confessing-act, it simply means that he hasn't enough evidence to start in on you with? You're all right. The thing's a stand-off."

"Evidence!" said Mike. "My dear man, he's got enough evidence to sink a ship. He's absolutely sweating evidence at every pore. As far as I can see, he's been crawling about, doing the Sherlock Holmes business for all he's worth ever since the thing happened. And now he's dead certain that I painted Sammy."

"*Did* you, by the way?" asked Psmith.

"No," said Mike shortly, "I didn't. But after listening to Downing I almost began to wonder if I hadn't. The man's got stacks of evidence to prove that I did."

"Such as what?"

"It's mostly about my boots. But, dash it, you know all about that. Why, you were with him when he came and looked for them"

"It is true," said Psmith "that Comrade Downing and I spent a very pleasant half-hour together inspecting boots, but how does he drag you into it?"

"He swears one of the boots was splashed with paint."

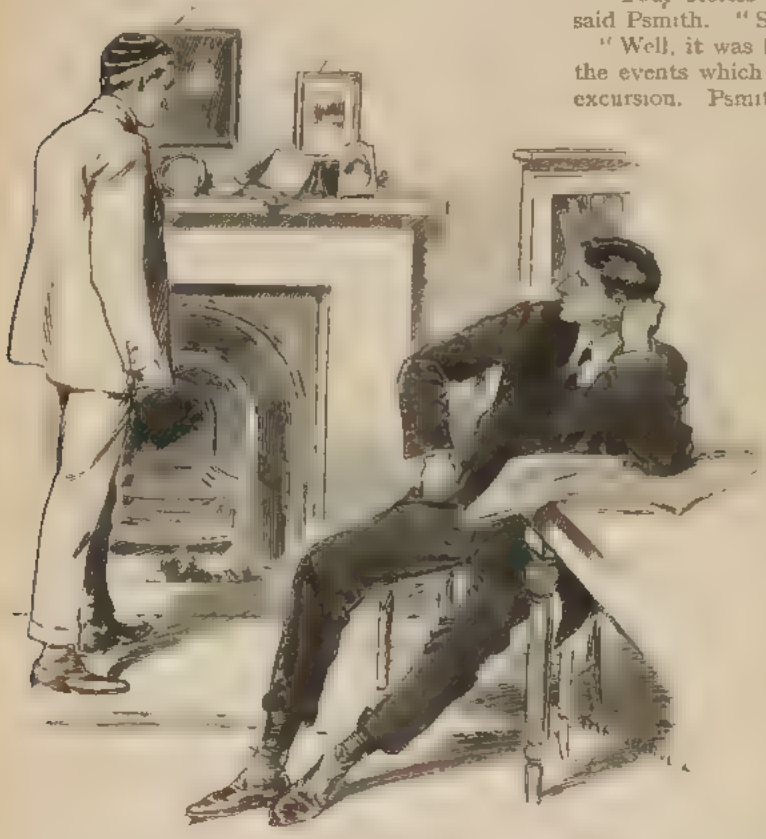
"Yes. He babbled to some extent on that point when I was entertaining him. But what makes him think that the boot, if any, was yours?"

"He's certain that somebody in this house got one of his boots splashed and is hiding it somewhere. And I'm the only chap in the house who hasn't got a pair of boots to show so he thinks it's me. I don't know where the dickens my other boot has gone. Edmund swears he hasn't seen it, and it's nowhere about. Of course I've got two pairs, but one's being soled. So I had to go over to school yesterday in pumps. That's how he spotted me."

Psmith sighed.

"Comrade Jackson," he said mournfully, "all this very sad affair shows the folly of acting from the best motives. In my simple zeal, meaning to save you unpleasantness, I have landed you, with a dull, sickening thud, right in the cart. Are you particular about dirtying your hands? If you aren't, just reach up that chimney a bit."

Mike stared



MIKE DROPPED THE SOOT-COVERED OBJECT IN THE FENDER.

"What the dickens are you talking about?"

"Go on. Get it over. Be a man, and reach up the chimney."

"I don't know what the game is," said Mike kneeling beside the fender and groping, "but *Hullo!*"

"Ah ha!" said Psmith moodily

Mike dropped the soot-covered object in the fender, and glared at it

"It's my boot!" he said at last

"It *is*," said Psmith, "your boot. And what is that red stain across the toe? Is it blood? No, 'tis not blood. It is red paint."

Mike seemed unable to remove his eyes from the boot.

"How on earth did—— By Jove! I remember now. I kicked up against something in the dark when I was putting my bicycle back that night. It must have been the paint-pot."

"Then you were out that night?"

"Rather. That's what makes it so jolly awkward. It's too long to tell you now——"

"Your stories are never too long for me," said Psmith. "Say on!"

"Well, it was like this." And Mike related the events which had led up to his midnight excursion. Psmith listened attentively.

"This," he said, when Mike had finished, "confirms my frequently stated opinion that Comrade Jellicoe is one of Nature's blitherers. So that's why he touched us for our hard-earned, was it?"

"Yes. Of course, there was no need for him to have the money at all."

"And the result is that you are in something of a tight place. You're *absolutely* certain you didn't paint that dog? Didn't do it, by any chance, in a moment of absent-mindedness, and forgot all about it? No? No, I suppose not. I wonder who did!"

"It's beastly awkward You see, Downing chased me that night. That was why I rang the alarm bell So, you see, he's certain to think that the chap he chased, which was me, and the chap who painted Sammy, are the same. I shall get landed both ways."

Psmith pondered.

"It *is* a tightish place," he admitted.

"I wonder if we could get this boot clean," said Mike, inspecting it with disfavour

"Not for a pretty considerable time."

"I suppose not. I say, I *am* in the cart. If I can't produce this boot, they're bound to guess why."

"What exactly," asked Psmith, "was the position of affairs between you and Comrade Downing when you left him? Had you definitely parted brass-rags? Or did you

simply sort of drift apart with mutual courtesies?"

"Oh, he said I was ill-advised to continue that attitude, or some rot, and I said I didn't care, I hadn't painted his bally dog, and he said very well, then, he must take steps, and—well, that was about all."

"Sufficient, too," said Psmith, "quite sufficient. I take it, then, that he is now on the war-path, collecting a gang, so to speak."

"I suppose he's gone to the Old Man about it."

"Probably. A very worrying time our headmaster is having, taking it all round, in connection with this painful affair. What do you think his move will be?"

"I suppose he'll send for me, and try to get something out of me."

"*He'll* want you to confess, too. Masters are all whales on confession. The worst of it is, you can't prove an alibi, because at about the time the foul act was perpetrated, you were playing Round-and-round-the-mulberry-bush with Comrade Downing. This needs thought. You had better put the case in my hands, and go out and watch the dandelions growing. I will think over the matter."

"Well, I hope you'll be able to think of something. I can't."

"Possibly. You never know."

There was a tap at the door.

"See how we have trained them," said Psmith. "They now knock before entering. There was a time when they would have tried to smash in a panel. Come in."

A small boy carrying a straw hat adorned with the school house ribbon answered the invitation.

"Oh, I say, Jackson," he said, "the Headmaster sent me over to tell you he wants to see you."

"I told you so," said Mike to Psmith.

"Don't go," suggested Psmith. "Tell him to write."

Mike got up.

"All this is very trying," said Psmith. "I'm seeing nothing of you to-day." He turned to the small boy. "Tell Willie," he added, "that Mr Jackson will be with him in a moment."

The emissary departed.

"*You're* all right," said Psmith encouragingly. "Just you keep on saying you're all right. Stout denial is the thing. Don't go in for any airy explanations. Simply stick to stout denial. You can't beat it."

With which expert advice he allowed Mike to go on his way.

He had not been gone two minutes, when Psmith, who had leaned back in his chair, wrapped in thought, heaved himself up again. He stood for a moment straightening his tie at the looking-glass, then he picked up his hat and moved slowly out of the door and down the passage. Thence, at the same dignified rate of progress, out of the house and in at Downing's front gate.

The postman was at the door when he got there, apparently absorbed in conversation with the parlour-maid. Psmith stood by politely till the postman, who had just been told it was like his impudence, caught sight of him, and having handed over the letters in an ultra-formal and professional manner, passed away.

"Is Mr. Downing at home?" inquired Psmith.

He was, it seemed. Psmith was shown into the dining room on the left of the hall, and requested to wait. He was examining a portrait of Mr. Downing which hung on the wall when the housemaster came in.

"An excellent likeness, sir," said Psmith, with a gesture of the hand towards the painting.

"Well, Smith," said Mr. Downing shortly, "what do you wish to see me about?"

"It was in connection with the regrettable painting of your dog, sir."

"Ha!" said Mr Downing.

"I did it, sir," said Psmith, stooping and flicking a piece of fluff off his knee.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ARTIST CLAIMS HIS WORK

THE line of action which Psmith had [illegible] to adopt, especially if you really are innocent, but it does not lead to anything in the shape of a bright and snappy dialogue between accuser and accused. Both Mike and the headmaster were oppressed by a feeling that the situation was difficult. The atmosphere was heavy, and conversation showed a tendency to flag. The headmaster had opened brightly enough, with a summary of the evidence which Mr. Downing had laid before him, but after that a massive silence had been the order of the day. There is nothing in this world quite so stolid and uncommunicative as a boy who has made up his mind to be stolid and uncommunicative: and the headmaster, as he sat and looked at Mike who sat and looked past him at the bookshelves felt awkward. It was a scene which needed either a dramatic interruption or a

neat exit speech. As it happened, what it got was the dramatic interruption.

The headmaster was just saying, "I do not think you fully realise, Jackson, the extent to which appearances——"—which was practically going back to the beginning and starting again—when there was a knock at the door. A voice without said, "Mr. Downing to see you, sir," and the chief witness for the prosecution burst in.

"I would not have interrupted you," said Mr. Downing, "but——"

"Not at all, Mr. Downing. Is there anything I can——?"

"I have discovered ——I have been informed —— In short, it was not Jackson who committed the—— who painted my dog."

Mike and the headmaster both looked at the speaker, Mike with a feeling of relief—for Stout Denial, unsupported by any weighty evidence, is a wearing game to play—the headmaster with astonishment.

"Not Jackson?" said the headmaster.

"No. It was a boy in the same house. Smith."

Psmith! Mike was more than surprised. He could not believe it. There is nothing which affords so clear an index to a boy's character as the type of rag which he considers humorous. Between what is a rag and what is merely a rotten trick there is a very definite line drawn. Masters, as a rule, do not realise this, but boys nearly always do. Mike could not imagine Psmith doing a rotten thing like covering a housemaster's dog with red paint, any more than he could imagine doing it himself. They had both been amused at the sight of Sammy after the operation, but anybody, except possibly the owner of the dog, would have thought it funny at first. After the first surprise, their feeling had been that it was a scuggish thing to have done and beastly rough luck on the poor brute. It was a kid's trick. As for Psmith having done it, Mike simply did not believe it.

"Smith!" said the headmaster "What makes you think that?"

"Simply this," said Mr. Downing, with calm triumph, "that the boy himself came to me a few moments ago and confessed."

Mike was conscious of a feeling of acute depression. It did not make him in the least degree jubilant, or even thankful, to know that he himself was cleared of the charge. All he could think of was that Psmith was done for. This was bound to mean the sack. If Psmith had painted Sammy, it meant that Psmith had broken out of his house at night: and it was not likely that the rules about nocturnal wandering were less strict at Sedleigh than at any other school in the kingdom. Mike felt, if possible, worse than he had felt when Wyatt had been caught on a similar occasion. It seemed as if Fate had a special grudge against his best friends. He did not make friends very quickly or easily, though he had always had scores of acquaintances: and with Wyatt and Psmith he had found himself at home from the first moment he had met them.

He sat there, with a curious feeling of having swallowed a heavy weight, hardly listening to what Mr. Downing was saying. Mr. Downing was talking rapidly to the headmaster, who was nodding from time to time.

Mike took advantage of a pause to get up. "May I go, sir?" he said.

"Certainly, Jackson, certainly," said the Head. "Oh, and er—, if you are going back to your house, tell Smith that I should like to see him."

"Yes, sir."

He had reached the door, when again there was a knock.

"Come in," said the headmaster.

It was Adair.

"Yes, Adair?"

Adair was breathing rather heavily, as if he had been running.

"It was about Sammy—Sampson, sir," he said, looking at Mr. Downing.

"Ah, we know——. Well, Adair, what did you wish to say."

"It wasn't Jackson who did it, sir."

"No, no, Adair. So Mr. Downing "

"It was Dunster, sir."

Terrific sensation! The headmaster gave a sort of strangled yelp of astonishment. Mr. Downing leaped in his chair. Mike's eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"Adair!"

There was almost a wail in the headmaster's voice. The situation had suddenly become too much for him. His brain was swimming. That Mike, despite the evidence against him, should be innocent, was curious, perhaps, but not particularly startling. But that Adair should inform him, two minutes after Mr. Downing's announcement of Psmith's confession, that Psmith, too, was guiltless, and that the real criminal was Dunster—it was this that made him feel that somebody, in the words of an American author, had played a mean trick on him, and substituted for his brain a side-order of cauliflower. Why Dunster of all people? Dunster, who, he remembered dizzily, had left the school at Christmas. And

why, if Dunster had really painted the dog, had Psmith asserted that he himself was the culprit? Why—why anything? He concentrated his mind on Adair as the only person who could save him from impending brain-fever

"Adair!"

"Yes, sir?"

"What *what* do you mean?"

"It *was* Dunster, sir. I got a letter from him only five minutes ago, in which he said that he had painted Sammy Sampson, the dog, sir, for a rag—for a joke, and that, as he didn't want any one here to get into a row—be punished for it, I'd better tell Mr. Downing at once. I tried to find Mr Downing, but he wasn't in the house Then I met Smith outside the house, and he told me that Mr. Downing had gone over to see you, sir."

"Smith told you?" said Mr Downing

"Yes, sir."

"Did you say anything to him about your having received this letter from Dunster?"

"I gave him the letter to read, sir."

"And what was his attitude when he had read it?"

"He laughed, sir."

"*Laughed!*" Mr. Downing's voice was thunderous

"Yes, sir. He rolled about"

Mr Downing snorted

"But, Adair," said the headmaster, "I do not understand how this thing could have been done by Dunster. He has left the school."

"He was down here for the Old Sedleighans' match, sir. He stopped the night in the village

"And that was the night the it happened?"

"Yes sir."

"I see. Well, I am glad to find that the blame cannot be attached to any boy in the school. I am sorry that it is even an Old Boy It was a foolish, discreditable thing to have done, but it is not as bad as if any boy still at the school had broken out of his house at night to do it."

"The sergeant," said Mr Downing, "told me that the boy he saw was attempting to enter Mr Outwood's house"

"Another freak of Dunster's, I suppose," said the headmaster. "I shall write to him."

"If it was really Dunster who painted my dog," said Mr. Downing, "I cannot understand the part played by Smith in this affair. If he did not do it, what possible motive could he have had for coming to me of his own accord and deliberately confessing?"

"To be sure," said the headmaster, pressing a bell. "It is certainly a thing that calls for explanation. Barlow," he said, as the butler appeared, "kindly go across to Mr. Outwood's house and inform Smith that I should like to see him."

"If you please, sir, Mr. Smith is waiting in the hall."

"In the hall!"

"Yes, sir. He arrived soon after Mr. Adair, sir, saying that he would wait, as you would probably wish to see him shortly."

"H'm. Ask him to step up, Barlow."

"Yes, sir."

There followed one of the tensest "stage waits" of Mike's experience. It was not long, but, while it lasted, the silence was quite solid. Nobody seemed to have anything to say, and there was not even a clock in the room to break the stillness with its ticking. A very faint drip-drip of rain could be heard outside the window

Presently there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs. The door was opened.

"Mr. Smith, sir."

The old Etonian entered as would the guest of the evening who is a few moments late for dinner. He was cheerful, but slightly deprecating. He gave the impression of one who, though sure of his welcome, feels that some slight apology is expected from him. He advanced into the room with a gentle half smile which suggested good will to all men.

"It is still raining," he observed. "You wished to see me sir?"

"Sit down, Smith"

"Thank you, sir."

He dropped into a deep arm-chair (which both Adair and Mike had avoided in favour of less luxurious seats) with the confidential cosiness of a fashionable physician calling on a patient between whom and himself time has broken down the barriers of restraint and formality

Mr. Downing burst out, like a reservoir that has broken its banks

'Smith"

Psmith turned his gaze politely in the house-master's direction

"Smith, you came to me a quarter of an hour ago and told me that it was you who had painted my dog Sampson."

"Yes, sir"

"It was absolutely untrue?"

"I am afraid so sir"

"But, Smith—" began the headmaster

Psmith bent forward encouragingly

"—This is a most extraordinary affair Have

you no explanation to offer? What induced you to do such a thing?"

Psmith sighed softly.

"The craze for notoriety, sir," he replied sadly. "The curse of the present age"

"What!" cried the headmaster.

"It is remarkable," proceeded Psmith placidly, with the impersonal touch of one lecturing on generalities, "how frequently, when a murder has been committed, one finds men confessing that they have done it when it is out of the question that they should have committed it. It is one of the most interesting problems with which anthropologists are confronted. Human nature——"

The headmaster interrupted.

"Smith," he said, "I should like to see you alone for a moment. Mr. Downing, might I trouble——? Adair, Jackson."

He made a motion towards the door.

When he and Psmith were alone there was silence. Psmith leaned back comfortably in his chair. The headmaster tapped nervously with his foot on the floor.

"Er—Smith"

"Sir"

The headmaster seemed to have some difficulty in proceeding. He paused again. Then he went on

"Er—Smith, I do not for a moment wish to pain you, but have you—er, do you remember ever having had, as a child, let us say, any—er—severe illness? Any—er—*mental* illness?"

"No, sir."

"There is no—forgive me if I am touching on a sad subject—there is no—none of your near relatives have ever suffered in the way I—er—have described?"

"There isn't a lunatic on the list, sir," said Psmith cheerfully

"Of course, Smith, of course," said the headmaster hurriedly, "I did not mean to suggest—quite so, quite so. . . . You think, then, that you confessed to an act which you had not committed purely from some sudden impulse which you cannot explain?"

"Strictly between ourselves, sir——"

Privately, the headmaster found Psmith's man-to-man attitude somewhat disconcerting, but he said nothing.

"Well, Smith?"

"I should not like it to go any farther, sir."

"I will certainly respect any confidence"

"I don't want anybody to know, sir. This is strictly between ourselves"

"I think you are sometimes apt to forget, Smith, the proper relations existing between boy and—— well, never mind that for the present. We can return to it later. For the moment, let me hear what you wish to say. I shall, of course, tell nobody, if you do not wish it."

"Well, it was like this, sir," said Psmith. "Jackson happened to tell me that you and Mr. Downing seemed to think he had painted Mr. Downing's dog, and there seemed some danger of his being expelled, so I thought it wouldn't be an unsound scheme if I were to go and say I had done it. That was the whole thing. Of course, Dunster writing created a certain amount of confusion."

There was a pause.

"It was a very wrong thing to do, Smith," said the headmaster at last, "but . . . You are a curious boy, Smith. Good-night."

He held out his hand.

"Good-night, sir," said Psmith.

"Not a bad old sort," said Psmith meditatively to himself, as he walked downstairs. "By no means a bad old sort. I must drop in from time to time and cultivate him."

Mike and Adair were waiting for him outside the front door.

"Well?" said Mike.

"You *are* the limit," said Adair. "What's he done?"

"Nothing. We had a very pleasant chat, and then I tore myself away."

"Do you mean to say he's not going to do a thing?"

"Not a thing."

"Well, you're a marvel," said Adair.

Psmith thanked him courteously. They walked on towards the houses.

"By the way, Adair," said Mike, as the latter started to turn in at Downing's, "I'll write to Strachan to-night about that match."

"What's that?" asked Psmith.

"Jackson's going to try and get Wrykyn to give us a game," said Adair. "They've got a vacant date. I hope the dickens they'll do it."

"Oh, I should think they're certain to," said Mike. "Good-night."

"And give Comrade Downing, when you see him," said Psmith, "my very best love. It is men like him who make this Merrie England of ours what it is."

"I say, Psmith," said Mike suddenly, "what really made you tell Downing you'd done it?"

"The craving for——"

"Oh, chuck it. You aren't talking to the Old Man now. I believe it was simply to get me out of a jolly tight corner."

Psmith's expression was one of pain.

"My dear Count de Jackson," said he, "you wrong me. You make me writhe. I'm surprised at you. I never thought to hear those words from Michael Jackson."

"Well, I believe you did, all the same," said Mike obstinately. "And it was jolly good of you too."

Psmith moaned.

CHAPTER XXX

SEDLEIGH *v.* WRYKYN.

THE Wrykyn match was three-parts over, and things were going badly for Sedleigh. In a way one might have said that the game was over, and that Sedleigh had lost; for it was a one day match, and Wrykyn, who had led on the first innings, had only to play out time to make the game theirs.

Sedleigh were paying the penalty for allowing themselves to be influenced by nerves in the early part of the day. Nerves lose more school matches than good play ever won. There is a certain type of school batsman who is a gift to any bowler when he once lets his imagination run away with him. Sedleigh, with the exception of Adair, Psmith, and Mike, had entered upon this match in a state of the most azure funk. Ever since Mike had received Strachan's answer and Adair had announced on the notice board that on Saturday, July the twentieth, Sedleigh would play Wrykyn, the team had been all on the jump. It was useless for Adair to tell them, as he did repeatedly, on Mike's authority, that Wrykyn were weak this season, and that on their present form Sedleigh ought to win easily. The team listened, but were not comforted. Wrykyn might be below their usual strength but then Wrykyn cricket, as a rule, reached such a high standard that this probably meant little. However weak Wrykyn might be—for them, there was a very firm impression among the members of the Sedleigh first eleven that the other school was quite strong enough to knock the cover off *them*. Experience counts enormously in school matches. Sedleigh had never been proved. The teams they played were the sort of sides which the Wrykyn second eleven would play. Whereas Wrykyn, from time immemorial, had been beating Ripton teams and Free Foresters teams and M.C.C. teams packed with county men, and sending men to Oxford and Cambridge who got their blues as freshmen.

Sedleigh had gone on to the field that morning a depressed side.

It was unfortunate that Adair had won the toss. He had had no choice but to take first innings. The weather had been bad for the last week, and the wicket was slow and treacherous. It was likely to get worse during the day, so Adair had chosen to bat first.

Taking into consideration the state of nerves the team was in, this in itself was a calamity. A school eleven are always at their worst and nerviest before lunch. Even on their own ground they find the surroundings lonely and unfamiliar. The subtlety of the bowlers becomes magnified. Unless the first pair make a really good start, a collapse almost invariably ensues.

To-day the start had been gruesome beyond words. Mike, the bulwark of the side, the man who had been brought up on Wrykyn bowling, and from whom, whatever might happen to the others, at least a fifty was expected—Mike going in first with Barnes and taking first over, had played inside one from Bruce, the Wrykyn slow bowler, and had been caught at short slip off his second ball.

That put the finishing touch on the panic. Stone, Robinson, and the others, all quite decent punishing batsmen when their nerves allowed them to play their own game, crawled to the wickets, declined to hit out at anything, and were clean bowled, several of them, playing back to half volleys. Adair did not suffer from panic, but his batting was not equal to his bowling, and he had fallen after hitting one four. Seven wickets were down for thirty when Psmith went in.

Psmith had always disclaimed any pretensions to batting skill, but he was undoubtedly the right man for a crisis like this. He had an enormous reach, and he used it. Three consecutive balls from Bruce he turned into full-tosses and swept to the leg-boundary, and, assisted by Barnes, who had been sitting on the splice in his usual manner, he raised the total to seventy-one before being yorked, with his score at thirty-five. Ten minutes later the innings was over, with Barnes not out sixteen, for seventy nine

Wrykyn had then gone in, lost Strachan for twenty before lunch, and finally completed their innings at a quarter to four for a hundred and thirty-one.

This was better than Sedleigh had expected. At least eight of the team had looked forward dismally to an afternoon's leather-hunting. But Adair and Psmith, helped by the wicket, had never been easy, especially Psmith, who had taken six wickets, his slows playing havoc with the tail

It would be too much to say that Sedleigh had any hope of pulling the game out of the

fire; but it was a comfort, they felt, at any rate, having another knock. As is usual at this stage of a match, their nervousness had vanished, and they felt capable of better things than in the first innings.

It was on Mike's suggestion that Psmith and himself went in first. Mike knew the limitations of the Wrykyn bowling, and he was convinced that, if they could knock Bruce off, it might be possible to rattle up a score sufficient to give them the game, always provided that Wrykyn collapsed in the second innings. And it seemed to Mike that the wicket would be so bad then that they easily might

So he and Psmith had gone in at four o'clock to bat. And they had bat. The deficit had been wiped off, all but a dozen runs, when Psmith was bowled, and by that time Mike was set and in his best vein. He treated all the bowlers alike. And when Stone came in, restored to his proper frame of mind, and lashed out stoutly, and after him Robinson and the rest, it looked as if Sedleigh had a chance again. The score was a hundred and twenty when Mike, who had just reached his fifty, skied one to Strachan at cover. The time was twenty-five past five

As Mike reached the pavilion, Adair declared the innings closed.

Wrykyn started batting at twenty-five minutes to six, with sixty-nine to make if they wished to make them, and an hour and ten minutes during which to keep up their wickets if they preferred to take things easy and go for a win on the first innings.

At first it looked as if they meant to knock off the runs, for Strachan forced the game from the first ball, which was Psmith's, and which he hit into the pavilion. But, at fifteen, Adair bowled him. And when, two runs later, Psmith got the next man stumped, and finished up his over with a c and b, Wrykyn decided that it was not good enough. Seventeen for three, with an hour all but five minutes to go, was getting too dangerous. So Drummond and Rigby, the next pair, proceeded to play with caution, and the collapse ceased

This was the state of the game at the point at which this chapter opened. Seventeen for three had become twenty four for three, and the hands of the clock stood at ten minutes past six. Changes of bowling had been tried, but there seemed no chance of getting past the batsmen's defence. They were playing all the good balls, and refused to hit at the bad

A quarter past six struck, and then Psmith made a suggestion which altered the game completely.

"Why don't you have a shot this end?" he said to Adair, as they were crossing over. "There's a spot on the off which might help you a lot. You can break like blazes if only you land on it. It doesn't help my leg breaks a bit, because they won't hit at them."

Barnes was on the point of beginning to bowl, when Adair took the ball from him. The captain of Outwood's retired to short leg with an air that suggested that he was glad to be relieved of his prominent post

The next moment Drummond's off-stump was lying at an angle of forty-five. Adair was absolutely accurate as a bowler, and he had dropped his first ball right on the worn patch.

Two minutes later Drummond's successor was retiring to the pavilion, while the wicket-keep straightened the stumps again.

There is nothing like a couple of unexpected wickets for altering the atmosphere of a game. Five minutes before, Sedleigh had been lethargic and without hope. Now there was a stir and buzz all round the ground. There were twenty-five minutes to go, and five wickets were down. Sedleigh was on top again.

The next man seemed to take an age coming out. As a matter of fact, he walked more rapidly than a batsman usually walks to the crease

Adair's third ball dropped just short of the spot. The batsman, hitting out, was a shade too soon. The ball hummed through the air a couple of feet from the ground in the direction of mid-off, and Mike, diving to the right, got to it as he was falling, and chucked it up.

After that the thing was a walk-over. Psmith clean bowled a man in his next over; and the tail, demoralised by the sudden change in the game, collapsed uncompromisingly. Sedleigh won by thirty-five runs with eight minutes in hand.

Psmith and Mike sat in their study after lock-up, discussing things in general and the game in particular.

"I feel like a beastly renegade, playing against Wrykyn," said Mike, "Still, I'm glad we won. Adair's a jolly good sort, and it'll make him happy for weeks"

"When I last saw Comrade Adair," said Psmith, "he was going about in a sort of trance, beaming vaguely and wanting to stand people things at the shop."

"He bowled awfully well."

"Yes," said Psmith. "I say, I don't wish to cast a gloom over this joyful occasion in any

way, but you say Wrykyn are going to give Sedleigh a fix are again next year

"Well?"

"Well, have you thought of the massacre which will ensue? You will have left, Adair will have left. Incidentally, I shall have left. Wrykyn will swamp them.

"I suppose they will. Still, the great thing, you see, is to get the thing started. That's what Adair was so keen on. Now Sedleigh has beaten Wrykyn, he's satisfied. They can get on fixtures with decent clubs, and work up to playing the big schools. You've got to start somehow. So it's all right, you see."

"And, besides," said Psmith, reflectively, "in an emergency they can always get Comrade Downing to bowl for them, what? Let us now sally out and see if we can't promote a rag of some sort in this abode of wrath. Comrade Outwood has gone over to dinner at the School House, and it would be a pity to waste a somewhat golden opportunity. Shall we stagger?"

They staggered

THE END

LINES ON OPENING AN OLD VIRGIL

AS in the morn young boys,
With honest gladsome noise,
Spurn the ribbed shore to meet the spuming main,
Let me, fresh youthed and free,
Plunge in the golden sea
Of thoughts of bygone days; once, once again
Dissolve this rind of dust blown from Life's arid plain.

Turning the dog's-eared leaves,
Once more the bosom heaves
Changing the fortunes of that long-lost game,
Or, in the nobler strife,
Defending while there's life,
The Schoolboy Code that counts it dreadful shame
To see Might vanquish Right, and not Right's right proclaim.

Old book! old foe! old friend!
Foe almost to the end
Of days when thine abstruseness ploughed my brow,
I see those angry tears
Through glasses of the years
That rosier grow with each fresh year—and now
All bitterness has passed, 'tis only I and Thou.

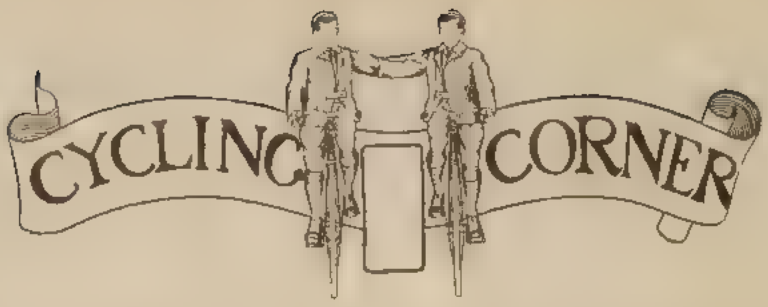
Steady and clear and strong
Rings out the old School Song,
Re-echoing through the halls of years gone by.
Deft memories interweave
The hymn at morn and eve,
The teaching, that the Lord to magnify,
It is not all to pray, nor all to testify.

Again the vesper hymn;
Within the chapel dim
The solemn organ breathes it's massive praise.
It dies. To me remote
The youthful voices float,
Chanting the last Amen, whose echo stays
To mellow in the heart, and sweeten future days

Brave hearts! still face the strife,
Though in the war of Life
Some helms more clearly shine above the fray.
The After we know not.
To cleave the blue, or rot—
What matters it? Stand for the right to-day;
And wings of light or dust—'tis equal either way

If as most mortals trust,
Life cannot end in dust,
From native soil, from farthest foam and clime,
Old Boys who fought their fight
Shall surely reunite,
Shall grip the same old grip in courts sublime,
As in the glad schooldays, that did not die with Time

"OLD BOY."



WHAT TO CARRY: SOME DONTS: THE CHEAP CYCLE

AT one time or another I have referred in these columns to the things that the properly-equipped wallet should contain, but as I can't myself remember when I last touched the subject I suppose that a good many months must have elapsed since then, and so I tackle it again.

A great many awkward situations and petty troubles arise for cyclists simply because the wallet is not put to its proper use. Considering that a tyre is merely an air-bag liable to puncture at any moment, it seems rather extraordinary that so large a percentage of riders seldom, if ever, carry a repair outfit with them; while of those who do boast an outfit box, the majority don't keep the outfit up to standard. Granted, that many cyclists use their cycles ordinarily for journeys so short that either home or a repairer's is near at hand. But the puncture fiend will score off them badly sooner or later; when they happen to take a longer ride than usual, and get five miles from anywhere.

After all, why not make a habit of having the sixpenny box aboard *always*; seeing that when a cyclist has a trouble, nine times out of ten it is a tyre trouble? If you are among the guilty, go right away and buy an outfit, and cherish it.

Another Thing

that should nestle in your wallet is a proper tyre-lifter, if you use wired-on tyres. A very serviceable one can be made out of the handle of a spoon, "dessert" size. I once got into a really bad fix through not having one of these useful implements with me. Twelve o'clock at night on the Brighton road; nail through back tyre; no sign of human being or house; rain threatening, &c. To tell truth, I was in much the same position as that of the heroes of "Three Men in a Boat" with their tin of preserved fruit but no tin-opener. Fortunately for me a belated cyclist passed and was able to meet my need. How I blessed the little twopenny instrument he produced!

Very well. That's two things for the wallet. A third, an oil-can. For home use a small machinist's oiler with long snout and thumb-valve is far the most convenient. On the road you should always be accompanied by a small oiler, preferably tucked into a loop on the outside of the wallet, where it will be handy and not injure anything. One never knows when a drop of oil may be needed to cure a squeak in the saddle springs, or lubricate some part which has been overlooked at home; or to free a brake. The kind of can illustrated in Fig 1, with telescopic nozzle A, is very handy.

FIG. 1.

The Screwdriver.

Yes! you should have one of these, too; not a thing with a wooden handle, but one of those articles made out of a piece of stout wire looped about itself and sharpened, such as you can buy for twopence at any ironmonger's. A screwdriver comes in useful for purposes other than that for which it is primarily intended. It serves to remove dirt from corners, to open oilets, to lift washers, and so on. It's a very good friend is the screwdriver.

Spanners.

Every cycle ought to carry spanners to fit *every* nut and collar. There should be a special flat spanner for the bearings, one that can be inserted between the fork and the cones to hold or turn any one of the cones. If a change-speed gear is fitted, there should be one for that, too. To ascertain whether you

have a complete set, go over the nuts from front to rear, as follows: front wheel spindle; front brake; handle-bar clamp; cotter pins; pedal caps; pedal pins (outer end); saddle pin lug; saddle clip; rear spindle; mud-guard stay nuts. Then try the flat spanner on the cones; and finish up with the spiked spanner for adjusting the bearings of the head and crank axle bearings.

Wanted, a Good Fit.

Nuts are *supposed* to be of a standard size, and the spanner holes ditto. But as often as not the nuts on a machine or the spanner holes vary from standard, and a hole proves a trifle too small for one or other of those nuts which it is supposed to fit. A very little filing of the spanner will put this right; and it is a job that you should do or get done for you. A *screw spanner* is a useful auxiliary to, but should not be considered a substitute for, a proper set, as unless of good make and very carefully applied, it cuts the corners off the nuts. If by any chance you received with your cycle a spanner of which you can't discover the use, ask the nearest repairer to enlighten you.

Spanners should be kept in loops inside the back of the wallet, rather than loose at the bottom. If your wallet is large enough to admit a little extra bulk, you should make a cloth or leather roller pad to hold spanners and other tools, including the screwdriver and a knife.

Odds and Ends

My list is not yet exhausted, as I must not omit some small items which may well be added on the principle that the carrying of an umbrella keeps off rain. They are: a few spare balls for the pedal bearings (the most likely to give trouble), wrapped in a piece of greasy paper; a couple of spare links for the chain; a burner for the lamp (if acetylene); a cup leather for the inflator; and a *pair* of brake pads. Most of these, if not all, can be stowed in the saddle pin, and kept in place by a wad of paper or a cork.

Some Donts

After this dose of positive advice I proceed to a few cautions.

In the first place, if you value whole skin on your knuckles, mind how you hold a spanner to loosen an obstinate nut. Allow plenty of room for your hand to move in when the nut shifts. My meaning is made clear by the two sketches, Figs 2 and 3. In Fig. 2 the hand is close to a bar, which threatens the knuckles; whereas if the spanner be applied as in Fig. 3 danger is avoided.

Don't try to alter the tilt of the saddle until the nuts of the clip have been well loosened, or you will assuredly destroy the serrations which give the clip its hold.

After repairing a tyre-burst, wind a tape round the spot before pumping up hard, and allow the solution on the patch to get a good grip before removing the band. If this precaution is omitted, the patch may slip and protrude through the wound.

Don't put a tube that has been tested in water for a puncture back into the cover until it is dry or at least has been well wiped. Dust in a little chalk in any case. Wet rubber sticks to canvas and rots it.

Never omit to replace the lock nut on the valve stem. When screwed up tight it prevents the tyre cover from "creeping" round the rim and dragging the valve out of the tube.

After a spill see whether the handle-bars have been slewed by the fall, as they often are. If you don't do this you may find yourself charging the hedge when you mount again.

Don't lay down nuts, screws, and other small parts on a gritty surface. A very little adhering grit gives trouble when the parts have to be replaced.

Don't dismember a bearing, gear, &c., until you have found out how the job should be done. Consult the instructions in the catalogue, or go to somebody who knows.

Signs of the Cheap Cycle

By cheap I mean "cheap and nasty," of which there is plenty about nowadays.

Thin and inferior plating betrays itself by an uneven, ridgy appearance and a tendency to flake away at sharp corners. Cheap enamelling is detected by innumerable little roughnesses, caused by dust settling on the half-dry enamel and the omission of a careful

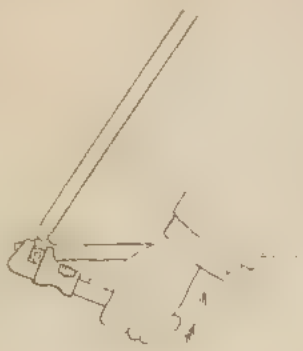


FIG. 2.
A clumsy way of turning a nut

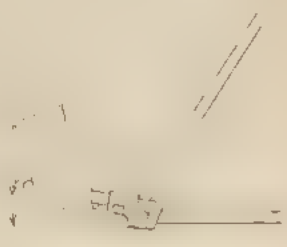


FIG. 3.
A better and more convenient [illegible]

rub-down of the surface between dippings. Furthermore, where motives of economy have ruled out sand-blasting and filing down of all roughnesses at brazed joints, excrescences will be felt if the fingers be run over them. Untrue chain wheels, slack spokes, and roughly finished and plated nuts also tell a tale. The chain, which is one of the most important parts of a cycle, if of low grade has unpolished rollers, and the rollers are a bad fit on the rivets, besides showing daylight between themselves and the side plates of the link

As a minimum of labour is expended on the ultra-cheap article, the adjustment of parts is slipshod, and becomes audible if the machine be bumped on the ground; besides being very obvious when the pedals, cranks, and wheels are shaken vigorously with the hand. The tyres, too, of this class are a very weak feature. The names they bear, if any, are not those of well-known manufacturers; and their quality is generally such that they need replacement after very little hard wear

It is, I admit, hard for a person who has had little experience of cycles to distinguish the bad from the good in some cases, as a machine may have a very specious exterior and yet be thoroughly worthless. But if you examine a really good machine *carefully*, and note its general finish and fit, and then turn your attention to a low grade machine, you will soon learn to realise the difference. Once more I advise you to have nothing to do with the wares of unknown firms, or be captured by low prices, which when analysed give you really but poor value for your money.

A Good Suggestion

"Old Boy" weighs in with a good idea for adding interest to cycle rides. He proposes that when one is out for a spin one should buy a picture post-card of an item of interest in each principal town or village passed through. "Then, on your return, sketch neatly a map of your ride, mounting these cards (and, if they are at all artistic, ornamenting their mounts) at the corresponding towns. I recommend circular rides, and an oblong album of about 18 inches by 10, taking a double page for each ride. I can assure you that these look nice and form splendid road maps useful to your friends"

This is certainly a very good method of pursuing the hobby of picture post-card collecting; and has the additional advantage of giving an "object" to riding, the lack of which is largely responsible for the I'm-sick-of-cycling attitude indulged in by many young riders, now that the cycle is so ordinary a possession. The picture post-cards might well be supplemented by snaps taken with your own camera

The Micrometer Free Wheel.

Another correspondent sings the praises of the noiselessness, springlessness, and reliability of the "Micrometer" Free Wheel. I am prepared to back him up, as I have myself often recommended this type; and I selected it for treatment when writing about free wheels on p. 440 and following, of "How It Works," a book that you possibly may possess. I don't think, however, that my correspondent need consider that it is not "so well known as some of the other makes," since I believe that it, and variations on the original pattern, are fitted to more machines than is any one pattern of spring-actuated clutch

A RED MAN'S YARN

How a Little Sioux Captive Became Chief of the Crees

By JOHN MACKIE

I

THE Red man in question was Chief Py-a-Pot of the Southern Crees, and his principal wigwam, or residence, was near a place called Fort Qu'Appelle, close to the great valley and river of that name in North-West Canada. He was quite an old man twenty years ago, when, as a stripling, I was one of the Government party who journeyed to the Reserve to pay him his treaty money. He took a fancy to me because, though hardly out of my teens, I had still seen adventure in other lands, and could tell him of strange tribes of men and their doings, men who lived under conditions of life widely different from his own He was a very intelligent old man, and in his day had been a mighty warrior. From a captive youth belonging to another nation—the Sioux—he had, by his brains and prowe- come to govern the very people who had brought him into their midst a prisoner of war.

I question if in the whole range of red-skin romance there is a parallel to the fact I have just mentioned, for fact it assuredly is, and I am not at all diffident in saying that I am proud to think old Chief Py-a-Pot took to me from the first, and told me his romantic story in his own picturesque language, a thing he had never been known to do before

A troop of North-West Mounted Police, with a representative from the Indian department, had journeyed from Regina to Py-a-Pot's Reserve to pay him and his tribe their treaty money. The red men had gathered in great force in the beautifully wooded bluff country near the edge of the wide valley, in which were lovely meadows and lakes and the old stockaded Hudson Bay Post and Fort of Qu'Appelle. We had tarried there three or four days holding a "pow-wow," a species of durbar, with the picturesquely dressed Indians, looking on at their dog feasts and dances, and listening to the eloquent speeches of their old warriors.

I had been much struck by the fine personality of the old Chief Py-a-Pot. His strongly marked features indicated character and dignity; his aquiline nose and sensitive lips made me think of that distinctive profile which one sees on old Roman coins. He was becoming old and somewhat feeble, but there was in his rheumy eyes the undimmed light of a keen intellect and a consciousness of power that made one pause before addressing him lightly. At the same time, something told me that there was a great wealth of affection in this old warrior's nature which perhaps but few suspected.

I could see he was weary of sitting in petty state in the big wigwam or tee-pee, and that although the whole business—the dancing, the feasting, the pipe-smoking and the speech-making—bored him, he was cheerfully countenancing it all, because his people expected it of him. As I have said, he was a so-called and misnamed savage of quite unusual intelligence, and doubtless he saw with saddened eyes the sharp contrast between the present condition

of his race and the one which was so surely supplanting it. He could look back upon the virile, picturesque past, and he could assess the tawdry, guncrack assumption of present barbaric glory at its true value. With the prophetic vision of one who has lived long, and who weighs the import of things, he could see the living death of his people.

I admired and felt sorry for this grand old man, so on two or three occasions, as delicately as I could, I presented him with certain articles which I knew he would appreciate, as he could not buy them from the Hudson Bay Company. A couple of times we had taken walks together along the brow of the valley, so as to leave the noise and distractions of the crowded camp behind us. He had asked me my Christian name; I had told him it, and he called me by it. We had become quite good friends, though I must say that, all the time I knew Chief Py-a-Pot, so quietly dignified was his bearing that, while talking with him, my attitude was invariably that of one who recognises a superior individuality in the person addressed.

The night before we left the Qu'Appelle valley, the Chief and I wandered about a couple of miles from camp, and seated ourselves on the top of the slope leading down to the meadows. With no slight misgivings, I had asked him about his boyhood. His faded eyes had been gazing sadly down the valley, but they brightened when I spoke to him, and as if it gave him satisfaction to do so, he told me his romantic story. I will set it down as nearly in his own words as memory enables me to, and let me say that this is no mere stereotyped red-skin story, but a genuine human document, a picturesque page from the past such as few writers are fortunate enough to meet with.

Chief Py-a-Pot's Story

"Though I am a very old man now, it never ceases to appear strange to me that, while being Chief of the Southern Crees, I was at one time a captive of the people I now rule over—a youth taken in a fray from our hereditary enemies, the Sioux. Yes, I, a hated Sioux, rule over the Southern Crees. But that is only the repetition of a story as old as the prairies themselves for when a people want a leader in troublous times, they do not care from whence he comes so long as he can lead Though I have been for many long years, and still am, a leader of warriors, I have always realised that it is the strong man who knows when to be merciful, and how to shape his thoughts for the ultimate good of all, who is the greatest warrior. You are young and big, John, and I know you have thought for others, more particularly for those who are very young and very old. Therefore you are a 'brave' after my own heart."

Only that I knew nothing was further from the old Chief's thoughts than a resort to vulgar praise, I would have smiled. The Chief's eyes became reminiscent, as he went on again.

"It is seventy years and more since I saw my mother, who was a Sioux maiden, but I can remember her just as well as if I had looked upon her only yesterday, for I had seen ten summers when I lost her, and the manner of losing I will tell forthwith. My father was a Sioux warrior who was slain in battle shortly after I was born, and it was the stories of his prowess and skill with the bow and arrow told me by my mother that early determined me to follow in his footsteps. I have little doubt that it is to him I owed my dexterity with such weapons as we then used, for you may have heard, John, that for many years, and until only a few moons ago, there were none amongst the Crees who could plant an arrow nearer its mark than I."

Py-a-Pot paused, and I recalled the many tales regarding his great skill with the now obsolete bow and arrow, which I had at times almost regarded as fabulous. When Py-a-Pot was a mere boy, so wonderful was his aim that he could sever the heads of the prairie flowers from their stems with unerring accuracy.

"My mother used to tell me concerning the Cree chief who had treacherously slain my father, after the latter had overcome him in fair fight and had a mind to stay his hand if only the Cree admitted himself vanquished; for it is wrong to say the red man has been always merciless. She used to tell me, as I have no doubt many white mothers have told their sons, that when I grew older I must avenge his death. I can still remember though, that she would try and dissuade me from accompanying the warriors when they went upon the war-path against their old enemies.

"Ah! John, I am inclined to think that all mothers the world over, whether their skins are white or red or black, are exactly the same at heart, no matter what the outward expression of the same may be. For I can remember, despite her praise of the ways of peace and of chivalry towards the fallen, how the light used to come into her dark eyes, and the brown of her cheeks become of a warmer hue, when she heard of how I had ridden after the buffalo or perhaps helped to kill the bear in the coullee.

"Before I was ten years old, by reason of the skill I showed with the bow, I had been allowed to accompany the braves when they made raids upon the Crees, and I can recall how many a time, when at close quarters with us, the Cree warriors would pass me by with contempt, or at least as one of little account, when, in reality, I was planting my arrows, either unseen or unheeded, into their best men and horses. But ever I was on the look-out for Big Plume, the Cree brave who had treacherously slain my father.

"I had at one time thought, from the many descriptions given me of Big Plume that I would recognise him, but in the hurry and excitement of the frays I usually found this was impossible. The Crees are not like the Sioux, and, boy as I was, I soon began to realise that the chance of meeting and recognising the man I waited for amongst the thousands that swarmed on the far-stretching prairies was very small indeed. If I was to meet him—and the desire to do so had grown on me until the thought of it possessed me body and soul, night and day—it was borne home to me that I must somehow seek the camps of the Crees and pass myself off as one of them, though how I was to do so was beyond my imagining. But what you call Fate, and what I think must be the higher ways of a just Manitou, aided me, and in such a manner that even my dreams were as the shadow unto the reality.

"There was a warrior called Silver Fox amongst the Sioux, who, because my mother would not come to serve in his household, was angry with her and with me, and showed his displeasure in many vexing ways. Even I, a boy, could see it, and I asked my mother to let me engage him in fair fight. But this only made her afraid, for Silver Fox was strong and cunning in battle. She counselled me to remember my youth, and reminded me that it was many summers before I could be made a brave entitled even to draw a bow against a warrior.

"That very night our camp was attacked by a large body of Crees. It was bright moonlight, and in the confusion that followed I found myself face to face with Silver Fox. I was looking for the tee-pee of the women at the time, so as to find my mother and protect her. It was then that I met the chief who had persecuted us. I remembered my mother's words beseeching patience and forbearance, and made to pass him, but he saw me and barred my way.

"'Where seek ye to kill, little chipmunk?' he asked sneeringly. 'Are you looking for sunflowers, so as to try and shoot their heads off?'"

"I felt my blood run hot in me then, but I answered him as a youth untried by the sun-dance should answer a warrior. 'I seek my mother,' I replied; 'she may want my help.'

"What he made speech I hardly understood at the time, though I understand now. Enough that there was insult in every word he spoke, insult that would for ever debar me from becoming a brave if I allowed it to pass unchallenged

"'You asked me just now whether I practise on sunflowers!' I replied. 'You must judge for yourself.'

"I paused a moment until he had raised his rifle, as if to shoot, but before he could pull the trigger I had drawn my arrow back until the barb touched the bow, and sent it singing home.

"'Judge for yourself, murderer of women and children,' I cried.

"The arrow pierced his heart. And where he stood there he fell, and where he fell there he lay—and died."

II.

"He was the first man, other than an enemy of my own people, that I had killed. But, no, John, he was neither man nor warrior, for the brave do not wrong the weak. He was only carrion fit for kites, and as such I regarded him. His scalp was not worthy of a place in the belt, so I left him and defiled not my knife.

"I had little time for such thoughts, for the Crees were in force and pressing us hard. I had to take my place with the warriors who defended, and glad was I to have the chance. It is not given to every boy to fight alongside the warriors before he has been made one by the trials of the sun-dance. It is, indeed often long years before the youth can get a chance of showing that he is worthy of being a brave

"I was told that my mother with the other squaws had been mounted on some horses that had been kept ready, and so, in the charge of two or three of the old men, they had been hurried off the field.

"They said my mother had tried to remain behind so as to come to me, but the head-men had compelled her to accompany the others I was glad of this, and it comforted me to think that the only reason which had prevented me saying farewell to her was that I had been wiping out the insult Silver Fox had offered to us.

I HAD DRAWN MY ARROW BACK AND SENT IT 'SINGING' HOME.

"I ran a double risk in that fight, though at first I knew not of it. Some one had seen me kill Silver Fox, and told those who were akin to him. So, while the Crees circled on horseback at full speed round the camp, firing into us the while, I became aware that other than they were making a mark of me. It was a friend called 'Man-of-many-horses' who cautioned me of it.

"'If you are wise, little Py-a-Pot,' he whispered to me, 'you will leave this camp while you can. I saw you kill Silver Fox, and I doubt not that you did right, but, if we prevail over the enemy, the friends of the dead chief will kill you, while if the enemy conquer, you will be killed just the same. Go while there is time.'

"I thanked the warrior, but would not go. 'I do not mind dying, now I have killed Silver Fox,' I said: 'if he was alive I should wish to live.'

"We fought until the break of day, and many warriors and young men passed that night to the happy hunting-grounds. Yea, Cree and Sioux passed westward together, for when the red men in those days met in battle, they knew that the death to be dreaded was that which is meted out to him who begs for mercy.

"But the end came quickly. And when the enemy rushed in on us, my bow—for they would not as yet grant me a rifle—was knocked from my hand and I was overcome and made prisoner.

"I will never forget what followed. And truly, John, when I look back on it all with that maturity of the understanding which comes with the years, I am glad that those wild and cruel old days have passed for ever. I am sure they were an abomination to the great Manitou. That we should destroy that life

in others which He has given to us all alike, to enjoy and to make perfect according to our several abilities and lights, must indeed be wickedness and folly. Warriors must fight, as it seems to me; but to slay and mutilate the vanquished is surely sinful work. Still, while I was young I was like the others.

"The warrior who had overcome me, put his foot on my breast, and drew his knife. He seized me by the hair. In the twinkling of an eye I saw my life, ere it had scarce begun, cut short through no fault of my own but the barbarous conditions that prevailed amongst us.

"For a moment I experienced the bitterness of death. I looked into the warrior's eyes, and he looked into mine. It was as if he read my thoughts. Perhaps there was something in my eyes that moved him, or maybe they reminded him of some one, for, knife in hand, he paused. Then he lifted his foot from my breast.

"'Get up, boy,' he said. 'You are hardly worthy of a warrior's steel.'

His pity [illegible] by words of contempt stung me. 'Let me get my bow again,' I cried, 'and I will show you whether or not I am worthy of such a warrior as you! Slay me now, or spare me only that I may fight you.'

"'Ough!' he exclaimed. 'Do you think Chief Muscopetung engages in fight with such as you! But you are a youth after my own heart. I have a mind to make you my prisoner.'

"And straightway two or three of the Crees rushed at me, for Chief Muscopetung had not tried to prevent me rising to my feet, which he could easily have done. But I was on my mettle and defied those Crees. I was very quick and supple in those days, and, moreover, I fought with my brains as much as with my hands. I was strong for my age, and I had always realised that art and skill are of much more importance than mere strength, so that when two of their warriors rushed me, I did what I had once seen a very clever Sioux brave do.

"I tripped one of them up, stepped aside, and pushed him with all my might right into the arms of the other. They came together after the manner of two buffalo bulls when they charge each other. They met with a crash that spoke of broken bones, and they lay on the ground in a heap, as if the life had been dashed out of them.

"I think the others would have killed me then only that Muscopetung interfered. He did so in the only way that could have moved me then.

"'Come here, my son,' he said, throwing down his rifle and holding out his hand. 'I have no desire to fight with you. You have proved yourself no coward. It is enough. You will come with me.'

"I looked into his eyes and went to him. It was, perhaps, the first great lesson I had received of how, coming from a kind heart, a generous word is more powerful than a barbed weapon.

"'There is no need to bind him,' he said to the others. 'He will come with me. We have prevailed. Let us get ready to go westward. Come with me, youth, and I will make you a warrior.'

III.

"I went with Muscopetung of the victorious Crees, not alone because I saw it was the only thing left to do if I would escape death, or seeing that I was drawn to the man who was brave enough to be kind to a fallen foe in the face of a cruel and exacting enemy, but because it flashed across my mind that here now was my chance of meeting with the man, Big Plume, who had so treacherously slain my father.

"I know, John, you will say, and I have said myself, that, if I rejoiced in the thought of what I conceived and planned then, I was without that grace which commends itself to the Manitou. But you will remember that the cowardly warrior, Big Plume, whom I had been taught as a child to regard with deadliest hate, was unworthy to live—a vile creature whose existence was a menace to him who wished to live at peace with his brother. I also thought of my mother and her lonely widowhood, and all the sorrowing and evil days Big Plume had brought upon us, and I felt that I was justified in the course I took. You may tell me, John, that you have a saying in your Holy Book which runs, 'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' That Book is now mine as well as yours, but in those early days if any one had repeated those lines I would have said that *I* was the hand of the Lord, and my mission to repay.

"Many were the scalps that were taken on that bloody day, and, O John, though I sometimes even now long for those old wild days when the buffalo covered the prairies as plentifully as the sunflowers and roses in the summer moons, I am still thankful that they have passed for ever, because the useless slaying and the bloodshed must have been an offence to the Manitou.

"I rode alongside Muscopetung, and we journeyed westward along the banks of the

Missouri. For many days and nights we journeyed westward, and then we rode north into the land that you now call Canada, until we struck the Saskatchewan river. On our way we had several little fights with the Piegans, and Sarcees Gros Ventres, and Blackfeet, and, while they lasted, I rode alongside Muscopetung and used my bow and arrow.

"I do not say it in any vain spirit, John, for a man is as the Manitou, and such things as surround him, have made him, but I showed those Crees how a Sioux youth can shoot. Muscopetung and those who were with him were loud in their praises of me, and instead of being treated badly, as a captive might have expected they treated me right well and were never weary of doing me kindnesses. And withal, I think I carried myself as my good mother had taught me, as became a youth who had not yet been tried in the sun-dance and been made a brave.

"We journeyed eastward for many days but we were now in the land of the Crees, and we hunted the buffalo the bear, and the deer. At last we came to the Qu'-Appelle river—this river you now see—and we spoke and traded with many of the men of Hudson Bay, with whom we trade and live on terms of good-fellowship to this day.

"I will pass over the years that followed Enough to say, that although I was in reality a captive, Muscopetung and his Crees treated me as one of themselves, and made me forget all that. The old Chief, whose sons had been slain in battle with the Blackfeet, made me live in his own tee-pee, and no man could have had more thought for me than he. At first I had intended leaving the Crees and making back to the country of the Sioux, my own people, but the desire to meet Big Plume, the murderer of my father, had grown within me, and I had heard that he lived far to the west, and one day might be expected to pay a visit to Qu'Appelle. Therefore I waited to meet him.

"I grew big and strong, and was made a brave, John. But, doubtless, it is not necessary for me to say so, for you must have heard there was not one of the youths or warriors I met who could run or shoot or wrestle or kill as many buffaloes or bears as myself. Moreover, I took my place at the councils in the big tee-pee, and the people learned to put faith in what I said. I headed parties against marauding tribes and brought them back victorious. I became as you see me now, to all intents a

I CAUGHT HIM IN MY ARMS AND DASHED HIM TO EARTH.

Cree. But still I could never manage to meet Big Plume. You see, John, this land is such that I am told the dwellers in small countries across the big waters cannot understand its distances

"I was about to journey north and west to seek Big Plume when, as often happens, unexpectedly he came

"There was a great council of the tribes, and as Muscopetung was growing old, he desired to make new head-men. Big Plume, I heard, was to be the first. And here I may say I had not even told my friend Muscopetung about my feud with the northern warrior.

"It was in the open, and a great concourse of warriors had met together. Muscopetung sat in state and I sat near him.

"For the first time in my life I saw Big Plume. He was a stalwart warrior, but there was something watchful and shifty in his black eyes.

"I made no sign as yet. It was when the old Chief said that he desired I should follow in his footsteps, and be head man and Chief of the Crees, that my opportunity came. Big Plume arose in wrath, and called me a dog of a Sioux and an interloper.

"I kept my tongue in harness, and, arising, replied that there was only one way out of the matter.

"We fought without weapons in the ring that you may still see traces of on the flat over there, John. We first stripped ourselves of our gala-dress, but, before fighting, I told Big Plume who I was, and why I rejoiced in the opportunity of fighting him.

"'The thought of the man who spared you,' I said, 'and whom you killed by a craven trick, and that picture in the mind of my mother's grief, and of her lonely years, are with me now. It is as an avenger that I fight.'

"The signal was given to begin, and we approached each other as wrestlers do.

"How long we wrestled I know not. He was the bigger man, but I was saving myself throughout. There were times when I thought he had me at his mercy, but I would recover myself and press him again. At last my opportunity came, and when he strove by a trick to trip me, I caught him up in my arms, held him struggling aloft, and dashed him to earth. He lay still, and lifted neither hand nor head again. Yea, where he fell, there he lay, and died. So perished he who killed my father by an evil trick.

"I was made Chief as you see me now, John. I sought the Sioux, and brought my mother to Qu'Appelle. She sleeps over there near the ruins of the old Fort. . . . Give me your hand, John, and help pull me to my feet, for my limbs are not as when I fought Big Plume. Let us return to camp. How beautiful the valley looks with the dying sunlight resting on it!"

MODERN SPORT

IT is a common fallacy that, in modern times, sport has tended rather to increase than decrease in cruelty. In other words, driving is considered butchery compared to the old fashioned "dogging."

As a lover and follower of all branches of sport, it was only natural that I should be astonished and disgusted at the following passage which appeared in Mr. Brew Molohan's story, "The Ways that are Wild" (Part One). The tale, otherwise, is an excellent one, and evidently written by a naturalist and sportsman. Yet it contains this paragraph: "I shot . . . with an ever increasing dislike for the butchery of modern sport. It is no enjoyment for me to stand beside a covert and slaughter a score of pheasants so tame that they hardly take the trouble to fly, or crouch at the butts and knock over the birds driven up by an army of beaters."

It is not my intention to give a hard and fast definition of "sport," or what may or may not be classified as such, but my point is this—no boundary can be placed between "driving" and "dogging,"—the one termed slaughter, the other legitimate sport. Driving, with all due deference to the author of "The Ways that are Wild," must come under the category of true sport.

It is argued by people who know little or nothing about the subject, and who have probably never handled a gun, or wanted to, that as the game is driven towards you, it is necessarily easy to shoot hence the cruelty The birds are fetched for you, your gun is held for you and the cartridge put in for you. The only thing left for you to do is to put the gun to your shoulder and pull the trigger.

If, dear reader, you have got this idea into your head, you have never been more mistaken.

A pheasant drive.

To some it may sound perfect sense, particularly to those who have never had the pleasure of witnessing a pheasant drive, but to one who has experienced the perfect joy of seeing a pheasant crumple up and fall, stopped in its full flight by one's gun, it appears utter nonsense.

The fact that a pheasant runs a short distance before rising is well known. When one is walking up to pheasants in cover the birds run, then rise slowly and offer the easiest of shots, all of which have an unvarying sameness about them. The same remarks apply to partridges with the exception of the clumsiness characteristic of a pheasant In the drive the bird has got up its greatest velocity on reaching the guns, and offers an endless variety of shots at all angles and elevations, none being low. There is more excitement, more variety, more *clean sport* about the shooting of a rocketing pheasant at express speed, compared to the tameness of shattering a rise from under your very feet in covert.

Next, the charge of waste is brought against the modern sportsman. The large bag of a successful shoot appals the so-called humanitarian, who deplores the butchery of the present-day landowners, and sighs for the good old days when men were content with their three or four brace shot over the dogs.

But can it be considered a waste of life if all the birds shot are utilised for food? What are not eaten by the owners are sent to the large towns, thereby providing game cheap enough to be eaten by many people who are now able to enjoy food which was once, owing to its price, the fare of the rich only.

In a recent debate at a school debating

Stopped in its full flight by one's gun

society which I had the pleasure of attending, the *laziness* of the modern sportsman was deplored. This arose, I suppose, from the idea of the lack of self-help I have already mentioned. Is less energy necessary, however, in the ethics of true sport?

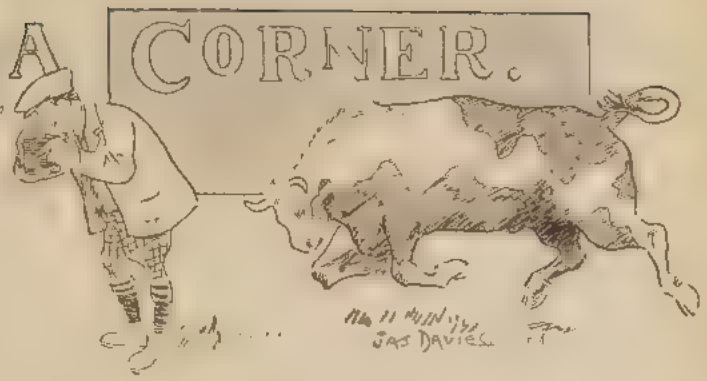
A sportsman walks over twenty miles of moor on a hot day with his dogs, and returns worn out and perspiring with his four brace. It is true he has probably spent much cunning in circumventing the birds, but is he any more a sportsman than his fellow "gun" who gets his ten brace in the butts, where the shots are more varied, the speed of the birds greater, and the more skill and quickness of eye called for?

I have tried to show that a sportsman is he who contrives to kill his game quickly and cleanly, and, incidentally, with a minimum of cruelty. He still remains a sportsman whether he bags two or twenty brace; and the title "sportsman" depends, not on the size of the bag, but rather on the cunning and skill expended in getting it.

LIONEL H. SMITH.

The bird offers an endless variety of shots

THE CAMERA CORNER.



SOME COMMON FAULTS IN PICTURE MAKING

LAST month I gave two illustrations to show what kind of subject is suitable for a very small picture and what kind is unsuitable. As this month is one when cameras are especially busy, I mean to have a few photographs reproduced here, and to criticise their respective faults, in the hope that my remarks may be of some help to readers

FIG. 1.—A bad effect is caused by the top of the wall being in line with the pony's back and the top of the carriage

CONFUSED OUTLINES AND BAD BACKGROUNDS

Fig. 1 portrays a very nice little pony turn-out in front of a very serviceable brick wall. The exposure of the plate was quite correct, and from a merely mechanical point of view the result is good enough. Unfortunately, the top of the wall, and the pony's back, and the rails of the carriage body are on the same line, and the pictorial effect is atrocious. Furthermore, a small window of the house suggests something projecting from the animal's spine; and the whip bisects the face of the lady in the vehicle. So that, on the whole, the photograph is very far from being a likely candidate for a prize in a CAPTAIN competition, despite the saucy little sun-hat on the pony's head.

One must never forget, when composing a picture that in the print differences of *colour* in the original will be largely lost. In the case under criticism, the pony was brown, the wall red, the gadding vine on the house in the background green, and as seen on the focussing screen, pony, wall and vine were very distinct from one another by virtue of their respective colours. But when these last are all reduced to shades of a purple-brown, the "separateness" of the objects is greatly diminished. So be very careful of your backgrounds, avoiding in particular those containing ugly straight lines

FIG. 2.—The outlines of the tree's trunk are confused by the holly bush behind

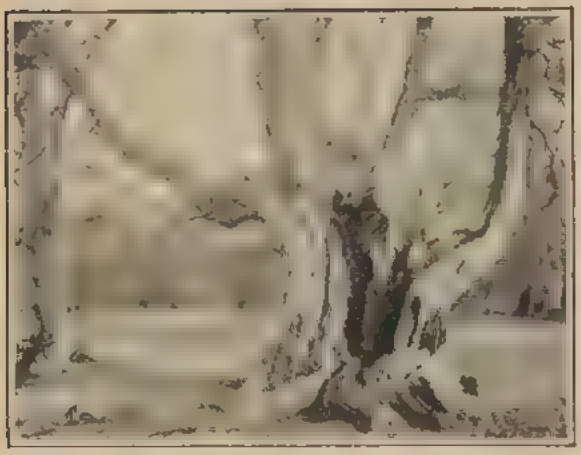


FIG. 3.—The distant and subdued background throws up the trunk of this tree into good relief

BACKGROUND TOO CLOSE

In Fig. 2 the background of holly bushes is too close to the fine old beech-tree that forms the principal object of the picture, and the portion on the left of the trunk is especially objectionable, as its deep shadows merge into those of that side of the trunk. In this instance it was, of course, necessary to take things as they existed, and to make the best of a bad (from the photographer's standpoint) natural arrangement. When there is a *choice* of positions or of objects of the same kind you should not expend your plates and films until you have decided where you may pitch your camera to best advantage.

Fig. 3 depicts another beech-tree, but the effect is here much finer; owing, first, to the background being softened by distance, and second, to the tree roots being brought right into the foreground, so as to give the sense of proximity.

FIG. 4.—A very monotonous print of a scene which was naturally beautiful but unsuitable as a photographic subject. The composition of this picture is bad.

UNSUITABLE SUBJECT.

Fig. 4 appears, as I think you will admit, to be a very uninteresting subject indeed. The original was, nevertheless, a group of elms with autumn-yellowed foliage shining golden in the rays of the setting sun, with a bright blue sky above them, and a foreground of green meadow; a very charming picture, in fact. But alas! in the print the blue sky is a dirty white, the bright yellow trees might be wearing their dark leaves of mid-summer (yellow rays affect a non-orthochromatic plate hardly at all), and the grass is much the same colour as the trees. Observe, again, that the composition is thoroughly bad—three roughly parallel bands of blank sky, trees, and grass, the last quite unbroken save by a few shadows. This shows that one must not be led away by colour. Pay attention to the composition of the picture; and break up big expanses of sky by some clouds brightly printed-in from a separate cloud negative. Rows of trees should be taken "half-face," as it were, that is to say, obliquely from one end, so that their top and bottom lines may converge towards the horizon.

FOREGROUNDS.

Though a wide foreground should be broken up, where possible, the objects to break it should be carefully selected. Fig. 5 is a view of a famous mediæval pile in Cambridge, the fine outlines of which are rudely interrupted by a late-Victorian gas-lamp and shop awning. Whenever I look at this photo. (I took it myself twenty years ago) I wish that a motor-car would charge down the post and a hurricane whisk away the awning, since both these objects are ugly and incongruous, as well as obtrusive. If I had only taken the trouble to plant my camera a few yards further along the pavement I could have eliminated them, but I suppose that I was too much interested in the Gothic roof to notice the interlopers. Study the foreground, and shift your camera about till the effect pleases you. Though you may hardly be aware of it, your most satisfactory views are those in which the foreground happens to be harmonious with the "middle distance." One cannot lay down any rules as to the

proportion of foreground to the rest of the picture, since it varies with the subject: but it's a fact that in many cases the foreground "makes" a picture, though it may not contain a single item of interest and is nominally quite subordinate to what appears in the middle parts of the print

Distortion

Behold Fig. 6, and a horse which apparently has a head several sizes too large for its body and almost as long as the diameter of the dog-cart's wheels. The effect is grotesque yet I've seen many an amateur potting away at near-by animals, end on, regardless of the laws of perspective. If you must choose this point of view, get well away and be content with a smaller, but better proportioned, image Railway locomotives, as represented in many photographs, suffer severely from being taken three-quarter face at short range. A long focus lens, by the by, is most valuable for end on work, as it enables you to obtain a large image at a distance that gives satisfactory perspective

Fig. 6.—End-on views taken with a short-focus lens have very perspective, which exaggerates objects in the foreground

Lighting

One of the stock rules that the amateur should observe is, to avoid having the sun directly at the back of the camera, since the absence of shadow gives the picture an unrelieved flatness. On the other hand, if the sun is too far round on either side of the camera the shadows may be over aggressive. If the camera is pointing, say, due north, the best effect will generally be got when the sun is S S E. or S S W., though much will depend upon the nature of the subject. By way of experiment, I should advise you to take successive views of the same subject—a group of trees or a house—at intervals of an hour, beginning with the sun in direct line with the axis of the camera, and to compare the results. The position of the camera is unchanged, of course.

Fig. 5.—Don't let unpicturesque objects intrude into the foreground

Useful Books

I periodically recommend handbooks on various branches of photography. For the convenience of those who are not aware of the names of the best manuals and series of handbooks I will devote some space to a list which readers might keep by them for reference

General—"Barnet Book of Photography," 1*s.* 6*d.*; "Photography for All," by W. J. Harrison, 1*s.*; "Practical Guide to Photography," 2*s.* 6*d*

Development.—"Development Made Easy." A Horsley Hinton. 4*d*

Enlarging.—"Photographic Enlargements, How to Make Them." Geo Wheeler. 1

Exposure—"How to Ensure Correct Exposure." A Horsley Hinton. 4*d*

Flash Photography—"How to Photograph with Roll and Cut Films." J. A Hodges. 1*s*

Landscape Photography.—"Practical Landscape Photography." G. T. Harris. 1*s*

Lantern Slide Making.—"How to Make Lantern Slides." S. L. Coulthurst. 1*s*
"Lantern Slides." A. R Dresser. 6*d*
"Practical Slide Making." G. F. Harris. 1*s*.

Lenses.—"Photograph Lenses, How to Choose and How to Use." John A. Hodges. 2*s*.

Mounting the Print.—"Trimming, Mounting, and Framing." Photo-miniature Series. No. 20. 6*d*.

After-Treatment of the Negative.—"Intensification and Reduction." W. H Bennett. 1*s*.

Outdoor Photography.—"First Book of Outdoor Photography." Photo-miniature Series No. 80. 6*d*.; "Photography Outdoors." do. do. No. 4. 6*d*.

Pictorial Photography.—"Practical Pictorial Photography." A. Horsley Hinton. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Picture Post-Cards.—"The Photograph Picture Post-card." E. J Wall and H. Snowden Ward. 1*s*

Pinhole Photography.—"Pinhole or Stenopaic Photography." F. W. Mills and A. C. Ponton. 1*s*

Portraiture.—"Home Portraiture." R. Penlake 1*s*. "Portraiture for Amateurs without a Studio" Rev. F. C. Lambert. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Printing Processes—"P.O P." Amateur Photographer Series. No. 2. A Horsley Hinton. 1*s*.; "Bromide Printing." Rev. F. C. Lambert. 1*s*.; "Gum Bichromate Process." J. Cruwys Richards. 2*s*.; "Platinotype Printing." Amateur Photographer Library, No. 11. A Horsley Hinton. 1*s*

Trick Photography.—"Trick Photography." Richard Penlake. 6*d*

The above constitute a very fairly complete photographic library. In order to keep up to date one ought to take in one of the leading photographic periodicals. A shilling might also be spent once a year on "The British Journal of Photography Almanac," published every December; or on the "Year Book of Photography," published in June. These contain a mass of useful information and advertisements of all kinds of apparatus.

A New Developing Tank.

As a complement to their film-developing tank the Kodak Co. have produced a plate-developing tank, which I can recommend without reserve to my readers. The outfit consists of (1) a nickeled metal vessel with a close-fitting lid, secured by means of two clamps; (2) a metal cage or rack provided with grooves and capable of holding twelve plates; (3) a wooden loading-block to facilitate the placing of the plates in the rack; and (4) a means of lowering the rack into the tank, and removing it after development. On the face of the tank is a clock dial with a single hand, which, at the moment of immersing the plates, is advanced fifteen minutes beyond the actual time indicated by one's watch, so that one may know when development is complete. During development the tank is turned over several times to promote even development, and as soon as the fifteen minutes are up the solution is poured off and several changes of clean water are introduced. Finally, the tank is filled with fixing solution. It is a very handy and clean method of development, besides being reliable, as the special powders sold for the purpose will, at a certain temperature, bring out in a quarter of an hour all the virtues of a negative that has not been grossly over- or under-exposed.

The tanks are made in two sizes, 5 × 4, and 7 × 5, the first being furnished with an adapter for quarter-plates; the second with one for half-plates. Use of the tank makes it unnecessary to work in a ruby light after the tank has been capped for development.

"Pakols."

This rather weird word is applied by the White Band Chemical Co., of South Croydon, to their packets of photographic preparations—developers, intensifiers, reducers, toners, &c. *Filmol* is a developer specially suited for film negatives. *Hypokil* eliminates hypo from plates, films, or papers in a few minutes. *Glosso* is a glazing solution for prints. The firm sells, among other things, a white ink for titling photographs and lantern slides. Make a note of this. "Pakols" of all kinds are sold by dealers in photographic chemicals.

Cheap Supplies.

Messrs. Benetfink and Co., of 107 and 108 Cheapside, stock large supplies of photographic materials, sold at remarkably low prices, considering their high quality. Send for a catalogue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Chemist."—A "saturated solution" is one which will dissolve no more of the substance in solution. A solution saturated while hot will deposit some of the dissolved element as it cools. A cold solution, on the other hand, will dissolve more of the substance when heated. In speaking of a saturated solution it is generally assumed that it is of the same temperature as the atmosphere.

A. S. Bell.—To copyright any photograph send a penny and an addressed stamped envelope to the Registrar, Copyright Office, Stationer's Hall E.C., for a form, which has to be filled in and returned with a fee of one shilling and a copy of the photograph for filing.

THE TRAIN PIRATES

By FRANCIS MARLOWE

No. III.—THE BULLION MYSTERY

I

JACK FLETCHER, the young chief of the Sunset Freight Patrol, felt the responsibilities of his post grow heavy on his shoulders. It was not that he had lost enthusiasm for the work he had taken in hand or that his energy was dwindling; it was simply that Black Michaels, the clever and daring leader of the most desperate gang of thieves that waged war against the patrol, had pitted his wits against his, and Jack [illegible] struggle, perhaps a fight to the death, before he could claim to have defeated this dangerous train pirate.

A very brief experience of the work of the Freight Patrol convinced Jack that it would be foolish to consider that the patrol had achieved any satisfactory measure of success so long as Black Michaels remained outside prison bars. The patrol had curbed the [illegible] had arrested their leaders and broken their ranks so that they no longer dared to make organised raids on the freight yards. Their thefts had by no means ceased, but they had become less frequent, and it was seldom indeed that closed cars were now "ripped" and looted except by Black Michaels' gang.

To arrest Black Michaels and break up his gang was now the absorbing aim of Jack [illegible] the freight thieves seemed to anticipate all traps and ambushes. After his son had been killed, Black Michaels had disappeared for a time, and for many nights there was no trace of his hand in the raids on the freight switches. At last, however, he returned to the scene of his former exploits, the South Side yards, and celebrated his reappearance by leading a horde of desperate ruffians who, though they left many wounded prisoners behind them, carried off a quantity of valuable goods from the cars and damaged much that they could not take away. Black Michaels, hitherto a daring and reckless leader, was now positively fearless and contemptuous of danger. With a revolver, that he had taken to carrying, he returned the fire of the patrolmen and wounded two so dangerously that, though two weeks had since passed, neither of them had been able to resume duty.

Since then Black Michaels had waged bitter warfare against the patrol. Before the patrol was organised, by a sort of agreement with the other gangs, he had confined his depredations to the South Side yards, but after his son's death all of the Sunset freight tracks suffered from his daring raids. It was soon evident, too, that, in addition to his natural thieving proclivities, Black Michaels was moved by a desire to take what vengeance he could for the death of "Spike" Michaels, for all his operations now were marked by a wanton and vindictive destruction of goods which he and his followers could not carry away with them.

Jack Fletcher was tireless in planning schemes for Michaels' capture; he had notified the patrol that he would give a hundred dollars reward to the man who took him; and he had obtained a warrant for his arrest, but this had proved useless, for the man was never seen now except when he led a raid on the freight switches, and all efforts to find where he hid himself in the daytime had proved fruitless.

Black Michaels was still at large; he harassed the patrol men almost nightly, and day by day Jack Fletcher's face grew more gloomy as he received reports of goods damaged or stolen from the freight cars.

At the end of a busy day Jack Fletcher was in his office at headquarters reading reports from the patrol posts. When he had finished he pushed them from him impatiently, and, frowning thoughtfully, leaned back in his chair. Most of the reports dealt with trivial matters, but one had informed him that on the previous night the Lakeside freight tracks had been

raided and much valuable booty carried away. The problem of Black Michaels presented itself again, for it was this desperate thief who had led the raid.

For several minutes Jack Fletcher sat motionless, turning over in his mind various schemes for capturing the brigand, but he could hit on none that was more promising than those that had already been tried and defeated. Dismissing the matter for the moment, he turned to his desk at last and picked up two letters that he had not yet read. On opening them he found that one was from his uncle, John Fletcher, the president of the Sunset Line. It referred to a matter of urgent importance, for it told Jack that a consignment of bullion, value twenty thousand dollars, was being despatched that night from Montreal to Toronto, and asked him to see that one of the patrolmen travelled with the treasure to guard it. Jack made a mental note of this as a matter demanding instant attention, though he was rather puzzled as to how he was going to spare a man from patrol duty. The next instant he had almost forgotten it in the absorbing interest of the concluding paragraph of the letter: "*I have just heard from the police that they have discovered where Black Michaels is living now. They have traced him to a tenement house near the South Side yards, and hope to arrest him to-night.*

This was cheering news for Jack Fletcher, and quickly put him on good terms with himself again. With Black Michaels out of the way he felt confident that he would not experience very great difficulty in breaking up the last gang of train pirates. While the man was at large, able to use his quick brain and desperate courage in planning and leading raids on the freight yards, the freight patrol had an almost hopeless task before it, for unless their numbers were very greatly increased, the patrolmen had small chance of successfully scattering so determined an enemy.

Jack Fletcher was still in the first flush of elation at the very comforting news in his uncle's letter when the door of his office opened and Sullivan, Jack's lieutenant, entered the room. It was his usual hour for visiting headquarters, just before he started on his nightly inspection of the patrol posts.

"You look mighty pleased about something, Mister Jack," said Sullivan in his hearty, mellow voice.

"I've got pleasing news, Sullivan," replied Jack, lifting the President's letter. "We've got Black Michaels——"

"By the piper, you don't say so?" interjected the impulsive Irishman. "You've trapped him at last, then?"

"We haven't got the handcuffs on him yet," said Jack, recollecting with a frown that his bird was still in the bush, "but the President writes to tell me that the police have found out where he's hiding and that they hope to arrest him to-night."

Sullivan's eyes had glowed with excited interest at Jack's opening speech, but as the burly fellow listened to what followed, disappointment was written plainly on his face.

"Thunder and hounds!" he growled. "I made sure you'd got him safe in the cells. There's a big difference between the police knowing where he is and them same lads being able to put their hands on him."

Jack Fletcher was visibly disheartened by Sullivan's words.

"You mean you think he'll escape the police?"

"I mean that I'll believe we've got Black Michaels when I see him standing in front of me with the bracelets on. It's a queer bird he is and as artful as a waggon-load of monkeys. It would not surprise me if we heard from him in the freight yards again to-night. He was wounded four nights back, but his men got him safely away, and last night he turned up at Lakeside bold as you please."

"I'll see what the police have to say about him," said Jack. "I'd like to be with them when they start to arrest him."

He turned to the telephone and rang up the police headquarters. He quickly got an answer to his brief inquiries and then swung round to Sullivan.

"Inspector Graves and four men left on the Black Michaels business half an hour ago," he said excitedly.

"I wish them luck," returned Sullivan ironically. "Any instructions for to-night, Mister Jack?" he concluded, preparing to leave the office.

"I wish I knew exactly where the police have gone to," muttered Jack, "for I'd be with them." Then Sullivan's question attracted his attention and his mind was recalled to the business of the bullion.

"Oh, yes, Sullivan," he said hastily, "there's a matter here that needs immediate attention. There's twenty thousand dollars in gold going to Toronto to-night, and the President wants a man from the patrol to guard it. Whom shall we send?"

"By the piper, that's a question!" remarked Sullivan, fingering his beard thoughtfully. "We've two men in hospital, and that makes us mighty short handed Of course, if the President wants a man, he must have one, but how we're to spare him is more than I know, with Black Michaels liable to spring a surprise on us at any one of the patrol posts."

"The police will have Black Michaels to-night."

I wouldn't reckon on that"

"I'll go to Toronto myself, then," said Jack. "The train starts in an hour, so I'll have to look sharp Telegraph me if the police get Michaels"

"You'd better let me telegraph you if they *don't* catch him," said Sullivan with twinkle in his eye "I'd like to some message to send you."

"Oh, get out, you croaker!" cried Jack

II

When Sullivan left him, Jack Fletcher made hasty preparations for his journey to Toronto. He had very little time to spare, for the bullion was to be despatched by the Sunset Night Express, a train that left Montreal every night at half-past seven. His first step was to telephone to the railway headquarters to notify the President that he was going to take charge of the gold. When he had done this he slipped a revolver into his hip pocket, put on a heavy overcoat and a cap, and started for the railway station. In order that he should have time to meet the bank officials, receive their instructions as to the consignment of the gold, give them a receipt for it, and have it carefully stowed away in the baggage van, it was necessary for him to be on the platform some little time before the express started. He reached the station at a quarter-past seven, with ample time to do all this to his satisfaction

He found that the gold was in the station-master's office, where a bank clerk and a porter were waiting to hand it over to his charge It was packed in two stout wooden boxes, each of which weighed about half a hundredweight, the whole making a load that none but a very strong man could carry more than a short distance Each of the boxes was securely corded and sealed

When he had made sure that the bank's seals were intact, Jack Fletcher signed the

"I'VE PLEASING NEWS SULLIVAN," REPLIED JACK

receipt that was presented to him and had the boxes loaded on a truck and conveyed to the baggage car of the express. He found the baggage guard anxiously awaiting the arrival of the bullion, and pleased that the responsibility of safeguarding it had been taken off his shoulders.

Owing to the late arrival of some goods that were consigned to Toronto by the express, a slight delay was now necessary before the gold could be put aboard the train. While the goods were being packed away, Jack Fletcher sat on the truck that bore the gold and watched operations. Idly inspecting the belated stuff, he noticed that most of it consisted of small packages of the style ordinarily sent by passenger express. One article, however, attracted his particular attention, and set him wondering how it happened that it was being despatched by an express baggage car instead of by an ordinary freight train. Both in bulk and weight it differed materially from the style of articles usually sent by express. He concluded that it was of exceptional value, or that its quick delivery was a matter of great urgency. It interested him sufficiently to cause him to comment on it to the baggage guard.

"That's a curious looking bit of goods," he said.

"Yes!" said the guard. "It's a bit out of our line, too."

"What do you make of it?" asked Jack.

The article they were discussing was just then taxing the strength of three men to get it into the van.

The guard glanced casually at its curious shape while he answered Jack's question

"It's consigned to a party in Toronto," he remarked. "Some crank, I'll bet. It's supposed to be a part of an airship one of them aeroplanes they talk about; I expect that's the motor in that box in the middle of it."

The men had succeeded in getting it on the floor of the van as the guard finished He stepped forward and directed them.

"Stand it upright, men," he called out "We can't put anything on top of it or we might break it."

It was satisfactorily disposed of at last, and then Jack's two boxes of treasure were lifted from the truck and carried into the baggage car. The guard pointed out where he had kept a corner clear for them.

"They'll be safe enough there," he said, "and easy to get at when we reach Toronto."

A moment later the engine bell warned them that the train was about to start; the baggage guard took a final look along the platform, swung the sliding door of the car shut with a rattle, and stepped back alongside Jack Fletcher.

"We don't open that again until we get to Toronto," he remarked, "so I think we can reckon the gold is safe enough."

As he spoke, the car jolted with the first revolution of the engine wheels, and then the express moved smoothly out of the station.

At any time Jack would have found it irksome to pass so many hours inactive as his journey to Toronto condemned him to, but he felt it a particular hardship that he should be penned in a railway van that night. In spite of Sullivan's pessimistic attitude, he had strong hopes that the police would succeed in arresting Black Michaels, and he was resentful of the chance that sent him to Toronto when all his inclinations would have led him to stay in Montreal and help to hunt down the chief of the train pirates. He realised, of course, that it was usual to despatch bullion in charge of an armed guard, but he was inclined to the belief that the baggage guard would have been quite capable of safeguarding the two boxes of gold that were responsible for his unexpected journey to Toronto. By no effort of his imagination could he bring himself to believe that they were threatened by any danger that would call for action on his part. Presently, as the journey progressed, his habit of cheerfully accepting an inevitable situation enabled him to adjust his elastic spirits to his uncongenial task; he converted a bundle of sacking into a comfortable resting-place, [illegible] his grievance.

It was almost two hours since the train left Montreal when Jack was reminded, by an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of his stomach, that in hurrying to catch the express he had forgotten to take his usual evening meal. He referred regretfully to this while he was talking to the guard, who quickly put him in the way of satisfying his appetite by reminding him that there was a supper car on the express.

"Of course there is!" exclaimed Jack. "I'll get right along there now." But he hesitated a moment as he thought of the gold that had been put in his charge, then caught the guard's eye, and laughed lightly as he added, "There's no fear of any one breaking in on you while I'm away?"

The guard pointed significantly to a Winchester rifle that [illegible] his [illegible] car. Jack quickly passed from the baggage car to the smoker, and thence on to the supper car, where he was soon busy ministering to a remarkably fine appetite

He wound up his meal with a cup of coffee, and was sipping this with great enjoyment when he was startled by the grinding sound of hurriedly applied brakes, and almost flung from his seat by the sudden stoppage of the train

He sprang to his feet and listened tensely for some sound that might explain why the train had stopped He caught the flash of a lantern as the man carrying it ran along the line, shouting hoarsely, to the rear of the train. He looked round the supper car; the waiters were pale and scared looking, and two passengers, who had been disturbed in the middle of supper, looked as puzzled as he felt. A sudden thought of the gold in the baggage car fled across his brain and he instinctively felt that it was in some way connected with the startling stoppage of the express The next instant he was running swiftly to the rear of the train

"THAT'S A CURIOUS-LOOKING BIT OF GOODS" HE SAID.

When he emerged from the [illegible] smoking [illegible] his apprehension that [illegible] danger was [illegible] door of the baggage car [illegible] the pressure he applied. He hammered at it frantically with the butt end of his revolver, but [illegible] was no reply from the other side. He [illegible] to the baggage guard and was [illegible] there was [illegible] hurriedly retreated to the smoking car. He thrust himself

roughly through a startled, chattering crowd of passengers, flung open the door of the smoking car and jumped from the train. As he ran back beside the train he overtook three men, these proved to be a conductor, the passenger guard, and a black porter. When he reached them he found that they were as ignorant as he of the reason the express had stopped. All the information the passenger guard could supply was that an alarm signal from the baggage car had been received in the brake van.

The four men arrived together in front of the baggage car and found the sliding door of it wide open. Frantically anxious about the gold that had been entrusted to his care, Jack Fletcher sprang into the van. He found it deserted; the baggage guard had disappeared. He looked towards the corner where the gold had been placed; the two boxes of bullion were no longer there!

III

They found the baggage guard lying by the side of the track about fifty yards behind the train, but this discovery served to increase rather than explain the mystery of the vanished bullion, for the man was unconscious and therefore unable to give any account of what had happened. By the light of a lantern Jack Fletcher discovered that the unfortunate guard was terribly wounded about the head.

"See if there is a doctor among the passengers," he exclaimed hurriedly.

The conductor departed on this errand and presently returned with a young surgeon whom he had the luck to find in the smoking car. After a brief examination the doctor informed Jack that the injuries to the guard's head were so severe that it was doubtful if the man would live until the train reached Toronto.

"Does any one know how this happened?" he added, looking curiously at the little group of anxious train men.

"It is impossible to say yet," said Jack "All we know is that a signal to stop the train was sent from the baggage car, and that when we investigated we found the door of the baggage car open and the guard lying here, as you see him. It looks as if he fell from the train after he had given the signal for brakes."

"There's something more than that behind it," replied the doctor briskly. "My belief is that the man was struck on the head before he fell from the car. There's a pretty bad wound here that wasn't caused by a fall."

The inexplicable disappearance of the bullion recurred to Jack and he stepped swiftly towards the young doctor and drew him aside.

"Are you sure of what you say?" he asked. "At first I thought something of the kind had happened, but how could it have been possible? The man was alone in the baggage car; I was out of the train almost [illegible] in every direction without finding a sign of any one who might have attacked the guard."

In spite of Jack's earnest words the doctor adhered firmly to his opinion that the guard had been struck before he fell from the train. The mystery grew very black. Jack, who had said nothing yet to any one of the loss of the gold, was tempted to speak of it to the doctor, but was checked by the thought that to make the matter public would serve no good purpose and might not meet with approval at headquarters. Nevertheless, he organised another search party and himself thoroughly ransacked the baggage car in the hope that the guard might have transferred the gold to another position while he himself had been in the supper car. But he drew blank everywhere, there was no trace of the gold, and the search party returned to report that they had scoured the country side without discovering a living soul. The only course left to him, therefore, was to allow the express to proceed, and continue his journey to Toronto to face the unpleasant task of reporting the loss of the gold to the bank officials there and to the headquarters of the Sunset company.

On the suggestion of the doctor, a bed of sacking was made in the baggage van for the injured guard, and Jack Fletcher and the young surgeon shared the melancholy and fruitless task of watching by his side for the first moment of consciousness. It was a dismal journey, spent by Jack Fletcher in unavailing attempts to solve the mystery of the lost gold, and embittered by the self-accusing thought that the disaster would have been averted had he not deserted his post by leaving the baggage van for the supper car. He clung despairingly to the hope that the injured guard would recover consciousness before they reached Toronto and give him a clue that would enable him to trace the vanished bullion. He had long since abandoned the wild theory he had

seized on when he discovered the baggage van empty and the gold gone—the theory that the guard had stolen the gold or had had a hand in the robbery. The doctor's positive assertion, that the man had been struck before he fell from the train, placed the guard's innocence beyond doubt, though it made the mystery more baffling.

Toronto was reached at last. The still unconscious guard, accompanied by the doctor, was removed on an ambulance to the nearest hospital. Jack Fletcher, stepping from the van, found a bank clerk waiting to relieve him of the twenty thousand dollars that had been entrusted to his charge. As a last, forlorn hope, before explaining the situation to the bank's representative, he stood grimly by the van until everything it contained had been removed from it. Then he turned to the bank clerk

"The gold is not on the train," he said.

The clerk, plainly puzzled, stared at him.

"We [illegible] been notified that it was consigned to us by this train."

"The gold is not on the train," repeated Jack quietly, but with twitching lips. "Ask your bank to communicate with the Sunset headquarters."

At that moment the passenger guard of the express handed a telegram to Jack and he turned from the clerk to read it.

It was from Sullivan, and ran, "*Black Michaels not arrested. Police say he has cleared out of town.—Sullivan.*"

Jack crumpled the telegram impatiently in his hand and moved towards the station-master's office to send a message to the President of the line announcing the loss of the gold. He was busy writing a telegram when the office telephone tinkled.

"Here's a telephone call for you, Mr Fletcher," called out the station-master from his desk

Jack stepped quickly to the instrument and found that the young doctor who had attended to the injured guard was waiting to speak to him.

"The guard has recovered consciousness and may pull through now," were the doctor's first words. They thrilled Jack with the hope that now he could obtain a clue to the missing gold.

"Can he speak? Has he said anything?" he asked hurriedly.

"He can scarcely speak," replied the doctor. "I've made out that he suddenly found a man in the baggage van and was struck on the head as he was signalling to the brake van. That's all I've been able to get from him, and it would be dangerous to question him further now."

Jack dropped the telephone receiver almost before the doctor had concluded. A possible solution of the mystery had suddenly flashed across his mind and he was anxious to put it to the test while there was yet time. He astonished the stationmaster by turning sharply to him with the request:

"Come quickly with me and pick up some good men as we go along. I want them to tackle a dangerous business."

Luckily for Jack's purpose, the station-master [illegible] without question, and a minute later when Jack got to the station yard there were four sturdy men behind him watching his movements with obvious wonder.

A quick glance round the yard showed Jack what he was in search of. On a truck that was leaving the yard just at that moment was the supposed section of an aeroplane that he had seen put aboard the express at Montreal. A little crowd of men were idly watching it, attracted, probably, by its strange shape. Somewhat resembling a skeleton bow of a boat in outline, it was made of plain iron and was enclosed in an oblong framework of wood about seven feet in length. Inside the metal frame, secured to it firmly at the base and fastened to its bow-shaped apex by a short chain, was a wooden box standing almost as high as the outside wooden frame and about three feet wide by two feet deep.

Jack Fletcher had seen two men take charge of this strange-looking affair when it was removed from the baggage car, and now he saw these same two men sitting on the driving seat of the truck.

He turned to the men behind him and pointed to those on the truck.

"I want you to look after those men when I call on them to stop," he said quietly

An instant afterwards he darted ahead of the truck and confronted the driver with a threatening revolver.

"Get down!" he cried sharply. "I want to have a look at that funny business you have there."

The man uttered a shout of alarm and jumped from the truck like a flash, but was immediately seized and held by two of Jack's men. The second man on the truck sat staring at Jack in amazement and made no attempt to move.

HE LAY PINNED UNDER THREE OF THE STURDY STATION HANDS

"I want you to open that thing,' said Jack to him, pointing with his revolver at the wooden box in the metal framework.

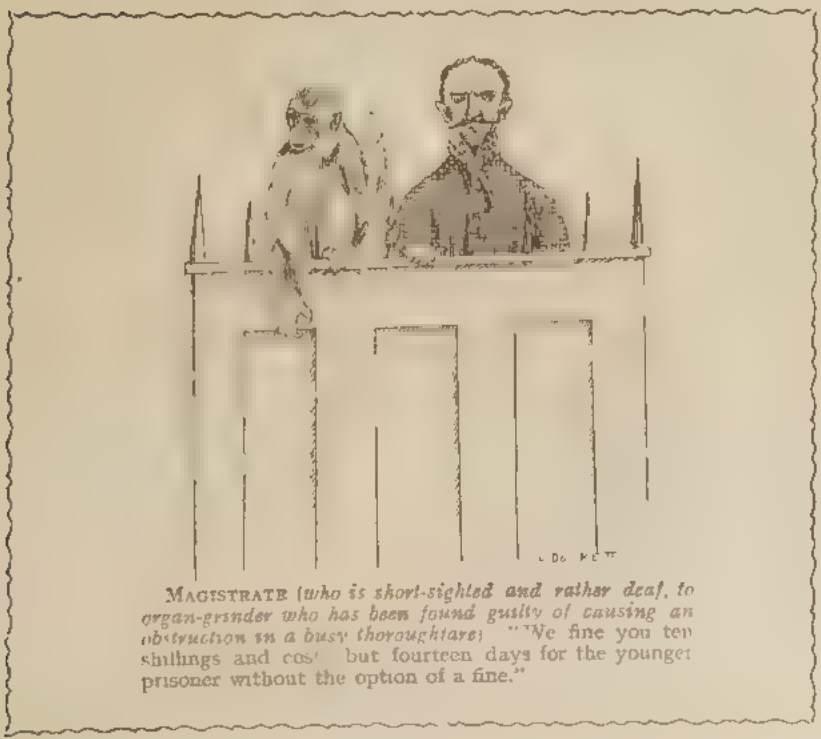
The man turned his head and looked at the long box in a puzzled fashion. He had opened his mouth to speak when suddenly the front panel of the box swung out towards him and a black figure flashed past him and sprang wildly from the truck into the midst of the amazed railway men.

Taken by surprise as he was by the suddenness of the thing, yet Jack Fletcher had recognised the swarthy, powerful figure that had emerged from the box. His voice rang out in a sharp command to the railway men

"Hold that man!"

With his revolver ready for use, he stepped forward as he spoke, but the man had fallen as he reached the ground and he now lay pinned under three of the sturdy station hands. He looked at the swarthy face as it stared viciously up at him, and he saw that he had made no mistake. It was Black Michaels.

At the bottom of the box that Black Michaels had made such a desperate effort to escape from, Jack Fletcher found the two missing boxes of bullion. Within an hour they were safe in the vaults of the bank they had been consigned to, and in far less time than that Black Michaels was behind stout prison bars, there to await his trial and the inevitable life sentence that was his just due.



MAGISTRATE (*who is short-sighted and rather deaf, to organ-grinder who has been found guilty of causing an obstruction in a busy thoroughfare*) "We fine you ten shillings and cost but fourteen days for the younger prisoner without the option of a fine."

HIGH DIVING EXTRAORDINARY

By Joseph Heighton

MR. SPEEDY

SCENE, the London Hippodrome. Time, 9 P.M. "Number eleven" says the indicator, and as the band commences to play "El Capitan" march, a figure, clad in pink-coloured tights, appears at the side of the arena. "Speedy, the world's champion high diver," the whisper goes round the audience, as the figure, with merely a formal bow, grips a rope and is hauled out of sight, forty feet beyond the Hippodrome sliding roof, which itself is ninety feet above the arena.

As the figure ascends, the arena is flooded to a depth of three feet, fine netting, strung on upright poles, enclosing part of the water. This netting not only serves to prevent the spreading of the splash, but also forms an impromptu tank about nine feet by fifteen feet, into which Speedy must drop.

Suddenly the band ceases. "All clear—ready!" bellows Mr. Frank Parker, the stage director and manager, making a megaphone with his hands. There is a slight pause and then, as the audience gaze breathlessly upwards, the pink-clad figure, with a jocular "Hello!" flashes out of the darkness into view. A quick eye will detect that the diver is almost horizontal, and appears to be falling flat into the water. Suddenly one must watch very closely to see this—he changes his position while in the air, and, perfectly perpendicular, strikes the water with the top of his head, and is out of the arena before you can say the proverbial "Jack Robinson"—the exact time record for the dive of 130 ft. being one and a half seconds.

Another formal bow, and Speedy departs for his dressing-room, at the door of which the writer is knocking a minute later. There is a ready invitation to "Come in!" and I enter to find Speedy coolly smoking a cigarette while having a rub down.

"I am still alive, you see," he says laughingly, as he shakes hands; for Mr. Speedy's favourite joke is that he has had more obituary notices written about him than you could count on the fingers of both hands. "People have been telling me for the last twenty-seven years that I shall break my neck," he continues, "but I mean to disappoint them, and die quietly in my bed," and the daring diver from Ohio—for that is where Mr. Speedy was born—chuckled as he offered me a cigarette.

"That is not to say I do not recognise the risk. As a matter of fact, I know that I have been tempting Providence—often at the rate of twice a day—for over a quarter of a century. But I am always most careful. It is more a question of common sense than nerve. I know I can dive 180 ft. -I have done 186—with perfect safety, providing every little detail is carefully attended to, and nothing left to chance. Consequently, I feel quite as safe, when doing this enormous dive, as you would when jumping off a chair.

IN MID AIR.

"Still, accidents will happen, you know, in spite of every care, and one of the narrowest shaves I ever had occurred at San Antonio, Texas, although it wasn't through any fault of my own. It was an open-air performance, and I was doing a 100 ft. dive. Just as I was about to dive from the top of the ladder, a drunken Mexican pulled one of the wire stays and threw me off my balance on

to my toes. It was impossible for me to draw back, and seeing that I must miss the tank, I began turning in the air, and this lessened the sheer impetus of my drop. When I struck the ground—which, fortunately, was ploughed—I rolled over and over with almost every bone in my body broken. That adventure laid me up for nine months.

"One of the main dangers I have to guard against, however, is striking anything on the surface of the water. If I hit even so much as the tiniest piece of paper, an insect or a match, with the top of my head, when diving from such a great height, there is a possibility of my being knocked senseless."

"But suppose a fly dropped in the centre of the tank just as you commenced to dive? You would have to trust to luck to miss it, I suppose?"

"That's just where you are wrong, my boy," rejoined the genial Speedy. "I leave nothing to luck in my performance. As a matter of fact, I can guide myself when coming through the air, swaying this way and that way, just as a man does when riding a bicycle. Now, suppose I am on top of the stand, 130 ft above the tank, ready to go. I practically roll off the stand with bent body and arms stretched out like the wings of a bird. By this means I am able to shape my course through the air, and by moving my arms slightly, to deflect to the right or left, to come nearer to the bottom of the ladder or further out, as the case may require.

"Half-way down I change my position in the air. With body and legs quite rigid, I look down into the tank from a perfectly horizontal position. It is then that I choose the spot where my head shall strike the water. Then I simply change my position again, drop head-first into the tank, and turn my body slightly, in order to rise quickly to the surface. Despite the tremendous fall, I seldom go deeper than eighteen inches, and rather pride myself on the fact that my back is rarely wet all over."

The latter fact will amaze the reader still more after learning that, in tights, Mr. Speedy weighs 212 lb. (over fifteen stone), while the force with which he strikes the water is such that, nine times out of ten, it splits his tights.

"Of course," said Mr. Speedy, referring to his Hippodrome performance, "the most difficult part of the dive is on the other side of the roof. From the top of the pedestal I cannot see anything at all. It is not until I have entered the circle of lights that I can see the water and make up my mind how to act. And then I have only a second and a half to carry out my plans in!

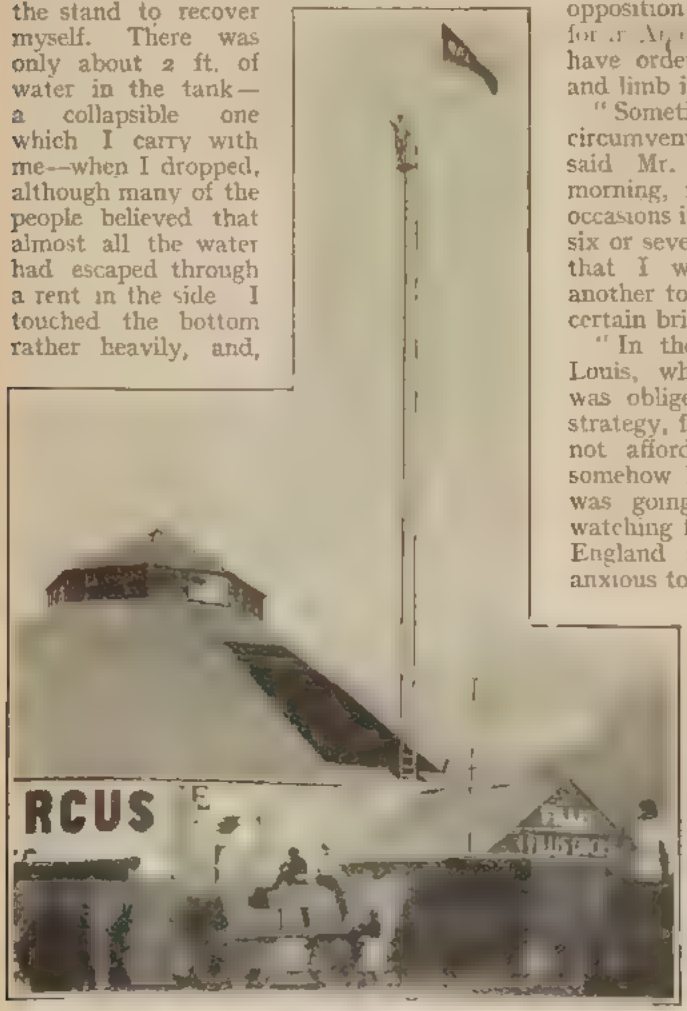
"However, the Hippodrome dive is almost

MR SPEEDY'S "POSTER."
Illustrating the positions assumed during his dive.

child's play compared with the one I did in South Africa. This dive was 186 ft.—the highest mortal man has ever attempted. In this case the position was reversed as compared with the Hippodrome dive. Instead of dropping 40 ft. in the open air, the greater part of the distance being inside the building, I dropped 146 ft. in the air first, and finished with 40 ft. in the building. It practically meant a finish of 40 ft. in the dark. And here skill in deflecting one's course through the air was most necessary. I remember on one occasion a strong wind was blowing. I thought I had made sufficient allowance, but apparently had slightly misjudged, and at one moment was in

danger of falling on the roof of the building. As it was, I passed within a yard of the edge of the roofing. It made the audience gasp.

"They did not gasp, however, quite so much as an audience in Jamestown, N.Y., two years ago, when I was doing a blindfold dive in that city. Now, in such a dive I have to trust to instinct. It was not a high dive—somewhere about 80 ft., so far as I remember. My assistant had shouted, "All clear," and I was just dropping off the stand when I heard some one cry out, "*The tank has burst!*" However, I had got to go, whether there was any water left in the tank or not, for the simple reason that I was too far off the stand to recover myself. There was only about 2 ft. of water in the tank—a collapsible one which I carry with me—when I dropped, although many of the people believed that almost all the water had escaped through a rent in the side. I touched the bottom rather heavily, and, owing to my dazed condition, had to be helped out of the tank; but I was all right a couple of days later."



MR. SPEEDY PREPARING FOR HIS GREAT SOUTH AFRICAN DIVE OF 186 ft.

One hundred and forty-six feet through the air and 40 ft. in the dark

The story of Mr. Speedy's narrow escapes in different parts of the world would fill a number of THE CAPTAIN, for, apart from diving, he has indulged in various other sensational performances. He was one of the first men to loop the loop on a bicycle. He is also an expert balloonist.

In the words of an American journalist, "Speedy is a man who laughs at death," and he also laughs at policemen occasionally. Mr. Speedy has dived off most of the highest bridges in the States—the highest being 171 ft.—though not without strenuous opposition from the myrmidons of the law; for in America and in this country the police have orders to prevent people risking life and limb in public places.

"Sometimes days elapsed before I could circumvent the police on a certain bridge," said Mr. Speedy. "There were patrols morning, noon and night, and on several occasions it was only by waiting for probably six or seven days, and giving out the report that I was fulfilling an engagement in another town, that I have been able to add certain bridges to my records.

"In the case of Merchants Bridge, St. Louis, which is 136 ft. high, however, I was obliged to resort to another form of strategy, for the simple reason that I could not afford to wait until the police, who somehow had got wind of the attempt I was going to make, had grown tired of watching for me. I wanted to set out for England almost at once, and was most anxious to dive off this bridge before going. At first I could not see how I could manage the affair. Suddenly, however, an idea struck me. I went to a costumier's and got an imitation policeman's uniform, which I practically held on me while I walked over the bridge. It was just dusk. No notice was taken of me, and as soon as I reached the centre of the bridge I stripped off the disguise and was over in the twinkling of an eye. My only regret was that I could not see the faces of the policemen as they saw me go over!"

Possibly no other man possesses so many medals for

diving feats as Mr. Speedy. His number 134 of which sixty-three have been awarded for saving life. On one occasion, he had to fight his way through the police in order to rescue a drowning man. He was walking over 155th Street Bridge, New York, which spans the Harlem River at a height of 87 ft., when a man in a rowing-boat collided with one of the buttresses of the bridge and capsized. Noticing that the man could not swim, Mr. Speedy, who was wearing knickers, kicked off his shoes, pulled off his coat, and was about to dive to the man's assistance when he was hauled back by a couple of policemen, who, not being aware of his identity, naturally thought he was attempting a foolhardy feat, and that there would be two men drowned instead of one.

There being no time for explanations, Mr. Speedy, who, by the way, is a keen wrestler and boxer, "slipped" one policeman, tripped up the other, and was soon over the parapet.

"I reached the man just when he was almost at his last gasp," said Mr. Speedy, when telling me of the incident. "Luckily I managed to get him to one of the launches which had put out, and artificial respiration brought him round again."

THE ASCENT OF BROWN

IN boyhood's days, before he rose to fame,
James Brown was innocent of all ambition—
Just dimly conscious that he *had* a name,
A mere nonentity of no position.
His patronymic was of homely kind,
And, truly speaking, he was not cast down
Or interested in the least to find
Himself alluded to as Brown—plain Brown.

But, ten years later, when he got a job
Inside an office as a junior clerk,
Remunerated with but "thirty-bob,"
He yearned most ardently to make his mark
And, grimly vowing that in time he'd be
A bloated autocrat of London town,
He soon appended to his name an "e,"
And forthwith signed himself as Browne—James BROWNE!

This simple artifice bore such good fruit
That, as he prospered, he adorned his name
With further attributes of rare repute
The sort that gentlemen of rank might claim;
Till, reaching middle age and going strong
In worldly wealth and popular renown,
He managed easily to get along
Beneath the guise—"James Marmaduke DE BROWNE."

At length when honours swarmed upon his head
As thick as windfalls when the storms are rife,
They went and knighted him because he shed
Such lurid lustre on commercial life
And when, years after, he was duly placed
Within the churchyard of his native town,
Upon his tombstone loving hands had traced
"Sir James FitzMarmaduke DE [illegible] BROWNE."

EDWARD A. MORGAN.

UPS AND DOWNS IN A MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL

By a Recruit

ABOUT a year ago a chum and I were induced to join the Mounted Infantry by [illegible] "friend." I have since had reason to doubt his friendship.

Having taken the oath and gone through other formalities, we were told to go up the next evening and have our first lesson in horse-riding. We borrowed some breeches and set out, endeavouring to put into our walk a jaunty swagger, as though we were old hands at the game. But as we got near the riding school this disappeared and we crept into the school like lambs. Being rather long in the legs, I was told to mount a big, raw-boned brute; and my friend Gibbs, who is rather inclined to be tubby, had a horse inclined that way too

I had thought it was very easy to mount a horse, but I soon found that it was decidedly difficult. I hopped about on one leg and made frantic jabs at the stirrup with the other, but it never seemed to be there when I tried to put my foot in it. Having got some assistance from a good-natured Tommy, I at last found myself on a horse's back for the first time

We then moved off round the school at a walk, and I began to enjoy the fun and wondered why everybody had told me that riding was difficult, as it seemed to be ridiculously easy. I soon changed my opinion, however, when we were ordered to trot. My brute started off at a lumbering pace and I was jolted up and down and from side to side like a sack of potatoes. The Sergeant Major then asked me why I was not rising in my stirrups? I protested that I was rising and that anybody with half an eye could see that this was the case. However, it appeared that I was not rising properly in his estimation

We went round the school several times and were then halted, at which I was very thankful. What possessed my horse then I have never found out, but, no sooner had the order to halt been given, than it started to rear and buck like an untamed broncho. I felt rather uneasy, but Gibbs was frankly amused and was chuckling heartily, until my nag happened to cannon up against his and, having one leg temporarily disengaged, promptly landed out and caught it in the ribs. I was glad to see that that took all the amusement out of the matter for Gibbs, as his horse gave a squeal and then set up a dance on its own. But what pleased me even more was the fact that my own horse grew so interested in the vagaries it had induced its companion to adopt that it quite forgot to continue its own performance.

I was now in a position to enjoy Gibbs' misfortune, for his brute started off round the school at a gallop and, taking a corner rather sharply, Gibbs decided to get off and examine the composition of the floor. He got off, but very suddenly, and, judging from the look of his face, I should think he knew all about the floor, as his eyes, nose and ears were bunged up with tan! This was too good an oppor-

tunity to be missed, and the Sergeant-Major accordingly trotted up and asked him how he dared dismount without the order being given. My unlucky friend mumbled something which the Sergeant-Major did not catch; and it was a good thing he didn't, as it was rather uncomplimentary.

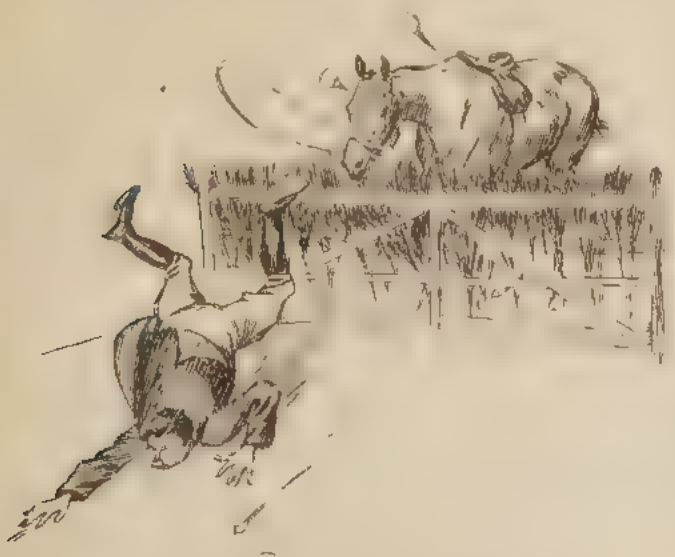
Gibbs having been pushed on again, we made another tour round the school at a trot, and, without halting, we were ordered to dismount. I promptly fell off and admired the sight of my horse careering riderless round the school. The Sergeant Major made me blush by the names he called me, so I promptly got up and chased my nag. Everybody enjoyed it immensely except myself, and I told the Sergeant Major that I was there to learn to ride, and that I was not in training for a cross-country race. However, I caught my horse at last, and after getting into some sort of order, we solemnly trotted round beside the horses until told to mount at the trot. I clutched hold of the saddle and made a determined spring into the air, but the horse making a spring at the same time, I again found a resting-place in the tan. Meanwhile, Gibbs had fared no better, as he sprang too strongly and shot clean over the saddle and embraced the school wall the other side; being made of stout boards it did not respond very heartily, and he sat up with a nose like a beetroot.

The Sergeant-Major's next announcement sent my heart into my boots, as he told some Tommies to bring in the jump. This consisted

MY NAG CANNONED UP AGAINST HIS

of a hurdle on which were stuck twigs and pieces of furze. To me, sitting tight, waiting my turn, it looked about eight feet high at least but I have since found out that it was three feet six. The old members of the corps who were riding went over it splendidly, and when my name was called I gave a sickly sort of smile and did my best to look as though I were enjoying the fun. But, somehow, during the next minute I lost that smile. The horse no doubt did its best for me, and they told me afterwards that it jumped splendidly. So did I! I shot into the air like a rocket and came down a resounding thwack somewhere about the region of the horse's tail. The nag looked round at me very reproachfully, as though wondering what it could have done to deserve such treatment. But I was not in a mood to study equine feelings; I was too much engrossed with my own.

I climbed back into the saddle again and sat down very gingerly, and then looked round to see how Gibbs was getting on. His horse bore down on the jump at a hard gallop, but stopped suddenly when it reached it. Gibbs was obstinate, and had made up his mind to go over that jump whatever happened. He there-



GIBBS HAD MADE UP HIS MIND TO GO OVER THAT JUMP.

fore went over head first and once more buried his face in the tan.

That settled him. Growling out, "I've had enough of this foolery!" he made a bee line for the door and disappeared. Thinking it would be rather unfriendly if I stayed on longer and left him to go home alone, and also not feeling as though I should enjoy another jump, I dismounted and followed him. Thus ended my first experience of a military riding school.

BARE-BACK RIDING

EVEN after one has begun to feel somewhat at home in a saddle, the prospect of bare-back riding is rather startling

The horses are brought in with harmless-looking yellow blankets strapped to their backs and the sergeant-major steps up with a broad grin to assist the novice to mount. Fortunately it is not a very difficult matter to mount, and, at all events, there is plenty of practice before the lesson is over!

The horse knows perfectly well that its rider is feeling shaky, and it seems to take advantage of this knowledge. If, in losing one's balance, one makes a grab at that elusive blanket, the whole bag of tricks slides round, and one is precipitated on to the tan with considerable force.

When the sergeant-major sees one of his pupils wobbling in his seat, he brings matters to a crisis by starting in front of the horse and holding up his hand. The horse and rider invariably part company.

But oh! the delicious feeling that one is "getting on" when one has the second bare-back lesson—it is so much easier to sit for that rough trot. Even this, though, does not equal the feeling of self-importance experienced by the daring learner who has managed to keep his seat bare-back over the jump.

No one can fully appreciate the comfort of saddle and stirrups until he has had half an hour without them. After that the saddle seems almost as secure as an arm-chair.

M. E. T.

JACK'S ... JOB.

By

MICHAEL MORIARTY

I

"SO you intend to take that
[illegible]
[illegible] and why?"

"Why, my dear chap, you know as well as I do that an agent on one of those big estates is generally about the most unpopular man in the country and the tenants think nothing of putting a bullet into him from behind a hedge. Take my tip, and chuck it. Why, Jack Harvey, who last had that identical position, found it too warm and gave it up after two months, and he's not the chap to give in for nothing."

"My dear Bert, you forget that Harvey is an Englishman."

"And you imagine that that is a disadvantage?"

"I do."

"Then you're a bigger ass than I supposed possible. Besides, you are practically an Englishman. You've been educated in England, and you have no trace of a brogue."

"Well, Bert, we won't quarrel. It's a good job, and I am confident that I can manage it."

"I wish you luck, Jack, but don't say I didn't warn you. Good-bye now; I'll be at Paddington to-morrow to see you off."

Jack Hagan had belonged to a not uncommon type of schoolboy the kind that fills the colonies and usually turns out prosperous, and frequently brilliant, men. He had scraped along somehow at school, never doing more work than was necessary to avoid trouble but always taking the keenest interest in games. He had played occasionally for the football fifteen and was a fair cricketer, but it was at boxing that he excelled. He had won the Public School Middle-weight Championship twice, and was considered by those who had seen him to be one of the best young amateurs in the country.

However, this proficiency in sports did not promise to earn him a living, and as he was an orphan with only about two hundred a year, it was evident that he must do something. He had no taste for books and had more than once resolutely refused to enter an office. He had intended to go to the colonies, but some influential relations had obtained for him the position of estate agent and steward on one of Lord Mann's farms in Ireland, with the prospect of running the largest as soon as he should prove himself capable. The two years after he left school had been spent on the farm of a relation and as he was quick to learn in these matters, and had plenty of common sense, he soon had a good practical knowledge of agriculture.

Jack Hagan had been in Ireland a month, and it was already evident that his boast to his friend Bert Hall had not been an empty one. At first he had found the people rather against him, but he soon overcame that. He made a point of never snubbing or speaking roughly to any of the labourers unless there was necessity for it, and they appreciated this. But the climax of his popularity was reached in a peculiar way, as will be seen from the tale I have to tell.

Hagan was in his office paying off the men. It was a bare room in the yard, the only furniture being a desk and stool. On the wall were a set of boxing-gloves and a moline punching-bag platform, the latter being daily used when he had a minute to spare.

The men had often looked curiously at these sporting insignia, but none had ever referred to them in Hagan's presence. To-night, however, Barney Kelly held back when the rest had left.

"Do ye use those now, sor?" he said, looking at the gloves.

"Not now," said Hagan," I never get a chance."

Kelly was silent for a few moments, and shuffled his feet

"I box a bit myself, sor," he said at last gazing round the room.

"Do you now!" shouted Hagan, jumping

"DO YE USE THOSE NOW SOR?"

up. "Then come on and have a couple of rounds. I'll be only too glad to get a bit of practice."

Kelly agreed readily; it was evidently what he wanted. Hagan took down the gloves and locked the door. Kelly suggested an open barn used for storing hay as a good place When they got there, however, Hagan was surprised to see about a dozen of the men standing about. It was apparent that they had got wind of the show and wanted to be present for the fun.

The combatants decided to spar three two-minute rounds

Hagan was surprised to find what a good man Kelly was, and he had to exert himself to the utmost to keep even. He was a little quicker than Kelly, but not much, and the latter was undoubtedly the stronger. On points, the contest was about even, but Hagan recognised that in a long fight he would have a very hard job to scrape off a win.

The bout over, they both sat down side by side to cool

"My word, and it's yourself can box more'n a bit, Mister Hagan!"

"I may say the same of you, Kelly. I didn't expect to find such a good man down here"

The men all laughed, including Kelly.

"Sure," said one," an' Barney Kelly's the best man in the south of Oireland. He's going to fight Clifton for the Middle-weight Championship in six weeks. Ah, you did well to stand up for so long!"

Needless to say, Jack was astonished at this information, and he saw Kelly in quite a different aspect. They met often after this, as Kelly was in training, and he declared that Jack was the best sparring partner he could have.

"I'm at your service," said Jack. "Mind you win, for the honour of County Cork."

In subsequent bouts there was but little to choose between the two, except when once Kelly knocked him out.

All the people on the estate, and, in fact, in the whole county, took the keenest interest in the forthcoming fight, and backed their man heavily. Hagan also found his position vastly easier. The tenants and labourers swore by him, and his job, from being one of the most difficult in the country, was in danger of becoming a sinecure.

Then one day the crash came. It was just a week before the fight, when news was received that Kelly, who had gone to the sea-side for his last week in training, had had a couple of ribs broken in an accident. The news caused a great stir in all the sporting circles in Ireland, especially in Cork. The whole county had been raised to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and its disappointment was correspondingly great.

Hagan was very upset. He had seen so much of Kelly's training, and sparred with him so often, that he took a strong personal interest in him.

To-night—the night of the ill news—he was in his office punching viciously at his ball. It did not lessen his depression and he soon left it

Just as he was about to return to the house, there was a knock at the door and Collins, Kelly's manager, entered. Hagan noticed that he seemed strangely excited.

"Evening, Collins"

"Evening, Mr. Hagan."

"Sorry to hear the news"

"It's bad, but not so bad as it might be," said Collins, with a furtive glance

"What, do you think he'll be able to take the ring on Saturday?"

"No, sir; not a chance of doing so." He paused a minute and seemed embarrassed.

"Look here, sir. Clifton wired me to-night as soon as he got the news, that, rather than forego the purse, he'd fight any local man I'd put up against him, if arrangements could be made in time"

"He says that because he knows he's bound to win. We've no one to put against him."

"Except yourself, sir," said Collins suavely "There was hardly a shade between you and Kelly."

Hagan thought a moment before answering "But I'm an amateur," he said at last

"You need not take the money if you win Leave that to me; I'll arrange it. Come, will you fight? You've led a healthy life, and you've sparred regularly with Kelly. Anyhow, you're the best man we have. Yes or no?" said Collins standing up and speaking rapidly

Hagan jumped up also

"Yes," he said hoarsely, his eyes on fire with excitement

The two clasped hands fervently

II

The fight was arranged to begin at eight At 7.30 Hagan arrived at the hall and weighed in at eleven stone. Clifton was a couple of pounds more, but Hagan had a slight advantage in height and reach

Whilst they were waiting in the dressing-room till it was time to go on the stage, Clifton came across the room to Hagan. He was a well-built and tough-looking man enough, and looked in splendid form, but seemed a trifle heavy on his feet. Hagan noticed this, and mentally decided that it was here that his chance lay.

"Your first fight, sir?" Clifton said politely

"Not altogether," replied Hagan, for he resented the slight air of patronage to be detected in the other's tone.

"It ought to make a fair match," said the professional, but in spite of his words, his eyes displayed his obvious contempt for so young and inexperienced an opponent, and in the short conversation that followed he made it plain that he thought that Hagan should be proud to be matched against so good a man in his first big fight. As a matter of fact, Hagan was, but nevertheless he did not like being told so

At this point Collins interfered and bore off his charge for a few final words of encouragement. To his surprise, the latter were not needed. The nervousness and excitement naturally to be expected in a novice on such an occasion, and but a few minutes before so evident, had now entirely disappeared. The amateur looked, in fact remarkably like business

"Steady at first," said Collins. "Keep out of his way as much as you can at the beginning and try for his body. Above all, beware of him trying to rush you and finish you early."

Hagan nodded and they shook hands

"Good luck, and win for the honour of Cork!"

As they were speaking, Clifton had gone on to the stage, to be greeted with a perfect tornado of cheers. Hagan appeared a moment later and also received applause, but naturally of a more subdued nature, for Clifton was the town's champion.

The M.C. took them both by the arm

"This contest is to be for the Middle-weight Championship of Ireland, and a purse of £400 with £100 a side Bob Clifton, on my right hand, of this city, and on my left hand John Hagan of Rathesdown, County Cork. The fight to be for twenty two-minute rounds and one minute time."

Both went to their corners

Jack cast a glance round. It was a large assembly. Dundalk had turned out *en masse*, and there was a large number of sportsmen from all parts of the country besides Then he looked at his opponent. *He* evidently thought the fight all his own. Jack determined it should not be without a struggle

"*Time!*"

The two took the centre and clasped hands.

Clifton had doubtless determined to take things quietly and moved round slowly, waiting for Jack to lead. But Jack would not. He held his guard rather high and waited. Then

Clifton made a quick feint with his left at Hagan's head and shot his right to the amateur's body, but was stopped by a straight left that shook him. The audience howled in approbation, and hurled jests and criticisms at the professional, who only smiled, however, but took more care. Hagan got in a couple of jabs with his left before the round ended, but received a blow on his ribs that shook him considerably.

"Be careful," said Collins during the interval; "it's *your* business to get in those body hits; don't let him."

Clifton was more alert in the second round. He started with a straight left at Jack's face, but the latter side-stepped and shot his left successfully at the professional's body. Clifton then tried to mix things, moving his hands quickly in a bewildering fashion. Jack stood his ground and confined himself to defensive work, blocking and ducking and content to get in an occasional body blow.

The next two rounds were fought on the same lines, the professional doing all the work

In the fifth he seemed determined to put an end to the fight. It was absurd to be held at bay so long by a mere boy. The crowd thought so too, and did not spare their jokes — not that they ever imagined that there could be anything but the obvious result. The lad's pluck won their admiration. Clifton started at once with a vicious hook hit, but Hagan stepped back and it passed harmlessly Then he jumped in and landed a left and right on his opponent's jaw. Clifton rushed at him and bore him to the ropes, and Jack received some heavy knocks before he could break away. Again, however, Clifton forced him across the ring, and time alone prevented him meting out some heavy punishment.

Jack went to his corner badly blown, but still cheerful. Collins whispered something in his ear. He smiled and nodded.

In the next round it was plain to the crowd that he was the worse for wear. The end now seemed imminent, but it was not to be so. Clifton hurried him almost to the ropes and swung his right. Jack stepped back right into a corner, only half-evading the blow

The crowd rose and cheered. Clifton, with a smile and a savage gleam in his eye, rushed in to finish him. Collins, in the corner, held his breath, his face white with excitement. Clifton sent his right with a powerful swing to Jack's jaw. Quick as a flash, the latter doubled up in a crouching attitude, and as the blow grazed his hair, sent his right, with all his weight and spring behind it, to his opponent's heart. With a little cry, Clifton fell in a heap.

The crowd stared, aghast and silent. They had deemed the fight as good as finished, and a moment later the tables were completely turned. Collins was the first to break the spell with a hoarse cry of exultation. His *grand coup* had come off, the risk was great but it was successful.

"My goodness, lad, that's done him!" he exclaimed. Jack turned quickly and smiled at him. For a moment he felt elated and triumphant. There was no time for thinking, though. The crowd, who had backed Clifton heavily, rose as one man and howled.

Clifton got up before the count, dazed and sick. Jack was on him at once, and bore him to the ropes. The professional, however, was an old hand and, guarding mechanically, prevented more serious damage until time was called.

The next four rounds were in precise opposition to the first. It was Hagan who did the attacking, and Clifton the defence. The crowd, once flippant and jocular, now became restless and anxious. Surely and steadily, Jack was piling on points, but do what he would he could not bring his man to the ground again; and it was plain that with every round the latter was regaining strength.

In the interval before the twelfth round Collins referred to this.

"It won't do," he said. "You're tiring yourself, and he has nine more rounds in which to finish you." Then he whispered a further item of ringcraft to his client.

Jack smiled, and nodded again. The action did not escape the notice of the audience; they had seen it before and remembered what had followed.

The two took the centre amidst a roar of advice and encouragement. Jack started and hit wildly, just managing to evade a heavy right; it was evident that the professional meant serious business once more. The crowd yelled their encouragement as their man warmed to his work At the end of the round Hagan was on his knees from a stiff body punch, and had to be carried to his corner. During the interval his seconds were busy rubbing him, and he appeared to be in some pain. On an occasion like this a crowd is not over observant, and to them it appeared that Clifton would have an easy job in the next round. Some, however, shook their heads. The blow had been severe, but it had landed high on Hagan's right front, nowhere near any dangerous point, and it seemed queer that it should have had so drastic

an effect. They were puzzled, but could only wait

Few people, in talking over the event subsequently seemed to [illegible] in this, the thirteenth, round. At the call of time, Clifton came jauntily to the centre, obviously confident of success. Hagan had to be helped to his feet, and advanced slowly The two stood facing each other motionless for a couple of seconds, Clifton's face wearing a grim and somewhat exultant smile, Hagan's a look of suppressed pain and helplessness

Clifton moved round slowly, Jack facing him. Then the former made a quick feint at the body with his left and swung back his right slightly to deliver the *coup de grâce* at his apparently defenceless opponent. As his arm began to come forward Hagan stopped it with a quick hard left on the shoulder and then, with all his force, shot his right to Clifton's jaw It was a fine blow, well timed, and the distance gauged to a fraction of an inch. Clifton fell heavily

IT WAS A FINE BLOW

One—two—three. Not a sound came from the crowd; all that vast assembly were frozen with astonishment. Collins was the only one who seemed at home From his elevated position on the corner of the stage he gazed at the people beneath him with a quiet triumphant smile of enjoyment

Four—five. Every one was on his feet now yelling and cheering.

"Get up, man," "Pull yourself together,' and similar cries came from all sides. It was useless. The professional was counted out some time before he ultimately came round under the ministrations of his seconds

Hagan stood on the stage bewildered. The roar of the crowd, the motionless figure at his feet, and the voice of the time-keeper seemed as part of a dream. Then Collins and his other seconds rushed across the stage and carried him up to the ropes facing the audience.

Collins held up his hand. Suddenly the tumult subsided

"Look, you," he roared, "that's what Cork can do"

And the uproar began afresh, but was now mingled with laughter.

Next day Jack left Dundalk and resumed his duties on the estate in Cork where he found himself looked upon as a hero. When the noble lord who employed him came down a month later, expecting to find everything in disorder and his agent packing up to leave, he was amazed to find all going smoothly, the men were working well, the tenants were contented.

He hinted his surprise to Hagan, and asked him jestingly for the magic recipe

"It's simply this," said Jack, laughing, "they're a nation of sportsmen."

But the nobleman shook his head sceptically He was English and he considered them a nation of lazy grumblers

COMMON FAULTS IN LAWN TENNIS

By A. WALLIS MYERS

SECOND ARTICLE

LAST month I attempted to throw out one or two hints to average lawn tennis votaries with a view to improving their play in singles. In this supplementary article, which your editor in his wisdom has deemed desirable, I propose to reflect briefly on doubles—the combination game, as it should be called.

One of the main reasons why many scratch pairs fail to win "foursomes" is that they were never intended by nature to blend on a lawn tennis court. The secret of success in doubles is complete sympathy, an absolute compatibility, between the allied forces. You cannot expect the perfect partnership or anything approaching it, when one player is a bundle of nerves and the other a stolid, slow-moving individual, who needs a perpetual goad to get going. Human extremes may meet and fraternise at a dinner table or on the top of Mont Blanc, but they cannot fuse on a tennis court without an explosion, sometimes in words, sometimes in deeds.

You may have to search many seasons and in many clubs before you can find a kindred spirit with whom to run in double harness—a player whose style, tactical ideals and temperament are similar to your own, who inspires confidence and returns it. May I give a personal experience? Three years ago, entering for a Midland Tournament at the eleventh hour, I asked the secretary to find me a partner for the doubles. On going into court I found myself bracketed with a player who in the very first game pursued the same line of thought and action as I did or endeavoured to do. He was not eager to score outright off the service, he was never afraid to lob and to lob high, he followed his tosses to the net, was a powerful and safe smasher and could volley from both wings. We received a comforting but not an unfair handicap, and by dint of hard work we managed to win the first prizes. My ideal partner went abroad a few weeks later and I never expected to see him less did I think I would play with him, again. But last May I went partnerless to the tournament where we had first met, and to my surprise found myself paired again with the same man. We did not win this time, but we did the next best thing, and got into the final and within a stroke of the match. It may have been luck, but I know that our relations on court could not have been more cordial; I (and I think he as well) felt instinctively before we began that our union was going to succeed—and that is everything. Curiously enough, turning over the pages of a new edition of my school directory on the next day, my eye lighted upon the name of my partner. It seems that he left the term before I arrived. In our dual runs we had never discovered we were both Old Leysians. Such are the absorbing interests of a tournament.

What one Man can Do—and Can't.

To return to our muttons, success in doubles can never be achieved unless the interests of the individual are subordinated to the common weal. I mean that a player must not forget that he has a partner, and that that partner will expect to take his share of the attack and of the glory attaching to its commission. It is quite true that a man may win a double off his own racket, but two factors are essential and they very seldom occur—the man must be a genius, like Frank Riseley, and he must be opposed to a

[illegible] brilliant [illegible] head volley, smashing to bury the ball, he must be in [illegible] to handle. Be one man ever so brilliant, his efforts ought not to prevail against a combination [illegible] steer the ball out of his reach and on to the racket of his weaker partner. The reason why many fine players are able to pull poor partners through a double, to the self-aggrandisement of the latter, is that they carry moral weight into court. The mere mention of their name by the umpire seems to mesmerise the opposing team into impotency. Involuntarily they send balls in the direction of the champion. No matter where he stands, he attracts their returns like a stick of vulcanite attracts bits of paper.

The best advice I can offer to players faced with this dilemma is to hit hard and volley as much as possible. Advance to the net uniformly and at every opportunity. To be well up means that you can pounce on the weak returns of the champion's supporter and put them out of sight *instanter*. To be back means that the champion on the other side of the net has you at his mercy. He will send you swift, good-length returns, difficult to handle with any security, and his subsequent drop-volley or smash will lose your side the ace.

Parallel Formation Essential

But when you advance to the net, as I suggest you should do so instinctively, you must come up together. Parallel formation is essential. Lack of it leaves a breach which your opponents, given normal vision, will seize. The main object of running-up after your service, is to complete the barrier your partner is attempting to set up. Some servers check their advance when they see the ball sailing over their partner's head; they turn off at a tangent and get behind his back. This is a fatal, but a very common mistake. The result more often than not is an immature stroke by the server which the players entrenched on the other side have no difficulty in killing, provided, as they are, with a big opening. In nine cases out of ten the server's partner should step quickly back and either smash the lob or make a ground stroke with his own racket.

Another point. The server should be more careful to protect his own side line than the centre line. A favourite and sinister service-return of some players is that which shoots over the net at an oblique angle and falls between the "tram-lines" near the post a push-shot. To get to this teasing return, the server must not only be edging towards the side as he advances, but be ready to branch off the instant he sees the intention of the striker-out.

When the server is about to deliver his second and slower ball, his partner will be well advised to drop back a foot or two, but he must never recede to the danger-zone in doubles—a position on the service line. Better near or behind the base line than in this embarrassing sphere. From here you hit up. The guiding principle in doubles (except when lobbing) should be to hit down. But remember all the time that the perfect pair work together in a line, whether up at the net or at the back of the court. Have you ever heard two members of an American team call to each other to advance on a deep toss? They race up like greyhounds loosed from the leash.

Learning to Low-Volley.

"That man cannot take a ball at his feet." You hear this said of many players, otherwise well armed, and it is certainly true that the inability to low-volley has blocked the advance of a man into the front rank. I know of several eminent doubles players who have learnt to low-volley by using a brick-wall, drawing a chalk line net-high along it, and taking care to hit the ball just above this line. The plan is a good one, and a week's practice, one hour each day, will work wonders. Perhaps a better plan is to get some kindred spirit to go out with you on to a lawn and feed you with low balls aimed at your feet. Unless you are equally adroit in the back-hand as on the fore, you must not rest contented. At first you will find yourself merely tapping the ball up, offering your opponent what is colloquially called a "sitter" (*i.e.*, a ball that he could destroy by sitting still on the net), but with practice will come increased confidence and more speed, until in course of time there will evolve that extremely useful and often deadly weapon—a drive-volley, a shot having the direction and force of a ground-stroke.

Points in Smashing.

Smashing may be practised in the same way—I mean with the aid of a sympathetic friend. Get him or her to toss the balls up,

from all positions of the court, the higher the better. When you have acquired the knack of killing these from a more or less stationary position, try and kill them on the run. Don't be afraid to swing well back, but keep your eye fixed intently on the ball; avoid glancing down to see where your opponent is—probably he is quivering on the other side. Learn to smash across the court, not simply down its centre. A smash recovered beyond the side lines after a gasping run is more likely to yield an easy return than a smash that bounds near the base line, from whence it is not so difficult to lob into court. But do not strive after a cross smash, which involves more risk, when a hard straight smash will suffice. One of the simplest and most effective smashes is the short and sharp one which makes the ball bound over the heads of your opponents.

Lastly, I would say that in doubles, as in singles, victory is to the brave. "Five-two" against your side in a final set is no means a conclusive margin; possibly you need only win one of your opponent's services to draw level. And when many pairs get to 5-2 they often, and sometimes unconsciously, slack off. Perhaps they seek a little more "gallery" applause before retiring; they give way to affectation. Then is your chance. When a vain-glorious doubles team begins to go down hill, nothing can save them, unless it be an assumption of conceit on your side.

One last word of advice. Keep your temper and don't ruffle that of your partner or the umpire. A partner in the blues is like a railway companion who persists in keeping both windows hermetically sealed. You feel you'd like to travel alone.

THE HARROW [illegible] WINNERS OF ASHBURTON SHIELD, 1908

The scores of the competing schools [illegible] Bradfield and [illegible] 48[illegible] [illegible] 481, Marlborough and Winchester, 479; Glenalmond and Uppingham, 47[illegible] [illegible] Dover, 470, Charterhouse, 468, Scarborough, 464; Oundle, 461; Rossa[illegible] [illegible] and St Paul's, 459, Emanuel and Dulwich, 458.

Photo. Gale and Polden

By HERBERT HAYENS

THE IRON HAND

Illustrated by JOHN DE WALTON

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SERVED CROMWELL, OF HOW HE PLAYED CROMWELL FALSE TO SAVE A FRIEND, AND OF THE JUDGMENT PASSED ON HIM

SYNOPSIS

OWEN WILLIAMS, a young fellow on Cromwell's staff, and a great favourite of the Protector, is greatly in love with Elizabeth Mordaunt, whose brother Bevis has been arrested for complicity in a plot against Cromwell. Owen helps Bevis to escape from Bristol Castle, and thus, while serving his old friend and bringing happiness to the girl he loves, plays the traitor to Cromwell. He resolves that he will confess his guilt to the Protector and redeem his lost honour with his life.

CHAPTER XXIII

"THOU ART A TRAITOR!"

'TWAS the evening after the Lord Protector's return from Hampton Court, and Secretary Thurloe had sent me to his room with a batch of papers that needed his signature. His face looked weary even somewhat haggard; his forehead was clammy with perspiration, and he pressed one hand to his side as though striving to stifle some intolerable pain.

However, he greeted me in a friendly manner, took the papers, and sat down at his table. We were alone in the room, and no sound save the scratching of his pen over the paper broke the profound silence. I gazed at him as if fascinated, for the conclusion of his labours would be the signal for me to confess my shame.

The lump in my throat pressed steadily upward; a film gathered before my eyes, my head grew dizzy, and every object seemed to swim around me in a sea of mist.

Presently the door opened and the officer of the guard announced my Lord Richard Cromwell. Seeing his father busy, he gave me a friendly nod—he was ever a pleasant and kind-hearted gentleman—and, walking to one of the windows, stood there waiting.

At length his Highness had finished; the pen was laid aside, and he dried the last of the papers with methodical care.

"Gather them up, Owen," he said, "and carry them direct to Master Thurloe," and he turned to speak with my Lord Richard.

At that moment so keen was my anguish that I prayed for death. My tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and I felt half-choked.

"Your Highness—" I stammered out, and caught at the back of his chair to keep myself from falling.

He heard the words, and, rising hastily, placed his arms about me tenderly. I would have given ten years of my life to have prevented that. All the sternness faded from his eyes, the very ruggedness of his features softened while he gazed upon me as a loving father might have done.

"Art ill, lad?"

"In mind, my lord; not in body," I answered. "'Tis concerning Bevis Mordaunt, your Highness who was imprisoned at Bristol."

At that he smiled almost humorously, and said, "Cheer thy heart, Owen; the rascal is safe; he hath cheated the gallows after all!"

"Heart up, lad!" cried my Lord Richard, "heart up! Thy friend hath saved thee the trouble of being a suppliant."

"The rebel hath fled and cannot be found, else he should assuredly hang," said Cromwell grimly.

"Your Highness," I cried wildly, for I could contain myself no longer, "'twas through me he escaped. I opened the door of his cell."

A silence as of death pervaded the apartment. My Lord Richard stood fumbling nervously with his hands and looking as though he wished himself elsewhere. Cromwell had stepped back a pace, his face filled with amazement and wonder. For fully a minute we stood thus, each one of us silent and motionless.

Presently, in a harsh, rasping voice his

Highness exclaimed, "Dost understand what thou hast said?"

"That I have betrayed thy trust, my lord."

"Thou hast helped mine enemy against me!" There was something of mournfulness as well as of anger in his tone.

I hung my head, unable to meet his merciless gaze.

"Hast aught to say for thyself?"

"Naught, my lord, since I dare not crave forgiveness."

He regarded me coldly and deliberately. "No," he said at length, "thou canst not ask that. Yet there must be some reason for such treachery by the son of my old comrade."

"My lord," I cried entreatingly, stung by the bitter scorn and contempt in his voice, "Bevis Mordaunt's sister is very dear to me, and had her brother died on the scaffold 'twould have broken her heart!"

"So thou brok'st faith with me for the sake of a flighty girl!" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Hast aided a rebel to escape from justice. Dost know," and he took a step towards me, "thou'rt guilty of treason? Didst count on my forbearance?"

"Nay, my lord," I answered, flushing hotly. "I counted on naught. I loved the girl and risked my life for her. That is the whole story."

My Lord Richard had stood on one side all this time, nervously twisting the buttons on his coat, and looking anywhere but at us. The colour came and went in his face, and his lips twitched, as though he were eager to speak, yet could not summon courage.

But now, taking sudden resolution, he came nearer, and, still playing with his buttons, said softly, "Sire, 'tis in my heart to plead for the lad. He hath confessed his fault, and 'tis plain he was sorely tempted. Sire, 'tis a fitting case for thy mercy."

He spoke quite humbly, almost as though begging a pardon for himself, and my heart swelled with gratitude [illegible] upon him fiercely. "Mercy," he cried passionately, "pratest thou of mercy, Richard? Is naught to be said for justice?"

For a full minute he strode to and fro angrily, and then his mood changed. He stopped before me and began to speak. His voice was low, his words were spoken deliberately, but his face was hard, and his eyes were pitiless. From Richard Cromwell's lips there escaped an exclamation of pity, for he knew he was listening to a sentence of death.

"Owen Williams, thy father was as true a soldier as ever fought for the Cause: thou hast disgraced his name. I took thee into my household and gave thee my friendship; how hast thou requited me? I gave thee my confidence: thou hast betrayed it. Thou [illegible] a traitor, and shalt die a traitor's death!"

There was a sob from the man standing near us, but no sound passed my lips. I made no appeal for mercy, but, bowing low, unbuckled my sword and laid it on the table. Of a surety the bitterness of death could not exceed the anguish in my heart at that moment!

Cromwell struck his bell, and the captain of the guard entered the apartment.

"Master Owen Williams is thy prisoner. Let him be lodged in the Tower, and let the Governor see to't that he be lodged securely."

The captain saluted and made a sign to me to accompany him. My Lord Richard's face expressed the liveliest pity. Cromwell stood like a statue, grim, stern, emotionless. He had been fond of me in his way; now he would blot me out of his life for ever.

At the door the captain placed me between a file of soldiers. I had entered the apartment an honoured servant of the Lord Protector; I left it disgraced and a prisoner, with the shadow of the gallows about me. 'Twas a bitter reflection, yet not so bitter as the knowledge that, of my own free will, I had pierced the heart of the man who trusted me.

The ante-chamber was crowded, and there was much whispering and craning of necks as we came forth. Some gave me an encouraging glance; others laughed spitefully and made gibing remarks—for Cromwell's past favours had made for me many small-souled enemies—but I held my head high, and gave them back scorn for scorn. To them at least I had done no wrong.

We proceeded very slowly, and came to a halt before reaching the end of the ante-chamber. There was some commotion in front, but 'twas not easy to learn the cause. In a moment or two, however, the little group of men fell apart and what I saw filled me with amazement.

Walking very unsteadily, and supported by two yeomen of the guard, was Sergeant Belton. His riding-cloak was covered with dust and dirt, his face looked weary and haggard, his eyes were blood shot, and, but for the man on each side, he must have fallen.

Suddenly he saw me, and his eyes filled with astonishment, scorn and pity. Some subtle instinct told me he had ferreted out the truth, and that this was the reason for his hasty journey to Whitehall.

I hung my head in shame, and my heart grieved for him. Cromwell had given me his friendship, as far as one who towered so high could do, but this man had loved and respected me. He had held my honour flawless; to him I had ever been a knight without reproach

And now! I had betrayed Cromwell and was of less account than the vermin he crushed beneath his feet. In his eyes I had committed the unpardonable sin! And yet—and yet the old love would not be ousted: it mingled with his scorn and softened his contempt

Poor fellow! I saw it all so clearly He would denounce me ave, would stand dry eyed at the gallows foot but in secret he would mourn and the world would never be again what it had been

He stopped in front of me. "Master Williams," he said, "what doth this mean? What hath happened?"

"MASTER OWEN WILLIAMS IS THY PRISONER"

The sergeant was well known at Whitehall, and even his superiors in rank thought it advisable to treat him with consideration

"Master Williams is a prisoner by express command of his Highness," the captain answered

"Where art taking him?

"To the Tower."

He gazed at me appealingly, as if hoping there might be some mistake

I shook my head, saying softly, "All is known, sergeant, from mine own lips."

Then, before he could put further question and while he still stood dazed and confused, the captain made a signal and we marched on

CHAPTER XXIV

A LOVER'S PARTING

I WAS glad when at length the door of the cell closed behind me shutting out all the world. I lay down on the coarse pallet and, closing my eyes, tried to forget my misery

I had no hope of pardon, and almost no desire to live. My heart did not reproach Cromwell. I had sinned against him grievously had broken faith, had betrayed his trust And he had been very good to me. This wonderful man, at whose frown even mighty princes trembled, had honoured me with his friendship, had taken me into his confidence

had treated me almost as a member of his own family.

And I had repaid him thus! I made no excuses for myself, though since that time others have made them for me. I admitted my fault and tried not to wince at the punishment

The hours dragged wearily, and I still lay turning restlessly from side to side, as if, by that means, I could rid myself of my trouble

The thought of Elizabeth alone brought me comfort. By this time, no doubt, she was in France, and the news of my peril would not reach her till all was finished. 'Twould come as a shock, and yet 'twas better than waiting in misery and suspense for the end

Towards morning I fell into a troubled sleep, but wakened quickly when the jailer entered, bringing my breakfast. He put the food down, and went out again without speaking.

Time passed slowly, and no news reached me from the outside world. Every morning I asked myself with curious apathy if it was to be my last; every evening I lay down in the belief that for me the sun would rise but once again.

Then, one day, about noon, a most strange and marvellous thing happened. There was a sound of footsteps in the passage outside and two persons stopped at my cell. I was lying on the bed, but at the noise jumped up hastily

"'Tis come at last!" I murmured. "Lord, grant me strength to meet the end bravely."

There was a fumbling at the lock, and I heard a man speaking. 'Twas the Lieutenant of the Tower, and this was his first visit since the night of my imprisonment

"He brings the warrant," I thought, "and a minister."

At last the lock yielded, the door was pushed open, and the officer's voice reached me again. Then some one entered the cell, and all the blood in my body seemed to rush into my head. I could not speak or move, but only stand staring at the figure before me.

"Owen, Owen, dost not know me?"

'Twas Elizabeth, my sweet, dainty Elizabeth, imperious no more, but all graciousness and tenderness.

The door was closed softly behind her, and she stepped to where I stood.

"Hast no welcome for me, Owen?"

What could I do? 'Twas a bold thing, but a stupendous courage moved me, and I took her in my arms and kissed her again and again, murmuring, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" in a very delirium of joy.

For a moment we stood thus—the happiest moment of my life—and then, still nestling her soft cheek against mine, she whispered, "I am allowed but a few minutes, Owen, and have much to say."

"What of Bevis?" I asked.

"He is in France, and safe."

"And why not thou, sweetheart?" Having found courage to use the dear name, I dwelt upon it; the very sound was a feast to my ears

"Was about to embark when news came that thou wert—here!" She drew closer to me, trembling, and her tears fell on my face.

"Nay, nay, sweetheart," I said, "grieve not. I [illegible] as this I would brave fifty deaths. Didst go to Master Thurloe?"

"Nay, but to Cromwell himself," she cried, her eyes flashing like stars, "and offered to bring my brother back from France——"

"'Twas bravely done, sweetheart," I interrupted, "and he would have come. But I rejoice that the Protector refused, nevertheless."

"I offered my life for thine," she continued; "I went down on my knees before him—I the daughter of Ralph Mordaunt! I wept and prayed, I humbled myself in the dust"

I stopped her with a caress. "Dear girl, brave girl," I said, "'tis sweet to know of such championing"

"'Twas all to no purpose. The man hath no heart, Owen. His face was hard and cruel, and when my tears prevented me from speaking further, he said coldly, 'The youth is a traitor and shall die a traitor's death.' Then he called an officer, and bade him lead me away. Oh the misery of it!"

She broke into a fit of weeping, reproaching herself bitterly, so that I had much ado to comfort her

"Cheer thee, sweetheart," I whispered, "and let me see thee smile bravely."

"But I taunted thee, Owen, laughed at thee, who art worth more than all of us together."

"Have a care, sweetheart," I laughed, "or wilt turn my head. Hast not told me yet how thou cam'st to be admitted."

"'Twas due to Master Thurloe. For love of thee he took pity on my wretchedness. Hast no way of escape, Owen?" she asked with a sob of despair.

"Am too safely caged, sweetheart, but"—I spoke the words just to cheer her, having no faith in them myself—"Cromwell may

relent at the last minute Am safe till he signeth the warrant."

She sighed heavily. "He hath no mercy, Owen, no pity; his heart is harder than his sword"

I kissed her again, and the minutes slipped past quickly, while we comforted each other, until at last there came a knock at the door, and gallant lover. True heart thou wilt ever be to me"

With marked deference the officer escorted her from the cell, the lumbering key turned heavily in the lock, and once more I was alone.

I walked to and fro light-heartedly, carried away by the memory of that wonderful meeting The fragrance of her presence was all about me,

"OWEN, OWEN, DOST NOT KNOW ME"

and the Lieutenant, opening it discreetly, said "Am grieved, Mistress Mordaunt, but 'tis more than time to withdraw'

"Be brave, sweetheart," I whispered, "be brave, and hold thy head high; 'twill be a comfort to me."

She gave me one passionate embrace and dried the tears from her eyes. "Good-bye Owen," she said; "good bye loyal friend

the . . dy of her voice rang in my ears, and her last salute still hovered o'er my lips And yet —yet I could hardly persuade myself that the visit was aught but a glorious dream, sent to brighten my path to the grave

All my life I had lo d this beautiful girl but only as one might w rship a brilliant star set high in the firmament I had dreamed that some day I might humbly confess my

love and now [illegible] The [illegible] was beyond belief, yet she had called me sweetheart and lover!

On a sudden, life grew very precious, and to die seemed an ugher thing than ever. Yet 'twas certain the grave awaited me Cromwell was no weathercock, to change his mind with every puff of wind.

Elizabeth had spoken of escape, but that was so clearly impossible I wasted no second thought on it.

She came not again, and a week or ten days fraught with unspeakable misery, passed Save for the visits of the warder who brought my food, I was entirely alone, and when I asked for news he shrugged his shoulders and answered gruffly that it would become me to give more thought to the next world than to this

One morning he brought me a visitor, Master Thurloe, who looked both weary and sad. My face flushed when I set eyes on him but he was a kindly man, and uttered no word of reproach or upbraiding

"Have been busy with affairs of state," he began, "and could not come to thee sooner, but I sent one better able to comfort thee."

"'Twas generous of thee and I thank thee I replied gratefully. "I was hoping to see her again"

"She hath not been to the palace since that day."

Now this was passing strange, and I could account for it only by supposing my dear sweetheart had broken down under the heavy strain

After a short pause I asked if Cromwell had said aught concerning me

"Nay, lad; he hath changed much of late, and concerns himself little with the business of the realm. He is bowed under a sore affliction—the Lady Claypole lieth sick unto death"

At this I was filled with pity, for the Lady Claypole had ever been her father's favourite daughter, and Cromwell loved her as the apple of his eye.

"He stayeth with her at Hampton Court," continued Thurloe, "and is absorbed in his grief. 'Tis doubtful if he will long survive her."

My heart beat fast while the Secretary spoke and my breath came quickly. 'Twas a gruesome thought that gripped me, but I could not rid myself of it. Cromwell would never pardon my offence . . . but if he died!——

Master Thurloe must have read my thought, for he said quietly, "Thy death warrant lieth in my desk, awaiting his signature He hath not asked for it, and am hoping it hath escaped his memory. 'Tis but a bare chance, lad."

Little more passed ere he left me, and I stood long, pondering on what he had said.

'Twas a cruel position, mind you, and one that filled me with horror; but 'twas there, and I could by no means get away from it. If Cromwell died, I had a chance of life: if he lived, I went to the gallows! Could anything be more ghastly than this waiting for the life or death of the man that I had, with one exception, served faithfully and loved always?

After a time there came to my mind the words Master Thurloe had spoken concerning Elizabeth

"'Tis strange," I muttered; "unless she be sick she would assuredly have sought permission to visit me again." And for the remainder of the day the thought of what might have happened to my bonny sweetheart kept me from dwelling upon the illness of Cromwell

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAST CALL.

THROUGH the kindness of the Secretary [illegible] Better food was given me, in a more becoming manner, and the Governor sent me several books, which helped to make the long hours pass less wearily.

Occasionally Thurloe paid me a flying visit, being so full of business that he had but little time to spare. There was naught of moment to report from Hampton Court. Lady Claypole was unmistakably dying, and her father could not bring himself to leave her bedside. Evidently there was one weak spot in his iron nature

Belton, as one might have expected, was at Hampton Court, in close attendance upon his beloved master

"He hath recovered from his wounds," Master Thurloe remarked, "but will never be the same man again. His fighting days are over"

'Twas a week, perhaps ten days—for I took but little note of the passage of time—after this, when my jailer, bringing in my breakfast as usual, stopped to speak. His face wore a very serious expression, and almost before his lips opened I guessed the news.

"The Lady Claypole died yesterday," he said gruffly.

"May the Lord grant his Highness strength

to bear the blow. 'Twill be a bitter affliction for him."

"'Tis said," the man continued, "that the Lord Protector is well-nigh senseless with grief."

"Aye," he muttered, "'tis ever the way We make to ourselves idols, and cry out when the Lord sees fit to take them. But sterner work's on hand in the world than weeping for a dead woman."

Now, 'twould be folly to pretend that the man's news left me unmoved. I will say little of my sorrow for Cromwell, lest my words should smack of hypocrisy, while really 'twas deep and genuine.

But 'twould have been against human nature not to count on my own chance of life That the Lord Protector was suffering from some internal disease I had long been aware, and in his weakened state the shock of his daughter's death might prove fatal And 'twas altogether unlikely that any one but Cromwell would sign the warrant for my execution

From that day the jailer stayed a moment or two every morning, to give me such scraps of news from the outside world as he himself obtained. From him I learned how Cromwell had sickened with low fever and taken to his bed, and how all the realm was plunged in sorrow.

Master Thurloe was too busy to come, but he sent a message now and again, and from the tenor of them I gathered that he was fast losing hope of his master's recovery.

Then, late one afternoon, about the beginning of September, after the jailer had paid his second visit, the door of my cell was opened and a man entered. 'Twas the sergeant, and I gazed at him with mingled feelings of joy and shame. His face was weary, and his eyes told of sleepless nights

"Sergeant!" I said, hanging down my head.

"'Tis all over, Master Owen. The Lord in His wisdom hath taken our chief to Himself"

"Cromwell is dead!" I exclaimed.

"Aye," he replied mournfully, "and we have lost the best master man ever had. He never looked up after Lady Claypole's death. It broke his heart, lad. He just wearied away. The day of Dunbar and Worcester, lad, the day of his crowning mercies."

"I would I could have been with him."

"Aye, he loved thee tenderly, even after what had passed. Thy name was on his lips toward the end. But he loved the Cause more, lad; 'twas ever first in his mind. He cared not for himself, except as the leader of the Cause Because of that he was wroth with thee"

"He had reason, Sergeant"

"Aye, and I was wroth, too. I posted to Whitehall to denounce thee In my blind passion I would have sent thee to the gallows on the instant. Think on't, lad!"

"Old friend," I said, grasping his hand, "canst forgive me? 'Twas a cruel choice, sergeant! The lad's sister was dearer to me than life"

"Have heard the story," he answered gravely: "I was at Whitehall when Mistress Mordaunt arrived. Wert playing with a sharp sword, lad. But for Lady Claypole's sickness thy life would have paid forfeit!"

"And now?" I said

"Art free, my friend!"

And from his doublet he drew forth a paper, bearing Richard Cromwell's signature, ordering the Lieutenant of the Tower to release forthwith Owen Williams, one of his prisoners

And so I went forth into the sunshine a free man

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE SHADOWS FLEE

HAVING no desire to revisit Whitehall, and thither, next day, the sergeant brought the things that belonged to me.

"Hast any plans, lad?" he asked.

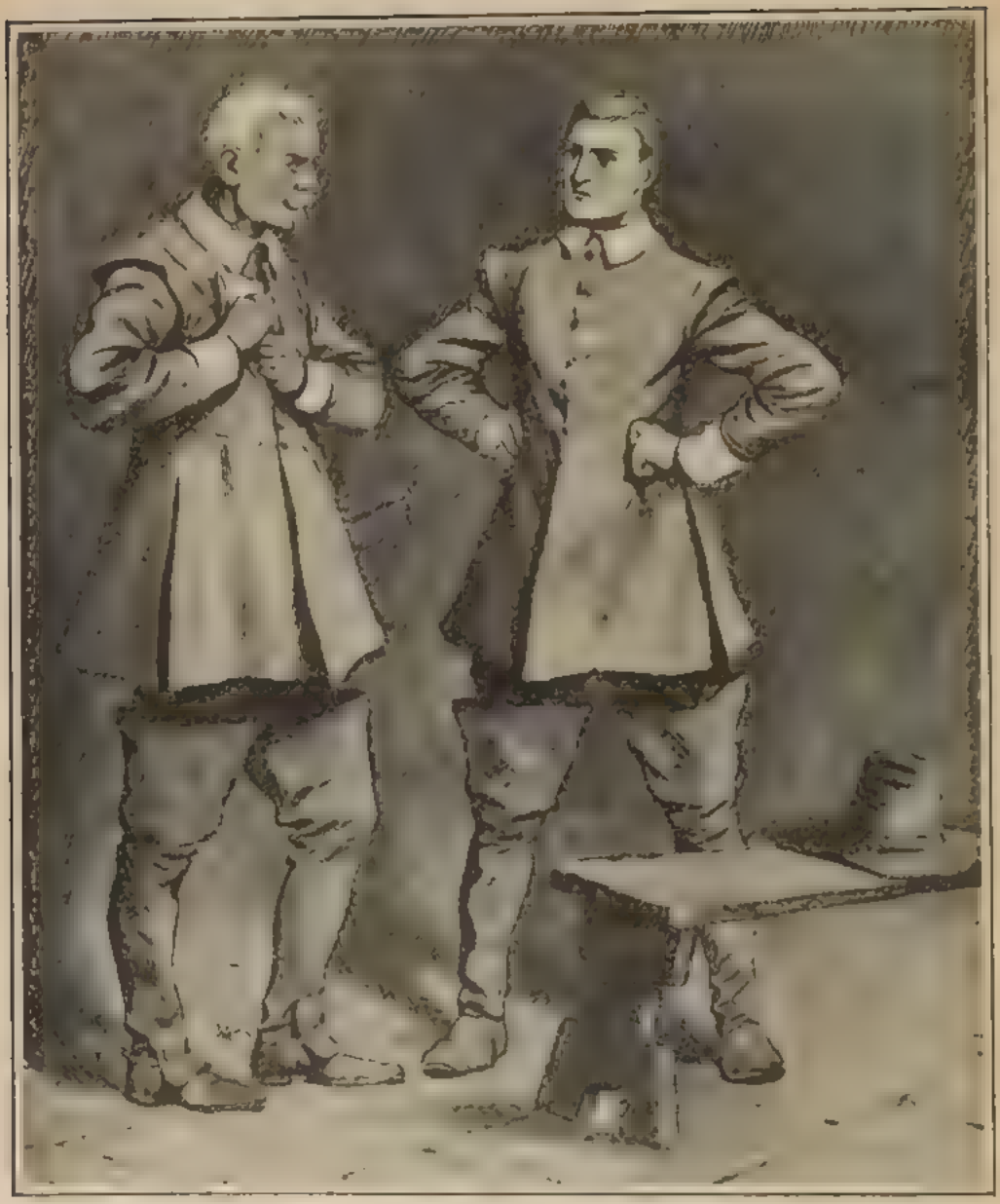
"None, except to learn Mistress Mordaunt's whereabouts."

In truth there was naught else left for me to do. Richard Cromwell possessed neither the ability nor the inclination to rule and I foresaw a fearful conflict amongst the leaders of the soldiery

One alternative there was the return of Charles Stuart Yet it seemed a pitiful thing that all the strenuous labours of the last twenty years should be thrown away. So, wisely or unwisely, I decided to take neither part nor lot in the matter I cared not to side with the Stuart, while I would not draw sword for any of the turbulent spirits quarrelling and disputing like carrion crows at Whitehall.

"'Tis well," the sergeant said, on hearing my decision, "and if thou'lt have me, I will throw in my lot with thee."

This settled, I went to thank Richard Cromwell for his clemency, and, the stately burial of the great chief over, we bade farewell to Master Thurloe and journeyed down to Bristol



FROM HIS DOUBLET HE DREW FORTH A PAPER

From Sir Salter Pyne I learned that Elizabeth was in France. She had wished to find lodgings near the Tower, in order to be close to me, but her friends, almost by force, had put her aboard ship and taken her to Bevis. The anxieties through which she had passed had resulted in a serious illness, and she was still very weak, though out of danger. Sir Salter offered to have a letter conveyed to her, and I promptly accepted the offer

We stayed with this generous-hearted Royalist for a few days, and then proceeded to my estate in Shropshire, where we lived quietly, hearing from time to time rumours of the busy world outside, but taking no share in the fortunes of any party

We had been at home about three months when a special messenger arrived from Headleigh Court with a sealed packet. I tore the covering with eager fingers and found two letters within.

One was from Bevis, who wrote hopefully of the future; the second—well, the second lies in a golden casket in my desk, from which it will be moved only when I am dead.

"Hast good news, lad, that's certain!" exclaimed Belton, who had been watching me. "Have not seen thee look so joyous for many a long day."

"Aye!" I answered, glorious news. "Let us to saddle and away for a good swinging gallop; 'tis shame to be indoors on a day like this."

"But now 'twas none so inviting outside," my comrade responded, laughing and rising from his seat.

For weeks I went about in a flutter of excitement, but at last there came a day the memory of which will remain with me as long as sense endures.

I was sitting alone one afternoon in the spring of the year, idly turning over in my mind the events herein chronicled, when a carriage lumbered slowly up the drive.

A young and handsome cavalier, gorgeously attired, descended, and I rushed out to meet him. "Bevis," I cried, "Bevis!" And "Owen," cried he, "Owen!"

We stood for a moment looking at each other, when on a sudden he said, "On my faith, thou'rt a pretty host to keep a lady waiting on the wrong side of the door!"

"A lady?" I exclaimed, "Elizabeth!" and dashed down the steps at the imminent hazard of my life.

Elizabeth still sat in the carriage. Her face was pale and thin, and the traces of her illness were plainly to be seen, but she stretched out her hand to me, saying, "Owen! Owen!" and fell a-weeping for joy.

There is no need to tell what happened next, but, when Bevis joined us a little later, her head rested on my shoulder and I had just kissed away her tears.

And here my story endeth, for the rest concerneth only myself and one other. Of Charles Stuart's return, and of the madness that seized upon the people, naught need be said. Bevis went to Court where he strutted it with the gayest, as all the world knoweth, but Elizabeth, much to the surprise of her numerous friends, hath never made her appearance at Whitehall.

She sits beside me as I write, and it is by her will and pleasure I have placed on record the true account of all our dealings with him who lately ruled our realm.

As for the sergeant, he spends the evening of his life 'neath unclouded skies. He hath learned to worship Elizabeth, and his love for me hath never dimmed, but the chief object of his affection at this time is a sturdy little fellow, another Owen, of whose company he never tireth. True heart! 'Twill be a dark day for me when the Lord calleth him home!

THE END

NEXT MONTH BEGIN—

THE MIDDY OF THE "BLUNDERBORE,"

A TALE OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

By CHARLES GLEIG, late Lieut. R.N.

Author of "Buster's Cruise," "The Rebel Cadets," &c.

THE CHAMPION'S CONQUEROR.

A STORY OF CUMBERLAND WRESTLING.

By PERCY LONGHURST.

AND

THE NEW FOLD: A Sequel to "The Lost Lambs."

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Name of Plant.—Agnes A. Gardner (Brockley) has been enjoying a delightful holiday at Coldharbour, in Surrey—one of the most beautiful of places, and an old favourite of mine—and among other interesting wild flowers has found a plant that no one could name for her, so she sends me a bit of it. It is the Yellow Rattle (*Rhinanthus crista-galli*), so-called because after the flowers have gone and the seeds are ripe they shake about in the capacious seed-vessel that fills the bladdery calyx. It is locally plentiful in meadow land, the plant being a parasite upon the roots of grasses.—M. C. M R. sends me three specimens of wild flowers and asks me to name them. No. 1 is too scrappy for me to be certain of it, but I judge it to be a weak stem of Jack-by-the-hedge (*Sisymbrium alliaria*); No. 2 is the moschatel (*Adoxa moschatellina*); No. 3 is the golden saxifrage (*Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*).—A. W. (Campden House Road, W.) encloses a grass to be named. A. W. thought it might be sweet vernal grass (*Anthoxanthum odoratum*), adding that Bentham describes the species as "quite glabrous," whilst the specimen is downy That is true: but Bentham also describes two of the glumes as hairy Hooker says: "Stems glabrous or scabrid. Leaves hairy, sheaths often pubescent, mouth hairy." A. W.'s plant is certainly *Anthoxanthum*, not *Gastridium*.

Dead Birds.—Mr. D Darrel, F.L.S. (Stoke Fleming), has a rookery of about seventy nests, and a number of rooks have recently been picked up dead. One of these he sends to me, with a request for information as to the probable cause of death. As I have had occasion to state repeatedly, I cannot undertake *post-mortems*, and, as a rule, there is little or no external evidence in these dead creatures that enables one to hazard a conjecture. All I could see in this case was that the throat was filled with grey slimy matter that may possibly indicate some throat disease. Such matters are really fitting subjects for a medical man with an inclination to research. I can only regret my inability to throw any light upon them.—R. C. Mellish (Greenwich) has a similar request. He sends me a dead bullfinch with a sample of the seed and sand supplied to it, and would like to know why this bird, apparently healthy and piping merrily one morning, should be dead the next. I have, of course, made no attempt at a *post-mortem*, but an external examination showed rough usage of some sort. The wing feathers were all more or less broken and ragged, a patch of breast feathers had disappeared, and a broken rib was evident. I should imagine that in R. C. M.'s absence the bird had been let out of its cage and had suffered some attentions from a cat, from which it had either escaped or been rescued, but not before it had received fatal injury. This, of course, is merely surmise, founded upon the appearance of the body. The seed—a mixture of canary and rape—appears to be all right.

Sick Rabbit.—H Gordon (Toronto, Canada) keeps rabbits, and they are afflicted with sore ears. "They are covered with dry matter on the inside, which loosens and comes off in big pieces, and underneath it is all raw. . . . After we put vaseline or sulphur into them it gets a little better for a week or two. It has been going on for some time." This is probably the complaint known as ear-gum. The best treatment is to drop into the ear, twice a day, sweet oil of almonds, which will soften the hard matter. It can then be delicately removed with a soft rag. If the sore places are found to be inflamed, they should be bathed with sulphate of zinc lotion which any chemist will supply. The strength required is two grains to the ounce.

Entomological.—"Thecla Betulæ" (Harrow) has several questions respecting lepidoptera. (1) The treatment of pupæ depends upon the species, which he does not indicate. In a general way they are kept in the entomologist's breeding cage and sheltered from wet and cold. Regard

must always be had for the natural habits of the particular species in question, those that pupate in earth being so kept and those that spin cocoons or attach themselves to stems being hung up with as near an approach to nature as the surroundings will permit. (2) The Brown Hairstreak (*Thecla betulæ*) would be more correctly described as a local than as a rare species, though it is nowhere common. It has previously been recorded from Pembrokeshire (3) Although *Parnassius apollo* figured in all the books on British butterflies during the first half of the last century, it is now generally dropped out, the flimsy evidence on which it was admitted to our list being considered unsatisfactory and not supported by the production of specimens. (4) I think my correspondent may regard his Channel Islands specimen of the Long-tailed Blue (*Lycæna baticus*) as British (though probably not British bred), for naturalists include the Channel Islands as a division of Britain though its fauna and flora have closer connection with the French coast The south of Europe is the nearest part of the insect's natural range where it can be found in all stages. The caterpillar, I believe, has never been found in these islands, so that the specimens taken appear to have migrated on the wing

Green Lizard —" Nipper " (Bexhill) asks how to feed his green lizards. He has been giving them meal-worms, but they do not appear to have eaten them. Possibly the meal-worms may have been too much of a mouthful for lizards not fully grown ; or the lizards may have grown tired of this diet Variety is a great thing to aim at in the feeding of all pets, just as it is in feeding human beings. The green lizard's natural diet includes all sorts of small insects. They have been observed in freedom to catch and eat butterflies, beetles, worms and small snails " Nipper " should try them with such subjects and as far as possible give them what they show a preference for

Newt —W E. Guthrie (Lewisham) inquires what kind of food should be given to a newt, and how often. Small earthworms will be found the most convenient, and these may be given two or three times a week. The quantity must depend upon the size of the worms and the size of the newt, the warty newt obviously requiring more than the smooth newt

Snakes.—F. C Ward (Durham) asks how to keep snakes and what to feed them on. They should be kept in a vivarium sufficiently large to allow room for exercise, and with provision for retirement under stones bark or moss; also bath. Their natural food consists of frogs, fish, mice, small birds, beetles, &c

Blackbird's Nest. W. J. Robbins (Camborne) sends me the accompanying photograph of a blackbird's nest containing the unusual number of nine eggs. The usual number is four or five, occasionally six. Nine is so large an increase of the normal clutch as to suggest a co-operative nest—one in which two hens have been interested. This is well worth placing on record, and it is a good thing that W J. R. has obtained so clear a photograph of it.

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST CONTAINING NINE EGGS—A VERY UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE

Tortoise.—The tortoise continues to provide our readers with queries. This month we have three correspondents writing about it, and two of them, though as far apart as Glasgow and North London, have identical troubles L. P. Coombs (Stoke Newington) recently bought a tortoise, and found it attacked by two eight legged black backed creatures like crabs firmly attached to its hind limbs. W. Boyle (Glasgow) has a tortoise similarly affected, and he describes the parasites as " little round vermin hanging on the legs and neck, with their heads buried in the flesh One answer will serve for these two. The parasite is one of the Ticks (*Ixodes*), such as affect sheep and other animals. They form a section of the spider family (*Arachnida*), and get their living by thrusting a beak-like mouth into their victim and sucking its blood They should be carefully pulled off with a pair of forceps, and destroyed. G. E. Doren (Exeter) has several queries respecting the tortoise, which are suggested by my replies.

(1) The garden is the proper place for the tortoise but grass is not an essential. (2) They will eat dandelion, marigold and other juicy herbs as well as lettuce. (3) Water is necessary; tortoises are rather thirsty animals. (4) No. One can only make a guess from their size, but this is not at all reliable. This correspondent's tortoise will probably get less shy when it is more used to his presence

Squirrel.—"Tantia," writing to the Old Fag from Palghat, India, says he keeps a squirrel, and what food ought he to give it to keep it in good health; also what kind of cage should he keep it in, and the price? At present it is fed on milk and ripe fruit. The food I recommend must be procurable in India. This international correspondence is at times embarrassing, for the querists assume that I have been to the uttermost ends of the earth. I have never been in India, and do not know what things are easily procurable there that would be acceptable to a squirrel, which again is probably a species with tastes somewhat different from those of our common European squirrel. There are about a hundred different species of squirrels, but they agree generally in their liking for nuts, large seeds, and fruit in general. I would suggest that, in addition to its present food, which is suitable but possibly monotonous, "Tantia" should try it with any wholesome nuts and seeds, and the unopened cones of native pine-trees. He will thus see which are most appreciated, and which appear most to agree with his pet As to a cage, this should be as large and airy as possible. It must be one that will allow its occupant great freedom of movement, for squirrels are among the most active of mammals The best of cages is a very poor substitute for a forest tree as a squirrel's playground; in fact, I should not myself care to deprive such a creature of its liberty. Possibly when the squirrel becomes tame, "Tantia" will not find a cage necessary. This would be doubly satisfactory, as the squirrel would then find its own food.

Miscellaneous.—"Cyanogen" (Sidcup) asks several questions which will only come under a general heading. First, he has noticed that when fresh grass is thrown upon dry land, some of it is dragged by the worms into their holes. He wonders whether they do this to conceal their holes, or to obtain food? The latter is the correct explanation. Worms are vegetable feeders, but their food has to be partially decayed before they can eat it; and they constantly pull newly fallen leaves, &c. into their burrows in order that they may begin to rot and to keep them moist. They are afterwards eaten. His second question concerns the manœuvres of birds. He saw a flock of birds in a field of long grass; they were at first all hidden in the grass, but suddenly all flew out together, and settled in the grass about ten yards away. This was repeated until they had travelled about a hundred yards, when all flew back to the original starting point and repeated the performance. "Was this done by way of amusement," he asks, "or is it one of the regular habits of any class of birds?" I have noticed similar evolutions among parties of birds, and have attributed them to a sudden alarm on seeing some enemy, such as a stoat, among the grass. Third, he wishes to know the name and price of a book treating native wild flowers in a simple and systematic manner, and having coloured plates whereby any common plant could be identified. He does not want an expensive work, or one written by a man who has only seen wild flowers in museums. Now here is a difficulty. Our wild flowers are so numerous that a work giving coloured plates of all of them must be of necessity expensive. If the price is low, the plates must be worse than useless, because they would be deceptive. Systematic works, too, are mostly written by museum men and are far from simple to a novice. Although I cannot honestly claim that my "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," First and Second Series (F. Warne and Co., 6s. each) meet *all* his requirements, I think they come nearer to doing so than any other work; and so I would advise him to take a look at them, which he can do on application to any first-class bookseller.

BUFFO(O)N'S NATURAL HISTORY.

NO. 5.—A SWALLOW-TAIL BUTTERFLY.

Drawn by Thomas Downey

A WATER CARNIVAL

BY
C.B.DIGNAM.

I

SOME weeks after Farmer Tuffin's adventure with Brown's flying-machine, of which I have already told you, the inventor prevailed upon his friend Jones to spend a few days with him. It was dark when the latter presented himself, on his cycle, at Brown's house, but the irrepressible and versatile inventor promised that on the morrow Jones should assist at the trial trip of his latest creation, a sort of navigable torpedo-submarine that was to beat all records in the matter of speed

They were up early the following morning, and the first thing after breakfast went over to the shed where Brown builds his inventions

Brown unlocked the big doors and swung them back so as to let all the light possible into the shed. He then took off his coat and proceeded to put on a suit of blue overalls.

Jones looked at him in surprise. "Why, I thought you told me you had finished it What are you going to do now?"

Brown searched about for a moment or so before replying. "Yes, it's quite finished, but I wanted to run the motor, coat the thing in vaseline, and generally oil up."

When they took the sheet from the torpedo, Brown started work.

In shape, his latest contrivance resembled an ordinary Whitehead torpedo, although it was flattened at the sides and had a differently shaped propeller. From the under-side there hung a centre board, to steady the affair when in the water. About the centre, or perhaps a little to the front, there was a slightly raised portion on the top of the torpedo, with holes drilled at the sides, and, at the back of that, a small seat or saddle, in front of which the wheel was set.

To guard against the driver of the machine being swept away by the rush of water when travelling at any pace, a raised sheet of metal was fixed in such a manner as to carry the water off at an angle.

Brown had really arranged everything in a very ingenious way. The levers for the control seemed to be in just the very best possible position. The metal dash or water deflector made the seat seem comfortable and protected when one was sitting in it.

The inventor sat down in the seat and tried the steering gear to see if all was in proper working order; then, putting his foot in a kind of stirrup at the side, pressed down a pedal. Jones came and stood by his side and asked what the pedal was for.

"Oh, it enables me to cut out the motor without taking my hands off the wheel. This lever here, by the wheel, starts the engine, advances the spark, and opens the throttle at the same time. Then, if you should wish to slow the motor, you press down the pedal about half way, right down stops it entirely. You see what I mean?"

"But supposing you can't get your foot into the stirrup thing?"

The inventor slipped his foot on to the pedal without the slightest trouble. "Why, there's tons of room."

"That's all very well for you, because you've got a rather small foot. But suppose I had to drive a thing like that? If my foot was too large to be able to work the pedal, it might be rather serious."

Brown made a face at the idea. "You always think of the awkward things, somehow. Now you mention it, though, it was a silly idea to make the stirrup so narrow. However, as soon as I have tried the machine, I will alter it

"Naturally," he went on enthusiastically, "I am very proud of it, but I really think the idea of a large motor-driven torpedo with a wide range of action, and carrying

a small self-propelled torpedo, is a good one. I am in hopes the Admiralty will take it up. If they do——"

Jones laughed. "You've got swelled head already," he said. "But are you going to try it this morning or not, because if you are we'd better buck up, as the time is getting on? It's nearly eleven now."

They were busy testing and oiling for some half an hour longer, when the gardener came to say that the lorry from the station was waiting to convey the torpedo to the reservoir at Lutton. It took the four of them to lift the invention on to the low vehicle. The carman slipped and the heavy machine fell on his chest. In a few minutes, however, Jones, Brown and the gardener released him, and a shilling served to restore his good temper. After seeing the cart safely off, Brown and Jones cycled over to Lutton

When they reached the reservoir, the machine had just arrived, and they helped to carry it to the steps. Lowering it to the water was a rather difficult matter, but this was eventually accomplished without damage either to the torpedo or themselves.

A small knot of interested spectators watched Brown pull on a pair of waterproof wading-boots before getting into the seat of his strange-looking craft. Jones reminded him that he had better wear his waterproof in case he needed it.

When he was finally attired, and had jammed his cap on his head, Brown started the engine and glided gently away.

Gathering speed, the long, fish-like affair rushed away in a wide circle, casting up the water in two broad flat sheets that fell hissing down several feet away

On Brown's completing the round of the reservoir the onlookers gave him an encouraging cheer. Then he advanced the motor to its top speed, and the torpedo simply flew along, with a great part of the hull above the water.

Finally, he slowed down and came gently to rest against the steps. Jones grasped his hand and congratulated him heartily

Brown grinned and murmured his thanks "Why don't you try her?" he said. "It's quite easy; you'll pick up the steering before you're half way round."

Jones hesitated, remembering his little trip on Brown's motor bike. However, this looked safer, so he thought he would risk it. He donned Brown's coat, boots, and gloves, sat down and grasped the wheel.

After making one or two false starts, he got away in fine style and completed the round of the sheet of water at an average pace of twenty miles an hour. He was very pleased with himself, and with Brown's machine, when he pulled into the steps.

Brown tried his invention several times, and was highly delighted with the pace he could get out of it and its manœuvring powers. Then he tied it up to the steps, and, telling the foreman at the water-works to keep an eye on it, cycled back with Jones to lunch.

II

The maid told them that Farmer Tuffin had called, and finding they had left, asked her to say that as he would be at Lutton in the afternoon, he should probably meet them.

When they had nearly finished lunch, there was a hurried ring at the bell, and a moment later the maid came in.

Brown looked up inquiringly.

"If you please, sir, there's a boy come from the water works as says Mr. Tuffin's racing round on your torpedo!"

Brown jumped up. "Good gracious!" he cried. "What on earth has the man done now?"

Jones grinned. "Tell you what it is," he said rapidly. "Tuffin evidently got up there when the man was at dinner. His curiosity was too much for him, and he's tried the thing, and can't get his foot into the stirrup to cut off the motor! Let's ask the boy all about it."

They rushed from the room to find a small boy seated in the porch, panting from his long run.

"Now, Tommy, be quick and tell me what has happened," said Brown.

"Farver says that while 'e was at dinner, Mr. Tuffin must have come up and got on your boat, and 'e can't stop it. He, he! 'E's going round like a circus, sir"

The small boy was greatly amused at the idea.

"Here's a shilling, boy. Thanks for running to tell me. Jones, stop laughing and get your bike."

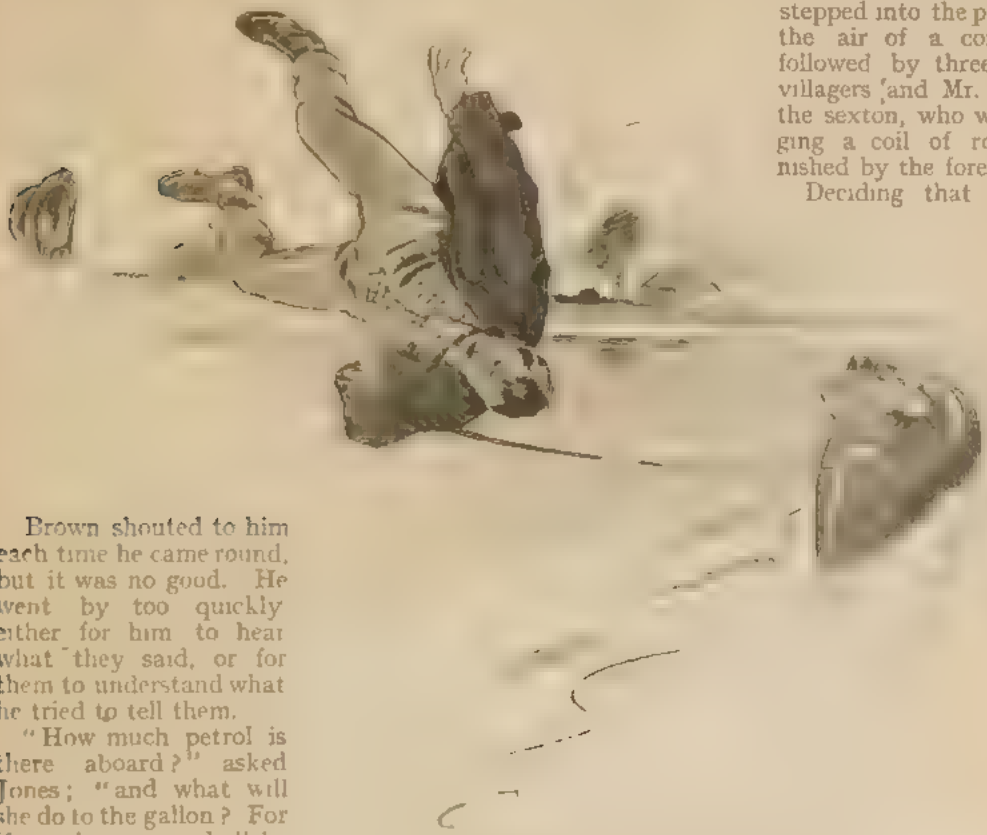
The excitement at the reservoir was intense. There were the foreman and his family, several workmen, and some labourers from an adjoining field, all gathered on the steps, engaged in cheering Mr. Tuffin as he swept round in great form.

Brown made his way to the front of the group. The foreman touched his hat and began to tell him about it.

"I know, I know," said Brown shortly, his [illegible] career, "your boy told me."

As the machine drew near the steps he yelled out to the farmer to stop.

"Blamed thing won't!" was all they heard before he was past them.



THE STRAIN WAS TOO GREAT FOR HIM, HOWEVER

Brown shouted to him each time he came round, but it was no good. He went by too quickly either for him to hear what they said, or for them to understand what he tried to tell them.

"How much petrol is there aboard?" asked Jones; "and what will she do to the gallon? For if you know, we shall be able to have some idea how long he can keep up his aquatic performance."

Brown seemed uncertain about the quantity.

"Let me see now. I put four gallons in this morning, and there was a good lot in the tank last night. I don't know what she will do to the gallon at all, unfortunately. I wish to goodness he would let things alone," he went on; "I suppose he can't come to much harm, but I don't like it."

By this time they had watched the farmer's evolutions for about a quarter of an hour, and the foreman's wife had been down to the village as the news was too good to keep. People left their dinners and hurried up to see the fun, until there was quite a crowd.

Various suggestions were put forward as to the best thing to do. The local grocer was of the opinion that the best way out of the difficulty was to get some rope, row out in the punt that was at present tied to the steps, and try and lasso Mr. Tuffin

No sooner said than done. The grocer stepped into the punt with the air of a conqueror, followed by three of the villagers and Mr. Snuggs, the sexton, who was hugging a coil of rope furnished by the foreman.

Deciding that he was the leader of the expedition, the grocer seized the punting-pole and pushed off from the steps, to the cheers of the people on the bank, and slowly punted towards the centre of the reservoir

The sexton had removed his coat and turned up his shirt sleeves, and was coiling up the rope, when a shout from the bank caused him to look round. The grocer, a look of absolute horror on his face, was helplessly grasping the pole, his body at a sharp angle to the boat, which was slipping farther and farther away every second.

For one, two, three breathless seconds

those in the punt watched the wretched man struggling to regain his footing; then the gap widened suddenly, and as the grocer splashed into the water, the others were shaken off their feet and deposited, a struggling mass, on the floor of the punt.

Being able to swim, the half-drowned man clambered back again, as Mr. Tuffin rapidly approached within reach of the sexton's rope.

Twice round his head Mr. Snuggs whirled his rope, and then let it go with so true an aim that the running noose fell over Mr. Tuffin, and caught round the water deflector in front of him.

The sexton gave a shout of joy as he saw the effect of his throw, and, twisting the rope round his left arm, braced himself for the shock. The rope tightened suddenly. For a few moments it was a trial of strength between the machine and the man. The strain was too great for him, however, and he was jerked out of the punt with great violence, his body describing a semicircle before striking the water

Released from the sudden application of the brakes, as it were, the torpedo churned along with renewed vigour, dragging the unhappy man at the end of the rope, which had become twisted round his arm and refused to be undone, despite his frantic efforts.

The plight of those left behind in the punt was by no means cheerful, for when the sexton so hurriedly departed, they shipped enough water to nearly sink their craft.

There they were, in the middle of the reservoir, fourteen feet of water beneath them and no means of moving, for the pole was out of sight!

So they sat gingerly on the raised portions at the ends of the punt and waited patiently to be rescued.

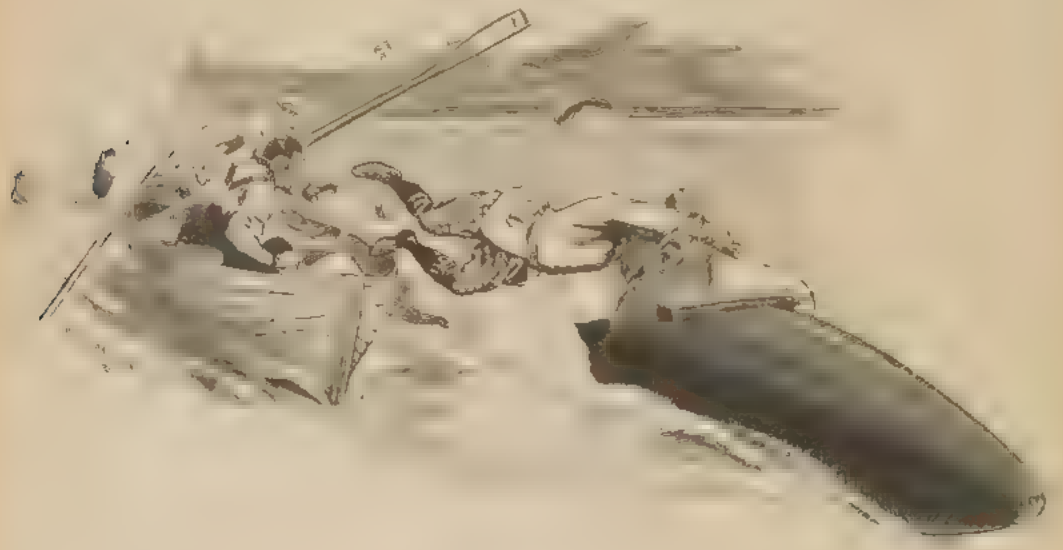
III.

To return to Mr. Tuffin.

The farmer was getting rather tired of circumnavigating the big sheet of water—he had been bending over the wheel for the best part of two hours—and to add to his own fears, there was the sexton towing behind! Once he had suggested cutting the rope, but Mr. Snuggs' pitiful entreaties made him give up the idea.

Then he had tried to pull the rope in, so that the sexton could climb on to the torpedo and sit behind him, but here again there was an objection. He might be cut to pieces by the rapidly revolving screw. There was evidently no pleasing Mr. Snuggs, so Tuffin, in despair, gave up suggesting things.

The farmer would willingly have stopped to oblige Mr. Snuggs, but the trouble was that his foot, clad in a stout boot, with over that a wading stocking, was far too wide to do more than just rest on the lower edge of the stirrup, much less press down the



JONES TOOK A FLYING LEAP, AND GRIPPED HIM ROUND THE NECK

pedal. Therefore he continued to tear along, willy-nilly.

The affair was getting beyond a joke. Brown was in despair. Where was it going to end? If there had only been another boat handy they could at least have rescued the long-suffering mortals on the water-logged punt.

"I don't know what to do, Jones," he said, drawing his friend aside; "there's Tuffin racing round as if he had only just started, and looks like going on all night. The machine must be running a phenomenal number of miles to the gallon, or else she'd have stopped long ago. Can you suggest anything?"

"The only thing I can think of," Jones replied, "is that we beg, borrow, or steal a boat from somewhere and bring it here, row out and collar old Tuffin, and then endeavour to shove down that wretched pedal and stop the engine. I'll ask if anybody knows of a boat."

He went off and spoke to the foreman, who presently came up with a man who said he knew of a boat in the stream at Water End and offered to go and fetch it. The man set off with three or four others, and they returned in about twenty minutes with the boat.

After it had been carefully lowered over the side, Brown and Jones took their seats. Brown asked if there was any one in the crowd who would lend them a hand to row out, and two men promptly tendered their services.

Amid the encouraging shouts of the spectators, the boat was pushed off from the steps.

Jones crouched up in the bows, ready to spring for the torpedo as Mr. Tuffin sped past, while Brown steered, and directed the rowers, telling them not to mind if the farmer appeared to be running them down.

The first time Mr. Tuffin passed, the torpedo was too far away, and Brown sang out that he was to come much closer next time.

The farmer acted on his instructions. "Much closer, much closer," he kept muttering, as he crouched over the wheel. Judging by his steering, he would sheer off the port oars if he kept on as he was, so Brown pulled the yoke lines a little and called to Jones to be ready.

The machine *was* too close. With a bang, it hit one of the oars, which flew from the rower's hand, and hit the other man in the back. The latter had just time for one yell as he shot over Brown's head into the water astern.

"Now!" cried Brown.

Jones took a flying leap, landed against the farmer, and gripped him round the neck. Then, releasing Mr. Tuffin, he slid downwards, and with his left hand on the back of the saddle, hung deep in the water and felt for the pedal.

He was half submerged and the machine leant over at an alarming angle, but he stuck doggedly to his task. Would he never find the pedal? The rushing water surged over his head, down his throat, and blinded him, but at last——

"Got it!" he gasped, as he held fast to the saddle and panted for breath. The motor stopped immediately, and, after travelling a short distance, the torpedo came to rest.

Brown, having picked up the villager, rowed after his machine. There was need to hurry, for Mr. Snuggs, twisted up in the rope, was drowning!

The boat was now very full, there being in it Brown and Jones, the two men, and Mr. Snuggs, not to mention the record-breaking farmer, so Jones suggested that the inventor should drive his contrivance back.

Brown clambered across to the machine and was soon heading for the steps, followed at a slower pace by the heavily laden boat.

"All's well that ends well," said Brown to Jones, as the latter stepped ashore. "It's a good thing that the—— Great Scott! Did you hear that?" he added, as a dismal wail echoed across the darkening water. "There are those poor brutes still out there!"

"Goodness!" cried Jones, "I'd forgotten all about those chaps. I'll row out and fetch 'em."

He got back into the boat, pushed off, and shortly after returned with the wet and dispirited crew of the punt.

Then and only then did Brown seize Farmer Tuffin by the lapel of his coat.

"Now mark me," he said, "never you touch an invention of mine again!"

"I give you my word I won't," cried poor Tuffin.

"Till next time," muttered Brown to Jones with a grin.

SIGNALS OF OUR LEADING RAILWAYS

Written and Illustrated by W. E. EDWARDS

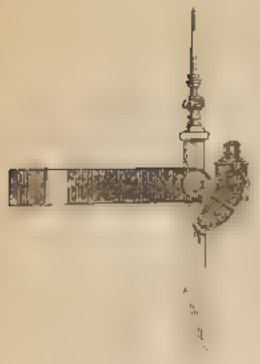


Fig. 1
A Great Eastern Semaphore
Note the ornamental pinnacle on this railway

EVERY observant traveller by train is familiar with the fact that each of the principal railways of Great Britain possesses certain characteristics or "trade marks," so to speak peculiarly its own.

The fact is, perhaps, most chiefly apparent in the design of the locomotives, and in that of the passenger rolling-stock; but it is most noticeable in the "standard" colours chosen for their embellishment. So it is that we find the varnished ebony of the London and North Western Railway engines, contrasting with the milk-white panels of the passenger coaches, unmistakably proclaiming "North Western" ownership, whilst the carriages themselves are familiar objects, whether it be in Scotland, or at a South Coast watering-place. So, again, the familiar claret-coloured livery adopted by the Midland Company affords that railway a "bold advertisement" wherever its engines or coaches may be in evidence. Another such example is found in the cream-coloured upper panels of the Great Western Railway, which have distinguished that Company's "coaching" stock from the days of Mr Brunel until the present time.

Many other distinguishing features characterise the principal lines, such as are found in the uniforms of the officials, the upkeep of the stations, the maintenance of the permanent way, and so on; but our present object is to endeavour to show that, in a like manner, even the signal-posts of the various lines are similarly characteristic, and thus it is possible, and indeed easy to identify any particular railway system by a glance at the nearest semaphore post

Our first illustration depicts the Great Eastern Railway's pattern of semaphore. It has rather a striking "pinnacle," as the spear shaped termination of the post is technically termed [illegible] In some cases, however, this railway adopts a plainer design of pinnacle, similar to that of the Great Northern line. The posts themselves, both in this case and others, are of pitch pine wood, but the semaphore arms are either of cedar or bay wood, usually the former. In Fig. 1 the signal is standing at "danger," which is the natural or "normal" position, whilst the upper glass of the "spectacle," which is always red, is shading the lens of the lamp so as to indicate "danger" at night. The spectacle glasses are fitted to a heavy metal frame which is sufficient to balance the signal arm, and maintain it at the horizontal or "danger" position.

Fig. 2. A London and North Western Semaphore.
The arm is of steel [illegible] wood as on railways

Fig. 2 is the London and North Western Railway semaphore. Instead of a pinnacle, a plain cast-iron capping is affixed at the top of the signal-post, which although inexpensive and durable is not very pleasing in appearance. The semaphore arms on this railway are not of the usual wooden type, but consist of steel plate whilst two V shaped corrugations will be noticed running the whole length of the signal arm. The heavy iron casting, containing the spectacle glasses, is riveted to the metal of the signal arm

Fig. 3 is unique in its character and represents the Great Northern type of signal at the "all right" position. It is familiarly known as a "somersault" The semaphore arm is not fixed to the post as in other cases, but the arm is pivoted in the centre of its length, whilst the pivot itself is fixed to a metal bracket placed at right angles to the signal-post. When placed at "danger" the Great Northern signals appear like all others,

[illegible] A Great Northern Semaphore in "all right" position

A [illegible] known as the [illegible]

but as the arm turns upon the the central pivot, it [illegible] itself from the post, and assumes a vertical position, as the illustration explains. The spectacle glasses move at the same time as usual, but they are pivoted to the post and connect with the semaphore arm by a horizontal rod and crank, as seen in the diagram. As the signal illustrated is at present "off," or indicating "safety," the spectacle has, of course, risen, and thus the green glass, which is always behind the red, now stands in front of the lamp [illegible]

surmounting the post is of wood and, as we have seen, is somewhat similar to the pattern used sometimes upon the Great Eastern line.

The London and South Western Railway type of semaphore is illustrated by Fig. 4. The signal arm is constructed of wood, as usual, but the signal post itself is of "lattice" iron work, and the pinnacle is likewise of iron. It will be noticed that the lower part of the spectacle is concealed by a metal shade. This is provided so that when the green glass is not in use, as in the illustration, it is impossible for any light to be seen through it, and so to cause any mistake on the part of the drivers by night. This precaution is now adopted by several other railways.

Fig. 5 is the Great Western pattern, and the semaphore shown thereon is a "distant" signal. This type is distinguished, upon this and every other railway, by the notched end of the semaphore arm, and its purpose is to warn any approaching train to slacken speed in order to be able to stop if required, at the next signal post, which is a "home," or "stop" signal. All other semaphores have invariably a square-ended arm, such as is seen in the remaining illustrations, and no signal but the "distant" is ever permitted to be passed by a train if at "danger."

Attached to the lamp of Fig. 5 will be noticed a metal case, having a streak of white glass inserted therein. Its object is to distinguish by night the distant signal, which the thin line of plain, illuminated glass seen beside either the usual red, or green light, very effectively accomplishes.

The Great Western, as well as several other railways, now frequently employs this special signal lamp. Fig. 6 represents a Great Western semaphore showing "all right." Upon this line, as well as certain others, the arms are fitted so that they may be lowered to the angle seen in the figure, but many railways only construct the signal arms so as to fall to what is termed the "forty-five" position, as we shall shortly see. The Great Western signal-posts have a rather effective pinnacle, the ball beneath the spear-head being of hollowed iron, and the remainder of wood as in the other examples illustrated.

Fig. 7 is the Midland Company's pattern. This, likewise, differs in detail from all the other examples, the pinnacle being of special design, and it will be noticed that instead of the accustomed white stripe painted upon most signal arms, a "bull's-eye," although likewise white in colour, appears in its place.

The Midland signal illustrated is also lowered to "all right" but the arm works only to an angle of 45° as indicated, and this, as we have just noticed, is the practice upon various lines.

Fig. 8 is a London Brighton and South Coast

Fig. 4.—A London and South Western Semaphore.

Others shade coverthe green glass when signal indicates danger.

Fig. 5.—A Great Western "Distant" Semaphore.

During the day the notched end and at night the streak of white light next the lamp enables a "distant" signal to be distinguished from others on this railway.

Fig. 6.—A Great Western "Distant" Semaphore, showing "all right."

The acute angle of the signal when in this position is a feature of the Great Western and several other lines.

Fig. 7.
A Midland Semaphore.

A "bull's eye" on the arm in place of a stripe is a distinguishing feature of this company's signals.

FIG 8.—A London, Brighton and South Coast Semaphore.

A plain iron cap to the post, instead of an ornamental wooden pinnacle, is adopted on this system and on the London and North-Western Railway

FIG 9.—A Great Central Semaphore.

The accentuated drop of the signal when indicating "all right," follows the practice of the Great Western

FIG. 10.—One type of semaphore used on the South Eastern and Chatham Railway

Notice the "bull's-eye" on arm and metal shade over green light when signal is at "danger

Railway signal. It has no pinnacle, but terminates in a plain cast-iron capping, somewhat similar to the London and North Western Company's pattern. A signal of almost identical pattern has been recently adopted by the Metropolitan Company, upon its "Country" lines

The Great Central Railway is represented by Fig. 9. The semaphores of this railway are arranged to fall to the angle indicated by the diagram, and so it will be seen that Figs 3, 7, 6, and 9 all represent slightly different ways of indicating "all right" but the "danger" position, as in Fig 1, is the same upon every line of railway. An exceptional practice is followed by the Great Central Company, which consists of the fact that the signal-posts are not painted white, as usual, but the tint termed "stone-colour" by painters is used instead.

Fig 10 is the South Eastern and Chatham Company's semaphore but one or two other patterns are sometimes seen upon that line. It is surmounted by a pinnacle of cast-iron, whilst a metal shade is fixed beneath the lamp for the reason already explained in the case of the London and South Western pattern.

We have now indicated the chief characteristics of the signals of the principal railways terminating in London, and hope in conclusion that additional interest will thereby be afforded to those readers who find pleasure in the study of the practical side of railway working.

SOME NAUTICAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED.

THE "JOLLYJIST"

By J. Dougall Reid

Illustrated by A. Lehany

THE "Jollyjist" sat on the stones at the foot of the scree, and gasped, and as he gasped he said many things, speaking unadvisedly with his tongue. And one of the things took the form of an oath that he would "get them there Gulguhas out o' that," or—or look upon himself as the son of a sea cook.

Truth to tell, he had some excuse for desiring to send that special band of gipsies on their travels. They had just chased him for his life—not only spoiling his shooting, but causing him to lose his fowling-piece and get a bad stitch in his side. And in view of the undoubted fact that the "blazin' bandicoots" had no right to be where they were at all, much less to attack stray sportsmen, he was certainly justified in resenting the treatment to which he had been subjected. If he had given the wretches any provocation he could have understood it, but —

"Awell, my noble sports," as he rose and struck out for the station, "I'll come this way again—but next time I'll 'ave a chum with me—an' rifles. Strikes me you'll try on them dacoit games ov yourn once too often."

There was every probability. The Gulguha gipsies are known all over India, and

not often for good. Their attachment to a nomadic life, and also to general savagery, render them altogether undesirable neighbours for those who have anything to lose. Thieving at all times, and murder on very special occasions, go to make up what creed they have, so that it is no wonder that the honest and hard-working Hindu ryot prefers their room to their company. Their home-country, so far as they can be said to have one, is the Chota Nagpore district; but there they are too much in awe of the powerful Jains to try dacoit tricks. It is only when they get to remote and badly policed districts that they go in for combining business with pleasure, after the fashion of the Forty Thieves. And it was a roving band of them, some thirty strong, who had just stirred up the original sin in the Jollygist, otherwise Private George Parker, of the Kents.

"I'VE A LITTLE JOB ON, AN' I WANT YOUR HELP."

Parker was one of a small survey party, whose tiny headquarters had been set up within easy distance of Jamrud, but in a region as wild and savage as if the nearest finger of civilisation touched earth a thousand miles away. There was no resident population to speak of, but a tributary caravan track ran through the district to join the great trade-route traversing the Kyber Pass, and it was this track that had settled the Gulgulias where they were as offering favourable opportunities to hard-working thieves.

They had been there about a month, and already the captain in charge of the survey party had been repeatedly asked to shift them; requests, however, which he had not yet seen his way to comply with; pointing out to the aggrieved traders that he was not there for police work, and referring the wrathful applicants to Jamrud.

As it turned out, they didn't have to go to Jamrud; that little attempt to get the Jollygist out of this vale of tears did the business. For it came to pass that during his exhausted crawl from the scree to the station, the vengeful Parker hatched a plot of large dimensions, so that by the time he reached home he was wearing a smile that was, if anything, too big for him.

"Where's 'Dummie?'" he asked, as he entered the bungalow of the worthy named. "Not on duty, I hope?"

"No; 'e's over at the canteen," and to the canteen went Parker without delay.

He found Dummie, otherwise Nat Hodge, sitting on a bench by himself, and with his face buried in a huge pot.

'How goes it, old 'un?"

Hodge wasn't an old 'un, by any means, neither, despite his nickname, was he dumb, although at all times chary of speech, but he made no attempt to correct his companion's misuse of language. Instead, he proffered the pot and sighed heavily.

"Now, see 'ere, Dummie," said Parker, when he had put a liberal pint or so of temptation out of Hodge's way, "I've a little job on, an' I want your help."

Hodge looked a question.

"I want to shift them bloomin' Gulgulias an'—— But wait; I'll tell you the whole story."

And forthwith he gav his silent companion a full account of the morning's proceedings. When he came to the bit descriptive of the disrespectful manner in which the Gulgulias had chevied him across country, sounds as of suppressed chuckling became audible—and but for the portentous solemnity of his face, it might have been suspected that they came from Hodge

"An' it was to get some partridges or ducks for Hollis as you went out?" asked Hodge, when the story was concluded.

"Yes; the poor chap can't eat anything much, an' I thought as how a bit ov game might help 'im."

"It would, chum. That sort ov thing helped me when I was gettin' over the fever an' was as weak as a cat. But now, what's your plan?"

Parker laid it before him, with a wealth of detail that would have paralysed a mathematician

"But are you sure it will bring the hill down?"

"Certain. I may not know much about geology, though they call me 'The Jollyjist,' but I've worked in a quarry, an' know something about rocks I tell you, it only needs a stiff explosion in that crack to fetch the whole front ov the hill down, millions ov tons ov it. Once the thing's started, it'll —eh?"

"Then wouldn't dynamite be better than black powder?"

"Course it would, but though I can get black powder out'n the gun store, easy, I can't get dynamite"

"I can. You know, I'm in charge of the R.E. store."

"Yes, but the sergeant won't give it you."

"Won't ask him. Sneak it—see?"

Parker saw, and nodded approval. He had meant to bribe the gunner of the old muzzle-loading thirteen pounder by way of obtaining a couple of rounds of powder—but if the nefarious Dummie could successfully "sneak" a sufficiency of dynamite, then, indeed, was the word "Exodus" all but ready for spelling by the Gulgulias. By shutting his eyes he could even then see them running.

"Dummie," he said with emotion, "you're the right sort, an' I won't forget it"

He spoke more comprehensive truth than he dreamed of, as in the event none of those concerned ever did forget it, not even the captain. But the future being hid, our two warriors proceeded to perfect their plan of operations, and if conscience ventured to put in a caveat anent that little matter of the dynamite, it was sternly informed that thieving to shift thieves was not only commendable, but, in the impressive words of the casuistic Dummie, "a bounden dooty."

Having fixed up their plan, the twain made the word action, and such was the energy displayed by them that shortly after daybreak next morning they stood on the lower slope of the hill referred to by Parker on the previous day, surveying the theatre of their intended operations with keenly observant eyes.

Although Hodge had been put in full possession of Parker's idea during their talk in the station, it was not till he reached his present standpoint that he quite grasped its whole inwardness. Then he laid his bundle of dynamite carefully down on a patch of soft sand, sat down beside it, and chuckled hilariously.

Right behind them, and towering some fifteen hundred feet into the air, was a huge, and all but perpendicular, rock slope. The stone was soft, friable, and had been weathered into deep cracks and clefts that seamed and scarred it in all directions. Near the top this frowning slope lost its angle of ascent, becoming first vertical and then overhanging. To look at, it seemed as though it only needed a touch to bring the whole hillside down by the run, and what would follow an explosion of dynamite among the tottering rock masses had to be left to the imagination.

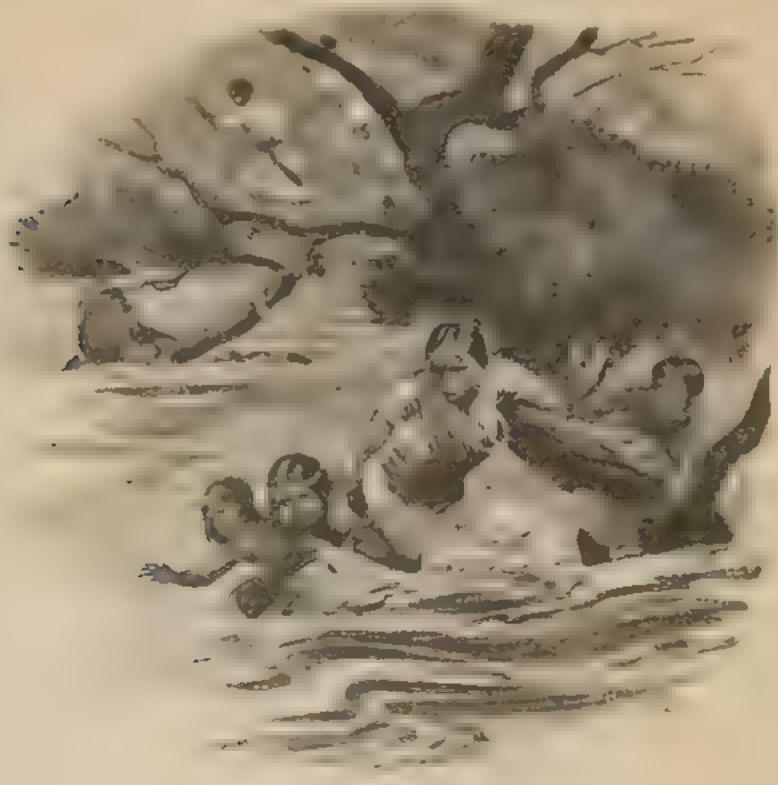
Below the hill, a deep valley, about a quarter of a mile in width, ran down between beetling cliffs for more than a mile, ending in a still lower and much narrower valley, which, in turn, gave on a long, winding, and shallow gorge, whose tortuous course finally ended in a stony flat some three hundred yards from and slightly above the level of the station. Between the upper valley and the lower a stony ridge sparsely covered with stunted scrub, ran across from wall to wall, and just beyond this ridge lay the caravan track already mentioned. And on this ridge, watching the track day and night, were the Gulgulias. Although a mile distant from them, Parker and his chum could see the tents, and even the men themselves quite plainly

Notwithstanding the foregoing, the reader will find it difficult to understand how a

landslide at the hill, however extensive, was going to affect the Gulgulia camp, more than a mile away. But the difficulty will vanish at once when he learns that the whole extent and surface of the upper valley was filled from end to end and side to side with a deep and lake-like body of water, whose margin was but a foot or so lower than the ridge upon which the Gulgulia robbers had planted their happy homes. It was fairly obvious that any heavy fall of rock into the upper end of the narrow, pent-up lake would not fail to send a wave downward that would put the camp fires out, if it did nothing else. At least, that and a good deal more was what the chums bargained for as they climbed their perilous way up the crumbling side of the hill, each knowing the while that a single slip or fall with that ghastly bundle would mean the shifting of more than the Gulgulias. But they did not trouble much about that, their whole fear was that the forthcoming "circus" would not be big enough.

They need not have distressed themselves. When it came it was big enough to give them the fright of their lives, not to speak of all they could do to prevent the thing ending in murder.

For when their mine did go off, what followed made them imagine for one wild moment that they had burst up the earth and somehow precipitated the end of all things terrestrial. They had used a very long fuse, in order to give themselves time to get to a safe distance, but the longest fuse ever lit would not have served on this occasion. For no sooner had the harsh hammer-clap of the exploding dynamite split the air, than the whole hill-face shook, groaned, and came down in thunder. An enormous mass near the top broke away bodily, and as it rushed lakeward, set everything on the run till it really seemed as



THREE WOMEN AND TWO CHILDREN HAD BEEN SWEPT INTO A DEEP AND BOILING POOL

if the whole valley would be filled up, from the one end to the other. Then as even the farther surface of the water was broken into foam by the out-driven fragments, a huge wave, at least twelve feet high, gathered head and went roaring down towards the lake.

With the dust and noise, and running no slight risk from the falling stones, our two "shifters" were staring at each other aghast, when, high above the infernal uproar filling, as it seemed, the whole earth, there came to their ears a shrill, agonised shrieking. Both men knew what it meant and went white to the lips. They had meant to shift the Gulgulias, certainly, but had not meant death to follow, and least of all the death of women. In a twinkling they were racing like deer for the lower valley.

It was two very wet, very tired, and yet very thankful mortals indeed who, two hours later, turned their faces towards the station, followed by the blessings, and even tears, of the whole wild Gulgulia crew. Although the men had been able to escape the downward rush of the water, three of the women and two children had been less fortunate, being swept into a deep and boiling pool formed by the flood in the lower valley. Here, despite their desperate clinging to the upper twigs of an all but submerged tree, they would infallibly have been drowned, had not the repentant Tommies come on the scene; none of the Gulgulias being able to swim a stroke, while the flow from the lake was still running like a mill-race.

"Say, chum," said Hodge, as they doddered along, "that's the last time you'll catch me monkeyin' with dynamite, I'll lay."

[illegible] with fervour. "Dunno when I felt as bad as when I [illegible] Lucky for them an' the kids as we could swim—eh?"

"It was—just. But, I say, wonder whether that rush o' water reached the station?"

It had—had gone right through the station, taking half a dozen of the flimsily built huts with it, the canteen and R.E. store among them. Even while Hodge asked the question, the R.E. sergeant, the canteen sergeant, and an indeterminate crowd of Tommies were searching for scattered valuables, while the doctor, having got the worst of the mud and water out of the captain and six or seven others, was expressing the opinion that they would do now.

No doubt about it, the Gulgulias had been got out o' that; nor were they in any hurry coming back. Jollyjists were too dangerous

A FUND FOR CRIPPLES

You will find on one of our advertisement pages particulars of Sir William Treloar's "League of Children," of which Queen Alexandra is President. Sir William is making it the hobby of his life to better the conditions of the thousands of crippled children who, owing largely to neglect in very early childhood—careless nursing, bad food, bad air, and the other evils of our slums which Parliament seems so slow in mending—are doomed to miserable and sordid lives. The Queen and Sir William will be glad to give little cripples the best of attention and care they want to give them a happy home in the country, with kind, gentle nursing, and every facility for growing stronger. You are asked to help, and the movement has taken definite shape in the formation of a league called the "Queen Alexandra League of Children." Each member is supposed to collect one guinea a year, and I may tell you that the subscriptions of thirty-five members will maintain a child for one year in the Cripples' Home at Alton, Hampshire, which Sir William Treloar has built. I hope there are a large number of CAPTAIN readers who will join this League and raise their annual guinea. The League will hold meetings and "At Homes" from time to time, and these will be attended by Sir William, who will tell the members all about what he is doing. The Queen will also be present at some of them. Those of you, therefore, who are interested in this movement should address a letter of application for membership to Sir William Treloar, Bart., Queen Alexandra League, 123 Mansion House Chambers, London, E.C.

Hear all Sides

Expert Criticism

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL, W.

DEAR OLD FAG,—Oh! *what* Medical School did the doctor on page 375 go to?

He's feeling the patient's pulse with his *thumb!* Yours ever, MEDDY CO.

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Why Spirit in Secondary Public Schools has been Quenched

THE topic on which 'F. A. P.' touches in your June number, makes me think of what our London secondary schools used to be—and what they are now—schools which were, less than seven years ago, slightly lower in grade than St. Paul's or Westminster, but now, thanks to the L.C.C., little better than board schools themselves.

I ask all Captainites: is it fair that the L.C.C. should ruin London secondary schools by sending boys to us? It would not matter if these individuals had some sporting blood in them, but they haven't. They come to our school—for a typical example—and will not support anything, notwithstanding the fact that their sports and school fees are paid for them. They will not buy the school magazine, will not play cricket, and the school to them is just like any other school—one of the many institutions which every one has to attend. In a word, they ruin its very foundation. But it's our people's—the people who pay a small sum to keep their sons away from the board-school boys—money that pays for it all; and so now they might just as well send us to a free school.

If the L.C.C. would consider what they have done, they might hesitate to send more boys. No doubt the primary idea of sending them to a good school was to raise their social position and make them into gentlemen. So far, so good. But the L.C.C. have defeated their own ends by sending so many, so that instead of the boys from Council schools being in the minority, the ordinary secondary-school boys are. Therefore, the L.C.C.'s boys just continue as they did at their old school, and come with a dirty face, unbrushed hair, and a slinking appearance characteristic of the gutter-snipe.

They are the ones who have done more than any non-patriots among the paying boys to quench the old flame of secondary public school spirit, etiquette, and all the things that used to be held dear even by the most insignificant of London secondary schools.

CLAUDE R. NICHOLLS.

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"Tom Brown's Schooldays"

IN a recent CAPTAIN competition it was decided by the votes of the competitors that *Tom Brown's Schooldays* was the best book ever written for boys. At the risk of incurring the adverse criticism of many readers, I feel I must say that, in my opinion, there are at least two other stories of public school life better than that famous one of Rugby.

The tales to which I refer are *The Bending of a Twig* by Desmond Coke, and *The Hill* by Horace A. Vachell. I have read the latter three times and the former twice, and each seemed to increase rather than to diminish in interest. In my humble opinion, the account of the cricket match between Eton and Harrow in *The Hill* is one of the best descriptive pieces ever written, as is also that of the boat-race in *The Bending of a Twig*. Both chapters fascinate the reader and he is raised to a high pitch of excitement at the conclusion of each.

Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy, by Charles Turley, is also a fine public school story, and is said by many good judges to be better than either of the two I have already mentioned.

There is one other school tale which should be read by every boy who has not already done so, viz., *The Young Barbarians*, by Ian Maclaren. This story differs from those referred to above, in that its main characteristic is its humour.—A. C. R.

Concerning Englishmen

I RECEIVE my CAPTAIN so late in the month that I could not join in and second Mr van Eeghen. I am afraid that Mr. Bernard G T Hawkes has never been in any British colony or else he would know how hated (this is the only word applicable) the Englishman is by the colonists. I have been in several colonies, from one end of Canada to the other [illegible] friends, "Never say you are English, or else you'll do no good."

The Englishman seems to think that wherever he may be, he is far superior to the native of that land. In vol. vi. of THE CAPTAIN on page 112, you have a drawing which, I believe, unintentionally on the author's part, but unfortunately only too truly, illustrates what I mean.

Referring to the old rhyme:

One fat Frenchman,
[illegible] Portugee
One jolly Englishman
Can lick all three,

I think the Royal Academy hung a picture illustrating this some years ago. The painting depicted a bull dog pulling over a French poodle and two other dogs.

But it is not only abroad that the average Englishman behaves like this. Does any Englishman in his heart *really* believe that a Scotsman, or an Irishman, or Welshman is his equal? Nearly so, but not quite; and does a northerner not slightly look down upon a southerner or a west-country man, and *vice versâ*?

I do not think, either, that Mr. Hawkes has ever met one of those "retired Captains or gentlemen," unless he or his father belong to that part of society. If Mr. Hawkes were to visit any of those towns—such as Southsea, Cheltenham, &c.—where retired officers as a rule go to, he would know how service men and more especially army men, look down upon civilians. Many of them consider their sole duty in life to consist in snubbing any who do not belong to their profession.

No, sir, Mr. Hawkes has meant well, but I am afraid he has had no experience of what he is writing about. He says, "Englishmen have 'made' more of the earth than any other nation in history," but it is not for the stay-at-home Englishman to consider the descendants of the colonists who have "made" the colonies what they are, inferior to himself.

If the average Englishman would only think that other nations have a right to live as w[illegible] as himself, if he would consider the colonist as something higher than "a beastly colonial," and if he would think it is possible for other people to possess sense enough to have opinions of their own even when they clash with his then the Englishman when abroad would be better liked.

I know of a case where some English "gentlemen and ladies" got themselves disliked by the following want of taste. One winter, at an hotel in Algiers, the large English community always dressed for dinner, but if any of them happened to go to the theatre, where all the French population in the better seats were in evening dress they would change into knickers and gaiters, Norfolk jackets, cycling or similar clothes, just to try to offend good taste and show off they were English.

LITTLE BODKIN: "I say, Phil, doesn't it make one feel awfully proud to be an Englishman when one sees these beastly funny-looking foreigners?"

The Illustration from THE CAPTAIN for November 1901 referred to by our correspondent

The Englishman is a good sort, none better in this world, and I am proud of being one, but like other people, he has his faults, the greatest of which is his conceit. Let him do what H R H. the Prince of Wales advised him to do, "Wake up," and try to study other nations' feelings, and then he will find he will be as much liked on the Continent, in the colonies and elsewhere, as at the present moment, unfortunately, he is disliked.

"ENGLISHMAN ABROAD."

The Ideal v. the Real Canada

By One Who's been There

IT was with a slight feeling of amusement that I read the essay by Mr. A. H. Lodge on Canadian farming, in the July "Editorial." Much as I hate to shatter the ideal by comparing it with the real, I cannot in this case refrain from pointing out a few misconceptions in his paper, being prompted to do so by my own experience on a farm in Northern Ontario—by Pigeon Lake, to be exact.

Mr. Lodge locates his ideal farm in this province, and then goes on to state, "For recreation we go into the forest to hunt." Ah! Mr Lodge, but what would you hunt? Not the frisky grizzly, nor yet the gaunt timber wolf, for he doesn't reside round there. So I take it that you refer to the not very gigantic squirrels and chipmunks, which abound. Also I would venture to state that with the passage of time, you would even come to prefer the cycling diet of dust and petrol to the not very exhilarating atmosphere of the cow-stables As to covering the ground on snow-shoes, let me say there is hardly a farmer in Ontario who uses them. There is no need, for there are beaten tracks to the barns and out-houses, and a sledge track down to the woods for fuel-cutting. Beyond his work he rarely goes, except when he takes his wife to the village on Sunday, and this he does on a bob-sleigh.

But, Mr. Lodge, I would not dissuade you or any other young fellow from going to Canada, and you are right in describing the colonist's life as vigorous and the Canadian air as invigorating, but all I would say is, do not go with such high flown notions of the ideal sporting life you will lead.

In conclusion, let me state that you would have little time for reading, much less for "thinking deeply" on it. For instance, when you are sitting down of an evening, perhaps enjoying a quiet pipe, your master, when he sees you doing nothing, will put a few sticks into your hand and say, "Now then, young feller, just whittle these ready for the fire in the morning." And this not because he is a hard-hearted man, but simply because he has had it ground into him all his life to "hustle"

V McQuilkin.

....

"More and More Exactness"

UNDER the above heading there was recently a short note on the question of "knots," and I crave permission to say a few words on this very "knotty" problem.

Ask the vastly theoretical engineer, "What is a knot?" He will say, quite pat, "It is a velocity" (!!). Ask the more useful practical engineer the question. He will answer, "It is 6080 ft." (implying no velocity). Ask an able English master, or geographical master, and he will answer, "A knot is one-sixtieth part of a degree," the said degree being, he may further explain, one 360th part of the earth's circumference on the equator. Thus, using the practical engineer's figure and the English master's table, you can get the length of the equator to three places of decimals.

I know that the term arose from the method our forefathers had of measuring pace. To measure the time they used a sand-glass, and doubtless they fell into the expression—"Seventeen (say) knots," to infer that that was the number of knots that payed out in one pass of the sand. Here the old mariners were, of course, using the term as a velocity.

Since then, however, the term knot has been taken as the name for a unit of distance in direct connection with and relation to the length of the equator. How can it therefore be a velocity? Those who say, "But this distance is a nautical mile," are surely naught but quibbling. It may be, but nevertheless it is recognised by eminent authorities in various spheres of life under the title of "knot."

This, then, is my inference: that "seventeen knots," used in referring to the pace of a vessel, and leaving one to infer the time in question, is only correct on account of time-worn custom, and is only adhered to by our naval friends on that account.

Practical Engineer.

....

Some of the Disadvantages of the Civil Service

IN the two letters already published on the [illegible] any mention has been made of its disadvantages. Any one reading these two articles might I think jump to the conclusion that the Civil Service is a bed of roses without any thorns in it. This is not so, as any Civil Servant will admit

Mr. Reed takes three classes—the Second Division Clerk, the First Division Clerk in the Home Service, and the First Class Clerk in the Indian Civil Service. With the two latter classes I do not propose to deal, but I should like to say a word about the Second Division Clerk

Now, according to Mr. Reed, a Second Division Clerk has a possibility of £800 a year if he is fortunate. I should like to ask him how many do get this salary? There are

usually two examinations in a year for the post of Second Division Clerk, and from these examinations are usually from 100 to 150 [illegible] I venture to say that not more than 2 per cent. of these ever get more than £350 a year, which, considering the amount spent on the education of the clerk is in my estimation a poor salary.

I wish, though, more particularly to look at two other classes—viz., the Boy Clerks and the Assistant Clerks. Both these classes are filled by candidates who have had a good grammar school education, if not a public school one.

A Boy Clerk usually enters the Service when about sixteen, and receives a salary of 15s. per week. His increment is £2 12s. per annum, or a shilling a week. After sitting for examinations which about 80 per cent. of the Boy Clerks employed fail to pass, he reaches the age of twenty. Then he must go; after having given four of the best years of his life to the Crown's service, his services are no longer required. This is not because he is incompetent or is a shirker, but because the necessary time for studying has to be given to work for the Crown. I maintain that the Boy Clerk competes at a disadvantage—even though he *does* get Service Marks—when compared with others who can give their whole time to study. This, too, *after serving in the departments to which he would be appointed should he have passed the examination.*

An Assistant Clerk is a Boy Clerk who has succeeded in passing the only examination limited to his class. He starts at the magnificent salary of £55 per annum, which rises by £5 increments to £150. This is the limit in the majority of cases, and is reached when a man is about forty years old. He continues at this salary until he retires at sixty with a pension of, probably, £100 per annum. I know of men in this class who are thirty years old and who are not receiving £100 a year. How is a man to marry and support a family on this salary and at the same time keep himself decently clothed?

Compare the average Assistant Clerk with the average Second Division Clerk in the Savings Bank. Is there so much difference in the work to justify the difference in the salaries? Or take the Assistant Clerk in the Statistical Office in the Custom House. Is the important work he does properly paid? In fact, *all through the Civil Service it is the Assistant Clerk who does the routine work, while a higher rank takes the credit.*

Your previous correspondent, Mr. Pavey, would seem to suggest that the mere fact of the work being done for the public service would cause carefulness. Well, I personally have served in two offices, and in the five years I have been a Civil Servant I haven't seen any great amount of care—rather the reverse in fact.

Promotion, too, like kissing, goes by favour, very often. Not in all cases, I admit, but still, in a good many, and where it doesn't it means waiting for dead men's shoes.

Mr. Reed took three cases to show the advantages of the Service, and I have taken what are probably the two worst to show its disadvantages. Although I have done so, yet I can fully appreciate its bright side. I have only tried to show that for some classes, at least, the "Old Fag's" statement that "The pay is small, the outlook poor, and the work none too elevating" is but too true.

J. M. ROBERTS.

[I was, of course, thinking of these lower branches of the Service when I made the statement referred to. Surely young clerks doing the State's work should receive as much consideration and as good pay as clerks in banks and insurance offices!—O.F.]

....

Do Ghosts Exist?

I WAS extremely interested in what you [illegible] June "Editorial," and I fully agree with you. I have always been exceedingly interested in the spiritual world and I am certain something of the kind exists. How can we explain away some of the signs which appeared "before Great Cæsar fell"? The whole of Rome could not have had acute indigestion. And, again signs appeared before the Great Fire and Plague, nearly all writers of about that time record them. Nobody ever had nervous troubles then so that that argument is useless.

I read your article with the greatest of pleasure and I sincerely hope it has converted many Captainites from foolish and dangerous ideas.

"MANES."

COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Last day for sending in, September 18 (Foreign and Colonial Readers November 18.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——, Address ——, Age ——.

New Rule.—In order to save our competitors expense in postage, they will in future be permitted to enclose their attempts for the various competitions IN ONE COVERING ENVELOPE, but each attempt must be put in a separate envelope inside the covering one, plainly marked with the number of the competition, and class.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins

Write only on one side of the paper.

COUPONS.—In order to ensure that those who compete for our prizes are actual purchasers of the magazine, we require all competitors to affix to their competitions the coupons which will be found on an advertisement page. A coupon is provided for each competition. Please use paste, gum, or paper-fasteners for attaching these coupons to the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be placed in a separate envelope and bear a coupon.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS.—Any competitor who has been honourably mentioned twelve times may apply for a Certificate of Merit

Address covering envelope: "Competitions for September," THE CAPTAIN, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

All competitions should reach us by September 18

The results will be published in the November number

In every case the final decision lies with the [illegible] unsuccessful competitors

No 1.—"*Hidden Books.*"—On one of our [illegible] will find twelve pictures representing the names of well-known books. Write the name, *and* the author's name, under each picture, fill in your own name, age, class and address, tear out the page and post to us. Prizes Two "International Match" Footballs, manufactured by H. Gradidge and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . Age limit. Twenty-one.
Class II. . . Age limit. Sixteen.

No. 2.—"*Pictorial Competition.*"—A prize of Ten Shillings will be awarded for the best comic black-and-white sketch submitted, and Five Shillings will be paid for every other sketch we use. Competitors should bear in mind that the sketches sent in for this competition will be used in our November, December and January numbers, so that they should be as seasonable as possible. The "jokes" must not be copied from other papers. We should also be pleased to consider sketches suitable for our covers—in red and blue or red and black. Only original work must be submitted.

No age limit.

No. 3.—"*Looking Backwards*"—A reader suggests that a good competition would take the form of an answer to the following question, "Which of the things we do now will seem the strangest to the people of one hundred years hence?" and we quite agree, so we are setting it. Limit your answers to one side of a sheet of notepaper, and mention only one thing. The Prize will be a "Saga" Folding Pocket Camera (see Prizes page), value 34*s.* 6*d.*, or other goods from the catalogue of the Sports and Games Association.

Age limit Twenty-one.

No. 4.—"*Photographic Competition.*"—Send a photograph depicting a holiday scene at the seaside or in the country. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes. Two Waterman "Ideal" Fountain Pens

Class I. . . Age limit. Twenty-five.
Class II. . . Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 5.—"*The Twelve Best Pictures in Volume XIX.*"—Tell us what you consider to be the twelve best illustrations (not photos.) in the volume which is concluded with this number. State the number of the page on which the picture is to be found, and write down the "underline" (*i.e.* the words under the picture). Prizes: Author's autographed copies of "Green at Greyhouse." (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . No Age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen

No. 6.—"*Twelve Best Short Stories in Volume XIX.*"—Send a list of what you consider to be the twelve best short stories in the volume which is concluded with this number. A short story is a story which is completed in one number We shall forward to the author of the story which tops the list Volume XIX., suitably inscribed. Prizes: Goods to the value of 7*s.* 6*d.*, from the Catalogue of Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . No Age limit.
Class II. . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete in all competitions. In their case the time limit is extended to November 18, Australian readers being allowed ten days longer. By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living outside Europe. There will be no age limit. One prize of 5*s.* will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial September Competitions."

Coupons must not be sent loose or attached to postcards.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

How I Saw the Marathon. I must confess that I was running it very close when I called Bask to heel, and, collecting a stout gentleman friend *en route*, issued into Southampton Street about 4.10 P.M. of the clock on the afternoon of Friday, July 24. Hailing a hansom, my stout friend climbed in, Bask followed him, and then I completed the party, calling to the cabman "Tottenham Court Road Tube," as I scrambled to my seat. Arrived there, we booked to Wood Lane Station, and went down a hundred feet in the lift. One emerges from the Tube into the open air at Wood Lane, and on this particular day one issued from the cool of London's deep-down clay and gravel into a fierce sun, beating on a hurrying, excited mob of people. Following the stream, my stout friend (perspiring freely), Bask (placid as ever amid the uproar), and self paced along a seemingly endless tramline till we came to the Stadium entrance. This was guarded by stalwart bobbies. "Go in!" one exclaimed, "why, all seats were sold two hours ago!" (I afterwards heard that twenty thousand people were turned away. I have to add to that number, "and one dog"—Bask.) A mob of young clerks flung themselves at the gates, and were repelled with good-humour. No use trying there. The crowd, however, evidently had another objective, so we followed it. We didn't know exactly where it was going, but it was a forlorn hope, and so on we went, my stout friend mopping his forehead vigorously. "Come on," I said, "*we've got to see the finish of the Marathon!*"

On we toiled, and by this time it was *five o'clock*, and the runners had left Windsor at 2.30, or, to be exact, 2.35. On along that dusty road—a motley crowd, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, errand-boys, old men and young men, even children—all pressing on. At length we came to the gates of a cricket club possessing a playing-ground in an extreme corner of Wormwood Scrubbs. Alongside this ground runs a lane, and along this lane the competitors were to come on their way to the Stadium. A door was opened and we charged at it. A struggle, during which scores got through, and it was closed. We were left outside, baffled. Another door was opened, another mad rush, and again we were left. "Stay by this first door,"

DORANDO NEAR WEMBLEY
Then over half a mile behind No. 8.

C. H. BARTLETT (U.K.)
Winner of the 100 kilometres cycle race

I gasped to my stout friend; "you see—it'll be opened again in a moment." We waited. One gentleman tinkered with the lock, trying to pick it or something, and he must have succeeded, for of a sudden the door swung open, and we were carried forward in the rush—swirled in like bits of wood on a torrent. Bask bore it wonderfully, for his paws must have been trodden on incessantly. I looked round for my stout friend and found him bearing up bravely. "Come on!" I shrieked and we dashed forward, Bask going ahead with a steady lope like Long-boat's

Lining that corner of Wormwood Scrubbs, from the main road to the workhouse infirmary, is (or was) a wooden paling about six feet high and on this paling men and women were clustered like locusts. It was for this paling that we made, only to find our view of the narrow lane leading to the Stadium entrance blocked by a solid wall of human beings. It seemed hopeless. We heard the thunder of a rocket, announcing that the leading runner had completed twenty-four miles, and, rendered frantic, somehow or other secured a perch on the fence and hung on like leeches. We could just see the track. Some one had collected the seats from the cricket-ground, and on these frail supports, which cracked loudly at intervals, the crowd rested their feet. So violent were the struggles of my stout friend that he very nearly pulled down our portion of the fence and all the people on it. At length another rocket boomed. The leading competitor was nearing us. How we shoved and struggled!—how those poor seats cracked and groaned! More shouts, and one of the seats collapsed. Then—or shortly after—thirty yards' length of that sturdy fence went down bodily, as before a cyclone. Shouts in the distance—hold on now! A great roar—everybody straining forward. Now a continuous, held-out roar, and . . . a little, dark-complexioned man in a white vest and red knickers, and with a handkerchief knotted about his drooping head, came limping past, oh! so wearily, so heavily, his face pale

H. C. PORTER (U.S.A.)
Winning the high jump with a leap of 6 ft. 3 in.

as death, his features set, a man on a bicycle sponging the back of his poor neck as he stumbled along the dust-laden path. . .

That was how I saw the end of the Marathon race, for the runners' entrance to the Stadium was but a couple of hundred yards further on, and it was at the door that Dorando's Marathon really finished. You all know the rest. A little later I read of what followed in the "stop-press" corner of the *Evening News*. Here it is, dramatic in its simple brevity and directness

witness the Italian's terrible struggle to reach the tape first. He was at least *running* when he passed my crowded patch of fence. I caught a glimpse, later, of several competitors after they rounded the corner and got into the straight for the Stadium entrance. I saw two stop and walk—then their cyclist-companions apparently said something to them, and it was pathetic to see their feeble endeavours to break into a trot. What splendid courage they had!—worn-out and dropping, they yet called on their hearts for a final effort, so that they might

H. SCHILT[illegible]S AND A. AUFFRAY [illegible]

Starting on the [illegible]0 metres tan[illegible]

Dorando fell on entering the Stadium. He [illegible] and struggled along for [illegible]00 yards, again [illegible] down, and again he rose and tried to struggle on. A third time he fell and [illegible]in got up and tried to finish.

Dorando eventually passed the tape first. Hayes was second, and H[illegible]eron was third.

Some minutes elapsed, and then other runners hove in view. Hefferon was second, and not many yards behind him came Hayes. Both were exhausted, but Hayes had a trifle more in him, for we subsequently learned that he caught Hefferon before the latter reached the Stadium entrance. I am glad now that I did not secure a seat in the Stadium and

enter the Stadium *at a run!* Yes, in that little dusty lane outside the Stadium we saw the dying efforts of these brave men, and I am not ashamed to say that my eyes grew dim as I watched one of the last straggler flogging his way painfully along that last length of hot road, striving with all the little strength remaining to him to run his race out to the end.

—

The Best Man Won.—It seems to me that natural as was the enthusiasm displayed over Dorando's magnificent effort, hysteria went a little too far. Because

R. KERR (CANADA) WINNING THE 200 METRES FLAT RACE (KERR IS NO. 1.)

Dorando ran himself out and couldn't last home, and because Hayes ran a well-judged race and won, Dorando got the plaudits and embraces of the crowd, and Hayes was merely recognised as a meritorious runner. It was Hayes and Hefferon who ran the best race in the Marathon, and who are entitled to the greatest credit, but of course the theatrical nature of Dorando's finish appealed more to the multitude than Hayes' steady, well-balanced win. Now that all the shouting and testimonial-giving are over, we may calmly recognise J. J. Hayes of the United States as the best amateur long-distance runner in the world

R. E. WALKER (S. AFRICA)
W. [illegible]

Truly a great object-lesson did these Olympic Games form, an object-lesson in endurance, pluck, and judgment. Oh yes, people who win athletic laurels are good judges as well as strong men. After the Marathon, surely next in order of importance comes that tremendous cycle race of sixty-two miles (100 kilometres), concluded on July 18

Round and round that new cement track rode the best wheelmen in the world, every one a master of his art. The minutes and quarters and half-hours sped by, and still round and round they pedalled, soaked with rain and grimy with dirt, each man a marvellous example of what athletic training can make of the human body. I must say I felt sorry for the Frenchman who came in third, for he rode as plucky a race as any, and was beaten in the end not by pace or skill, but by tactics. In the last dash for home he had a Britisher on each side of him, and it was impossible for him to get past either. I never wish to see a finer struggle than this. Even the five-mile foot race, in which little Voight, of Manchester, fairly outran the pick of the world, seemed tame in comparison with this great cycle spin

All healthy, honest sport, the very best that man could see

Imre Kiralfy did the finest thing in his life when he planned and built this Stadium I must confess that his Exhibition, as a whole,

E. R. VOIGHT (U.K.)
Winner of 5 miles flat race.

rather bores me, for it is far too big, and I much prefer the homelier attractions of Earl's Court. But this Stadium is without a rival, and I hope some great athletic meeting will be organised and held there every year. It is high time that we got up something in the shape of a strong rival attraction to horse-racing and professional football. Let us have a great yearly meeting at the Stadium—something for us to look forward to and discuss for months in advance

hold meetings every year, but only people in the inner circle, as it were, of athletics go to these meetings, and follow the doings of the men who compete at them. We want a yearly athletic meeting which will interest everybody in the country. Preliminary meetings could be held in various parts of the country for the selection of champions, and then the pick of the lot would meet in London. Such an annual athletic gathering could not but have a wholesome effect on

F THE MARATHON RAC

Nothing so colossal as an Olympiad, of course, but a meeting which will attract many competitors from for n countries There would be plenty of interest even if it were confined to the British Isles alone, for one county could compete against another, The North against the South, London against the rest of the United Kingdom, and so on. The police could have their tugs-of-war, and there is no reason whatever why the public school championships should not be fought out at this annual meeting Of course we know that the London Athletic Club and the Amateur Athletic Association

the population at large, and as it would attract many people from foreign lands, so we should get to know our neighbours better and it would follow that international peace would be promoted to a considerable extent thereby. Give it a thought, you lords and rulers of the athletic world, should these lines by some happy chance meet your eyes

True Sport.—While I was watching the Olympian competitors at the Stadium I could not help comparing the scene with that of a great race-meeting, much to the dis-

advantage of the latter. Here in the Stadium in friendly rivalry raced men of all nations—fine fellows, pictures of muscular development and perfect health, a sight to inspire boys and men to emulate their deeds. And on the stands you saw decent sporting people. Turn to a race-meeting, and the outstanding feature of such a function is that it attracts the scum of the earth, the adventurer and the adventuress, the man who can't run straight, the card-sharper and the pickpocket. At every race-meeting you may meet scores of men who live entirely by backing one horse to run faster than another. What a "living"! Look at the crowd going back to London—look at the men with empty pockets, and despondent, long-drawn faces savage and bitter with their "luck." They deserve every moment of their bitterness. The happy man is the man who works hard at an honest calling and doesn't try to fill his pockets by wooing that fickle goddess of whose smiles no mortal can ever be certain.

I say, compare this beery multitude with the clean and decent but equally enthusiastic folk one met at the Stadium. Athletic sport cannot but have a good influence over those who follow it. The athlete must keep clean and wholesome the temple of his body; good honest sport and fair play is the programme, and bookmakers have no place there! More Stadium and less Newmarket is what we want in this country, and perhaps this Olympiad is the dawn of a new and better day in our sporting history.

LIEUT. HALSWELLE'S (U.K.) WALK OVER WIN IN THE 400 METRES FLAT RACE

The Olympic Games, 1908. As most of you will like to have a permanent record of the results, I append the list compiled by our excellent contemporary, the *Daily Chronicle*:

Pos'n on Total Wins.	Country.	Wins at Stadium.	Total Wins.
1.	United Kingdom	23	42
2.	United States	18	22
3.	Sweden	5	7
4.	France	4	4
5.	Hungary	3	3
6.	Germany	2	2
	Italy	2	2
	Canada	1	2
	Norway	0	2
10.	South Africa	1	1
	Finland	1	1
	Belgium	0	1

Events contested in the Stadium:

UNITED KINGDOM

Athletics.

	h.	m.	s.
3000 Metres Walk.—G. E. Larner	0	14	55
3 Miles Team Race.—J. E. Deakin, A. J. Robertson and H. A. Wilson	0	14	39
10 Miles Walk.—G. E. Larner	1	15	57½
3200 Metres Steeplechase.—L. Russell	0	10	47½
5 Miles Run.—E. R. Voight	0		
400 Metres Run.—W. Halswelle	0		
20 Kilometr[illegible]			
One Lap ([illegible]			
[illegible]son			

Wrestling.

Catch-as-Catch-Can (Light Weight).—G. de Rel[illegible]

Catch-as-Catch-Can (Middle Weight).—S. V. Bacon.

Catch-as-Catch-Can (Heavy Weight).—G. C. O'Kelly.

Field Events

Tug-of-War.—City of London Police

Hop, Step and Jump.—T. J. Ahearne

UNITED STATES

Athletics

	h.	m.	s.
1500 Metres Run.—M. W. Sheppard	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible] Metres Run.—M. W. Sheppard	1	52[illegible]	

[illegible] TEAM THAT WON THE [illegible] FENCING CO[illegible]

	h.	m.	s.
[illegible]			
[illegible]			
[illegible] Payne and C. W. B. Kingsbury	0	[illegible]	1[illegible]
5000 Metres.—B. Jones	0	10	3[illegible]
100 Kilometres.—C. H. Bartlett	2	11	4[illegible]
[illegible]			
[illegible]			
[illegible] Breast Stroke.—T. Holman	0	3	1[illegible]
[illegible] Team Race			

[illegible]

United [illegible] Team

Archery

York Round.—W. Dod			815
National Round.—Miss Newall			[illegible]

	h.	m.	s.
10 Metres Hurdles.—F. C. Smithson	0	0	1[illegible]
[illegible] Metres Hurdles.—C. J. Bacon	0		
[illegible]thon Race.—J. J. Hayes	2	55	18
[illegible] Metres Relay Race (N. J. Cartmel, J. B. Taylor, M. W. Sheppard, W. J. Hamilton)	0	3	29½
[illegible]			
[illegible]res.—C. M. Daniels	0	1	5[illegible]

[illegible]e Jump

A. C. Gilbert and E. T. Cooke tied. 12 ft. 2 [illegible]

[illegible]

Catch-as-Catch-Can (Feather Weight).—G. S. Dole

Catch-as-Catch-Can (Bantam Weight).—G. Meh

Field Events.

	ft	in.
Throwing the Hammer.—J. J. Flanagan.	170	4¼
Throwing the Discus (Free Style).—M. J. Sheridan	134	2
Throwing the Discus (as at Athens).—M. J. Sheridan	124	8
Putting the Weight.—R. W. Rose	46	7½
Standing Broad Jump.—R. C. Ewry	10	7¼
Running High Jump.—W F. Porter	6	3
Running Broad Jump. -F. C. Irons	24	6½
Standing High Jump.—R. C. Ewry	5	2

SWEDEN.

	ft.	in.
Throwing the Javelin (free style).—E. V. Lemming	178	7½
Throwing the Javelin (held in the middle).—E. V. Lemming	179	10½
High Diving —H. Johansson	83 7pts.	
Gymnastic.—Team competition	438 pts	

Græco-Roman Wrestling —F. W. Martenson.

FRANCE

2000 Metres Tandem —H Schilles and A. Auffray . . . . 3 min. 7⅜ sec
Forty Arrows at 50 Metres.- Griscot France 263
Fencing. Épée team
Fencing.—Épée individual.

HUNGARY.

Wrestling — Græco - Roman (Heavy Heavy) R Weiss
Fencing Sabre Team
Fencing —Sabre Individual, Fuchs.

GERMANY

Swimming—100 Metres Back Stroke A. [illegible]berstein . . 1 min. 14⅘ sec
[illegible] Diving.—A. Zurner . 85 5 pts

ITALY

Gymnastics—Individual.—A. Bradnia 317 pts
Wrestling — Græco - Roman (Light Weight) F Parr[illegible]

SOUTH AFRICA

100 Metres Run R E. Walker [illegible]

CANADA

200 Metres Run.—R. Kerr . 22⅗ sec

FINLAND

Wrestling—Græco-Roman Light He[illegible] Weight. Y. Saarsla

Belgium and Norway failed to win an event

Events contested outside the Stadium

WINNERS

Lawn Tenn.

Grass Court Singles (Men) M. J. G. Ritchie . . U.K
Grass Court Doubles (Men) —C W. Hillyard and R. F. Doherty U.K

Lawn Tennis -(continued)

Grass Court Singles (Ladies').—Mrs. Lambert Chambers . . . U K
Covered Court Singles (Men). —A. W. Gore U K
Covered Court Doubles (Men). A W. Gore and H Roper Barrett U K
Cov[illegible] Singles (Ladies). Miss Eastlake Smith . U K

Polo.

Captain H Wilson, D.S.O., G. A. Miller, P. W. Nickalls, and C. D Miller . . U.K

Rackets.

Singles.—E. B. Noel . . . . U.K
Doubles.—Vane Pennell and J. J. Astor. U.K

Shooting

National Rifle Teams . . . . U.S.A.
Open In[illegible] Rifle [illegible] yards) Col. J. K Milner . . . . U K.
Open Rifle Teams . . . . Norway
Open Individual Rifles (300 metres A Hilgerud . . . . . Norway
Miniature Rifles, Teams . . . U K
Miniature Rifles, Individual (50 yards).—T Plater . . . . . U K
Miniature Rifles, Disappearing Target W. K Styles . . . . . U K

M. J. SHERIDAN (U.S.A.)
Who won the discus-throwing contest with a hurl of 124 ft 8 in.

Our illustrations of the Olympic Games are from photographs by the "Topical" Press Agency

Shooting—(continued)

Miniature Rifles, Moving Target.—J. F. [illegible]	U.K.
[illegible]	U.S.A
Revolver, Individual.—P. Van Asbrock	Belgium
Running Deer, Teams	Sweden
Running Deer, Individual.—O. G. Swahn	Sweden
Running Deer, Double Shot Winter [illegible]	U.S.A
Clay Birds, Individual.—W. H. Ewing	Canada
Clay Birds, Teams	U.K.

Tennis

Jay Gould	U.S.A

Rowing

Pair-Oar Race.—Fenning and Thomson (Leander Club)	U.K.
Sculling Race.—H. T. Blackstaffe	U.K.
Light Oared Race.—Leander Club	U.K.
[illegible] Magdalen College, Oxford	U.K.

One hundred and sixty gold medals were awarded, 197 first diplomas, 197 club diplomas, 193 silver medals, 193 second diplomas, 196 bronze medals and 146 third diplomas

"Our Finest Crew."—We are able to include the rowing results as we go to press. The Olympic Henley resulted in a triumph for the United Kingdom, which swept the board. The struggle between the Belgians and the Leander Club was supposed to be a test of styles, the Belgians rowing with a short choppy stroke, and the Leander with the orthodox English long-drawn-out one. But to my mind it was not so much a matter of style as of men. Leander's men were the better, and so they won. It is worthy of note that Guy Nickalls, who rowed 4, is forty-two years of age. In passing, I may add that Blackstaffe, who won the Sculling, is also forty years of age—in fact, quite a number of veterans have triumphed this year, as Gore, who won the Tennis Singles, is the same age as Blackstaffe. The eight-oared race was a splendid struggle, as the Belgians threatened danger to the last, rowing with great determination and strength from start to finish. "The Belgians," said the *Sportsman*, the day after the race, "have given English oarsmen something to think over, as it has taken the finest crew that ever sat in a boat to beat them over a mile and a half."

No doubt my readers will be glad to have the full names and weights of the competitors in this great race:

Eight-Oared Race.

Final Heat.

Bucks Station: United Kingdom (Leander) . 1
Berks Station: Belgium 2

Won by two lengths. Time 7 min. 52 sec.

UNITED KINGDOM

(Leander Club, Henley-on-Thames.)

	st.	lb
A. C. Gladstone (bow)	11	6
2. F. S. Kelly	12	1
3. B. C. Johnstone	12	11
4. Guy Nickalls	12	6
5. C. D. Burnell	14	2
6. R. H. Sanderson	13	6
7. R. B. Etherington-Smith	12	7
H. C. Bucknall (stroke)	11	6
G. S. Maclagan (cox)	8	1

BELGIUM.

(Royal Club Nautique de Gand.)

	st.	lb
Oscar Taelman (bow)	11	3
2. Marcel Morimont	10	11
3. Remi Orban	12	6
4. Georges Mys	11	0
5. Francois Vergucht	11	8
6. Polydore Veirman	12	1
7. Oscar de Somville	12	3
Rodolphe Poma (stroke)	11	0
Alfred Vanlandeghom (cox)	8	0

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"What is a British Subject?"—CHARLIE AUBERT writes from Lausanne: "Will you give me a definition of a British subject? I was born in Australia, and lived there until I was twelve; my mother is an Australian and my father a Swiss. Am I a British subject? I suppose when I am in Switzerland I am a Swiss subject, but out of this country am I not a true Englishman?"—You are an Australian by birth, Charles, and so you are a British subject. You are not a Swiss subject when you live in Switzerland unless you become a naturalised Swiss, just as a German, by residing for a certain time in England, and taking out certain papers, can become a British subject. You can hardly be called an Englishman. I should say that your correct designation would be "Australian."

"Jumjum and Topsy" are two schoolgirls who want to know "why it is that school authorities seem to think that rhubarb must be eaten every day during the summer term, when only about one girl out of every hundred can endure the sight of it without flinching?"—This is a question that even I cannot answer. When I was a schoolgirl—I mean, boy—brimstone and treacle was thought the best specific for keeping the blood pure, but now rhubarb would seem to have taken its place. Rhubarb is surely better than brimstone and treacle, and if "Jumjum and Topsy" doubt my word they had better try a tablespoonful of the latter. They might suggest to the head-mistress that a little lime-juice would be a pleasant change, or an occasional go of sarsaparilla.

"Smiler."—"The Cooking of Egg Island" is fiction. The fact that you were led by the style of narration to fancy that the tale was a true one is a tribute to Mr Ivey's cleverness, I think.

"Startled"—You may rest in peace, my lad. Germany will not invade England. It would be impossible for her to do so. The transportation of a body of troops sufficient for the purpose would require so many vessels that the mere collection of such a fleet would put us on the *qui vive*, and those troopships would never get far. And even

if our ships failed us we've got our "Terriers"—which I hope you and all your friends are joining. Your other question amused me very much. If Germany did invade and conquer us, our King and Government would *not* cease to exist, and England would *not* become a German State. England would pay a huge indemnity, as France did to Germany in 1871, the Germans would take a colony or two by way of make-weight, and then retire as gracefully as possible.

"Employment in Canada."—Yet another letter on this subject comes from a Canadian reader, who warns Captainites not to try their luck in Canada just now, as only agricultural labourers can get anything to do there. "There are many thousands of mechanics out of work," he says, "and I do not think there will be anything stirring this year; in fact, I feel that it will be some years before Canada recovers herself again. The thing has been altogether overdone of recent years."

T. B. W.—I am interested to hear that when THE CAPTAIN reaches your house your mater seizes it and vanishes with it. The boys and girls who read this magazine would be surprised if they knew how many grown-up people really take it in for their own reading. I agree with you about the excellence of Mr. Wodehouse's stories, and can quite imagine your brother chuckling over "Psmith." Yours is one of the very many letters I have received concerning this first-rate tale.

"Mitchelmore" sends a pencil sketch of a motor-car which [illegible] but judging by the grotesque shape of the wheels I should say that this car would have just about enough speed to take it into the nearest ditch every time it started. "Mitchelmore" should tackle something simpler than a motor-car until he has mastered perspective.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: "Bear Cub," A. P. Adams, F. H. R. (N.Z.), Dan L. Price (Cape Town), D. Maxwell, "Curious."

THE OLD FAG.

A number of answers are held over.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Ages Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF CHARLES MORRELL'S TENNIS RACQUET OR CRICKET BAT: George Wilson, 231 Albion Road, Stoke Newington, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. D. Vowles, Down House, Ashley Down, Bristol; John Thomson, 11 Hillview Place, Paisley, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Thorp, Jun., Gilbert R. Forster, Marmie Darrell, Dave Lang, W. J. Jowett, William Hayworth, Jun., George H. Pugh, J. Young, A. Balfour, Frank Hoad, Gwennie Howell, Marjorie Wilson, Elspeth M. Allan, E. M. Hutton, Dorothy Owen, H. Winslow, Arthur R. N. Rooksby, Walter J. Bane, S. F. Grayer, Derrick Bell, Albert Read, T. K. Dungey.

CLASS II. (Age limit Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: Robert Moreland, 80 Helenvale Street, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. A. Haddock, 126 Dalyell Road, Brixton, S.W., N. Whitehead, 14 Park Road, Stretford, nr. Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Walker, E. A. Skinner, Horace W. Morrall, J. A. Hartley, Irene Mackenzie, Fergus B. Thoms, James Anderson, Jnr., T. McBurney, T. Nash, E. J. Tippett, T. M. Stott, F. S. Phillips, A. T. Hitchcock, P. J. French, E. R. Appleton, Gilbert McDermott, James Campbell, G. M. Gregory.

No. II.—"Pictures with the Camera."

CLASS III. (Age limit Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF GOODS FROM THE CATALOGUE OF THE SPORTS AND GAMES ASSOCIATION: M. E. Heward, Little Felcourt, near East Grinstead; Cecil Ryder, Spring Head, Wednesbury.

No. III.—"Cyclometer v. Milestone."

CLASS II. (Age limit Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF HAND CAMERA BY BENETFINK AND CO., LTD.: Stephen F. Girling, 12 Preston Park Avenue, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Clifford Hills, C. R. Wathen, Andrew [illegible].

No. IV.—"Headings and Tailpieces."

No age limit.

TEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: Emily Wardle, Castle Square, Bishop Auckland, Durham; James M. Kellie, 8 Garroch Drive, Glasgow, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Daisy Heward, Jessica Billups, William Ringham, B. V. Slater, Fred R. Duce, Peter Winstanley, W. P. Porter, Robert D. Smith, J. Young, Bernard Belton, Christopher Rawson, C. Cheesman, K. D. Butler, Fred Torr, Walter J. Holt.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF CRICKET BAT OR TENNIS RACQUET BY JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.: Arnold O. Brigden, 33 Gore Road, Victoria Park, N.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Scott Malden, M.E. Heward, Daisy Adamson, M. Wight, A. Lenton Pentelow, Mabel Walker.

CLASS II. (Age limit Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE AS ABOVE: F. A. Milburn, 8 Thornhill Park, Sunderland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. D. R. Terry, The Firs, Brenchley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maurice E. Nolan, S. A. Thomas, R. Reade, E. Gould, J. W. Winter, Arthur M. Foulds, P. H. Owen, T. Trouvost, Ivy Dering, W. Edwards, Jun., I. Bauer, E. Gould, W. Hope, Sidney North.

No. VI.—"School Notes."

[illegible] age limit.

WINNER OF FIVE SHILLINGS: "Floreat Cheltonia!" [illegible] Damon, "[illegible] Fifth-Former," "[illegible] Vacuus," "Ergo," "St. E[illegible]," "[illegible] "Ulidetta," "An O[illegible] Doddites," "[illegible] Harlequin," "Imperator."

Foreign and Colonial Readers (May)

WINNERS OF 5s.: (I.) Divided between Gottlieb Bell, P.O. Box 104, Castries, St. Lucia, B.W.I., and S. R. Robertson, 391 Calle Garibaldi, Quilmes, Buenos Aires, Argentina; (II.) Ronald W. Tuckwell, Fort William, Ontario, Canada; (VI.) Abe Colly, 94 Tramway Street, Turffontein, Johannesburg, Transvaal.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harry E. Elliott (Canada), Dan L. Price (South Africa), H. Goodbrand (Natal), W. Rainer (British Guiana), Abe Colly (Transvaal), P. St. C. de B. Jewell (India), Maurice W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), S. Rutherfoord (Transvaal), J. R. Hardie (Argentina), R. D. Molyneux (Australia), Graham C. Elliott (Cape Colony), Julian Heurey (Transvaal); (IV.) M. K. Roman (India), S. S. Phalke (India), C. Sorzano, C. G. Maree (Cape Colony), Kenneth H. Joly (Syria); (VI.) Cecil B. Guthrie (Trinidad), C. E. Da Costa (Trinidad), Graham Elliott (Cape Colony).

Comments on the July Competitions.

No. I.—A very popular competition. The ages of the eight gentlemen whose portraits were reproduced were seventy-six, eighteen, forty-three, twenty-six, twenty-four, seventeen, fifty-two, and thirty-six years respectively. The winner in Class I. guessed four correctly and three within a year, while the successful competitor in Class II. was right in four cases.

No. II.—Our readers failed to take advantage of the ample scope [illegible].

No. III.—Some interesting essays relating the vagaries of cyclometers—and milestones—were submitted.

No. IV.—Although this competition did not produce many sketches that were good enough for reproduction, a number of useful suggestions were sent in.

No. V.—Competitors, we were glad to observe, had taken our [illegible] and the [illegible] showed a great advance in both classes.

No. VI.—The notes continue to grow in quantity, but we should welcome a corresponding increase in their quality.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

The [illegible] readers is called to advertisement on p. vi., where they will find full particulars of a [illegible].